

**THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY
SERIES:**

*Reality and Aspiration
in the American Revolutionary Era.*

Volume II

by Wm. Thomas Sherman



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Preface

This is a second and companion volume to the “Continental Army Series” that appeared in 2012. Although the idea of putting together these articles for purposes of, what I earlier termed, amusement and leisurely edification is continued, the work overtime has further taken on the character of a literary anthology and sampler of early American (i.e., in particular North American), or American related, literature spanning from about the early 18th century to the early 19th. As such, it provides an at large view of changing perspectives, values, and sensibilities¹ for what our subtitle refers to as the “American Revolutionary era.”

Not even the most keen and penetrating artist, including one accustomed to enjoying popularity, can anticipate who *all* his possible audience might be, let alone all of their possible reactions. It was partly with this in mind then that in composing this series, I have sought less to satisfy a conjectural or abstract audience than to simply please myself. In a word, “The Continental Army Series,” as much as anything else is, in short, the sort of publication I myself would like to find or have found; particularly thinking back to when I was a very young person browsing book stores. How glad I was back then to encounter and snatch up such a thing or something similar. I noted in the introduction to volume one my debt to Alexander Garden as an inspiration, but also worth mentioning are Benson J. Lossing’s *Field Books*, Frank Moore’s *Diary of the American Revolution*, and Commager and Morris’ *The Spirit of Seventy-Six* as models I have sought to follow in this project and from which I have received an abundance of pleasure, reflection, and casual, yet penetrating, historical instruction.

As much as anything else, a people are their heart and their spirit. Individuals and groups might share the same region, geographical locale or formal citizenship, yet still be distant and alien to each other. A genuine *people*, on the other hand, is a brother and sisterhood who share many and perhaps different loves and affections. We don’t necessarily all think alike or hold all the same opinions. But at our core is a commonality of moral feeling and humanity, much of which is instinctive and deep rooted in our communal traditions and character. Time changes us, of course, and not infrequently we will end up going our different ways. And yet there persists in such persons, I believe, a fundamental admiration for and awe of what is best in human nature; including a sincere devotion to justice, a mutual respect of the basic rights of others, and the freedom, based in rational honesty and common sense; to live in a manner that best promotes enduring harmony, peace, and true happiness -- of and for both the collective and the individual. For such, the past is a window on what we once were. And though our living circumstances and manners may have considerably altered or deviated from those who lived before us, yet much stays the same and still lives on when it comes to what lies most deeply within. At the same time, challenges and perils do and may remain which we still have yet to fully surmount and overcome. And while we can and ought not live in the past, it is still possible for *what is good in the past* (and which often is largely or mostly forgotten) to *once more live again in us* -- if we will every now and then but take the time to remember, value, and take a present cue from it. And isn’t this, after all, the essential function and purpose of literature worthy of the name?

Some per chance will wonder why we did not do an article on so-and-so, or on this and that. As relatively numerous as the monographs that comprise these two volumes are, there still remain many others that could or might still be done on topics yet hardly alluded to or else not even touched upon; relating to the main theme and what this series historically covers; not least of which political writings. For the moment and for personal reasons, I’ve decided to pause before contemplating any further additions to what these two volumes already contain. And while reluctant to make any promises at present, it is possible at a future date that I will get around to resuming even further what’s been started. Be this as it may, I am satisfied that what has already been written and gathered so far in the series is at minimum reasonably sufficient to realize its fundamental aim and intent.

Wm. Thomas Sherman
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¹ In this regard, my primary purpose is not unlike that which Moses Coit Tyler adopts for his more formal study, *The Literary History of the American Revolution* (1897), and as he expresses it at volume 1 of that work, pp. 28-29.

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Telemachus and Minerva.

THE HENRY-CRILLON AFFAIR

As recounted in chapter IX -- subtitled "Madison as Minerva 1812" -- of Henry Adams' *The History of the United States of America during the Administrations of James Madison: 1809-1817*.

Whatever you say about the wisdom or lack of wisdom on the part of the Americans or British in bringing about, or in allowing to be brought about, the War of 1812, a study of the origins of that conflict assuredly provides some valuable, and sometimes amusing, lessons in the history of democratic government. While tracing the causes that led up to it is not unlike following the windings of an intricate labyrinth; that begins at least as early as the time of the Jefferson administration, it is a reasonable simplification to say that what incited the War of 1812, formally speaking, was British interdiction of American neutral shipping, including the seizing and capture of American ships, in an effort to enforce their blockade against Napoleon's empire. And had the British withdrawn their "Orders in Council," at least insofar as it interfered with American trade, the war could easily have been averted. The issue of impressment of American seamen by the Royal Navy, while an outrage on the public level, was of little actual influence on the U.S. government itself in its original war policy; which latter, in addition to a demand that the orders in Council be withdrawn, focused more on the conquest of Canada and Florida and Canada, and the clearing out of British allied Indians for Western settlement -- hence the reason why so many of the "War Hawks" hailed from the new western states. But also, in addition to all this, there was genuine resentment of American pride at being, as they felt, rudely and contemptuously used by the British. That Napoleon, Britain's great rival, was at the height of his armed might no doubt contributed to the thinking of some that the time was ripe and opportune to take action; which if not the most courageous of incentives was at least wise militarily.

Respecting British interference with trade, the Americans suffered much the same at the hands of Napoleon, who confiscated all American shipping that had either stopped in *any* British port, and or else traded under what he perceived as British control, sponsorship, or influence; such that, by rule of the Emperor's Berlin, Milan, and Bayonne Decrees, in order to trade with anyone, you could do no trading anywhere in British dominions. Yet among the reasons the Madison administration was more incensed at the British than the French was that the British blockaded and were in a position to blockade, not just European but American ports; and because a far, far greater percentage of American trade was done with Britain and its colonies than with France or anyone else; and as result British interference did much greater harm to American commerce than that caused by the French.

The active American war advocates in late 1811 and early 1812 party sought and gained majority support in Congress, and this included passing bills to raise a new, and yet to be trained, army of 25,000 men.² Yet despite the ardor for the measure, few or no one in Congress wanted to have to pay for it. In lieu of taxes, some pro-war leaders wished to lift the Non-Importation Act instead to gain revenue from British payment of American import tariffs -- in order, that is, to fund the prospective war with Britain!

² The British Army at the height of the Napoleonic wars in 1813 had at least 250,000 -- most of whom were already trained veterans.

And there were other, in retrospect, risible incidents that arose; including the following proposals submitted by some pro-British Federalists to the British diplomatic minister in Washington, Sir Augustus John Foster, and who reported to his superiors:

“The sum of these suggestions [of the unnamed Federalists] was that we should neither revoke our Orders in Council nor modify them in any manner. They said this Government would, if we conceded, look upon our concessions as being the effect of their own measures, and plume themselves thereon; that they only wanted to get out of their present difficulties, and if we made a partial concession they would make use of it to escape fulfilling their pledge to go to war, still however continuing the restrictory system; whereas if we pushed them to the edge of the precipice by an unbending attitude, that then they must be lost, either by the disgrace of having nearly ruined the trade of the United States and yet failed to reduce Great Britain by their system of commercial restrictions, or else by their incapacity to conduct the government during war. These gentlemen declared they were for war rather than for the continuance of the restrictory system, even if the war should last four years. They thought no expense too great which would lead to the termination of the irritating, fretful feelings which had so long existed between the two countries. They animadverted on the peevish nature of the answers given in the affairs of the ‘Chesapeake’ [naval incident of 1807] and to my note on the Indians, and whenever any spirit of conciliation was shown by Great Britain, and told me it would ever be so until the people felt the weight of taxes; that nothing would bring them to a right sense of their interests but touching their purses; and that if we did go to war for a time, we should be better friends afterward. In short, they seemed to think that Great Britain could by management bring the United States into any connection with her that she pleased...”³

Yet perhaps even more laughable and no less incredible than this is the story of the John Henry-Count Edward de Crillon affair, and which Henry Adams relates with both scholarly skill and comical aplomb in his *The History of the United States of America during the Administrations of James Madison: 1809-1817*; and worth our reproducing at length here.

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#### CHAPTER IX: Madison as Minerva 1812.

John Henry, whose reports [as a British spy] from Boston to Sir James Craig at Quebec had been received with favor in 1808 and 1809 both in Canada and in London, not satisfied with such reward as he received from the governor-general, went to England and applied, as was said, for not less than thirty-two thousand pounds, or one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, as the price he thought suitable for his services and his silence.<sup>4</sup> Whatever was the sum he demanded, he failed to obtain it, and left England in ill humor on his return to Canada, carrying his papers with him and an official recommendation to the governor general.

On the same ship was a Frenchman who bore the title of Count Edward de Crillon. His connections, he said, embraced the noblest and highest families of France; among his ancestors was the “brave Crillon,” who for centuries had been known to every French child as the Bayard of his time. The Count Edward’s father was the Duc de Crillon; by marriage he was closely connected with Bessieres, the Marechal Duc d’Istrie, Napoleon’s favorite. Count Edward de Crillon had fallen into disfavor with the Emperor, and for that reason had for a time quitted France, while waiting a restoration to the army. His manners were easy and noble; he wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor, received and showed letters from his family and from the Duc d’Istrie, and talked much of his personal affairs, especially of his estate called St. Martial, “in Lebeur near the Spanish border,” and, he took pride in saying, near also to the Chateau de Crillon, the home of his ancestors. He had met John Henry in London society. When he appeared on the Boston packet, a friendship arose between these two men so hardly treated by fortune. Henry confided his troubles to the count, and Crillon gave himself much concern in the affair, urging Henry to have no more to do with an ungrateful government, but to obtain from the United States the money that

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<sup>3</sup> *History of the United States of America during the Administrations of James Madison: 1809-1817*, pp. 414-415.

<sup>4</sup> Crillon’s evidence; *Annals of Congress*, 1811-1812, p. 1222.



England refused. The count offered to act as negotiator, and use his influence with [Jean Mattieu Philibert] Serurier, his [i.e., Napoleon's American] minister, to approach the Secretary of State. The count even offered to provide for Henry's subsequent welfare by conveying to him the valuable estate at St. Martial in consideration of the money to be obtained for Henry's documents. At St. Martial, under the protection of the Crillons, John Henry would at last find, together with every charm of climate and scenery, the ease of life and the social refinement so dear to him.

Henry entered into a partnership with the Frenchman, and on their arrival at Boston Crillon wrote to Serurier, introducing himself, and narrating the situation of Henry, whose papers, he said, were in his own control.<sup>5</sup> Serurier made no reply; but Crillon came alone to Washington, where he called on the minister, who after hearing his story sent him to [James] Monroe [Madison's Secretary of State], to whom he offered Henry's papers for a consideration of \$125,000. Serurier liked Crillon, and after some months of acquaintance liked him still more : —

"His conduct and language during six weeks' residence here have been constantly sustained; the attention shown him by this Government, the repentance he displayed for having incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, the constant enthusiasm with which he spoke of the Emperor, the name he bore, the letters he showed from his sister and from the Marechal Duc d'Istrie, the decoration of the Legion he carried, and finally the persecution he suffered from the British minister and the party hostile to France, — all this could not but win my regard for him."<sup>6</sup>

Yet Crillon did not owe to Serurier his introduction into society, or his success in winning the confidence of Madison and Monroe. Indeed, the French minister could not openly recommend a man who admitted himself to be banished from France by the Emperor's displeasure. On the contrary, the favor that Crillon rapidly won at the White House served rather to establish his credit with his legation. The President and Cabinet ministers were civil to the count, who became a frequent guest at the President's table; and the services he promised to Serurier's great object were so considerable as to make the French minister glad to assist him. No French comedy was suited with a happier situation or with more skilful actors. During several weeks in January and February, 1812, Count Edward de Crillon was the centre of social interest or hostility at the White House, the State Department, and the French and the British Legations.

The negotiation through Serurier was successful. Henry was secretly summoned to Washington, and consented to desist from his demand for \$125,000. Secretary Monroe agreed to give him \$50,000, and to promise that the papers should not be made public until Henry himself was actually at sea, while Crillon received the money, delivering to Henry the title-deeds to the estate of St. Martial. The money was paid, February 10, out of the contingent fund for foreign intercourse. Henry left Washington the next day to sail from New York for France in a national ship-of-war, but the Count Edward de Crillon remained. March 2 Serurier reported,<sup>7</sup> —

"The Administration has decided to publish Henry's documents. The order has been sent to New York that in case the ship which was to give him passage has not arrived, he is to be embarked on a merchant-vessel; and then all the papers are to be sent to Congress by special message. Much is expected from this exposition. The conduct of M. Crillon since his arrival here has never ceased to be consistent and thoroughly French. It has drawn on him the hatred of the British minister and of all the British party; but he bears up against it with the noblest firmness, and sometimes even with an intrepidity that I am obliged to restrain. He keeps me informed of everything that he thinks of service to the Emperor; and his loyalty of conduct attaches the members of the Administration to him. I have personally every motive to be satisfied with him, and I hope that the service he has just rendered, the sentiments he professes on all occasions, his so enthusiastic admiration for the Emperor, his devotion, his love of his country and his family, will create for him a title to the indulgence of his sovereign and the return of his favor. He will wait for them here, and I pray your Excellency to invoke them on my part."

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<sup>5</sup> Les Etats Unis il y a quarante ans; Par Caraman. Revue Contemporaine, 31 Aout, 1852, p. 26.

<sup>6</sup> Serurier to Maret, May 27, 1812; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

<sup>7</sup> Serurier to Maret, March 2, 1811; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

The President waited only for the news that Henry had sailed, before sending to Congress the evidence of British intrigues and of Federalist treason; but as soon as this news arrived, Saturday, March 7, Monroe sent for Serurier:<sup>8</sup> —

“The Secretary of State asked me to come to his office to inform me of the determination. He asked me if I did not agree with him that it was better not to mention me in the Message, as such mention might injure its effect by giving it a French color. I told Mr. Monroe that I should leave the President entirely free to follow the course he thought best in the matter. He might say that the documents had come into my possession, and that I had at once sent them to him as interesting the Republic exclusively; or he might restrict himself to the communication of the papers without detail as to the route they had followed. That I had taken no credit, as he could remember, in regard to the service I had been so fortunate as to render the Administration; and that I had on my own account no need of newspaper notoriety or of public gratitude.”

Monday, March 9, the President sent Henry’s papers to Congress, with a message which said nothing as to the manner of acquiring them, but charged the British government with employing a secret agent “in fomenting disaffection to the constituted authorities of the nation, and in intrigues with the disaffected for the purpose of bringing about resistance to the laws, and eventually, in concert with a British force, of destroying the Union and forming the eastern part thereof into a political connection with Great Britain.” Serurier reported that the Administration had great hopes through this discovery of deciding the result, inflaming the nation, and throwing it enthusiastically into the war: —

“The American people recalls to me the son of Ulysses [Telemachus] on the rock of Calypso’s isle;<sup>9</sup> uncertain, irresolute, he knows not to which of his passions to yield, when Minerva, flinging him into the sea, fixes his fate, leaving him no other choice than to overcome by his courage and strength the terrible elements she gives him for an enemy.”

When John Henry’s letters were read in Congress, March 9, 1812, the Federalists for a moment felt real alarm, for they knew not what Henry might have reported; but a few minutes of examination showed them that, as far as they were concerned, Henry had taken care to report nothing of consequence. That he came to Boston as a British agent was hitherto unknown to the Federalists themselves, and the papers showed that he never revealed his secret character to them. His letters were hardly more compromising than letters, essays, and leading articles, sermons, orations, and addresses that had been printed again and again in every Federalist paper in Boston and New York. Here and there they contained rows of mysterious asterisks, but no other sign of acquaintance with facts worth concealing. The Federalists naturally suspected, what is evident on comparison of the papers bought by Madison with the originals in the Record Office at London, that Henry intended to sell as little as possible at the highest price he could exact. His revelations told nothing of his first visit to Boston in 1808, nor was one of the letters published which had been written in that year, although his documents incidentally alluded to information then sent; but what was more singular and fatal to his credit, the letters which he sold as his own were not copies but paraphrases of the originals; the mysterious asterisks were introduced merely to excite curiosity; and except the original instructions of Sir James Craig and the recent letter from Lord Liverpool’s secretary, showing that in view of an expected war Henry had been employed as a secret agent to obtain political information by the governor-general, and that his reports had been sent to the Colonial Office, nothing in these papers compromised any one except Henry himself. As for the British government, since war was to be waged with it in any case for other reasons, these papers distracted attention from the true issue.

After a night’s reflection the Federalists returned to the Capitol convinced that the President had done a foolish act in throwing away fifty thousand dollars for papers that proved the Federalist party to be ignorant of British intrigues that never existed. Fifty thousand dollars was a large sum; and having been spent without authority from Congress, it seemed to the Federalists chiefly their own money which had been unlawfully used by Madison for the purpose of publishing a spiteful libel on themselves. With every sign of passion they took up the President’s personal challenge. A committee of investigation was ordered

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<sup>8</sup> Serurier to Maret, March 2, 1811; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

<sup>9</sup> [Edit. Note. Serurier is referring not to *The Odyssey*, but rather Archbishop Fénelon’s *Adventures of Telemachus* (1699), Book VI.]

by the House, and found that Henry, with the Government's privity, had already sailed for Europe. Nothing remained but to examine Crillon, who gave evidence tending to prove only such facts as he thought it best that Congress should believe. In the Senate, March 10, Lloyd of Massachusetts moved a Resolution calling on the President for the names of any persons "who have in any way or manner whatever entered into, or most remotely countenanced," the projects of Sir James Craig. Monroe could only reply that, as John Henry had mentioned no names, the Department was not possessed of the information required. The reply made the Federalists only more angry; they were eager for revenge, and fortune did not wholly refuse it. They never learned that Henry's disclosure was the result of French intrigue, but they learned enough to make them suspect and exult over some mortification of the President.

Soon after Count Edward de Crillon gave his evidence to the investigating committee, news arrived that France was about to make war with Russia, and although Crillon had decided to wait in Washington for his recall to the Emperor's favor, he became suddenly earnest to depart. March 22, Serurier wrote:<sup>10</sup> —

"At the news of a possible rupture with Russia, the blood of M. de Crillon, always so boiling, has become hotter than ever, and he has decided to return to France without waiting an answer from your Excellency; he wants to throw himself at the Emperor's feet, tell him what he has done, invoke pardon for his errors, and go to expiate them in the advance guard of his armies."

April 1 Crillon left Washington bearing despatches from Monroe to [Joel] Barlow [U.S. ambassador to France], and from Serurier to [Duc de] Bassano [Napoleon's chief Minister of Foreign Affairs]. Neither he nor John Henry is known to have ever again visited the United States, and their names would have been forgotten had not stories soon arrived that caused the Federalists great amusement, and made President Madison very uncomfortable. Barlow wrote to the President that Count Edward de Crillon was an impostor; that no such person was known to the Crillon family or to the French service. Private letters confirmed the report, and added that the estate of St. Martial had no existence, and that Crillon's draughts in Henry's favor were drawn on a person who had been five years dead.

"The President, with whom he has often dined," continued Serurier,<sup>11</sup> "and all the secretaries, whose reception, joined with the political considerations known to your Excellency, decided his admittance to my house, are a little ashamed of the eagerness (empressement) they showed him, and all the money they gave him. For my own part, Monseigneur, I have little to regret. I have constantly refused to connect myself with his affairs; I sent him to the Secretary of State for his documents; the papers have been published, and have produced an effect injurious to England without my having bought this good fortune by a single denier from the Imperial treasury; and I have escaped at the cost of some civilities, preceded by those of the President, the motive of which I declared from the first to be the services which the Administration told me had been rendered it by this traveller."

Serurier continued to declare that he had honestly believed Crillon to be "something like what he represented himself;" but he could not reasonably expect the world to accept these protestations. He had aided this person to obtain fifty thousand dollars from the United States Treasury for papers not his own, and instead of warning the President against an adventurer whose true character he admitted himself to have suspected, the French minister abetted the impostor. Although he afterwards asserted, and possibly believed, that Crillon was an agent of Napoleon's secret police, he was equally unwilling to admit that he had himself been either dupe or accomplice.<sup>12</sup>

That the President should be mortified was natural, but still more natural that he should be angry. He could not resent the introduction of a foreign impostor to his confidence, since he was himself chiefly responsible for the social success of the Count Edward de Crillon; but deception was a part of the French system, and Madison felt the Crillon affair sink into insignificance beside the other deceptions practised

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<sup>10</sup> Serurier to Maret, March 22, 1811; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

<sup>11</sup> Serurier to Maret, May 27, 1812; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

<sup>12</sup> Caraman. *Revue Contemporaine*, 31 août, 1852. Count Edward de Crillon, *American Historical Review*, October, 1895, pp. 51-69.

upon him by the government of France. He was as nearly furious as his temperament allowed, at the manner in which the Emperor treated him. Before Crillon appeared on the scene, Madison used language to Serurier that betrayed his extreme dissatisfaction at being paraded before the public as a dupe or tool of France. At Savannah a riot took place between French privateersmen and American or English sailors; several men on both sides were killed; the privateers were burned; and Serurier complained in language such as Napoleon might be supposed to expect from his minister in regard to a violent outrage on the French flag. At the White House on New Year's day, 1812, the French minister renewed his complaints, and the President lost patience.

"The President," wrote Serurier,<sup>13</sup> "answered me with vivacity, that doubtless such indignities were subject for much regret; but it was not less distressing to learn what was passing every day in the Baltic and on the routes from America to England, where some American ships were burned, while others were captured and taken into European ports under French influence and condemned; that such proceedings were in his eyes hostilities as pronounced as were those of England, against whom the Republic was at that moment taking up arms. . . . Mr. Madison ended by telling me that he wished always to flatter himself that Mr. Barlow would send immediate explanation of these strange measures, and notice that they had ceased; but that for the moment, very certainly, matters could not be in a worse situation."

Disconcerted by this sharp rebuff from the President, Serurier went to Monroe, who was usually good-humored when Madison was irritable, and irritable when Madison became mild. This process of alternate coaxing and scolding seemed to affect Serurier more than it affected his master. Monroe made no reproaches, but defended the President's position by an argument which the Republican party did not use in public: —

"He urged that the captures of these ships, though perhaps inconsiderable in themselves, had the unfortunate effect of giving arms to the English party, which obstinately maintains that the repeal of the Berlin and Milan Decrees has not taken place; 'that repeal,' he added, 'on which nevertheless the whole actual system of the Administration is founded, and which, if it be not really absolute, would render the war we are undertaking with England very imprudent and without reasonable object.'"

This admission, although made in private, seemed humiliating enough; but as weeks passed, Monroe's complaints became stronger. March 2 Serurier reported him as avowing that he considered Barlow's mission fruitless;<sup>14</sup> —

"After delays that have lasted three months beyond what we feared, we have as yet received only projects of arrangements, but nothing finished that we can publish. . . . You are witness to our embarrassment. Our position is painful. We will treat with England on no other ground than that of withdrawing the Orders in Council, and nothing promises this withdrawal. We are then decided for war. You see us every day making our preparations. If these meet with obstacles, if they suffer some delay, if Congress seems to grow weak and to hesitate, this slackening is due to the fact that we come to no conclusion with France."

Ships were still captured on their way to England. "If your decrees are in fact repealed," asked Monroe, "why this sequestration?" Serurier strove in vain to satisfy Monroe that the decrees, though repealed in principle, might be still enforced in fact. He failed to calm the secretary or the President, whose temper became worse as he saw more clearly that he had been overreached by Napoleon, and that his word as President of the United States had been made a means of deceiving Congress and the people.

Had the British government at that moment offered the single concession asked of it, no war could have taken place, unless it were a war with France; but the British government had not yet recovered its reason. Foster came to Washington with instructions to yield nothing, yet to maintain peace; to threaten, but still conciliate. This mixture of policy, half Canning and half Fox, feeble and mischievous as it was, could not be altered by Foster; his instructions were positive. "Nor can we ever deem the repeal of the French

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<sup>13</sup> Serurier to Maret, Jan. 2, 1812; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

<sup>14</sup> Serurier to Maret, March 2, 1812; Archives des Aff. Etr. MSS.

hostile decrees to be effectual,” wrote [Richard Marquess] Wellesley [brother of Arthur, and British Foreign Secretary in London] in April, 1811, “until neutral commerce shall be restored to the condition in which it stood previously to the commencement of the French system of commercial warfare.” Wellesley hinted that the Decrees of Berlin and Milan were no longer important; they were in effect superseded by Napoleon’s tariff of prohibitions and prohibitive duties; and until this system of war was abandoned, and neutral rights of trade were respected, Great Britain could not withdraw her blockades. In obedience to these instructions, Foster was obliged to tell Monroe in July, and again in October, 1811, that even if the repeal of the decrees were genuine, it would not satisfy the British government. Not the decrees, but their principle, roused British retaliation...<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>15</sup> [Editor’s Note. The Orders in Council were finally revoked by Britain on June 17, 1812. However, by that time it was too late; for on June 18 the next day, the United States had formally declared war.]

## Educating A Democracy:

Author, Jurist, and Jack of All Trades, Hugh Henry Brackenridge Tries His Hand at the Same.

"There is a natural alliance between liberty and letters. Men of letters are seldom men of wealth, and these naturally ally themselves with the democratic interest in a commonwealth. These form a balance with the bulk of the people, against power, springing from family interest, and large estates. It is not good policy in republicans to declare war against letters; or even to frown upon them, for in literary men is their best support. They are as necessary to them as light to the steps. They are a safe auxiliary; for all they want is, to have the praise of giving information...The knowledge of our rights, and capacity to prosecute, and defend them, does not spring from the ground; but from education and study." ~ *Modern Chivalry*, vol. II, Book 2, ch. 15, 1815 edition.

Singularly talented, versatile, and energetic though he was, Scottish born<sup>16</sup> Hugh Henry Brackenridge (1748-1816) was not without his like in his generation of Americans. Joel Barlow, for one, readily comes to mind as someone remarkably akin to him. Both were (what we *now* refer to as) Ivy League graduates. Both were chaplains in Washington army. Both were journalists and publishers. As well as patriotic poets, both found time to be humorists. Both were pro-U.S. Constitution and yet also Jacobins, of a sort, who supported Revolutionary France. Both lauded Washington, a Federalist, to the skies, but ended up, largely, serving democrat Jefferson. Like Barlow also, Brackenridge was probably a little surprised and secretly disappointed he was not more popular than he was and ended up being, and with some good reason. For both exhibited better than average perspicuity and writing ability, and despite nay-saying and misgivings of later critics, they left enough worthwhile printed works behind them to deserve much better reputations than those bestowed on them. But it was perhaps because -- and this is true also of such as Timothy Dwight and Philip Freneau, who incurred similar literary fates -- they were so involved politically, and in the process made themselves unavoidably controversial and indeed by some were disliked, that they, in their own lifetimes and subsequently, were disdained honors they more rightly merited. When the beginnings of the literature of this country have been spoken and written of, it is usually the likes of Irving, Cooper, Bryant, (and, later in the history of criticism, Brockden Brown) who are referred to -- rarely or not so much Brackenridge, Barlow, Humphreys, Dwight, or Freneau. But then Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, etc. were careful to stay out of national politics; so that this may, in some significant measure, account for the difference. Besides, at a time of war and nation founding, people understandably felt there was little room for including authors when great statesmen and military men were taking and being given the obvious spotlight and laurels. Only when the war was over and the founding of the nation more or less settled could we more freely grant importance and prestige to *mere* writers and artists.

*On the surface* Brackenridge appears or may appear as a chameleon; who would change his colors to suit those who he chose to please, and certainly there were political opponents in his day who would have characterized him as fickle and not be relied on for long. And it is true as well, that in surveying his writings there are probably few persons or topics that he enthusiastically praises which on yet other occasions he does not criticize, if not laugh at and deride. Yet despite the unflattering reputations and seeming contradictions in stance, these reflected a dynamic personality, who like a proper judge (and among his many occupations Brackenridge was judge; in his case a Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court), he was usually (if not always in every instance) trying to get the fair two sides of the question in order to better understand what was going on so as to arrive at a just decision. He was against the Constitution (for lacking a Bill of Rights), then for it. He cheered, foolishly, at the execution of Louis XVI, and first acted as advocate of the insurrectionist in the Whiskey Rebellion<sup>17</sup> in western Pennsylvania (1791-1794); only to be later accused of selling out to eastern moneyed interests. He was an ardent admirer and champion of classical literature, frequently expressing himself in Latin, yet no American author of his time gave himself more freely in permitting his characters to act and speak in the manners and language of every day people. He could call for enfranchisement of the Negro, yet would claim the dispossession of the Indians was excusable if the Natives did not make optimal use of the land by cultivating and tilling it. Whether, in a given instance, his final judgment was correct may be open to question, yet he can be granted credit for at least seeking, and sincerely, to find a golden mean for whatever controversy he found himself addressing.

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<sup>16</sup> His family migrated to York, Pennsylvania when he was five years old.

<sup>17</sup> He tried to act as peace negotiator between the rebels and the Federal government, and instead in the process received the ire of both. At one point, Brackenridge found himself having to contend and deal with Henry Lee when the latter, as Major General (and governor of Virginia), led the federalized Virginia militia called in by President Washington to quell the insurrection. Lee, however and as Brackenridge informs us, treated his former Princeton tutor ("in composition and eloquence") kindly and courteously.

So if Brackenridge tried to be all things to all people, he did so with honest and disinterested motives. For him democracy, of which he was the staunchest of proponents, was, at last, the best means of attempting to serve the justice and best interests of everyone. He had, notwithstanding, no delusions about the ability of common people to govern themselves; in fact, he went to considerable lengths to lampoon the idea. Yet the people must have their say; otherwise the rich and wealthy would control and manipulate all to suit their own selfish ends. Brackenridge's solution to this quandary was urge education for all, and for his own part spend much of his career (formally he ended up as a lawyer and then judge) as an author acting as a teacher and instructor. Like Philip Freneau, his fellow as a student at Princeton and with whom he co-authored the rollicking *Father Bombo's Pilgrimage to Mecca* (1770),<sup>18</sup> he was originally trained to be a clergymen; and during the Revolutionary War, like Joel Barlow, did his stint in Washington's army as a chaplain. But also like Freneau, he took turned to literature, in place of religion, as a preferred means of reaching out to, raising the awareness of, and informing people. In the process, there was hardly a spoken or written medium and genre he did not resort to for purposes of serving these ends and imparting his message: such as sermons, the essay, drama, poetry, oratory, fiction, news reporting, and satire. His very earliest patriotic compositions include the plays "The Battle of Bunker Hill. A Dramatic Piece of Five Acts in Heroic Measure" (1776) and "The Death of Montgomery at the Siege of Quebec. A Tragedy." (1777).<sup>19</sup>

In this sampler, I've collected four extracts as an introduction to Brackenridge's work. Given his markedly variegated and voluminous output, we hardly touch the surface of what he did and what he was capable of. But this small and particular selection does have the advantage of displaying him, I think you will find, at some of his most winsome, moving, and enjoyable.

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"The Cave of Vanhest" was an uncompleted series that literary historian Emory Elliott describes as "perhaps America's first genuine short story."²⁰ It first was printed in installments in 1779 in Frances Bailey's short-lived, Philadelphia based *United States Magazine*; the last remarkable for its being a wartime publishing endeavor. In certain parts of central Pennsylvania are to be found some marvelous caverns and networks of caves in which the narrative takes place. It is further worth noting that Charles Brocken Brown makes dramatic use of the same in his, at times, spine-chilling *Edgar Huntly, or Memoirs of the Sleepwalker* (1799).

THE CAVE OF VANHEST

[January 1779]

In my younger years I had read much of that romantic kind of writing which fills every mountain with a hermitage so that you can scarcely miss your way in any part of the country, but you stumble in upon a residence of this kind and discover some old man who, when the usual civilities are over, tells you a long story of his conflicts with the evils and accidents of life, until sick of the world, he has retired from it to this cell in which alone he has found happiness. I have often it might, one day, be my special fortune to fall in with some such individual of the hill and to hear from his own mouth the tale of his disappointed love or ambition, and how it was he could be happy in that solitude. Not unfrequently [sic] in my excursions in the country, I have missed my way through the bad information of the peasants directing me to go straight forward while the road, perhaps in the space of half a mile, was to bend into several angles and to send out paths to the thirty-two points of the compass. In this situation I have consoled myself that while I was wandering among the rocks I might have the good fortune to stumble in upon the cell of a hermit and be invited by him to partake of a mess of roots gathered from the soil or the milk which the wild goats of the mountain has afforded him. I have been a thousand times disappointed in my expectation and

¹⁸ A ribald, comic novella, and one of America's literary firsts.

¹⁹ This latter play in its published form was accompanied by "An Ode in Honour of the Pennsylvania Militia, and the Small Band of Regular Continental Troops, who Sustained the Campaign, in the Depth of Winter, January, 1777, and Repulsed British Forces from the Banks of the Delaware."

²⁰ *Revolutionary writers: Literature and Authority in the New Republic, 1720-1810* (1986), p. 177.

never had the pleasure to descry any mortal of this stamp, until lately in a tour through the Jerseys in company with a young gentleman of Philadelphia.

We had rode out to see the field of Monmouth, and having made every observations to which our curiosity invited us, we proposed to return by way of *Coryell's Ferry* [west of Trenton] so much spoken of while the two armies of the British and the American lay upon the Delaware. In this route we had traced the windings of the Raritan until we found ourselves upon the southwest branch of that river and amongst the mountains whence it takes its rise. We had missed the direct road and were endeavoring to regain it by a cross course through the country, shaded by the woods and sometimes by the projection of the precipice above us. The indistinctness of the path made it impossible to trace it, so that at last we wandered from it altogether and were at a loss which way to steer, when the glimmering of a taper through the disjointings [sic] of the rocky mountain gave us the hope of finding some hospitable dwelling where we might detain a few hours until the moon should be up to assist us in our journey. Approaching to the light we found a kind of gothic building in the bosom of the mountain. Knocking at the door through the crevices of which the light seemed to issue, a voice from within called to us, "Who is there?" We answered, "Friends." And immediately the door was opened to us by a man in a long white linen robe who desired us to walk in and be happy, if we could be happy in the cave of Vanhest.

We informed him in what manner we had lost our way, and added that we thought ourselves fortunate in falling in with the dwelling of a gentleman of his civility whom we hoped would be kind enough to give us some directions, [and] that as soon as the moon was up we might pursue our course to *Coryel's Ferry* on the Delaware. "My sons," said he, "you will detain with me tonight and tomorrow, if I cannot be able to prevail upon you to detain longer? You will better with the light of day enter on your journey. You will find a bed in that apartment and you will oblige me by endeavoring to repose yourselves upon it until the morning shall arise to bless the mountains." We accepted very gracefully his hospitality and were lighted by him to a chamber where we found a very rich bed with the beautiful covering of a counterpane in which there were wrought many figures of the summer season of the year. Wishing us a good repose, he retired to his hall, which was but half divided from the apartment in which we lay, and gave us an opportunity to see him as he reclined on his sofa, a lamp burning by him, and a number of books strewed around him, in one of which he read in the intervals of his meditation.

We composed ourselves to sleep, not a little at a loss to account for the unusual appearance, language and behavior of this person who had so courteously received us to what I now began to call his hermitage. His reply "Is it possible?" when we answered "Friends" was remarkable. It would seem, that disgusted with the world, he thought it a phenomenon to find a friend in it. (*to be continued*)

[February 1779]

The light began to dawn through a small window of the apartment in which we lay, when we proposed to arise and set out upon our journey. "My son," said the master of the cave, who in the meantime was awaked on the sofa and overheard our conversation, "this morning is unfavorable to the traveler. We shall have rain upon the earth; and as you are now sheltered by a friendly roof, be contented and wait a day of fair weather." "Sir," said I, "the sky appears somewhat cloudy, but we apprehend there will be but little rain." "Not so, my sons," said the master of the dwelling. "I perceive by the haziness that settles on the distant top of the mountain that we shall have a rain of some days continuance. Repose yourselves, my sons, and think not of leaving this retreat until fair weather with her dry breezes shall again come to visit us." Agreeable to his advice we composed ourselves to sleep, and the heavy air of the morning sealed up our eyes in a pleasing reverie of soft dreams and slumbers.

The day was considerably advanced when we were awaked by a soft voice penetrating to the room in which we lay in the following words, "All ye mortals who love food, come and taste of this repast. Here is water from the limpid rill wherewith to wash and prepare for breakfast." Having dressed ourselves with as much dispatch as possible, we advanced to the head of the staircase which communicated with our room; and beginning to descend, we were addressed from the lower floor at the bottom of the steps by the master of the dwelling, who had received us the evening before and now desired us to walk down to the lower

apartment of the cave and partake of the repast prepared for us. We descended and were introduced by him to the mistress of the cave, a very amiable lady, who with two lovely daughters, just arriving to the years of women, bade us welcome, very welcome to the cave of Vanhest.

We cast our eyes around the subterranean apartment and were struck with the richness of the furniture. There stood a bed at one angle of the cave with a set of hangings of the finest chintz, variegated with a thousand flowers of the springing year. At another angle was placed a buffet replenished with china cups and bowls and with silver plates and vases of every shape and dimension. The floor was covered with a very rich carpet whose variety of figures resembled that which Themistocles alluded to in his conversation with the king of Persia. "Thought expressed in a foreign language and translated," said that great hero and philosopher, "is like a carpet rolled up; you see the bulk, but not the figures of it. But though expressed in a native tongue is to those who hear it like the carpet of a king's hall unfolded, and discovering to the eye every spring, flower and fancy that the imagination of the artist has been able to inweave in its tapestried borders." Such was the carpet upon which we steeped in this subterranean residence. The neat but small mahogany table that stood upon it was that around which we sat down to breakfast and which supported a set of china cups depicted with the tops of the jonquil, also a silver tea urn of the most original construction. The lady handed each of us a dish of tea or coffee according to our choice, and this with a smile of complacency that gave us to see she thought herself happy in having it in her power to serve us. She was indeed a very amiable woman, above middle stature, but finished in her person to the last degree of the most happy ease and elegance. Nevertheless my whole attention was soon diverted from her to a careful survey of her two lovely daughters. The eldest was of that class of beauties that are said to be more agreeable than handsome, that is with features not so regular but with an air and accomplishment of manner that engages the heart without giving warning that it is about to engage it. The younger of the two was all that the poets mean when they talk of Venus and the Graces. The plain of her forehead was beautifully rising; her eye-brow exquisitely painted; her eye itself vermilioned with blushes, and a small mole upon it was that one which the power of love seemed to erect his standard. The fine ringlets of her auburn hair flowed upon her shoulders and her bosom largely uncovered, as is the mode of the times, showed a skin that without touching it appeared as the down on the soft flower of the white rose.

We were waited on at breakfast by the dwarf of the cave who was called Bernardus and in whose visage fortitude was painted like the shading of the twilight or the fog of a hazy eve. This we did not wonder at when we were informed that he had been born in the cave and had scarcely ever had the curiosity to go above ground. He had belonged to the man who built the cave, and who having died some years ago, left it to be inhabited by the present family on whom the boy continued to attend as on his former master.

A variety of conversation passed during breakfast. The gentleman himself did not speak a great deal, but what he did say discovered him a man of pious thought and attention to the ways of providence. "You observe," said he, "the Raritan is almost dried up, which bespeaks what we have experienced, a very dry summer; and yet, what must appear strange, we have never had more plenteous crops upon the fields than have been this season. We may readily explain the phenomenon by bringing into view that though in the course of this summer there have been no heavy rains to sink into the earth and fill the basins of the mountains, yet there have been a sufficiency of gentle showers to satisfy the soil and give vegetation to the fruits upon it. Hence it is that the crops are everywhere joyful, and in the meantime the channels of the rivers dry."

The day continued to be cloudy and to promise rain, which gave this pleasing family good ground of argument against our setting out upon our journey. We were indeed by this time so perfectly resigned to their pleasure that we sat down in a sweet romantic disposition, ready to forget the world and all the hopes of eminence that we formed in it. (*to be continued*)

[March 1779]

"Sir," said I, addressing myself to the master of the cave, "this young gentleman who accompanies me and whom I have the pleasure to introduce you to is the son of a worthy citizen of Pennsylvania, who on a short excursion to the field of Monmouth famous for the battle lately fought between the American

and British armies had done me the honor to put him under my care; and as his education has been considerably interrupted by the progress of the war in that state, I have endeavored in the meantime to be of some service to him by directing his attention to the study of the Latin language, in which he has made some proficiency before the frown of Mars had driven the Muses from our country. In the course of our small tour it has been useful for him at an early hour to recite to me a morning exercise in this language, and at noon, when we have withdrawn from the heat of the solar ray and have lain ourselves down by the margin of the brook, he has made it his amusement to translate a few passages from a classic author, which at our first setting out he had been careful to make the companion of his journey. I mention this circumstance as an apology for the request I am about to make that you will permit me to suspend the happiness which I promise to myself from your agreeable conversation and to hear for a short time the young gentleman recite to me a page or two from this author.”

“My son,” said the master of the cave, “I am much pleased with your mode of traveling and instructing the youth at the same time, and it will be agreeable to me to hear him repeat to you his exercise in the Latin language which is of all others except Greek the noblest and most harmonious.”

“Then,” said I, “it only remains to apologize to the ladies and to enquire if it may be pardonable to obtrude on their ears, even for half an hour, the hard sounds of a foreign language which it is not supposed the sex are taught to understand.”

“Sir,” said the eldest of the two ladies, “we have heard Papa read Latin, and though we do not understand the sounds, yet we think them not hard but musical; and were it not so, yet the politeness of your apology secures our complaisance, and whatsoever you are pleased to make the object of your attention will become our entertainment.” A page was recited, and the young ladies thought it was very odd language. The master of the cave commended very highly the docility and progress of the youth and made some observations on Salustius, the author which was read, as an historian, who in one happy expression had oftentimes given us a character more clearly and fully than many others in a long delineation of the various passions, views, and interest of the person. From his observations on this author, he was led to speak of Thucydides whose conciseness he had copied, and of Livy and Tacitus, who had perhaps excelled him in judicious reflection upon men and things which became the subject of their story. From these he was drawn insensibly to speak of the orators and poets of antiquity, and in this excursion it was evident, from the great critical propriety with which he spoke of the character of every writer, that in his early years he had cropped the poppies of Arcadia and drank of the streams of Helicon, that he had visited the bower of Musaeus and conversed with Homer at the feast of Alcinous,²¹ that in short he was acquainted with all the divine learning and genius of the ancients.

But recollecting himself, and returning from this classic ramble, “My son,” said he, “you have made mention of the field of Monmouth which you have had the curiosity to visit, and were it not to give you the trouble of a tedious relation, I should be happy to hear from you some account of the action of that day, and what remarks you may have, made upon the field where it was contended.”

“Sir,” said I, “it would be tedious to you to hear the whole account of the affairs of that day and impossible for me to relate them, as no regular account by those who were present had been yet published to the world; but I shall think myself happy in giving you any account of the smaller circumstances which I have collected from the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Monmouth, or any observation which I may have made of the traces of the battle on the plain where it was lately fought between the two armies.

“We arrived, Sir, in the evening at the church which stands at the northeast point of the plain of Monmouth. Here we were struck with the sight of six new graves, in which were interred a like number of American officers who had fallen in the battle. At the head of one of these graves was a board with a cross-bar on which was written, if I remember right, the name of Lieutenant Haymond of the Third Maryland Regiment. At this church it was that Captain Fant le Roy fell by a cannon ball which from the artillery of the enemy, at the distance of one and one-half mile, had made its way through an orchard of high trees, and as he was mounting his horse, passed level through his body. The orchard of which I speak had obscured

²¹ [Brackenridge's footnote] *The Odyssey*, vii.

the view of the enemy and from this circumstance, and the distance at which he was, this young gentleman, who I believe was only a spectator of the battle, had not apprehended that he was in any danger.

“From the church we proceeded to a farmer’s house about one-half mile farther on the plain and just in the rear of that ground on which our army had been drawn up in three lines on the day of the engagement. Here we were received very hospitably, and the farmer, who was an intelligent and good-natured man, gave us a very particular account of what had happened in the neighborhood previous and subsequent to the battle. Amongst other things he related to us on the approach of the two armies the inhabitants had carried out their household furniture, their beds, trunks, and other articles, to the woods, swamps, and hidden places of the country. Some they had buried under ground, or covered with the bramble bushes or the woodland leaves that lay upon the soil. Thus, whether found by the enemy or by our own army equally rapacious, were the greater part carried off. The enemy in many places had taken up the floors of the house, and for the purpose of searching places where they might suspect things to be buried, they had long pikes which they thrust under ground. From this circumstance a very odd incident had happened in the town of Monmouth. A gentleman had hastily buried on the approach of the enemy, his plate, papers, and a large sum of money in an earthen pot in his garden. In the hurry of his spirits he had left his spade on the very spot where he had deposited his wealth. The enemy, on advancing to the town, were led by this circumstance directly to explore it with their pikes and to dig up the soil to a considerable depth. The gentleman returning home when the enemy left the village the day succeeding that of the engagement, saw the earth removed in his garden and gave his treasure up for lost. He sat himself down resigned to the loss which was to be attributed more to the will of providence than to any want of care or industry on his part. His wife, however, could not so easily console herself but continued greatly distressed on seeing themselves reduced almost to poverty. In this agitation of her mind, she had a dream the succeeding night that the pot was still in that spot of the garden where it had been deposited. Her husband labored to drive it from her thoughts and reasoned with her on the great improbability that the enemy would dig up the soil and find the pot, as they must have found it, and yet not take it with them. Nevertheless no reasoning would satisfy her, but he must dig up the ground in the morning and try whether it might not be there still. Agreeably to her request the ground was dug up, and at a considerable less depth than the enemy had penetrated, the pot was found, split asunder by a pike which had struck it and passed transversely through its side.

“With these and the like circumstances our host entertained us for the evening, and this with much cheerfulness, as he himself had escaped the ravage of the enemy; for I find it in human nature than even when we commiserate the evils and distresses of others, we draw some consolation from it that we ourselves are not in the same situation.”

“My son,” said the master of the cave, “you draw an unfavorable picture of human nature; nevertheless I believe there is too much truth in it; but please go on, for the small circumstances of your story are to me very interesting.”

“Sir,” continued I, “early on the next morning our host became our guide, and we rode to take a view of the field of Battle. To the east of the plain and on the left of our line of battle, Lord Sterling had been posted near a graveyard, on a bold and commanding eminence, with a morass for several miles running at right angles to the line of his array and securing his left flank from any attempt of the enemy to turn it. From this eminence his artillery annoyed the enemy in a line diagonally drawn to a height occupied on their part at the distance of about a mile, and from whence he was answered for the space of two hours without intermission.

“On the right of his Lordship, and in front of the main line of battle, was our principal park of artillery, which played incessantly upon the enemy at nearly the same distance of one mile, and here we could perceive the shattered frames of the carriages of dismounted pieces, the deep beds wrought in the earth by the recoiling of the cannon, the furrows ploughed upon the hill, and the trenches cut by the balls which striking it had made their way for some distance, or again rebounded from the soil and sought a course through the lines or above the heads of the soldiery.

“On the northeast of the intermediate ground before the enemy was an old orchard to which they had penetrated, crossing a morass passable to light-armed troops only. In this orchard they were met by the artillery under Lord Stirling [William Alexander], whose right flank they had in view to gain and who on this occasion made a very great slaughter with his grape shot and obliged them to retire, leaving seventy-five dead upon the soil.

“In the front of our main battle [line?], and just at the foot of the eminence possessed by the enemy, was a morass undetermined in length and about one hundred yards in breadth, passable but not easily to foot and horse but impassable to the artillery, save at one place slightly bridged by split pieces of timber, six or eight feet in length, laid across it. The bridge for a considerable time had been raked by one of our pieces under cover of a point of woods, which piece was afterwards dismounted, and we saw the broken splinters of the carriage scattered everywhere around the spot where it had been planted.

“In this spot, by what had been told me, fell Lieutenant James M’Nair of the artillery, having his head taken off by a cannon ball. I was truly sorry for his death, having known the mild disposition and the merit of the man. From his less elevated rank as an officer, he will never be taken notice of by the historian, and yet he is no less deserving of renown than those in the band of brothers who have fallen at the head of a brigade or battalion.

“The bridge in front had been so raked that the enemy were cut down as they came upon it, but a body in the meantime had passed the morass to the right of the bridge and advanced in the front of our lines over some low ground a considerable distance, but beginning to ascend the hill they suffered much and were driven back by the artillery to which they were exposed. Here we saw a grave in which it would seem that just on their retreat they had buried hastily one of their number, and that so slightly in the earth that one foot of the poor fellow was still uncovered; and though he had been once our enemy, yet touched with humanity, we did him the small office of throwing the loose soil over him to a greater depth.” (*to be continued*)

[May 1779]

...I had finished my narration, and the hermit of the cave was silent; but from the kindling luster of his eyes, at every circumstance which in the course of the narration reflected honor on the arms of America, it was evident that he was in sentiment a Whig.

Nevertheless I was still greatly at a loss to know what could be the cause of his retirement to his present solitude. On my first acquaintance with him, I had thought it possible he might be disaffected with the present cause of America, and had withdrawn to this mountain that he might not be under the necessity of taking any part in the contest. But the visible benevolence and good sense of the man, and at the same time the pleasure discoverable in his countenance on every circumstance of advantage in our favor, place it beyond a doubt he was a friend to America. However, I had a desire to know his history, and for this reason, after some preface of smooth words, hinted to him that curiosity which had naturally been excited in my mind, and requested him, though in a manner distant, and with some degree of that delicacy which the circumstance required that it would give me great pleasure to hear the life and travels of a man of his years and experience.

“My son,” said he, “I will with great pleasure gratify your very natural and pardonable curiosity. But the story of my life is saddened with adversity and will accord better with the shadows of the evening. Until that time give me leave to defer the narrative. The day you see is become bright with the rays of the cloud-dispelling sun. It is time that we go upon the soil to collect fruits and vegetables for the short repast of the dinner hour. After which it will remain for the slow hours of the day that we try the river with the hook and return home to light up the cave with the twilight lamp, and while Bernardus dresses what we may have taken, it will [be] our amusement to recall former times, and repeat with a melancholy pleasure, the laborious toils of experience in the ways of men.” (*to be continued.*)

[June 1779]

Issuing from the cave in the bosom of the mountain, we walked upon the margin of the Raritan and found and the found ourselves by a large plumb tree which, having shaken, we filled a basket with the fruit, which was luscious and refrigerating to the taste. We were led insensibly to speak of the nature of plumb trees.

“There is,” said the hermit, “your great damask plumb. This is a pretty large plumb, inclining to an oval shape; the outside is of a dark blue covered with a violet bloom; the juice is richly sugared; the flesh is yellow and parts from the stone.

“There is your red imperial plumb. This is a large oval-shaped fruit of a deep red color, covered with a fine bloom. It is excellent for sweet meats.

“There is your myrobalan plumb. This is a middle-sized fruit of a round shape. It is ripe in August. But indeed there are a variety of plumbs; and amongst them all there is none of which I am fonder than a cherry plumb. It is round and is of a red color. The stalk is long like that of a cherry, which this fruit so much resembles as not to be distinguished at some distance. The blossoms of this tree come out very early in the spring, and being very tender, are oftentimes destroyed by cold; but it affords a very agreeable prospect in the spring, for these trees are generally covered with flowers which open about the same time with the almonds so that when they are intermixed therewith they make a beautiful appearance before many other sorts put out; but by their blossoming so early, there are few years that they have much fruit.

“Besides these,” continued he, “there is the white pear plumb, which is a very good fruit. There is also the musele plumb and the Julian plumb and the Mogul plumb.”

“There are,” said I, “a great variety of plumbs in the different soils of America.”

“Yes,” replied the hermit, “and some of them very fine; equal, if not superior to any to be found in Europe or the more eastern countries. This plumb, which is of the red cherry kind, is excellent to be eaten from the tree and suits very well for sweet meats. I have been told there are fine plumbs on the creeks to the westward.”

“I have seen some very good,” said I, “on the creeks of Elk and Octorara; but in the state of Maryland, on Deer Creek, there are much better; though I am told that to the westward they are still in greater quantities and of better quality.”

By this time we had filled our basket, and remeasuring back the margin of the Raritan, we found ourselves at the entrance of the cave, and were saluted by the younger of the two young ladies in a stream of tears. The cause was that Bernardus, having conceived a great affection for the young gentleman who had walked with us to the plumb tree, had been willing to follow and be one of the company; but poor fellow, he had been so long accustomed to the cave that as soon as he had reached the head of the steps that led from it, in the rays of the sun he began to hallucinate, and turning to get in again he fell from the steps, and had hurt his ankle in the fall. The young lady was of the opinion that poor Nardy’s foot was broke, and that it might be past all remedy.

I easily conceived that a very small hurt might give rise to Nardy’s complaint and to the young lady’s apprehensions, and therefore [I] was perfectly composed. Nevertheless, with as much condescension and appearance of humanity as possible, [I] told her, that having read many books in my early years and having spent some time in the army, where hurts were very frequent, I had acquired a considerable skill in the treatment of them, and made no doubt but that with the help of bandages and vinegar, I could restore him to his feet again in a very short time. The hermit smiled; for knowing well, I suppose, how great an alarm a small affair will give to a tender breast, he was easy with regard to the circumstance of Nardy’s fall, and was disposed to be diverted with the serious and grave manner in which I addressed myself to the young lady, entering into all her sympathies and mixing my assuatives [sic] kindly with her griefs.

“Nardy,” said I, “where is your ankle hurt?” “Here, Sir,” said he, pointing to it. “Yes, yes,” said I, “I perceive the whole affair at one single glance. It is not a dislocation or fracture, nor indeed anything but a small disprain that will be speedily relieved by a few simple applications.”

I saw the rays of returning pleasure begin to dart through the crystal tear that now hesitated to descend from the young lady’s eye.

“Miss,” said I, “I shall be greatly honored by having presented to me by your hand a small bit of linen for bandage and at the same time a little vinegar made warm to bathe the ankle, which remedy of bathing, in a case of this nature, I have always found to be without fail efficacious.”

The bit of linen was presented to me, and at the same time the vinegar, with which having washed the lad’s ankle and having bound it up, he himself, whose hurt was more in imagination than in feeling, began to recover spirits; and the young lady who had shared particularly in sympathy with his misfortune and was attentive to him in assisting me to bandage and to bathe his ankle, was cheered like a vernal day after April flowers.

Bernardus was composed away in an angle of the cave, upon a bed of green leaves, and we sat down to dinner. (*to be continued*)

[July 1779]

Plumbs shaken from a tree, peaches gathered from an orchard on brow of hill above, apples at the same time, vegetables from the garden, dried fish, milk, cheese, butter were upon the board; and intermingling a variety of conversation on the nature of the several fruits, and on other matters, we had now dined. “Sir,” said the lady of the cave, “I have heard your request to the gentleman, whom with some propriety you will call a hermit, that he would be pleased to relate a sample of his life and travels. This, as according better with descending shades, he has deferred to evening. But in meantime, may it not be possible to prevail with you, Sir, to give some sketch of what you may have seen in life? It is true, not more than one-third of yours can be yet past; but as part even of the story of an old man is fortune of early years, why may it not be proper in a young man to relate the history of that part life which he had just passed over?”

“Madam,” said I, “I am ready to obey you in this so very reasonable command, but you are not to expect in my story any great example of uncommon fortitude struggling with adversity, for the history of youth is rather that of follies than misfortunes. Nevertheless my life has had some varieties, and these have arisen chiefly, as is usual with the young men, from the indulgence of one single passion.

“My father was a worthy good man, who wishing to see me step along the quiet vale of life, as he had done, had entertained the thought of matching me with a farmer’s daughter of the neighborhood in which he lived. But I had heard of the Miss Muses, who were great beauties.” “The Miss Maises, did you say, Sir?” said the lady. “No, Madam, the Miss Muses, of whom I have heard much and had long desired to see. At length having cultivated an acquaintance with a worthy clergyman in their neighborhood, I was introduced to them; for as the young ladies had no father living, and they were by themselves, nine sisters of them, they did not choose to be visited by every one. Miss Urany Muse, you must know, was my flame: The same lady that Milton talks of when he says,

*Descend from heaven, Urania, by that name,
If rightly thou are called.*²²

“The old bard, kindling into rapture at the name of so great a beauty, could not help calling that ground heaven where this young lady with her sisters dwelt. And indeed from the pleasant situation of the hill on the bending river of Castalia, and from the laurel with which it was everywhere planted out, and

²² [Brackenridge’s footnote] *Paradise Lost*, VII, 1.

from the poems of divine thought which these young ladies sung to harpsichords and violins, it was little short of heaven. I was in love, that is the truth of it, and every thing said was to me the speech of paradise.

“I shall not stop to tell you the many pleasant evening walks that I had on this hill, and the tender things that Miss Urany deigned to say to me, for I cannot yet be persuaded but that I possessed some share of her affection. Nevertheless, it has so come to pass that the hope I had entertained of making her one day my own has long since vanished. The circumstances of this small affair must remain a secret to the world. Perhaps when I die some hint of it may be found amongst my papers, and some friend may inscribe it on my tomb.

“The next fair lady for whom I conceived and affection was Miss Theology, a young lady of indeed great merit, and who had been sometimes mentioned to me by friends. But whether it is because we are apt to dislike those who are too much pressed upon us, or whether it is that the will of heaven gave a new current to the affections of the heart, I cannot tell; but I had until this hour set light by her, and could see nothing handsome in her person or captivating in her air and manner. My affection for miss Theology was a stream of love springing from a cold aversion.

“I have loved Miss Theology, and for five years I paid her a constant attention. But so it is that though with much condescension and many marks of tenderness she received my addresses, yet we both saw the necessity of ceasing to indulge any fond thought of union. This has cost me many slights; and it is my only consolation that we are hastening to a state where circumstances of a various nature will not intervene to divert us from the company of those persons whom we value highest and whose conversation will be no small ingredient in the happiness of that clime where the spirits of the just are made perfect.

“The present object of my soft attention is a Miss Law, a grave and comely young lady, a little pitted with the small pox.

“Her steward, an old fellow of the name of Coke, is a dry queer genius, and with him I have almost every day a quarrel. However, upon the whole I am pleased with the old fellow, and tossing him about with a string of young fellows of a more cheerful vein, and who are likewise attached to the family of Miss Law, I make myself merry with him. This young lady is of a prudent industrious turn, yet what she has in expectancy is considerable. I have paid my addresses to her now about a year. But I begin to apprehend that the beauty of some persons not so far distant as the head of the gulf of California is in confederacy to draw me away from her, and whereas I first set out with a warmth of affection for the young ladies of the hill²³ I shall this day fall a victim to the young ladies of the cave.

The young ladies smiled. But it was now time to try the river with the hook, and we advanced on the margin of the Raritan accordingly. (*to be continued*)²⁴

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Poetry was rarely among Brackenridge’s strong points, and his contribution to *The Rising Glory of America*, that he wrote along with Freneau for the Princeton 1771 commencement, is far inferior to Freneau’s input. Daniel Marder, in his *A Hugh Henry Brackenridge Reader, 1770-1815*, expressly omits in his anthology the following Masque, in the manner of Ben Jonson, written in honor of General Washington as a rather disappointing piece. To this verdict, I cannot altogether concur; for what it wants in execution it partly makes up for in creative imagination and in visionary intent; hence its inclusion here.

A MASQUE WRITTEN AT THE WARM-SPRINGS, IN VIRGINIA, IN THE YEAR 1784<sup>25</sup>

THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD,

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<sup>23</sup> [Brackenridge’s footnote] Parnassus

<sup>24</sup> This actually ended up being the last installment of “Vanhest.”

<sup>25</sup> *Gazette Publications* (1806), pp. 35–40.

I AM the Genius of the shady wood;  
 Whose care it is to crown the swelling rivers,  
 And bid the mountains hide them from the herd  
 Of the solstitial ray; the Delaware  
 I crown with poplar and with boughs of oak;  
 The Susquehannah with the cherry tree;  
 Potomack wasted by the summer's sun,  
 And Rappahannock and the river James,  
 I crown with branches of the lofty pine:  
 The great Ohio, with her thousand sons  
 To Mississippi roiling on, I crown  
 With leaves of ash-wood and the sugar-tree.  
 This is the day and this the well known place  
 Your presence is expected.

#### POTOMACK.

These springs we annually revisit;  
 But where the Genius of the tepid streams?  
 Whose task it is to warm them for the bath,  
 And touch them, with the sacred ore, which gives  
 Salubrious quality; this is his task,  
 In chose recesses and deep caverns fram'd  
 By Neptune, where the mountain base o'erspreads.  
 His naiads there attend him and each brings  
 Her urn and pours it where th' embosom'd rock  
 Gives current to the tide.

#### GENIUS OF THE SPRINGS.

Great sire of fountains, on this annual day  
 I greet your presence.

#### DELAWARE.

You know, my son, this is the happy season,  
 When from our banks the gayest citizens,  
 To taste the water of the springs repair.  
 Is every drop ting'd with the mountain ore  
 And made medicinal? Is every drop  
 Through sand filtrated, that the chrystal glass  
 Of those who drink may be transparent with it?

#### GENIUS OF THE SPRINGS.

The wave is nine times purified by fire;  
 The hundred naiads of th' embowering rocks  
 With pitchers from the subterranean flood  
 Have drawn the tide; the' alembic has distill'd  
 The tide to vapour; the mountain cistern  
 Has receiv'd the liquid current. Beds of ore  
 Have ting'd and sand has filtrated the stream.  
 That every drop with power of health impregnate  
 Dispels all pain, all shape of malady,  
 That racks the system or the mind subdues.



OHIO.

Then bid the naiads of the vocal powers,  
Haste hither with the nimble dance and song,  
The virtue of the springs to celebrate;  
And bid the deities of these rude hills  
With Triton whom the goddess Thetis sent  
Attune their chords in symphony with these.

POTOMACK.

Go tell the naiads and the jocund deities,  
To cull their choicest flowers; a noble name,<sup>\*26</sup>  
Has come this day to do them honour.  
That chief whose fame has oft been heard by them,  
In contest with Britannia's arms; that chief  
Whom I myself have seen quitting the farm,  
By no ambition, but by virtue led,  
Arising at his country's call, and swift  
The challenge of the vet'ran foe receiving.  
My brother streams have told me his achievements,  
The oak-crown'd Hudson told me that he saw him,  
Walk like a God upon his well fought banks.  
The Raritan in Jersey told me of him;  
But most the Delaware, whose noble tide  
Roll'd his indignant waves upon the bank  
And triumph'd on the heroic days  
Of Brandy wine, of Germantown and Monmouth;  
The Rappahannock told me of the chief  
When great Cornwallis yielded. With him I shed  
A tear of lucent joy. The Chesapeake,  
Oh! bay divine, thou heardst the victory,  
And through thy hundred islands far and wide,  
Rejoicing, there was gladness.

But when the rage of horrid war had ceas'd,  
My son return'd; I mark'd his character...  
No scorn appeared upon his furrow'd brow,  
His air was dignity and graceful ease  
The same as when he left us, save that now  
His visage worn with care shew'd more of age  
I hail'd my son and bade him come with me  
To taste the water of the healthful springs.

THE NAIADS IN A DANCE.

Purest streams that gently flow  
From the rock that covers you,  
No decrease of tide you know,  
Summer suns do not subdue.  
Nor do storms fierce winter's brood  
Rain or snow that comes with them,  
Swell your current to a flood;

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<sup>26</sup> [Brackenridge's footnote] Washington.

You are still, pure streams, the same.

Emblem this of that great chief,  
WASHINGTON who made us free,  
Shewing 'midst our joy and grief  
Equal equanimity.

*The dance continues with a second song.*

The gentle streams flowing,  
The trees around growing  
And shadows now showing  
Themselves o'er the spring.

No danger of wasting  
Your water by tasting  
Though many are hasting  
To drink of the spring.

*Third song with a dance.*

Clear bursting fountains by you shall appear,  
The gayest assemblies through each circling year;  
To lead up the dance in these chearful abodes,  
And live at their leisure the life of the Gods.

We taste of the streams and forget all our care:  
Your virtues like Lethe, not fabulous are.  
Your virtues expel all diseases and pain,  
To those that are weak, they give vigour again.  
The lame that come hither their crutches forego:  
They leap and exult like the wild mountain roe,  
Here youth is confirm'd in his vigour and bloom,  
To age is given years and days yet to come.

*They disappear.*

GENIUS OF THE WOODS.

Such is the virtue of these healthful springs;  
Yet not in these alone salubrious quality.  
Far west, and near thy source, Ohio, rising  
There is a spring\*<sup>27</sup> with copious oil embrown'd,  
All chronic pain dispelling, at the touch,  
And washing all scorbutic taint away,  
As erst in Jordan was the Syrian king.  
Th' inflexible joint, the fibre of old age  
Relaxing, it gives youth and nimble motion.  
The natives of the wood, my oldest sons,  
Nor less than Hamadryades, my care;  
All bathe in the smooth current, and receive  
Returning health and vigour. Soon assembling  
There, the modern race of men unnumbered  
In place of the discoloured native  
Shall frequent its margin. The gods and naiads

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<sup>27</sup> [Brackenridge's footnote] The Oil-Spring on French creek.

There, as usual shall repair  
While annually with festive song and dance,  
They celebrate the virtue of the springs.

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Although the greater part of Brackenridge's work are legal writings in defense of the politically empowered judiciary; which latter many, including Thomas Jefferson, saw as a threat to American liberties, his most famous work, indeed timeless, in spirit, *magnum opus*, is of course his *Modern Chivalry*, penned and published in volume installments over the span of 1792 to 1815. By "modern chivalry," Brackenridge means, in effect and perhaps in response to Edmund Burke,²⁸ that he who stands up for the rights and true interests of the people is no less than a knight in shining armor; of present and future times. So that Brackenridge himself, in wryly or risibly depicting the faults and foibles of Democracy in America, saw himself as a errant chevalier of that new, noble order. Claude W. Newlin, in his superlative, informative, and insightful introduction to the American Book Company edition (1937) of the same, sums it up this way:

"...[T]he heart of the book is political, and its chief themes concern (1) the ambition of unqualified persons to rise to high position, (2) the lack of intelligent discrimination on the part of voters, and (3) the excesses of democracy."²⁹

While the ensuing excerpt passages have little to do with politics, certainly they show Brackenridge at some of his most humorous.

From Volume 3, Chapter VII (1793).

Taking advantage of the humiliated state of mind in which the bog-trotter now was, from the late cowskinning he had received, the captain thought he could be drawn off from an extreme attention to the ladies, and engaged to apply to the qualifying himself for state affairs. Accordingly, continuing his address to him, he observed, -- that though gallantry and waiting upon ladies was very agreeable, yet prudence ought to be observed, not to create enemies by seeming to engross their attention, so as to put a man in danger of duels, and cowskinings: at the same time it behooved a man not to suffer his gallantry to interfere with business; and more especially in the early stages when he was about qualifying himself for any occupation or appointment; that as he (Teague O'Regan) was a candidate for state affairs, he ought to check his career and withdraw himself for some time from the gay circles, in order to acquire some small things which were necessary to the creditable and convenient discharge of a public function ; such as learning to write his name if possible. As to learning to read or write generally, that would be a work of years, if at all acquirable at his period of life; but he might be taught to imitate the few characters that composed his name, in such a manner as to pass for it; so that when he had to sign despatches or commissions, or the like, he need not be under the necessity of making his mark, like an Indian at a treaty; he might do something that would pass for the letters of the alphabet. So providing him with a room, and placing a table before him with an inkstand, and strewing some papers, and furnishing him with spectacles, as if he was already making out dispatches, he began to instruct him in making the letters, T, E, A, G, U, E, etc.

But he had scarcely begun, when the waiter coming in delivered a parcel of cards and billets for Major O'Regan. The captain instantly reflecting that this correspondence with the gay world would undo all that he was doing, and draw off the bog-trotter from his lessons, as soon as the smart of the cowskinning had worn off, saw it was necessary to read the billets as from different persons, and containing language different from what was in them. The cards being chiefly from men in public employment, he read as they really were. Opening one of the largest of the billets, "aye," said he, "there is more of it. Do you know this

²⁸ "...Oh! what a revolution [i.e., the French]! and what heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her [Marie Antoinette] with insult -- but the age of chivalry is gone!" Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the French Revolution* (1790).

²⁹ p. XXVIII.

Johnston, that seems so much enraged about Miss Muslin to whom you have paid some attention?" By the by, it was a billet from Miss Muslin, to whose acquaintance it would seem he had been introduced; but the captain read Johnston.

"By de holy fathers," said Teague, "I know no Johnston."

"He sends you a challenge," said the captain, "to meet him on the commons this evening at six o'clock, with a brace of pistols and a second to determine whether you or he has the best right to pay attention to this lady." We shall give the billet as written by the lady, and as read by the captain.

AS WRITTEN BY THE LADY.

Would wish to have the pleasure of Major O'Regan's company this evening at tea. Lawyer: Crabtree and Doctor Drug will be here; and you know we shall split our sides laughing at the ninnies. You're so full of your jokes that I want you here. Dear Major, don't be engaged, but come.

Yours sincerely, Wednesday morning.
PATTY MUSLIN.

As read [to him] by the Captain:

Sir--

You will instantly do one of two things, either relinquish your attention to Miss Muslin, and be no more in her company; or meet me this evening precisely at six o'clock, on the commons back of the Potter's-field, with a brace of pistols, and a second, to take a shot. I shall have a coffin ready, and a grave dug, for whichever of us shall have occasion to make use of it.

Your humble servant,
BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.

In the same manner he read the other billets, converting them from love letters into challenges to fight with mortal weapons, or into declarations of cudgelling, and cowskinning, if he interfered any farther in his attentions to such and such ladies.

The bog-trotter began to think the devil was broke loose upon him, and very readily gave the captain leave to write answers, declining all combats, and declaring his compliance with all that was requested of him.

The waiter was the only person, who, by receiving the billets, and handing them in the absence of the captain, and reading them to Teague, might inflame his mind with the thoughts of the fine ladies, and gay circles from which he seemed to be just recovered: taking him aside, therefore, and accosting him, "Matthew," said he, for that was the name of the waiter, "I do not know, that I ought to find any fault with your giving your service for some time past to my Teague, in reading the billets directed to him, and in writing his answers; but I desire that there may be nothing more of this. As he is about to be closely engaged for some time to come, in acquiring some scholarship, and preparing to enter on some state appointment, I do not choose that his mind should be taken off by affairs of compliment or love. All billets therefore directed to him, you will for the future hand to me." The waiter promised compliance, and said it was all the same thing to him, as all he had done, was to oblige the major; and if it was disagreeable to him, (the captain,) he should do no more of it.

However, Teague continuing still to have some hankering after the company of the ladies, so as not to have his mind so much upon learning to write the characters of his name as the captain could have wished, he found it necessary to engage the bar-keeper to assist him in personating now and then, some one who had come to demand satisfaction for the interference of the bog-trotter in affairs of love, that by keeping up the alarm on his mind, he might the better confine him to his studies.-According to the plan agreed upon, the bar-keeper, knocking at the door, and the captain opening it a little, and demanding his

business; “is there not a Major O’Regan here,” he would say, (with a counterfeited voice,) “who has pretensions to Miss- Nubbin? (one of those who had sent billets,) I wish to see the gentleman, and try if I can put this sword in his body.” “God love your soul,” would O’Regan say, “dear captain don’t let him in. I shall die with fear upon the spot here; for I never fought a man in could blood in my life.”-- Here the bar-keeper as recognizing the voice of O’Regan -- “yes,” would he say, “I find he is here, let me in, that I may put this through him; I had paid my addresses to Miss Nubbin, and was just about to espouse her, when unlike a gentleman, he has interfered and turned her head with his attentions. By the New Jerusalem, I shall be through his windpipe in a second.” Teague hearing this and raising the Irish howl, would redouble his entreaties to the captain not to let him in. The captain would say, “Sir, if you mean to make a pass at him, you must make it through me; for I shall not stand to see a friend of mine run through the body. You may therefore desist, or I shall have you taken into custody as a breaker of the peace.” With this he would shut the door, and the bar-keeper would go off cursing and swearing that he would have revenge for the insult that had been offered him, by the Irishman.

By these artifices, certainly innocent as the object was good, for it can be no injury to deceive a man to his own advantage, or to prevent mischief; by these artifices the captain succeeded in preventing a correspondence with the gay world, and detaching the mind of his pupil from the gallantries of love. But when any member of Congress or officer of state called upon him he was admitted. Traddle³⁰ called frequently, and declared that he had no resentment on account of Teague’s proposing to be his competitor, at the election in the country; but wished him success in obtaining some appointment where his talents might be useful.

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“The Trial of Mamachtaga” appears in Archibald Loudon’s *Selections of Some of the Most Interesting Narratives of Outrages Committed by Indians in Their Wars with the White People* (1808), vol. 1, pp. 38-50.

THE TRIAL OF MAMACHTAGA,  
an Indian, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer<sup>31</sup>  
for the County of Westmoreland, in the year 1784-5.

I know the particulars of the following story well because one of the men (Smith) was shingling a house for me in the town of Pittsburgh the evening before he was murdered by Mamachtaga, and for which murder and of some others this Indian was tried. Smith had borrowed a blanket of me, saying that he was about to cross the river (Allegheny) to the Indian camp on the west side. Here a party of Indians, mostly Delawares, had come in, it being just after the war and the greater part of these Indians having professed themselves friendly during the war, and their chief Killbuck<sup>32</sup> with his family and that of several others having remained at the garrison on an island in the Ohio River called Killbuck’s Island and under the reach of the guns of the fort. Mamachtaga had been at war against the settlements with others of the Delawares who were now at this encampment.

I went myself over to the encampment the next morning and found the Indians there. Two men had been murdered, Smith and another of the name of Evans, and two wounded, one of them a dwarf of the name of Freeman. According to the relation which I got from the wounded, there were four white men together in a cabin when Mamachtaga, without the least notice, rushed in and stabbed Smith mortally and had stabbed Evans who had seized the Indian who was entangled with the dwarf among his feet, attempting to escape, and who [the dwarf] had received wounds also in the scuffle; and the other white man also had received a stab. It would appear that the Indian had been in liquor according to the account of the other Indians and of the white men who escaped. Killbuck appeared greatly cast down and sat upon a log, silent.

<sup>30</sup> Brackenridge’s fictional persona for William Findley, ex-weaver and one of the leaders of the Whiskey insurgents; who Brackenridge ridiculed for his want education and qualification as a statesman. Findley, for his part, viewed Brackenridge as a sell out to the self-serving eastern establishment.

<sup>31</sup> A court of general criminal jurisdiction in newly settled districts.

<sup>32</sup> [From Marder’s text] “In 1779 the Delaware Indians warred against the United States. Only a few of them under Chief Killbuck refused to join the war. They moved to Smoky Island at the mouth of the Allegheny to be under the protection of Fort Pitt.”

Mamachtaga made no attempt to escape. He was now sober and gave himself up to the guard that came over, affecting not to know what had happened. The seat of justice of Westmoreland county being thirty miles distant and the jail there not being secure, he was taken to the guardhouse of the garrison to be confined until a court of Oyer and Terminer should be held in the county.

Living in the place and being of the profession of the law, said I to the interpreter Joseph Nicholas, one day, "Has that Indian any fur or peltry, or has he any interest with his nation that he could collect some and pay a lawyer to take up his defense for this homicide?" The interpreter said that he had some in the hands of a trader in town, and that he could raise from his nation any quantity of rac[c]oon or beaver provided it would answer any purpose. I was struck with the pleasantry of having an Indian for a client and getting a fee in this way, and told the interpreter to go to the Indian and explain the matter to him. He did so, and brought me an account that Mamachtaga had forty weight of beaver, which he was ready to make over, being with a trader in town, and that he had a brother who would set off immediately to the Indian towns and procure a hundred weight or more if that would do any good, but the interpreter stipulated that he should have half of all that should be got for his trouble in bringing about the contract. Accordingly, he was dispatched to the Indian from whom he brought in a short time an order for the beaver in the hand of the trader, [signed by] Mamachtaga (his mark). The mark was something like a turkey's foot, as these people have no idea of a hieroglyphic merely abstract as a strait line or a curve, but it must bear some resemblance to a thing in nature. After this as it behooved, I went to consult with my client and arrange his defense, if it were possible to make one on which a probable face could be put. Accompanied by the interpreter I was admitted to the Indian so that I could converse with him. He was in what is called the black hole, something resembling that kind of hole which is depressed in the floor and which the southern people have in their cabins in which to keep their esculent roots from the frost during the winter season. Not going down into the hole as may be supposed, though it was large enough to contain two or three and was depressed about eight feet, being the place in which delinquent or refractory soldiery had been confined occasionally for punishment, but standing on the floor above, I desired the interpreter to put his questions. This was done, explaining to him the object of the inquiry, that it was to serve him and, by knowing the truth, [to] be prepared for his defense. He affected to know nothing about it, nor was he disposed to rely upon any defense that could be made. His idea was that he was giving the beaver as a commutation for his life. Under this impression it did not appear to me proper that I should take the beaver, knowing that I could do nothing for him; besides seeing the manner in which the dark and squalid creature was accommodated with but a shirt and breech-clout on, humanity dictated that the beaver should be applied to procure him a blanket and food additional to the bread and water which he was allowed. Accordingly I returned the order to the interpreter, and desired him to procure and furnish these things. He seemed reluctant and thought we ought to keep the prerequisite we had got. On this I thought it most advisable to retain the order and give it to a trader in town with directions to furnish these articles occasionally to the officer of the guard, which I did, taking the responsibility upon myself to the interpreter for his part of the beaver.

An Indian woman known by the name of the Grenadier Squaw was sitting, doing some work, by the trap door of the cell or hole in which he was confined, for the trap door was kept open and a sentry at the outer door of the guard-house. The Indian woman was led by sympathy to sit by him. I had a curiosity to know the force of abstract sentiment in preferring greater evils to what with us would seem to be less, or rather the force of opinion over pain. For knowing the idea of the Indians with regard to the disgrace of hanging, I proposed to the Indian woman, who spoke English as well as Indian and was a Delaware herself (Mamachtaga was of that nation), to ask him which he would choose, to be hanged or burned? Whether it was that the woman was struck with the inhumanity of introducing the idea of death, she not only declined to put the question, but her countenance expressed resentment. I then recollected, and have since attended to the circumstance, that among themselves when they mean to put anyone to death they conceal the determination and the time until it is about to be put in execution, unless the blackening the prisoner which is a mark upon such as about to be burned may be called an intimation; but it is only by those who are accustomed to their manners that it can be understood. However, I got the question put by the interpreter, at which he seemed to hesitate for some time but said he would rather be shot or be tomahawked. In a few days it made a great noise through the country that I was to appear for the Indian, and having acquired some reputation in the defense of criminals, it was thought possible by some that he might be acquit[t]ed by *the crooks of the law* as the people expressed it; and it was talked of publicly to raise a party and come to

town and take the interpreter and me both and hang the interpreter and exact an oath from me not to appear on behalf of the Indian. It was, however, finally concluded to come in to the garrison and demand the Indian and hang him themselves. Accordingly a party came in a few days, and about break of day summoned the garrison and demanded the surrender of the Indian. The commanding officer remonstrated and prevailed with them to leave the Indian to the civil authority. Upon which they retired, firing their guns as they came through the town. The interpreter, hearing the alarm, sprang up in his shirt and made for a hill above the town called Grant's Hill. On seeing him run, he was taken for the Indian that had been suffered to escape, and was pursued until the people were assured that it was not the Indian. In the meantime he had run some miles, and swimming the river, lay in the Indian country until he thought it might be safe to return.

It was not without good reason that the interpreter was alarmed, for having been some years among the Indians in early life a prisoner, and since a good deal employed in the Indian trade, and on all occasions of treaty employed as an interpreter, he was associated in the public mind with an Indian, and on this occasion considered as the abetter [sic] of the Indian from the circumstance of employing council to defend him. And before this time a party had come from the Chartiers, a settlement south of the Monongahela in the neighborhood of this town, and had attacked some friendly Indians on the island in the Ohio (Killbuck's Island) under the protection of the garrison, and had killed several and among them some that had been of essential service to the whites in the expeditions against the Indian towns and on scouting parties in case of attacks upon the settlements.<sup>33</sup> One to whom the whites had given the name of Wilson, (Captain Wilson) was much regretted by the garrison. A certain Cisna had commanded the party that committed this outrage.

A day or two after his return, the interpreter came to me and relinquished all interest in the beaver that was lodged with the trader or expected from the [Indian] towns, that he might, to use his own language, "wipe his hands of the affair, and be clear of the charge of supporting the Indian." The fact was that as to beaver from the towns I expected none, having been informed in the meantime by the friendly Indians that Mamachtaga was a bad man and was thought so by his nation, that he had been a great warrior but was mischievous in liquor, having killed two of his own people, that it would not be much regretted in the nation to hear of his death, and that except [for] his brother, no one would give anything to get him off.

He had the appearance of great ferocity, was of tall stature [and] fierce aspect. He was called Mamachtaga, which signifies trees blown across, as is usual in a hurricane or tempest, by the wind; and this name had been given him from the ungovernable nature of his passion. Having therefore no expectation of peltry or fur in the case, it was no great generosity in me to press upon the interpreter the taking half the beaver as his right in procuring the contract; but finding me obstinate in insisting upon it, he got a friend to speak to me, and at length I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to let him off and take all the beaver that could be got to myself.

It did not appear to me advisable to relinquish the defense of the Indian, free or no free, unless it should be supposed that I yielded to the popular impression, the fury of which, when it had a little spent itself, began to subside. And there were some who thought the Indian might be cleared, if it could be proved that the white men killed had made the Indian drunk, which was alleged to be the case but which the wounded and surviving persons denied, particularly the dwarf (William Freeman); but his testimony it was thought would not be much regarded as he could not be said to be [a] *man grown*, and had been convicted at the Quarter Sessions [court] of stealing a keg of whiskey some time before.

At a court of Oyer and Terminer held for the county of Westmoreland before Chief Justices [Thomas] M'Kean [signer of Declaration of Independence and Gov. of Penn. in 1799] and Bryan, Mamachtaga was brought to trial. The usual forms were pursued. An interpreter, not Nicholas but a certain Handlyn, stood by him and interpreted in the Delaware language the indictment and the meaning of it and the privilege he had to deny the charge, that is the plea of *not guilty*. But he could not easily comprehend

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<sup>33</sup> [Marder] "In March, 1783, militia from Chartiers Creek attacked Killbuck's friendly Delawares encamped on Smoky Island and killed all but a few."

that it was [a] matter of form, and that he must say *not guilty*, for he was unwilling to deny, as unbecoming a warrior to deny the truth. For though he did not confess, yet he did not like to say that he had not killed the men; but said he was drunk, and did not know what he had done but *supposed he should know when he was under the ground*. The court directed the plea to be entered for him, and he was put upon his trial.

He was called upon to make his challenges, which the interpreter explained to him and which he was left to make himself and which he did, as he liked the countenances of the jury and challenged according to the sourness or cheerfulness of the countenance and what he thought indications of a mild temper. The jurors, as they were called to the book, being told in the usual form, "Prisoner, look upon the juror. Juror, look upon the prisoner at the bar. Are you related to the prisoner?" One of them, a German of a swarthy complexion and being the first called, took the question amiss, as thinking it a reflection and said with some anger that he thought "that an uncivil way to treat Dutch peoples as if he could be the brothers, or cousings of an Indian." But the matter being explained to him by another German of the jury, he was satisfied and was sworn.

The meaning of the jury being on oath was explained to the Indian to give him some idea of the solemnity and fairness of the trial. The testimony was positive and put the homicide beyond a doubt; so that nothing remained for me in opening his defense but the offering to prove that he was in liquor, and that this had been given to him by the white people, the traders in town. This testimony was overruled, and it was explained to the Indian that [his] being drunk could not by our law excuse the murder. The Indian said he hoped the good man above would excuse it.

The jury gave their verdict, guilty, without leaving the bar. And the prisoner was remanded to jail. In the meantime there was tried at the same court another person (John Bradly) on a charge of homicide but who was found guilty of *manslaughter* only. Towards the ending of the court these were both brought up to receive sentence. The Indian was asked what he had to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him. This was interpreted to him and he said that he would rather *run awhile*. This was under the idea of the custom among the Indians of giving time to the murderer, according to the circumstances of the case, to run, during which time if he can satisfy the relations of the deceased, buy a commutation for his life [with] a gun, a horse, fur and the like, it is in their power to dispense with the punishment; but if this cannot be done, having not enough to give, or the relations not consenting to take a commutation, he must come at the end of the time appointed to the spot assigned, and there, by a warrior of the nation, or some relative, son, brother, etc. of the deceased, be put to death, in which case the tomahawk is the usual instrument. No instance will occur in which the condemned man will not be punctual to his engagement. And I think it very probable, or rather can have no doubt, but that if this Indian had been suffered to run at this time, that is, go to his nation on the condition to return at a certain period to receive the sentence of what he would call the council, he would have come with as much fidelity as a man challenged would on a point of honor come to the place assigned, and at the time when, to risk himself to his adversary. Such is the force of opinion, from education, on the human mind.

Sentence [had] been pronounced upon the convicted [white man] of manslaughter. (In this case the first part of the sentence, as the law directs, was that of hanging, which is done until the *benefit of clergy is prayed by the prisoner*, but not understanding this, nothing could exceed the contortion of his muscles when a sentence contrary to what he had expected was pronounced.) Being a simple man he made a hideous outcry and gave a most woeful look to the court and country and begged for mercy; and it was not for some time after, that having the matter explained to him and the benefit of clergy being allowed, he could be composed. Sentence of *burning in the hand* being now pronounced, at this moment the sheriff came in with a rope to bind up his hand to a beam of the low, wooden courthouse in which we were in order that the hot iron might be put upon it.

Sentence of hanging had been previously pronounced upon the Indian, [upon] which he had said that he would prefer to be shot; but it being explained to him that this could not be done, he had the idea of hanging in his mind. Accordingly, by a side glance, seeing the sheriff coming in with a rope which was a bed-cord he had procured (having nothing else in our then low state of trade and manufacturing), Mamachtaga conceived that the sentence was about to be executed presently upon him and that the rope was for this purpose, which coming unaware upon him, he lost the command of himself for a moment. His



visage grew black, his features were screwed up, and he writhed himself with horror and aversion; the surprise not having given time to the mind to collect itself, and on the acquired principle of honor to conceal its dismay, or on those of reason to bear with and compose itself to its fate. Even when undeceived and made acquainted that he was not to die then, he remained under a visible horror, the idea of immediate death and especially of hanging giving a tremor, like the refrigeration of cold upon the human frame.

Before he was taken from the bar he wished to say something, which was to acknowledge that his trial had been fair and to express a wish that his nation would not revenge his death or come to war on his account. [He was] asked, as he was taken off by some of those accompanying the sheriff in conducting him to jail, whom he thought the judges to be before whom he had been tried and who were on the bench in scarlet robes, which was the official custom of that time. Being of the Delaware nation, among whom Moravian missionaries had been a good deal and, as it would seem, mixing some recollections which he had derived from this source, he answered that the one, meaning the Chief Justice, was God, and the other Jesus Christ.

At the same court of Oyer and Terminer was convicted a man for the crime against nature, and at a court of Quarter Sessions a short time after, another, a young man of the name of Jack had been convicted of larceny and was now confined in the same jail, and in fact in the same room, for there was but one, with the Indian and the white man before-mentioned. And though, upon account of his youth and family connections, the jury in finding a verdict had recommended to pardon, for which the supreme executive council of the state had been petitioned some time before, nevertheless he could not restrain the wickedness of his mind and had prevailed upon the white man, guilty of the crime against nature, as he had to die at any rate, to save the disgrace of being hanged, to consent to be murdered by the Indian. The creature [the one condemned to death] was extremely simple and had actually consented, and Jack had prepared a knife for the purpose. But the Indian refused, though solicited and offered liquor, saying he had killed white men enough already.

A child of the jailor had been taken sick and had a fever. The Indian said he could cure it if he had roots from the woods which he knew. The jailor, taking off his irons which he had on his feet, took his word that he would not make his escape while he let him go to the woods to collect roots, telling him that if he did make his escape the great council, the judges, would hang him (the jailor) in his place. But for the greater security the jailor thought proper to accompany him to the woods where roots were collected, and which on their return were made use of in the cure of the child.

The warrant for the execution of the Indian and of the white man came to hand, and the morning of the execution the Indian expressed a wish to be painted that he might die like a warrior. The jailor as before unironed him and took him to the woods to collect his usual paints. Having done [it], he returned and prepared himself for the occasion, painting highly with the rouge which they use on great occasions.

A great body of people assembled at the place of execution. The white man was hung first, and afterwards the Indian ascended a ladder placed to the cross timber of the gibbet; and the rope [was] fastened. When he was swung off, [the rope] broke and the Indian fell, and having swooned a little, he rose with a smile and went up again. A stronger rope in the meantime having been provided, or rather two put about his neck together so that his weight was supported, and he underwent the sentence of the law and was hanged till he was dead.

This was during the Indian war and this place on the verge of the settlement, so that if the Indian had taken a false step and gone off from the jailor while he was looking for roots for the cure or for painting, it would have been easy for him to have made his escape. But such is the force of opinion as we have before said, resulting from the way of thinking among the Indians, that he did not seem to think that he had the physical power to go. It was nevertheless considered an imprudent thing in the jailor to run this risk. For if the Indian had made his escape it is morally certain that in the then state of the public mind, the jailor himself would have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of the people.

Pittsburgh, 1785

## KOSCIUSZKO'S GARDEN:

*Flowers of Verse for  
America's Champion --  
and Poland's Martyr --  
for Emancipation.*

"...Liberty -- dear Word -- I wish my Country feel [sic] its influence. -- Can you believe I am very unhappy been absent from your Country it seems to me the other world her[e], in which every person finds great pleasure in cheating himself out of common sense. The time may have some power to prepossess [sic] my mind in your Country[']s favour and adopt the opinion of greater number of men, but Nature more, it is in very breast, here they take great pains to subside the Charmes which constitute real happiness, but you folow [sic] with full speed the marked road and you fined [sic] by experience that domestic Life with liberty to be the best gift, that nature had top bestow for the human specie..."

~ Kosciuszko, in Paris late 1784, to Otho Williams.

Sometime, in probably Spring, 1778, during his sojourn there as supervising engineer at West Point, Lithuanian born Col. Thaddeus Kosciuszko<sup>34</sup> used spare time available to him to create and construct a garden amid a geologically enclosed portion of the western shore of the Hudson River. Shaded by trees and large boulders the site was, and is, optimally situated as a cool and quiet place to escape sultry or oppressive summer days. As well as paths, steps, rockery, shrubs, and flowers, it includes what, upon seeing it, Continental Army surgeon (from Barnstable, Mass.) Dr. James Thacher, in his *Military Journal*, delightfully described as a "curious water fountain with spouting jets and cascades." Garden, fountain, and all are still there and have, with occasional alterations, been in continuous use since Revolutionary times.

Such a curious feat and endeavor is oddly characteristic of Kosciuszko's frankly strange, inimitable, and at times almost divinely miraculous career in the Revolutionary War. Unlike the numerous European officers who came to America to assist the nation in its struggle for Independence, he arrived (in late Summer of 1776) with relatively slight diplomatic credentials and even less money than such as Lafayette, Von Steuben, DuPortail and Pulaski had, and yet his dramatic affect on the outcome of the war was inferior to none of them. It was he who designed and helped build Fort Mercer that withstood such brutal and heavy pounding in the Philadelphia campaign of 1777. Had he been heeded (and which he wasn't), Ticonderoga might have been saved from falling into Burgoyne's hands. It was he who oversaw Gates' men felling trees and slowing down the British advance on Albany; thus gaining for the Americans vital additional time to gather their forces. It was he who decided for Gates where the Americans would make their final stand, and was placed in charge of erecting the redoubts and defensive works there. West Point itself, as the principal strategic point to safeguard the Hudson, owed its impregnable potency to his plans and efforts (circa 1778-1779) more than to any other single individual's. And were not all this enough, he acquitted himself quite respectably, if not flawlessly (thinking of the siege of Ninety-Six), as Nathanael Greene's ever handy and irreplaceable engineer in the southern theater; even procuring the opportunity to lead men into battle himself in the last days of the war.

In reading Miecislaus Haiman's well done 1943 biography *Kosciuszko in the American Revolution*, he comes across as an often droll, and on occasion even somewhat comical, figure; playing the role of a pure and affectionate idealist striving to stay afloat amid politically ambitious and more coldly practical Continental Army officers. He spoke no English, and initially had to express himself in French, and though with time he necessarily gained some grasp of the former language, he remained far from ever coming close to mastering it, and as a result his letters from this period are replete with misspellings of words based on faulty pronunciations. He was loyally devoted to General Gates, and even served as the latter's second in a duel with the rascally James Wilkinson;<sup>35</sup> such that in following the account of their relationship, the well meaning if at times bumbling Gates emerges as a singularly sympathetic figure due to their friendship. A superb draughtsman and artificer, he was both artistic and clever in devising and making things for sundry purposes and occasions; and was the first choice of Congress to arrange a fireworks display for the 1783 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration in Philadelphia. He came to America without much money, and notwithstanding his invaluable services, departed at war's end evidently with even less; while only just

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<sup>34</sup> Also "Kosciuszko," and pronounced "Ko-shus'-ko."

<sup>35</sup> When some disputes arose with respect to post-duel protocol, Gates later said to him "Wilkinson, I am ashamed I fought you." Haiman, p. 61.

barely and at the last moment securing for himself from Congress a non-paying, brevet commission as Brigadier General. And yet also before departing had become admired by and a dear friend of more than a few illustrious Americans, including Greene, Otho Williams, David Humphreys and Thomas Jefferson.<sup>36</sup>

That, one would think, would have been abundantly enough for any single individual's lifetime achievements; at already 39 years of age. But, as you probably are also aware, he as well went on to become a most stirring and capable general in the Polish uprising against the Russians in 1794. Fighting against overwhelming odds, however, the resistance movement was ultimately defeated, and Kosciuszko was captured and held a prisoner in St. Petersburg. Held there for two years, he only succeeded in obtaining his release when Czarina Catherine the Great died. He was later tentatively supportive of Bonaparte with hopes that Corsican would finally set things right in his homeland, but was in this predictably dissatisfied and disgusted in the result.

He fought against Britain in the American Revolution, and yet perhaps all the more fittingly and sincerely some of the foremost Scotch and English poets and versifiers of that era subsequently lauded and effusively sang his praises as a premier exemplar of the universal struggle for freedom. Gathering then from this bed of pungent writings, presented here is a lyrical bouquet arranged in honorable remembrance and commemoration of a man matched, at that time, only by Washington and Lafayette for world-wide adulation as a hero of liberty.

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The first of the Kosciuszko tributes of particular note in English verse is a passage from Thomas Campbell's (1777-1844) *The Pleasures of Hope*. Although published in 1799, *The Pleasures of Hope* was presumably written at least as early as 1794; at the time of Kosciuszko's confinement by Catherine; as direct and indirect references to the poem are made in Robert Burns and Samuel Taylor's Coleridge's odes to Kosciuszko written in or about that same year. Campbell, by the way, composed an American Revolutionary War related epic, *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), and that was both popular and critically acclaimed in both America and in Europe.

From Part I of *The Pleasures of Hope*.

...He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few; but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow; a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze; but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death, -- the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm;
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm! --
In vain; alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew; --
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career; --
Hope; for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked -- as Kosciuszko fell!
The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air --
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,

³⁶ John Quincy Adams, another who properly esteemed his merits, wrote a biography of Kosciuszko and which he appended to his 1851 *The Life of General Lafayette*.

His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
 Hark; as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook-red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!
 Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?...

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In Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine, and Literary Miscellany* edition of Jan. 1818 is found this preface with the title "Original Poetry of Robert Burns," and who had passed away in 1796.

"The following unpublished reliques of our immortal Bard were lately communicated to us from a highly respectable quarter. We quote one short passage from the very obliging letter that accompanied them: -- 'As every tiling that jell from the pen of Burns is worthy of preservation, I transcribe for your Miscellany the complete copy of a song which Cromek has printed, (page 423 of this vol.) in an unfinished state, -- together with two fragments that have never yet been published. The originals of these I possess in the handwriting of their unfortunate Author, who transmitted them inclosed in letters to a constant friend of his through all his calamities, by whom they were finally assigned to me.'"

Among the resurfaced pieces alluded to is this.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KOSCIUSKO.<sup>37</sup>

Unnoticed shall the mighty fall?  
 Unwept and unlamented die?--  
 Shall he, whom bonds could not enthrall,  
 Who plann'd, who fought, who bled for all,  
 Unconsecrated lie?  
 Without a song, whose fervid strains  
 Might kindle fire in patriot veins. --  
 No! -- thus it ne'er shall be: and fame  
 Ordains to thee a brighter lot;  
 While earth -- while hope endures, thy name,  
 Pure -- high -- unchangeable -- the same --  
 Shall never be forgot;  
 'Tis shrined amid the holy throng;  
 'Tis woven in immortal song! --

Yes! -- Campbell, of the deathless lay,  
 The ardent poet of the free,  
 Has painted Warsaw's latest day,  
 In colours that resist decay,  
 In accents worthy Thee;  
 Thy hosts on battle-field array'd,  
 And in thy grasp the patriot blade!

O! sainted is the name of him,  
 And sacred should his relics be,  
 Whose course no selfish aims bedim;  
 Who, spotless as the seraphim,

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<sup>37</sup> *Edinburgh Magazine*, Jan. 1818, pp. 70-71.

Exerts his energy,  
To make the earth by freemen trod,  
And see mankind the sons of God!

And thou wert one of these; 'twas thine,  
Through thy devoted country's night,  
The latest of a freeborn line,  
With all that purity to shine,  
Which makes a hero bright;  
With all that lustre to appear,  
Which freemen love and tyrants fear.

A myrtle wreath was on thy blade,  
Which broke before its cause was won!--  
Thou, to no sordid fears betray'd,  
Mid desolation undismay'd,  
Wert mighty, though undone;  
No terrors gloom'd thy closing scene,  
In danger and in death serene!

Though thou hast bade our world farewell,  
And left the blotted lands beneath,  
In purer, happier realms to dwell;  
With Wallace, Washington, and Tell.  
Thou sharest the laurel wreath --  
The Brutus of degenerate climes!  
A beacon-light to other times!

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"To Kosciusko" was the seventh of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Sonnets on Eminent Characters* (1794-1795). Another of the *Eminent Characters* sonnets Coleridge penned was dedicated to "Fayette." The Marquis also in 1794, as with Kosciuszko, ended up dungeoned as a political captive; in the Frenchman's case by Francis I of Austria. The poem went through some small revisions, and this is the final, 1828, version.

VII. ON THE LAST FAILURE OF KOSCIUSKO.

O what a loud and fearful shriek was there,
As tho' a thousand souls one death-groan pour'd!
Ah me! they view'd beneath an hireling's sword
Fall'n KOSKIUSKO! Thro' the burthen'd air
(As pauses the tir'd Cossac's barb'rous yell
Of Triumph) on the chill and midnight gale
Rises with frantic burst or sadder swell
The dirge of murder'd Hope! while Freedom pale
Bends in such anguish o'er her destin'd bier,
As if from eldest time some Spirit meek
Had gather'd in a mystic urn each tear
That ever on a Patriot's furrowed cheek
Fit channel found; and she had drained the bowl
In the mere wilfulness, and sick despair of soul!

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Ostensibly following the lead and in brotherly emulation of Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, in 1815, and then John Keats, in 1816, wrote their own "To Kosciusko" sonnets.

'Tis like thy patient valour thus to keep,  
Great Kosciusko, to the rural shade,  
While Freedom's ill-found amulet still is made  
Pretence for old aggression, and a heap  
Of selfish mockeries. There, as in the sweep  
Of stormier fields, thou earnest with thy blade,  
Transform'd, not inly alter'd, to the spade,  
Thy never yielding right to a calm sleep.  
There came a wanderer, borne from land to land  
Upon a couch, pale, many-wounded, mild,  
His brow with patient pain dulcetly sour.  
Men stoop'd with awful sweetness on his hand,  
And kiss'd it; and collected Virtue smiled,  
To think how sovereign her enduring hour.

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Good Kosciusko, thy great name alone
Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling:
It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
Of the wide spheres-an everlasting tone.
And now it tells me, that in the worlds unknown,
The names of heroes, burst from clouds concealing,
And changed to harmonies, for ever stealing
Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne.
It tells me too, that on a happy day,
When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore
Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
To where the great God lives for evermore.

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And finally, Byron, in the context of decrying Napoleon's waste and ravages, manages to include Kosciuszko; thundering thusly in his *The Age of Bronze* (1823):

From Canto III.

...Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,  
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!  
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital  
Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!  
Ye race of Frederic! -- Frederics but in name  
And falsehood -- heirs to all except his fame;  
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin, fell  
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell  
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet  
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!  
Poland! o'er which the avenging angel pass'd,  
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,  
Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,  
Thy lotted people and extinguish'd name,

Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,  
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear --  
Kosciusko! On -- on -- on -- the thirst of war  
Gasp for the gore of serfs and of their czar.  
The half barbaric Moscow's minarets  
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!  
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,  
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear  
To see in vain -- he saw thee -- how? with spire  
And palace fuel to one common fire.  
To this the soldier lent his kindling match  
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,  
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,  
The prince his hall -- and Moscow was no more!  
Sublimest of volcanos! Aetna's flame  
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame;  
Vesuvius shows his blaze, and usual sight  
For gaping tourists, from his hackney'd height:  
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire  
To come, in which all empires shall expire!...

## JOSEPH DENNIE: The (Lay) Preacher *Gallant*

"In an age when immorality and vice are so prevalent, this sketch may not 'be without its use.' It will serve as an example to our young men to deter from vice, and to animate to virtue..."  
~ from *The Port Folio*, Nov. 1810, vol. IV, No. 5, p. 526.

He was a lawyer for some time, and some had hopes he might become a minister, but when he finally settled into his true calling Joseph Dennie (1768-1812) became an essayist, poet, editor, and expositor of fine literature. By his own admission, among his greatest influences were Addison, Franklin, Goldsmith, and Sterne, and he was in his lifetime proclaimed "The American Addison." It is necessary to bear in mind when trying to understand him that Dennie (a Boston area native ultimately transplanted, after some moving about, to Philadelphia) went through major vicissitudes in his development; so that one needs to be extra careful to eschew stereotyping or pigeonholing him. And when he died of cholera at the relatively young age of 44, it could be fairly said that he was, like the country itself, still a work in progress, and had neither fully realized his education or completed his intellectual maturation. However, this was not the result of laziness or insurmountable lack of ability. Rather the alterations that occurred reflected more a continued willingness on his part to improve himself and do better. He made mistakes. But he learned from them, was willing to change, and moved on with noticeable improvement. Early on, for example, he was politically minded and superciliously opinionated. And yet with time came to display a very just impartiality in his reviews and criticisms; even toward some of his most extreme political opponents. As a wit, he tended to be mediocre and with a sense of humor even worse. Yet he suffered no lack of praise as a sparkling conversationalist and erudite scholar. He was one of the most strident and immovable of Federalists; decrying almost everything the young American Republic, as a democracy, represented and espoused. And yet by his later years, he had considerably mellowed and learned to accept the new nation patiently and more philosophically. His works are largely ignored except by historians and specialists, and, save in form and style, most of his writings simply do not stand out for exceptional brilliance or profundity of thought. If though he never attained lasting greatness as an author himself, he was ever seeking and striving for excellence; so that his example and didactic outlook at least successfully inspired others to achieve all what he could not quite himself.

And this was of no little benefit to just burgeoning American letters of his day. When British critics dismissed American writers for showing want of merit, he, going by the editor's title of "Oliver Oldschool," didn't argue against them. Instead he seconded those critics, and in doing so helped goad his countrymen to aim for much higher standards than they otherwise expected of themselves. This made him a lively center of controversy, and in presiding as editor over the Philadelphia based magazine *The Port Folio*, he grew to become the sun of American literary culture and who drew within his gravitational orbit, or else repelled in opposition, some of the finest British and American literary figures of his day. Using as a source Milton Ellis' *Joseph Dennie and his Circle* (1915), and which (given what information is available) cannot be praised too highly as a study, his biography reads like a literary "Who's Who" of his generation, and there is hardly a well known American author of his time with whom Dennie did not have some friendly,<sup>38</sup> or unfriendly, dealing with; such as Robert Treat Paine Jr. (the poet), Royall Tyler,<sup>39</sup> Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, Timothy Dwight, Elihu Hubbard Smith, Charles Brockden Brown,<sup>40</sup> William Dunlap, Joseph Hopkinson, John Quincy Adams, John Fenno, William Duane,<sup>41</sup> John Howard Payne, Washington Irving;<sup>42</sup> and a few British as well: poet, travel journalist John Davis, William Cobbett, Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, and Thomas Campbell. And if we add those who were only printed and or reviewed in *The Port Folio* or in one Dennie's earlier journals, the list of notables, including non-British Europeans, is, naturally, several times this number.

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<sup>38</sup> Including as contributors to the sundry newspapers and magazines, along with *The Port Folio*, Dennie in the span of his career wrote for.

<sup>39</sup> In the periodicals *The Eagle* (Darmouth, N.H.) and *The Farmer's Museum* (Walpole, N.H.), Tyler and Dennie teamed under the pen names "Colon and Spondee;" with Dennie, generally, representing the former and Tyler the latter.

<sup>40</sup> An poetic elegy too whom can be found in *Port Folio*, Sept. 1810, vol. IV, no 3, pp. 287-289.

<sup>41</sup> In this case of of Dennie's witty adversaries.

<sup>42</sup> Irving's "Jonathan Oldstyle" pieces of 1802, much enjoyed by Aaron Burr, are presumably light-hearted parodies of Dennie's "Olver Oldschool" writings; while "Launcelot Langstaff," one of Irving's creations for *Salmagundi* (1807), is said by Milton Ellis to have been based on Dennie; noting also that Dennie in *The Port Folio* gave a positive review of that early work of the Knickerbockers.



*The Port Folio* ran from 1801 to 1827, and the entire series, Duyckinck informs us, fills 47 volumes. Like Mathew Carey's *American Museum*, it covered a wide diversity of topics. And as well as poetry and reviews and essays on literature, it including biographies, sermons and orations, articles on theology, domestic morals and manners, sight-seeing and travel reports, politics, law, medicine, humor, the theater, painting in the fine arts, architecture, and "natural philosophy" (such as zoology, geology, and botany.) The magazine was the most popular of its kind in American and had subscribers from Georgia and Tennessee, to Ohio and Maine, and to all points in between. It reached its zenith in about 1802 to 1805, and then commenced falling off in both quality and sales in about 1807 due to Dennie's declining health, incipient conflicts with Britain, and the effects of the Embargo.

As mentioned, for a brief time Dennie seriously contemplated becoming a minister, but discarded this notion because, quite frankly, it didn't pay enough. As well, he liked to be fancy dresser. Nonetheless, religion was always of eternal significance to him, and his writings are continually sprinkled with Biblical references and allusions.

In 1711, Ebenezer Pemberton, a Puritan minister at the Old South Church in Boston and Harvard teacher, stated in a eulogy:

"...The more of good literature civil rulers are furnished with, the more capable they are to discharge their trust to the honour and safety of their people. And learning is no less necessary, as an ordinary medium to secure the glory of Christ's visible kingdom. Without a good measure of this the truth can't be explained, asserted and demonstrated; nor errors detected and the heretick baffled -- When ignorance and barbarity invade a generation, their glory is laid in the dust; and the ruin of all that is great and good among them will soon follow."<sup>43</sup>

This attitude and perspective can well be said he have characterized Dennie and many other Federalists; and a comparison between the latter and the New England Puritans, in terms of both their strong influence and brief reign is no little apt. When the Democrats in effect declared that the voice of the people was the voice of God, this to a Federalist (or a Puritan), who believed that God (among men) was the judgment of highly educated and wise teachers devoted to the Bible could be nothing less than anathema – hence some of the bitterness and acrimony that flared up, including literal violence, between the two parties.

It sometimes too hastily assumed that all Federalists represented merely the wealthy and affluent. But this simply wasn't always true. When Alexander Hamilton expired bleeding from his bullet wound, no little of those pain filled hours were spent emphasizing and avowing his Christian belief. A "determined bachelor," Dennie himself passed away poor and heavily in debt, if not in dire poverty.

While it is impossible in such a short sampling to adequately present Dennie in all his various facets as a writer and editor, we *can* notwithstanding take the occasion to appreciate him at some of his most admirable.

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The following is one of Dennie's earliest published writings, and appeared in the *Massachusetts Magazine, or Monthly Museum* Feb. 1789.

PANEGYRICK ON THOMSON⁴⁴

Come, youthful muse, who, erst in cloister drear,
Didst chime, adventurous, thy poetick bells,
In jingling lays no longer vainly strive,

⁴³ *The Puritans: A Source Book of Their Writings*, vol. 1, edited by Perry Miller and Thomas R. Johnson, p. 18.

⁴⁴ [Editor: Scottish poet James Thomson, author of *The Seasons* (1728-1730).]

With brother bards, the laurel meed to gain.
Thine be the task, in rhyme unfetter'd verse,
To hail the master of the rural song,
And sing the beauties of a *Thomson's* page.

To thee with reverence bends the raptur'd muse,
Thee to extol loud chaunts her aukward strain,
The strain tho' dissonant, sublime the theme
And copious, if she sing a *Thomson's* praise.

Nature, indulgent to a thoughtless world,
Had long display'd the wonders of her hand;
While busy man, in low pursuits involv'd,
Or else reclining on the silken couch
Of luxury, foe to nature's simple charms,
With eye averted scarcely deign to view
The scenes enchanting, which her pencil form'd.

The indignant goddess call'd her favourite son,
To him her pencil, and her landscape gave,
And bade him paint anew the sylvan scene.
The bard obey'd; with softened tints retouch'd
Great Nature's work, and, when the goddess view'd,
She deeply blush'd, and own'd herself outdone.

The grateful *seasons*, in their annual round,
With ardour emulous gifts conferr'd on thee.
First, blooming *Spring* crop'd from the verdant mead
A chaplet gay, thy temples to entwine,
And ardent *Summer*, at meridian hour,
When Phebus [sic] rag'd, and Zephyr ceas'd to breathe,
Yielded the oak umbrageous where reclin'd
You held high converse with the sylvan gods.
Mild *Autumn*, sedulous, rang'd Pomona's grove,
And pluck'd the ripest fruits to deck her board.
Winter came last, high pil'd the blazing hearth,
Restrain'd his winds, and gave the studious hour.

At early dawn, the evanescent forms
Of pensive Dryads breathe in fancy's ear
This plausible strain, in memory of *their* bard,
"While artful anglers lure the finny prey,
While fervent youths bathe in the lucid stream,
While jocund shepherds whet their sounding shears,
Around the shepherd's cot while Boreas howls,
And brumal snow oppress the leafless bough,
So long shall *Thomson's* wood notes charm the ear,
So long his moral page improve the heart."

ACADEMICUS.

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Among Dennie's most successful of writings were his "Lay Preacher" essays; of which this is one, and appeared in *The Farmer's Museum* of 24 Nov. 1795 and *The Port Folio* of 24 Dec. 1803.

## ON THANKSGIVING.

“Give a sweet savour, and a memorial of fine flour: and make a fat offering.”  
—Eccles. xxxviii. 2.

Yesterday as I was pondering a theme for my next discourse, with an aching head, which checked invention, my hair dresser entered my chamber with the daily papers in his hand. Men of his class being naturally fond of politics, anxious for the public weal, eager to ask, and no less eager to tell the news, he therefore, after a few preliminary queries, informed me, with an Englishman’s pride, that sir Sidney Smith had destroyed the gun-boats of the usurper, and that the thunder of British cannon was rocking the whole coast of France. He uttered this in a tone so cheerful, and with such sparkling eyes, that for a moment, in spite of my *rigid republicanism*, I actually participated in his pleasure. While he was occupied in chattering with the volubility of his profession, and in combing my gray locks, I picked up some of the papers, and as it behooved a preacher, looked for the grave and the moral. The politician and the man of the world, will perhaps smile when I add that no articles so attached my attention, as the proclamations for days of thanksgiving in some of the northern states. When I saw from every quarter, the fairest evidences of autumnal plenty, I felt the propriety of devotional gratitude, and was delighted that public commemoration of annual favours was one of the customs of my country.

In the most rude, as well as refined ages, a lively perception of benefits conferred by supreme power, has caused mankind to “give a sweet savour, and a memorial of fine flour, and to make a fat offering.” Long before Christianity had shed its lustre on the nations, we find the Jew, the Roman, and the Greek, raising the periodical hymn to the skies. Though their creeds, dictated by superstitious ignorance were clashing and various, yet gratitude to the “giver” was one and the same. If a general had enlarged an empire by his enterprise, or defended paternal fields with his gallantry; if “the sweet influences of a Pleiades” had graciously descended, and Italian granaries burst with plenty, the grateful ancients decreed the festal day and all orders, careless of business or pleasure, thronged the temples, and thanked the beneficent power. Thanksgiving was one of the first acts of devotion, described by the sacred historian. In the very infancy of time, amid the simplicity of pastoral life, we behold a striking scene; the amiable Abel, that blameless shepherd, selecting the fairest of the flock, and sacrificing them on the first altar. From a social supper with his disciples, from crowds of penitent or plausible Jews; we find the son of Mary retiring to the solitude of Mount Olivet, to render thanks, that neither the persecuting Pharisee, nor the subtle Sadducees, had abridged his life, or invalidated his doctrine. St. Paul, in his perilous voyage, when tossing in the Adriatic gulf, and exposed to all the horrors of a nocturnal shipwreck; while he was wishing anxiously for day, did not employ the first moments of returning light in the cares of navigation, but “*gave thanks*” for his safety; and partook of bread and meat with the mariners.

But without recurring to ancient examples to fortify a duty, in which there is so much pleasure to animate its exercise, I will now close by assigning a few reasons, peculiarly binding on Americans for periodical gratitude.

While many nations of the elder world are convulsed by revolution, menaced with dangers, or groaning under servitude, we are leading “quiet and peaceable lives,” and like the happy Zidonians, we dwell at once “careless and secure.” No inquisitor summons our sectaries to the stake, and in no cell of America has the clank of religious chains yet been heard. No Turkish sultan abridges life by a nod, and no Lama of superstition, tortures the credulity of ignorance, or affronts the discernment of wisdom. Though discord has hurled her brand among the nations, against the conflagration of war, we have had *the whole Atlantic as a ditch*. The gleam of arms has only been contemplated in the distance; and the sound of European artillery has been as “thunder heard remote.” Agonized France, under the mad dominion of petty tyrants, of the most execrable race enumerated in any of the rolls of history, has seen the lights of her church extinguished, her “nursing father” and “nursing mother” destroyed, her “nobles in fetters of iron,” and her subjects ground between the upper and nether millstone, of revolutionary experiment. The olive has yielded its oil, to illumine the *lantern*, and the grape has been trodden by the faltering feet, of the intoxicated soldier. Silent are the halls of the sovereign, and a *fox* looks out of the window. Contrast this shaded picture, my countrymen, with the scenes of peace and plenty, which environ you. Commerce wafts you her wares *from afar*, and her merchandise *from the ends of the earth*. Husbandry has turned its furrow

to vivifying air, and liberal harvests have been reaped from your fields; your oxen are “strong to labour,” and your sheep scatter over the plains. Seeing, therefore, that you possess in tranquillity, such a goodly heritage; be careful that charity go hand in hand with cheerfulness, and as you *give thanks*, give alms. To him who has no father, stretch the parental hand, and when “the eye” of the beggar “sees, then let it bless you.” When you have thanked the great giver, and imparted from your store, to him “that is ready to perish,” then let the tabret sound in your feasts, then let the rejoicing heart rebound, and the voice of gladness diffuse a general complacency.

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From *The Port Folio*, vol. IV, No. 1, July 1810 pp. 21-38

RHETORIC -- FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
LECTURE XI,

*Of the different figures of speech, and the peculiar method of justly communicating
to each its proper expression both in reading and recitation.*

Gentlemen,

The intention of our wise and benevolent Creator, in endowing us with the faculty of speech, was, that we might communicate our thoughts and ideas to each other. Language, therefore, is the channel of thought; and the two great properties of language are *perspicuity* and *ornament*: or, first, the power of conveying our sentiments clearly or intelligibly to the minds of others, and, secondly, that of doing it in a polished and impressive manner.

The former property, or perspicuity, relates more immediately to composition: the latter, ornament, in a very considerable degree to elocution; because a figure or ornament of language would be very imperfectly and ineffectually introduced, if it were not enlivened by an appropriate mode of communication.

Rhetoricians have recommended the use of these figures, and elucidated their various powers. They are considered by Cicero as the chief source of light, of lustre, of energy, and of beauty, in language; he calls them the *eyes of eloquence*. They are embellishments of language, dictated either by the imagination, or the passions; and Quintilian,⁴⁵ the father of the oratorical school, divides them into two general classes; viz. those which respect the sense, and those which respect the sound. Of the former class are metaphors, allegories, &c. which have little reference to delivery, their perfection depending upon the accuracy of composition. But irony, climax, antithesis, &c. suppose a pronunciation throughout suitable to each, without which they cannot have their appropriate expression.

They were termed figures or attitudes of language by the Greeks, because they considered them as certain forms or positions given to words and thoughts, in order to heighten their beauty or increase their effect; as painters, by the attitudes of their portraits, render them more striking, or show them to greater advantage. It is my intention to define and exemplify, in my present address to you, some of the most important, and those in most general use; the whole collection being too extensive to admit of proper discussion within the prescribed limits of a lecture. To more elaborate treatises upon elocution I refer you for the remainder: many of which, however, will be found by a judicious critic to be nothing but pedantic subtleties, and, therefore, unnecessary appendages instead of real ornaments.

The following I consider to be of the number I have alluded to as the most interesting and useful, as well as most immediately connected with the subject which here demands your particular attention.

The first and most general figure to be met with in compositions of every description is Metaphor, under which, the language, relinquishing its precise and literal meaning, by a natural and animated description, directs the mind of the hearer or reader to the contemplation of the subject it is applied to, by

⁴⁵ [Editor: Also “Quintilian,” i.e., Marcus Fabius Quintilianus (c. 35–c.100 A.D.), Roman rhetorician.]

the aid of imagery and allusion, so as to be rendered visible, as it were, to the mental eye, as it would be if represented on canvass to the corporeal. Hence a good rule has been established by rhetoricians to test the accuracy of a metaphor or allegory, when it is suspected to be imperfect or mixed, viz. to consider what sort of appearance the image or images presented to the mind would exhibit if delineated with a pencil. By which method we should immediately become sensible, whether incongruous circumstances were mixed, or the object was presented in one natural and consistent point of view.

A metaphor is sometimes confined to a single word, and is then called a trope; as, when we call a stupid man an ass. Of tropes the principal are metaphor, metonymy, synecdoche, and irony. When the name of one thing is applied to another on account of a supposed or real resemblance, it is called a metaphor; as, clouds of dust. When a trope changes the names of things by putting the adjunct for the subject, the effect for the cause, or the cause for the effect, the matter for the form, or rather for the form and matter united, or the form for the matter, it is called a metonymy; as, clothed in *purple* meaning purple garments. That is his *hand*, meaning his hand writing. When we put the name of a part for that of the whole, or the name of the whole for that of the part, it is a synecdoche; as, he gets his *bread* by his industry, meaning his support. When our words convey a sense contrary to what they express, but agreeable to what we intend, or are understood to intend, it is an irony; as, when we call a profligate, a very pious, good man. Particular care should be taken in pronouncing this trope; that our emphasis should have such expression that our meaning may not be misunderstood. These are, strictly speaking, tropes.

The difference between tropes and figures consists in this, that tropes affect single words only or chiefly; figures, are phrases, sentences, or even a continuation of sentences, used in a sense different from the original and literal sense, and yet so used as not to occasion obscurity. Hence, when tropes are extended into a description they become figures. Of figures the most important are the following, allegory, comparison, prosopopeia or personification, apostrophe, hyperbole, climax, and antithesis.

As metaphor is intended to ornament and give animation to a subject, a change of tone, of look, and of general expression, must take place, accommodated to the nature of the illustration introduced. For instance, lord Bolingbroke, speaking of the behaviour of Charles I to his last parliament, says, "In a word, about a month after their meeting, he dissolved them; and, as soon as he dissolved them, he repented; but he repented too late, of his rashness. Well might he repent; for the vessel was now full, and this last drop made the waters of bitterness overflow. Here we draw the curtain, and put an end to our remarks." This, though a perfectly correct and apposite metaphor, does certainly not require the animation in its delivery which the following does.

King Lear, when expelled from his house and exposed to all the violence of the tempest, exclaims, in this animated metaphor,

"Poor naked wretches! whereso'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you
From seasons such as these?"

Shak[e]speare.

A very different expression from either of the foregoing, viz. a softness of tone, a complacency and gayety of countenance, with a sudden change to the frown of contempt and indignation, and a corresponding tone at the last line, is required in Chamont's speech in the Orphan [by Thomas Otway], which is full of brilliant metaphors: and, at the last of keen resentment against the treatment of his sister:

"You took her up a little tender flower
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipt; and with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines. There long she flourished,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,

Until at last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away!"

Otway.

The most powerful indications of awe and terror in the tones, looks, and gesture of the speaker, are requisite to give proper expression to the following metaphorical description of the last day by Dr. [Edward] Young:

"At the destined hour,
By the loud trumpet summoned to the charge,
Shall all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines, all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines, and take by storm,
This poor, terrestrial, citadel of man."

Night 9. [of "Night Thoughts"]

The following metaphorical description of expiring life, by Dr. I[saac]. Watts, should be pronounced with the utmost pathos and solemnity, in a low and tremulous tone of voice, with strong emphatic pauses:

"Here am I bound in chains, a useless load
Of breathing clay -- a burden to the seat
That bears these limbs -- a borderer on the grave;
Poor state of worthless being! While the lamp
Of glimmering life burns languishing and dim;
The flame just hovering o'er the dying snuff
With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with ev'ry blast."

Lord Chesterfield, in his speech on restraining the liberty of the press, furnishes us with an assemblage of correct and beautiful metaphors:

"Every unnecessary restraint is a fetter upon the legs, is a shackle upon the hands of liberty: and one of the greatest blessings we enjoy, one of the greatest blessings, my lords, which a people can enjoy is liberty. But, every good in this life has its alloy of evil. Licentiousness is the alloy of liberty. It is an ebullition, an excrescence; it is a speck upon the eye of the political body, which I dare never touch but with a gentle, with a trembling hand, lest I injure the body; lest I destroy the eye upon which it is apt to appear. There is such a connexion between licentiousness and liberty, that it is not easy to correct the one without dangerously wounding the other. It is extremely hard to distinguish the true limit between them. In a changeable silk we can easily see there are two different colours, but we cannot easily discover where the one ends and the other begins: they blend insensibly."

Allegory being a metaphor extended so far as to amount to a long continued description, or representation of some one thing by another that resembles it throughout, and the description carried on agreeably to the figurative as well as the literal meaning, requires a similar extension and accommodation of expression, according to the nature of the exemplification. Allegory is sometimes carried through a whole work, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress* of [John] Bunyan. [Edmund] Spenser's *Faery Queen* consists of a series of allegories. Opposition of character in allegory, may be exhibited in the following extracts.

[Mark] Akenside, in his poem on the Pleasures of Imagination, represents by a beautiful allegory, the necessity of industry to promote reputation in every line of life, and that some men are more susceptible of improvement than others:

“But, though heav’n
 In ev’ry breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admiration, yet, in vain,
 Without fair Culture’s kind parental aid,
 Without enliv’ning suns; and genial show’rs,
 And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
 Or yield the harvest promis’d in the spring.
 Nor yet will ev’ry soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller’s labour, or attend
 His will obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds
 Incline to different objects; one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild:
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty.”

Here there being little emotion of mind expressed, little action is required: what is used should be slow and graceful; except in the last line but two; when the arms should be raised to the height of the head, and expanded; and at the expressions “wonderful” and “wild” should, though extended, be brought somewhat nearer together, the palms turned outwards, and the fingers expanded, with a corresponding expression of countenance, which should be suddenly contrasted in the next line by a change of tone expressive of tenderness, and a look indicative of love and solicitude, accompanied by a sigh, and inclination of the head to the left shoulder.

In the following extract, the phrenzy of despair is forcibly expressed by Calista, in the Fair Penitent [by Nicholas Rowe]:

“It is the voice of thunder, or my father.
 Madness! confusion! Let the storm come on,
 Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me!
 Dash my devoted bark: ye surges break it!
 ’Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises!
 When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
 Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Act 5th.

The strongest expressions of grief and terror are to be given to the face and gesture, in the recitation of this energetic passages and, as in the former quotation, the last line should exhibit a perfect contrast in tone, look, and action.

I have here selected very brief instances of this figure, being restricted with respect to time, and necessarily led by the nature of my present subject to introduce a variety of examples. For complete allegories I refer you to Dr. [Samuel] Johnson’s Rambler, and the other well known periodical works; Milton’s allegory of Sin and Death in his second book of Paradise Lost is universally and deservedly applauded.

Nearly allied to metaphor and allegory is comparison, in which the two subjects are kept distinct in the expression as well as in the thought, whereas, in the former, they are distinct in the thought but not in the expression. This sudden change of thought requires an accommodated change of enunciation and action, descriptive of the exemplification introduced.

The degree of action and of general expression must depend altogether upon the nature of the description given: a comparison may be truly eloquent and apposite, and yet admit of very little action, and no variety of tone or change of countenance; as, in the following, from one of the sermons of the late reverend Dr. William Smith:

“Our faith and hope can give us no resemblance of God: but pure charity makes us in some sort, what he himself is in a superlative manner -- the helpers of the helpless, and partakers of his own joy in beholding a happy world. Our faith and hope may serve us as the handmaids of love here below; but leaving them behind us as of no further use, our love is all that we shall carry hence with us, as our dowery from earth to heaven.

“As yonder majestic Delaware is fed and supported in its course by tributary rills and springs, flowing from each mountain’s side, till at length it comes to mix its waters with its parent ocean, where it no longer stands in need of their scanty supplies; so faith and hope are the nourishing springs of our love, in our journey heavenwards; but when once arrived there, we shall no longer stand in need of their aid. ‘When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.’ Our faith shall be swallowed up in vision, and our hope in fruition: but our charity and love shall remain forever, mixing and blending in the unbounded ocean of parental and eternal love.”⁴⁶

Vol. II, ser. 19.

Here any other action but that of the hand directed towards the river at the word “Delaware,” and towards Heaven at the word “Heavenwards,” would be improper.

[Edmund] Burke’s use of this figure in his celebrated description of the queen of France is of a similar nature:

“It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France! then the dauphiness, at Versailles: and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to more in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult -- but the age of chivalry is gone!”

In the following simile, the conspicuous light in which the valour of Hector is placed, demands a considerable degree of exertion in the reader or speaker, in order to repeat it with proper animation:

“Thus, breathing death in terrible array,
The close compacted legions urg’d their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charged the first, and, Hector first of Troy.
As from some mountain’s craggy forehead torn
A rock’s round fragment flies, with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent sends)
Precipitate the pond’rous mass descends,
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds,
At ev’ry shock the crackling wood resounds.
Still gathering force, it smokes; and, urg’d amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain,
There stops. So Hector. Their whole force he prov’d,
Resistless when he rag’d, and when he stopp’d unmov’d.”

IL. b. 13, l. 187.

In the preceding book, Homer’s description of Sarpedon’s pushing into the battle, like a lion among a flock of sheep, requires still more animation:

“So, press’d with hunger, from the mountain’s brow,

⁴⁶ [Editor: “Therefore the apostle says: ‘Now abides faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity:’ because, when a man shall have reached the eternal world, while the other two graces will fail, love will remain greater and more assured.” St. Augustine, *On Christian Doctrine*, Book 1, ch. 39, 43.]

Descends a lion on the flock below;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty and stern disdain.
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey."

IL. b. 12, 357.

Among the most brilliant figures of eloquence we may place the figure *prosopopeia* or personification, which consists in ascribing life, sensibility, and action to inanimate objects. This figure admits of three degrees; first, when some of the properties or qualities of living creatures are given to inanimate objects: secondly, when those inanimate objects are introduced as acting like living creatures: and, thirdly, when they are represented, as speaking to us or as listening when we address them. The expression of the reader or speaker should rise in this scale, according to the strength given to the figure, accommodating it to the character or description introduced.

In the first or lowest degree this figure seldom raises the style above what may be conveyed by a single epithet, as the angry ocean, the thirsty ground, a furious dart, fierce winter, time kills grief.

A remarkable combination, with respect to different objects of this degree of the figure, is to be found in the following passage from [James] Thomson's *Winter* [from *The Seasons*]:

"Now shepherds! to your *helpless* charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict; for from the *bellowing* east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's *wing*
 Sweeps up the *burden* of whole wintry plains
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two *neighbouring* hills,
 The *billowy* tempest 'whelms, till upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain *swells*,
 Tipp'd with a wreath high curling to the sky."

Winter, I. 263.

The second degree of this figure, is, when inanimate objects are represented as acting with a complete personification of character like living creatures; as in the following correct and vivid, though solitary instance of ornamented style in the sermons of Dr. T[homas]. Sherlock:

"Go to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirement; show her the prophet's chamber, his concubines, and his wives; and let her hear him allege revelation, and a divine commission, to justify his adultery and his lust. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men; let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, and view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies; lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' When natural religion has thus viewed both, ask her, which is the prophet of God! But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, 'Truly this man was the son of God!'"

T. Sherlock's sermons, dis. 9, vol. 1st.

An ode to the departing year by [Samuel Taylor] Coleridge commences with this singularly beautiful instance of personification in this degree:

“Spirit! who sweepst the wild harp of time,
It is most hard with an untroubled ear,
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixt on heaven’s unchanging clime,
Long had I listen’d, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness and a bowed mind:
When lo! far onwards waving on the wind,
I saw the skirts of the Departing Year!
 Starting from my silent sadness,
 Then, with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the enter’d cloud forbad[e] my sight,
I rais’d th’ impetuous song and solemnized his flight.”

The third and the boldest form of personification is when inanimate objects are introduced not only as feeling and acting, but also as listening and speaking. Although this degree of the figure is sometimes the channel of calm and tender sentiment, it is generally the language of strong passion; and therefore, when it is introduced as the effusion of a mind violently heated and agitated, a corresponding tone and glow of elocution is necessary for the proper expression of it.

In reading or reciting the following lines by Metastasio, the utmost tenderness of tone and suavity of manners is required:

Gentle Zephyr! as you fly,
 If you kiss my fair one’s ear,
Whisper soft that you’re a sigh,
 But from whose breast she must not hear.

Limpid rill! if e’er my love
 Near thy gurgling runnel rove,
Murmur that from tears you rise,
 But tell her not from whose sad eyes.

The personification of *Pride*, in [Alexander] Pope’s Essay on Man, exemplifies this figure, without calling into action any violent emotion of the mind:

Ask for what end the heav’nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, “Tis for mine!
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow’r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev’ry flow’r;
Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

Milton thus describes the powerful and instantaneous effect of Eve’s eating the forbidden fruit:

“So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck’d, she eat;
Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works, gave signs of wo.
That all was lost!”

Apostrophe is a figure which admits of more animation both in language and delivery than mere personification, because the object is addressed in the second person as if present.

The tone of voice to be employed in pronouncing this figure is as various as the passions it assumes; but as these passions are frequently very vehement, a higher and louder tone of voice is generally necessary in the apostrophe, than in that part of the subject which precedes it.

Dr. Akenside, in his proposed inscription for Shakspeare's monument, exhibits a fine exemplification of apostrophe.

“O youths and virgins! O declining eld!
O pale misfortune's slaves! O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet! Ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings!
O sons of sport and pleasure! O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through th' embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause!
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features! Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument, with reverence, while ye stand,
Say to each other; 'This was Shakspeare's form,
Who walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every passion, and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield,
Which his own genius only could acquire.”

Dr. Wm. Smith commences a sermon to the freemasons in 1778 with a fine apostrophe to liberty.

“Liberty, evangelical and social! Jewel of inestimable price! Thou blessing of all blessings the first! Wooed and courted by many; won and wedded by few! Ever near us; yet often at a distance fancied! Through all the modes of faith by the saint pursued; and in every frame of government by the patriot sought! O thou celestial good! or rather, Thou who art the author of all good terrestrial and celestial! Supreme architect of the universe! who by our great and spiritual master thy son, hast taught us the true way of liberty -- the way of being free and accepted through him, may I now be enlightened and enlivened by a ray from thee.”

In all such addresses, the action, countenance, and tones, should express an apparent consciousness of the presence of the person or object.

Hyperbole may be stiled the extravagance of figurative language, and consists in magnifying or diminishing an object beyond reality.

Milton describes the remorse of Satan under this figure:

“Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell -- myself am hell.
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide;

To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

A woman in grief is thus extravagantly described by [Nathaniel] Lee:

“I found her on the floor
In all the storm of grief, yet beautiful;
Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That, were the world on fire, they might have drown’d
The wrath of heav’n, and quench’d the mighty ruin.”

The following hyperbolical description of a man swimming, is given by Shakspeare:

“I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trade the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swol’n that met him: his bold head
’Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar’d
Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes
To th’ shore, that o’er his wave-borne basis bow’d,
As stooping to receive him.”

Tempest, A. 2, S. 1.

The absurdity of describing in such turgid language, so familiar an action as that of swimming, will be rendered conspicuous by contrasting Shakspeare’s inflated, with that of Thomson’s simple and natural description of the same act:

Cheer’d by the milder beam the sprightly youth
Speeds to the Veil known pool, whose chrystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
Instant emerge: and through th’ obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell’d,
With arms and legs according well, he makes
As humour leads, an easy winding path;
While, from his polish’d sides a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas’d spectators round.”

Summer, l. 1243.

The tones and action, however, in the reading or recitation of these descriptions, ought to be accommodated to the style in which they are conveyed. The former with the most boisterous energy, the latter with the same calmness and simplicity with which nature impels the performance of the action described.

Climax or amplification bears a striking resemblance to hyperbole, differing from it chiefly in degree. The object of hyperbole is to stimulate imagination, and extend our conception beyond the truth; that of climax, to elevate our ideas of the truth itself, by a concatenation of circumstances, ascending one above another in importance, and all referring to the same object. In reading or reciting a climax, the voice and expression must rise with the subject.

Among the poets, Shakspeare gives frequent specimens of this figure: such as,

“The cloud-capt tow’rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Dr. W[illiam]. Smith in his funeral oration on general Montgomery, who was slain in the attack made by the Americans upon Quebec, in 1775, introduces the following animated climax:

"The magnificent structures raised by the gratitude of mankind to their benefactors of old had but a local and temporary use. They were beheld only by one people and for a few ages.

"The heav'n aspiring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, and all that ere upheld
The worshipp'd name of hoar antiquity,
Are mould'ring into dust."

"In vain does the way-faring man investigate the tottering ruins for the divinity once enshrined there! a scanty receptacle, about six feet in length and half the breadth, informs him that it once contained some human dust, long since mingled with the common mass. In vain does the prying antiquary dwell upon the sculpture, or strive to collect and spell the scattered fragments of letters. The inscription is gone -- long since gone, effaced, obliterated! And fruitless were the search through the whole world for the hero's name, if it were not recorded in the orator's page, and proclaimed by the faithful voice of history.

"There it shall live, while the smallest vestiges of literature remain upon earth -- yea, till the final dissolution of things human; nor shall it perish then; but being the immediate care of heaven, the great archangel, when he sweeps suns and systems from their place, and kindles up their last fires, stretching forth his mighty arm, shall pluck the deathless scroll from the devouring conflagration, and give it a place among the archives of eternity."

The following singularly sublime passage in the sermon of a protestant divine, on the resurrection, affords another brilliant exemplification of this figure; and if delivered with proper expression of voice, pauses, and gesture, must exhibit a specimen of perfect elocution:

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre. Death held his sceptre over the son of God -- still and silent the hours passed on*⁴⁷ -- the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets and on their spears -- the enemies of Christ exulted in their success -- the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow -- the spirits of glory waited, in anxious suspense, to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God! At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light -- the third day began to dawn upon the world -- when, on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken -- an angel of God descended -- the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground --' his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow --' he 'rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it!' But, who is this that cometh from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death?' 'He that is glorious in his apparel, walking in the greatness of his strength? It is thy prince, O Zion! Christians! it is your Lord! He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood: but now, as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection -- he arises a conqueror from the grave -- he returns with blessings from the world of spirits -- he brings salvation to the sons of men! Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious. It was the jubilee of the universe! The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy! The father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens with complacency -- he beheld his world restored -- he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of The Eternal descended, as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations!"

⁴⁷ [Footnote in original] * -- 'Twas as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause!

Young's Night Thoughts, Ni. 1.

There is perhaps no figure more generally used to enforce sentiment than *antithesis*; and it is frequently adopted by our best authors. The pages of Dr. [Samuel] Johnson, Dr. Young, and Mr. [Edward] Gibbon, abound with antitheses. It is in fact a species of witticism, which, if conducted with tolerable correctness, cannot fail to please. It consists in placing together and contrasting things, essentially different or contrary, that they may mutually set off and illustrate each other.

Few of the figures of rhetoric derive more beauty from a proper pronunciation than this; the ear being as much gratified by an antithesis or opposite tone of the voice, as the understanding is pleased and enlightened by a contrast of thought. In general, the proper expression requires a considerable pause to be observed between each opposing part, which, with a correct emphasis, will sufficiently diversify them to the ear.

The following extract from Cicero's second oration against Catiline will forcibly exemplify this figure:

"If we will but compare *both parties*, and weigh the justice and the reasons of the *one* against the *other*, we shall find how inconsiderable our enemies are, and how easy it is to conquer them. For *modesty* fights on *this side* and *impudence* on *that*; here is *purity* of manners, there *impurity*; here is *faith*, there *fraud*; here is *piety*, there *wickedness*; here is *constancy*, there *fool-hardiness*; here is *honour*, there *infamy*; here is *continence*, there *lust*; here in fine, *justice*, *temperance*, *courage*, *prudence*, and all kinds of *virtues* are in confederacy, and contending with *injustice*, with *luxury*, with *cowardice*, with *temerity*, and all kinds of *vices*."

These are some of the principal figures which elevate and ornament sentiment, and which in order to answer the end of their creation, and give a forcible expression to it, must be delivered with a justly corresponding energy of elocution according to their distinct nature. Instructions however, with respect to that expression, can be but very imperfectly conveyed through the medium of written language. To be correctly taught they must be exemplified. As it would be a vain undertaking for a painter to draw an accurate likeness of an individual whom he had never seen, without contemplating the form and assemblage of his features, and the peculiar expression of his countenance, so the mere description or theoretical communication of the laws and powers of oratory can never teach the art of speaking, unless the eye and the ear are at the same time instructed.

I shall conclude this lecture with a specimen of eloquent composition, as brilliant in imagery, as correct in style, and as refined in sentiment, as can be found in any language; and dictated by a man as remarkable for the point and power of his pen, as for the profligacy of his principles, and the infamy of his life, I mean the late Thomas Paine, author of several political publications, during the revolutionary war, and of several insolent and blasphemous attacks upon Christianity, since its termination. In the Pennsylvania Magazine for March 1775, he published the following just and animated reflections on the life and death of lord Clive⁴⁸:

"Ah! the tale is told! The scene is ended, and the curtain falls! As an emblem of the vanity of all earthly pomp, let his monument be a globe; but, be that globe a bubble; let his effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep; and let Fame, in the character of Shadow, inscribe his honours on the air.

"I view him but as yesterday on the burning plains of Plas[s]ey, doubtful of life, of health, of victory; I see him in the instant when '*to be or not to be*,' were equal chances to the human eye. To be a lord or a slave -- to return loaded with the spoils or remain mingled with the dust of India. Did necessity always justify the severity of a conqueror, the rude tongue of Censure would be silent; and however painfully he might look back on scenes of horror, the pensive reflection would not alarm him. Though his feelings suffered, his conscience would be acquitted. The sad remembrance would move serenely, and leave the mind without a wound. But oh, India! thou loud proclaimer of European cruelties, thou bloody

⁴⁸ [Editor: Just prior to his death (believed to be by suicide), Robert Clive (1725-1774), the victor of the astonishing battle of Plassey in 1757, and that set in motion the ensuing British conquest of India, was offered command of the British forces in North America, but declined it.]

monument of unnecessary deaths, be tender in the day of inquiry, and show a *christian* world thou canst suffer and forgive!

“Departed from India, and loaded with the plunder, I see him doubling the Cape, and looking wishfully to Europe. I see him meditating on years of pleasure, and gratifying his ambition with expected honours. I see his arrival pompously announced in every newspaper, his eager eye rambling through the crowd in quest of homage, and his ear listening lest an applause should escape him. Happily for him he arrived before his *fame*, and the short interval was a time of rest. From the crowd I follow him to the court; I see him enveloped in the sunshine of sovereign favour, rivalling the great in honours, the proud in splendour, and the rich in wealth. From the court I trace him to the country: his equipage moves like a camp; every village bell proclaims his coming; the wondering peasants admire his pomp, and his heart runs, over with joy.

“But, alas! not satisfied with uncountable thousands, I accompany him *again* to India -- I mark the variety of countenances which appear at his landing. Confusion spreads the news. Every passion seems alarmed. The wailing widow, the crying orphan, and the childless parent, remember and lament; the rival nabobs court his favour; the rich dread his power; and the poor his severity. Fear and Terror march like pioneers before his camp; Murder and Rapine accompany it; Famine and Wretchedness follow in the rear!”--

In my next lecture, which will complete my proposed course, I shall state to you the different divisions of a regularly composed oration; with illustrations of its most essential and prominent parts, from some of our most celebrated forensic and didactic writers.

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From *The Port Folio*, Oct. 1810, vol. IV, no 4, pp. 336-339.

#### THE DRAMA -- FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The stage is an important coadjutor in the refinement of manners and the improvement of taste. It has for ages been a fashionable amusement, as well as a useful school to all classes of society. By its lively delineation of real life, kings have been arrested in their path of luxury, and directed to a higher and a holier way; the rudest intellect has been insensibly forced to learn -- Virtue has been strengthened and confirmed in her resolutions -- and *guilty creatures*, with their hearts subdued by the cunning of the scene, have, it is said, *proclaim'd their malefactions*. Dramatic representations have therefore been cultivated and admired, wherever Science has extended her influence, or the Arts diffused their utility. If the drama has tended to polish the manners, to improve the understanding, and to ameliorate the heart, the votaries of fashion, of learning, and of benevolence, will surely contribute their united efforts to its support and embellishment. The theatre thus becomes the resort not merely of the wise but the elegant. While the severer critic reproves every violation of his rules, the smiles of Beauty will add a fascination to what before was entitled to esteem.

These remarks are made with a view to the renewed efforts contemplated for the advancement of the Philadelphia Stage. The management, already highly respectable, has gained an invaluable acquisition in the talents, taste, and worth of Mr. Wood, who has been long and deservedly a favourite upon our boards. The moment is therefore, propitious to improvement. At such a period the public expect a reformation of abuses which accident has created and time matured, and which strenuous efforts aided by such an opportunity, can alone remove. It is like a new dynasty in the history of a nation, where the people will submit to ten-fold greater hardships if inflicted by their new masters than they would have borne from the old.

No audience can be more liberal than that of Philadelphia, and at the same time, none on this side of the Atlantic is better calculated to judge: so that while errors are plainly perceived, a partial indulgence is generally extended towards those who commit them. But a perpetual recurrence of the same faults must weary patience, and incur reproof. Some of these we shall now exhibit, trusting that to be corrected they need only be named.

It has been too much the practice on our boards, in imitation perhaps of old, but certainly not of estimable examples, to appropriate particular parts to particular individuals, and indeed to invest a performer with a whole line of characters. These characters thus become, as it were, his prerogative, and he maintains his possession, with a tenacity often highly detrimental to the reputation of the company and the interests of the manager: for a respectable actor thus excluded from a part in which he is calculated to shine, is either omitted in the *cast* altogether, or forced into a station far below that to which his merits entitle him.

Among the hallooings of the gallery, and the titterings of the ladies of the upper boxes, and the flusterings of the lobby knights, to say nothing of the scene shifters' whistle, and the dancing of cities and oceans over their boards, it is not to be expected that we should completely realize the story of the drama. Partridge himself, although he thought any man would have behaved *just so* on seeing a ghost, yet was not perfectly persuaded that it was a true raw-head and bloody-bones. At the same time the illusion should be aided as much as circumstance will permit, and every obstacle should be removed that can be effected by industry or art. It is therefore unpardonable that such dreadful incongruities in dress should sometimes amaze the view with a confusion of time and place, rank and fashion. An Egyptian Lysimachus, will sometimes contend with a Spanish Hephestion, and the attendants of Cleopatra will often march in corduroy pantaloons and cossack boots. We have seen a murderer of Caesar, without a change, become a grandee of Spain, or an English baron. It appears sufficient if the consistent actor can only get into what he considers the *olden time*, where he thinks his grandfather's smallclothes are of the true classic cut, and that the same manners and habits will suit the climates of Greece and Italy -- the period of the Trojan war and the reign of queen Elizabeth. The liberality of the manager we are confident provides against this evil, and the attention of the *full grown* player should be at least commensurate to it. To this subject Mr. Kemble has devoted infinite attention, and for the improvement he has effected, merits scarcely less applause than for his able delineation of character.

While, however, we recommend a laudable imitation of the excellencies of the London stage, we would by no means have its vices copied too. Now, however great an actor Mr. Cooke, the toper, may be, we are disposed to think Mr. Cooke, a temperate man, would be much better. But in pursuance of his great example, some of our friends often fall into what he calls his *old complaint*, without talents to extenuate the offence. This is not confined to actors of the lowest grade, with some of whom we take it to be, "the custom always of an afternoon," but on some occasions infects even royalty itself. The gods have sometimes, it is said, sipped nectar until they were half seas over, and monarchs have in their frolics imbibed "potations pottle deep," but an actor intoxicated is a monster so insulting, and so much calculated to disgust, as to be absolutely unworthy of pity or pardon.

But it is not of less importance that a reformation of abuses should take place in the theatre *generally*, than that it should be exhibited *on the stage*: for while the players owe duties to the public, there are correlative duties, which should be no less carefully observed towards them. The decent part of the audience are perpetually insulted by the intrusion of certain characters among them, less pure than snow. These Paphian priestesses not only offend by their association, but often interrupt the performance, "when some necessary question of the play is to be considered." The fault, however, is not so much with them, as with those who, by their attention, encourage and invite them. Neglect and disapprobation, defeating the object of their visits, would prevent a recurrence of these improprieties -- for

Vice is a monster of such horrid mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

Another practice, totally inconsistent with the decency of the place, is the almost suffocating diffusion of cigar smoke, to the infinite annoyance of comfort and cleanliness. The coffee room is sometimes a perfect *smoke house*, to the exclusion of all who are accustomed to inhale a pure atmosphere. Should it not be the duty of the keeper of the room to abolish this sin against decorum, for his own sake, as well as for the public good?

We cannot avoid congratulating the audience on the merit of the managers as actors merely: a stock of talent is thus incorporated as it were into the boards of the theatre, and we are always confident



that the best parts in most pieces will be well sustained. It is to be hoped that the arduous duties of directing the conduct of others will not prevent them from appearing themselves, as usual, on the stage. It must be admitted, that too great a cheapness will render the greatest merit in some measure unattractive. We are far from wishing that either of these gentlemen should prostitute their talents to parts beneath them, any more than that they should avoid characters in which they are so well calculated to excel.

In most places the theatre constitutes a kind of warehouse where the commodities of beauty and elegance are displayed at a single view to the best advantage: that with us, the managers have heretofore appeared resolved to direct our whole attention to the stage, for so Tartarean has been the darkness of the front of the house, at all seasons, that conscience has often induced us to cry out like Polonius, for “lights! lights! lights!” The ventilator will undoubtedly diminish this defect, but illumination must be increased, or Beauty will be content no longer to blush unseen.

To the taste of Mr. Robbins we commit the decorations, believing that he will agree with us in saying, that however well green hangings may suit the despair of Calista or even Othello’s jealousy, they are but sorry emblems of the comic Muse.

## A CONTINENTAL ARMY SERIES MISCELLANY

The following are some briefer-than-usual and more casual articles and pieces which appeared among some of the postings at our online "Lee's Legion" page, and that some may find of interest and sometimes amusement. A few of these have been slightly revised or re-edited for purposes of this collected miscellany; which it is possible I may expand on and add to as time goes on.

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*"In this wild wood will I range,
Listen, listen, dear,
Nor sigh for towns so fine, to change,
This forest, forest drear:*

*"Toil and danger I'll despise,
Never, never weary,
And ye while love is in thine eyes,
Ever, ever cheery.*

*"Ah! what to me were cities gay,
Listen, listen, dear,
If from me thou wert away,
Alas! Alas! how drear,
O, still o'er sea, o'er land I'll rove,
Never, never weary,
And follow on where leads my love,
Ever, ever cheery."*

~ "Ever, Ever Cheery!" from "The Indian Princess" (1808), and which concerns the story of Pocahontas and John Smith.

It has been an interest of mine, for a long time now, to explore and sift through early American culture from about 1600 to 1850, and in all its various facets, particularly with a mind toward bringing to light works and items that are relatively rare or are known only to a few. Well, it was my good fortune not long ago to discover a joint recording, originally released in 1978, which contains two very early American ballad operas or what we today refer to as musicals, namely, "John Bray: The Indian Princess (1808); Raynor Taylor: The Ethiop (1814)" by the Federal Music Society Opera.

The first of the two musicals, "The Indian Princess" (1808), is based on a text by James Nelson Barker with music by John Bray (1782-1822), and recreates the story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith. The second, "The Ethiop," is by William Dimond with score by Raynor Taylor (1747-1825), and concerns intrigue and goings on at the court of Haroun Al-Raschid. With a few very notable exceptions, like William Billings, Francis Hopkinson, Andrew Law, most formal composers of burgeoning America were transplanted Europeans, like Bray and Taylor; who sang liberty and the new nation, while bringing the latest theater and church fashions from home; so that in this music we sometimes hear echoing strains of such as Handel, Mozart and Beethoven. Yet most musicals such as were produced in that day were unlike opera in that, as the liner notes⁴⁹ explain, "upper-caste characters have speaking roles exclusively. Only the comic characters sing arias. Music in the main plot is assigned to dignified choruses or instrumental interludes." The combined result of these factors and ingredients listening to Bray and Taylor's works now is charming and novel; made all the more so by imagining them being performed in this country in the youthful days of the Republic. Of the two, I like Bray's work better, but for antiquaries and adventurous seekers of the unusual both are definitely worth a listen -- though do follow the liner notes so that you have a more clear idea of what is taking place and being sung. Other related albums, depending on how interested you might be in early American music, are (and not counting fife and drum music recordings which I have not included):

⁴⁹ Available at the New World records website: http://www.newworldrecords.org/liner_notes.cgi?rm=list&imprint=NWR

- “Early American Roots” (Maggie’s Music) by Hesperus
- “America Sings, Volume I: The Founding Years” (Vox)
- “The Flowering of Vocal Music in America: 1767-1823” (New World Records)
- “Music of the Federal Era” (New World Records)
- “George Washington: Music for the First President” by David & Ginger Hildebrand
- “The Enlightenment in the New World: American Harpsichord music in the XVIII Century” (Erato) by Olivier Baumont
- “The 18th Century American Overture” (Naxos) Sinfonia Finlandia Jyväskylä with Patrick Gallois
- “Ballads of the American Revolution: 1767-1781” (Folkways) by Wallace House
- “Ballads of the War of 1812: 1791-1836” (Folkways) by Wallace House

Also worth our noting here, on YouTube is a recording⁵⁰ by Noel Lester of the Rondo from “The Siege of Tripoli, An Historical Grand Sonata”, Op. 4 (1804) by Benjamin Carr (1768-1831), and for which see: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IdQyNOQ9ne8>

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*“Millions for Defense, but not one cent for tribute!”*

South Carolina’s Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (1746–1825) in 1773 painted by Philadelphia born Henry Benbridge (1744–1812). It is interesting to observe in this portrait one example of how several of the (what-turned-out to be) Continental army’s uniforms antedated the war (blue coat with red facings were a common colonial uniform in the French and Indian War); with Pickney’s attire shown here being something that later became quite standard for American army officers both north and south. Was the blue with red facings originally the choice of the British, or did the several colonies either by serendipity or else deliberate devise introduce such uniformity to their soldiers’ appearance? If the very latter, then here we perhaps have proof once more that the Revolution could be said to have been initiated years before it was (formally) begun.

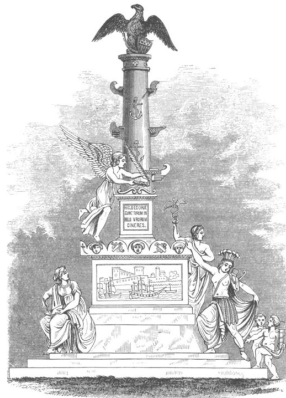
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⁵⁰ Also to be found on “Piano Portraits from Nineteenth-Century America” (1995) from Centaur Records.



Some readers may, like myself, have had the blessing of growing up somewhere in about the mid 50's to mid 60's period; when history books for children were at their height -- both in terms of quality and quantity. And which of us who knew them in our own "historical" childhood can forget authors such as Burke Davis, Bruce Lancaster, Genevieve Foster, John Bakeless, Joseph B. Mitchell, Bruce Bliven Jr., or Daniel J. Boorstin? Or publications like the "American Heritage Junior Library;" "Horizon-Caravel Books;" "The Childhood of Famous Americans" (by Bobbs-Merrill); the Landmark Books; the "Step-Up Books" (such as *Meet George Washington...*, et al.); or the wonderfully illuminated volumes of Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire -- to name just some? My own interest in the Revolutionary War in the South, as a matter of fact, started with *Guns Over The Carolinas* (1967) by Ralph Edgar Bailey. In respectful tribute and reminder then of such works, authors, and their pictorial artists, posted here are some illustrations by Victor Mays for Bruce Lancaster's *Ticonderoga: the Story of a Fort* (1959).

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The oldest military monument in the United States? THAT would be the Tripoli monument first erected in Washington, D.C. in 1806, at the instigation of Capt. David Porter and others, and dedicated to naval officers who fell in the war with Tripoli. The following description, and attached illustration, comes from Benson J. Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812 (1868) p. 124n.

"The picture represents the monument as it appeared when first erected. It is of white marble, and with its present pedestal (not seen in the engraving) is about forty feet in height. It was mutilated when the navy yard at Washington was burned in 1814. It was afterward repaired, and removed to the west front of the Capitol in Washington, where it was placed upon a spacious brown-stone base in an oval reservoir of water. The monument, with this base, was removed to Annapolis, in Maryland, in 1860, and set up there in the grounds of the Naval Academy. In consequence of the Great Rebellion, in 1861, that academy was removed to Newport, Rhode Island. The monument was left. 'It is situated,' wrote Mr. William Yorke Atlee to the author in January, 1862, 'on a hill in the northwestern portion of the naval school grounds. It is in a state of good preservation, and adds not a little to the beauty of the grounds.'

“The shaft is surmounted by the American eagle, bearing the shield. On its sides the representations of the bows of vessels are seen projecting, and by its pedestal is an allegorical figure of Fame in the attitude of alighting, with a coronal of leaves in one hand and a pen in the other. The form of the pedestal has been altered. On one side of the base, in relief, is a view of Tripoli and the American squadron; on the other the names of the heroes in whose memory the monument was erected. On three sides of the base are statues representing Mercury (Commerce), History, and America, the latter in the form of an Indian girl with a feather head-dress, half nude, and two children near. On the brown sandstone sub-base on which this monument now stands are the following inscriptions, upon three sides:

“1. ‘Erected to the memory of Captain Richard Somers, Lieutenants James Caldwell, James Decatur, Henry Wadsworth, Joseph Israel, and John Dorsey, who fell in the different attacks made on the city of Tripoli in the year of our Lord 1804, and in the twenty-eighth year of the independence of the United States.’

“2. ‘The love of country inspired them. Fame has crowned their deeds. History records the event. The Children of Columbia admire, and Commerce laments their fall.’

“3. ‘As a small tribute of respect to their memory, and admiration of their valor, so worthy of imitation, their brother officers have erected this monument.’”

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Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton (1757-1854), daughter of Maj. Gen. Philip Schuyler and wife of Col. Alexander Hamilton, by Ralph Earl (1751-1801). To the right, a rare daguerreotype of Dolley Madison; taken later in life (Courtesy Maine Historical Society.)

Within just these past few days, I finished reading BOTH *Founding Mothers* and *Ladies of Liberty* by Cokie Roberts, and which are much welcome in helping to increase our awareness and fill gaps in our knowledge of the women who help found this country, circa 1750 to about 1830. Although the two books, particularly the second, could have easily been trimmed down in size a bit to make them more manageable reading, Ms. Roberts otherwise does an altogether wise and laudable job in bringing together and discussing just about every, if not quite all, the great women patriots of both the Revolution and the founding of the Republic -- subjects we, especially us male historical enthusiasts, are apt to brush over too lightly. To examine and or praise these women is not a mere exercise in fashionable feminism or an appeal to belated male impartiality; for frequently these founding mothers contributed to the various national struggles in ways that were truly decisive and momentous, and to be else ignorant of them and what they did leaves us grievously lacking in our knowledge of those times.

Of the ladies covered, Dolley Madison is one we are all familiar with, but whom probably relatively few know in detail what an unusually significant role she played in helping to preserve and bring together a financially strained nation divided by politics and beset by military invasion; with Roberts' coverage of the burning of Washington on Aug. 24th, 1814 by no means the least engaging portion of her chronicle. Just prior to that conflagration, Mrs. Madison wrote to her sister saying of her husband “‘he desires I should be ready at moment’s warning...I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go until I see Mr. Madison safe, and he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility toward him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone; even Col. C. with his hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in the

enclosure.' The men assigned to protect her had abandoned her. Her servant, 'French John,' inherited from Elizabeth Merry [wife of the former British ambassador to the U.S.], 'offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British, should they enter the [White] house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.'" [*Ladies of Liberty* pp 269-270.]

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"General Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America, while New York was in possession of the English, lived at the corner of Broadway and what is now called Battery-Place. At that time the water of the Hudson washed the west end of the yard or garden attached to that house, where there was a summer-house in which Clinton was in the habit of taking a nap in the afternoon. The famous Light-horse Lee, hearing of this habit, formed a plan to cross the Hudson to the foot of the garden at low tide, land, and seize the General while asleep and carry him off prisoner. When all was arranged, Lee informed General Washington of his purpose. Washington consulted Hamilton, who promptly advised the General to forbid it; 'for,' said he, 'should Clinton be made a prisoner it would be our misfortune, since the British Government could not find another commander so incompetent to send in his place.'"

~ *Reminiscences of James Hamilton* (1869), pp. 10-11.

Alexander Hamilton was cut down in the prime of life; thus leaving it perhaps an intriguing mystery as to how thing might have turned out for the country had he lived (Imagine, for instance, if he'd survived to witness the War of 1812.) Yet, in any event, he was singularly blessed in his family who emphatically made it their business to loyally honor and cherish his memory. Two of his sons wrote extensively about him. John Church Hamilton (1792-1882) in 1840 published *The Life of Alexander Hamilton*; while in 1869, James Alexander Hamilton (1788-1878) came out with his *Reminiscences of James Hamilton*. Although the latter book is a memoir about himself and his own times as much as anything else, major portions of it are taken up with sketches and anecdotes about his father; including the latter's various contests and confrontations with Thomas Jefferson. Among other interesting details, we learn that Alexander Hamilton (the son maintains; as did his mother Elizabeth Schuyler) wrote Washington's Presidential Farewell Address.⁵¹

Yet a third book deserving of notice here is grandson Allan McLane Hamilton's (1848-1919) *The Intimate life of Alexander Hamilton*. On pages 116-117, he reproduces what some will find a cute vignette about how decades after the scandalous Reynolds affair (in which, as you may recall, Alexander Hamilton paid money in an effort to conceal a private liaison he'd had with another's wife), his wife stalwartly continued to stand up for him -- even if her seeming antagonist in this, James Monroe, was probably in the right in his facts and in telling the truth -- as follows:

"Mrs. Hamilton could never forget the behavior of Monroe when he, with Muhlenberg and Venables, accused Hamilton of financial irregularities at the time of the Reynolds incident. Many years afterward, when they were both aged people, Monroe visited her and an interview occurred which was witnessed by a nephew, who was then a lad of fifteen. 'I had,' he says, 'been sent to call upon my Aunt Hamilton one afternoon. I found her in her garden and was there with her talking, when her maid servant came from the house with a card. It was the card of James Monroe. She read the name, and stood holding the card, much perturbed. Her voice sank, and she spoke very low, as she always did when she was angry. 'What has that man come to see me for?' escaped from her. 'Why, Aunt Hamilton,' said I, 'don't you know, it's Mr. Monroe, and he's been President, and he is visiting here now in the neighborhood, and has been very much made of, and invited everywhere, and so -- I suppose he has come to call and pay his respects to you.' After a moment's 'I will see him,' she said. 'The maid went back to the house, my aunt followed, walking rapidly, I after her. As she entered the parlor Monroe rose. She stood in the middle of the room

⁵¹ *Reminiscences of James Hamilton* pp. 24-34. As similarities have been pointed out between Washington's Farewell address of 1783 (also known as "Circular to the States") with the Presidential Farewell of 1796, it may be reasonable to conclude that Hamilton at least had a hand in -- if he did not write entire -- the 1783 address as well. See *The Cambridge History of American Literature*, Vol. One: 1590-1820 (1994), Bercovitch editor, pp. 384-385. Also, curiously and coincidentally enough, passing mention is made in the James Hamilton's memoir to the father of John C. Spencer on p. 11, and, in addition, a description is given of the father of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie on p. 16; both paternal relations to the two principal participants in the Somers Mutiny Affair of 1842.

facing him. She did not ask him to sit down. He bowed, and addressing her formally, made her rather a set speech -- that it was many years since they had met, that the lapse of time brought its softening influences, that they both were nearing the grave, when past differences could be forgiven and forgotten -- in short, from his point of view, a very nice, conciliatory, well-turned little speech. She answered, still standing, and looking at him, 'Mr. Monroe, if you have come to tell me that you repent, that you are sorry, very sorry, for the misrepresentations and the slanders, and the stories you circulated against my dear husband, if you have come to say this, I understand it. But, otherwise, no lapse of time, no nearness to the grave, makes any difference.' She stopped speaking, Monroe turned, took up his hat and left the room."

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Czar Paul the 1st of Russia was one of the most intriguing what-ifs of history. He led the Second League of Armed Neutrality (of Baltic states) against British interference with neutral trade as part of the latter's war on Bonaparte (The neutral U.S. you will recall later found itself in a similar maritime-trade predicament with Britain.) He was assassinated by a cabal led, among others, by Gen. Bennigsen (originally from Hannover, and of later Napoleonic Wars fame), and which seated Paul's son Alexander I on the throne. (Why Alexander did not later execute Bennigsen for murdering his father is, to me at any rate, a mystery.) The result of Paul's death was the end of the Second League, and a major set-back to Napoleon contra the British; with Alexander, of course, ultimately becoming one of Napoleon's bitterest foes. Had Paul lived therefore, the Napoleonic era, including its effect on the United States (as in the Embargo of 1808 and War of 1812), might well have turned out drastically different than it did.

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One of the few we think of as a hero of the Napoleonic Wars was Pope Pius VII, and yet Emperor Napoleon, attempting to play the role of Charlemagne, could have counted him among his most formidable political adversaries; as Pius was indomitable in standing up to efforts to bring the Catholic Church in France and Italy under Napoleon's iron control. Did you know, for example, that in 1809 Napoleon was excommunicated? When he learned of it, the Emperor responded "So the pope has aimed an excommunication against me. No more half measures; he is a raving lunatic who must be confined. Have Cardinal Pacca and other adherents of the pope arrested." And indeed for this and other "offenses," he placed the Pope under arrest; at one point forcing him as prisoner to live in France. It was during Pius VII's pontificate also that new Catholic dioceses were inaugurated in the United, including at Richmond, VA. and Cincinnati, OH; with the Roman Catholic Church expanding so rapidly in the U.S. in the early part of the 19th century that Catholics gradually became a major voting block;⁵² with this in some instances leading to anti-Catholic sentiments and proponents (which ironically included both the otherwise brilliant Samuel F.B. Morse AND the "Know Nothing Party") of conspiracy theories by some American Protestants, particularly in New England. For more on these topics, see the *Catholic Encyclopedia* online at:

RE: Napoleon

<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/10687a.htm>

RE: Pius VII

<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/12132a.htm>

It is interesting to note further that it was Napoleon who (although indirectly following the lead of Frederick the Great) actually first brought about the demise and formal end of the Holy Roman Empire, and less so Germany itself; as some might infer.

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*George Fisher's (1719?-1778) The Instructor, a do-it-yourself guide to almost everything and originally published in London in 1735, was one of the most successful best sellers of its time and*

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<sup>52</sup> For a most informative history, examination, and discussion of the rise of the Roman Catholic church in the early United States, see among the various and extensive writings of John England (1786-1842), Bishop of Charleston, S.C. from 1820-1842.

subsequently, and came out in many editions lasting well into the early part of the 19th century. There was even an American version printed in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin in 1748; the title page (to give you some idea of the book's character) reads as follows:

“THE AMERICAN INSTRUCTOR:  
OR, YOUNG MAN’S BEST COMPANION,  
CONTAINING, SPELLING, READING, WRITING, AND ARITHMETICK, IN AN EASIER WAY  
THAN ANY YET PUBLISHED; AND HOW TO QUALIFY ANY PERSON FOR BUSINESS,  
WITHOUT THE HELP OF A MASTER. INSTRUCTIONS TO WRITE VARIETY OF HANDS, WITH  
COPIES BOTH IN PROSE AND VERSE. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS ON BUSINESS OR FRIEND-  
SHIP. FORMS OF INDENTURES, BONDS, BILLS OF SALE, RECEIPTS, WILLS, LEASES,  
RELEASES, &C. ALSO MERCHANTS ACCOUNTS, AND AS SHORT AND EASY METHOD OF  
SHOP AND BOOK-KEEPING; WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE SEVERAL AMERICAN COLONIES.  
TOGETHER WITH THE CARPENTER’S PLAIN AND EXACT RULE: SHEWING HOW TO  
MEASURE CARPENTERS, JOYNERS, SAWYERS. BRICKLAYERS, PLAISTERERS, PLUMBERS,  
MASONS, GLASIERS, AND PAINTERS WORK. HOW TO UNDERTAKE ROCK WORK, AND AT  
WHAT PRICE; THE RATES OF EACH COMMODITY, AND THE COMMON WAGES OF  
JOURNEYMEN; WITH GUNTER’S LINE; AND COGGESHAL’S DESCRIPTION OF THE SLIDING-  
RULE. LIKEWISE THE PRACTICAL GAUGER MADE EASY; THE ART OF DIALLING, AND HOW  
TO ERECT AND FIX ANY DIAL; WITH INSTRUCTIONS FOR DYING, COLOURING, AND  
MAKING COLOURS. TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE POOR PLANTERS PHYSICIAN: WITH  
INSTRUCTIONS FOR MARKING ON LINNEN; HOW TO PICKLE AND PRESERVE; TO MAKE  
DIVERS SORTS OF WINES; AND MANY EXCELLENT PLAISTERS, AND MEDICINES,  
NECESSARY IN ALL FAMILIES. AND ALSO PRUDENT ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN AND  
DEALERS. THE WHOLE BETTER ADAPTED TO THESE AMERICAN COLONIES, THAN ANY  
OTHER BOOK OF THE LIKE KIND. BY GEORGE FISHER, ACCOUNTANT.”

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Having just finished the recently come out Revolutionary War biography of Henry Lee by Michael Cecere, *Wedded to My Sword*, and Charles Royster’s much older, *Light Horse Harry Lee* (1981), one is given to conclude that there is still much remaining that we don’t know or understand about the whys and wherefores of Lee’s life, and personally I’m strongly inclined to suspect and surmise that Lee in his post war life was a haunted (including duped) man -- literally. Perhaps devils were getting their revenge, as seems to me to very possibly have been the case with many Revolutionary War veterans; who either died an early and strange death, or else like Lee were beset with an inordinate amount of troubles. One legend has it that Lee’s second wife, Anne Carter, was at one time mistakenly and for a brief time buried alive.⁵³

Cecere’s book is in many ways excellent in filling in numerous gaps in Lee’s war record; even so it is far from being as thorough and complete as one might wish. But at least he has advanced much further than anyone else who has undertook the topic, and for this we can be mightily grateful. Royster’s study is fascinating for attempting to analyze more deeply what kind of man Lee was, and yet his conclusions often seem more founded on conjecture than a clear basis in fact. (For one, I don’t think Lee’s memoirs are nearly so damning of Jefferson as claimed; rather, Lee mostly blames Virginia for having lost enthusiasm for the war and, as a result, finding itself unprepared.) And again, I suspect there is more to Lee’s story than either Royster or anyone else is quite yet in a position to know.

⁵³ This reported incident, some literary scholars aver, influenced the writing of Poe’s “The Premature Burial.” Makes one wonder further if perhaps “Fall of the House of Usher” was not, at least in part, based on Henry Lee’s IV’s (i.e., Gen. Henry Lee’s son and step-brother of Robert E., Lee) highly scandalous and publicized affair with his sister-in-law; bearing in mind that the Lee family, long by that time, were seen as on the way out (i.e., were “fallen”) as a major influence in Virginia. (You will possibly recall that Roderick Usher, it is implied, is improperly in love with his sister, and this “sin” and or related sins helps to bring about the house’s, or family’s, demise.) For more, see *The Lees of Virginia: Seven Generations of an American Family* (1990) by Paul C. Nagel; and also of interest, Thomas Jefferson, 4 March 1823, to William Johnson: “the family of enemies, whose buzz you apprehend, are now nothing. you may learn this at Washington; and their military relation has long ago had the full-voiced condemnation of his own state. do not fear therefore these insects. what you write will be far above their grovelling sphere.” Naturally, we must be cautious and avoid jumping to conclusions, yet this said and as we frequently come to learn, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

The following is a link to an overtly political site, but which provides an account and perspective of Lee evidently derived largely from Roytser. While it is informative and well written, I would dispute the author's conclusion in the last sentence that Lee trusted too much in the state, and hence became victim of the Baltimore mob in 1812. Really, it was a piece of foolishness for Lee to have attempted to fight mob violence with private violence, and it was this led to his being beat up -- not excessive reliance on the state (in this case, the city of Baltimore.)

<http://www.thefreemanonline.org/features/lees-legion-of-lessons/>

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*The following passages come from Edward Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, vol. I, ch. 7; first published in that ANNO MIRABILIS ~ 1776. Gibbon was one far from supportive of the revolting colonists,<sup>54</sup> and here we read his most edifying defense of the monarchical form of government; and which follows with a lead in into the career beginnings of Emperor Maximinus Thrax (c. 173 – 238 A.D.)*

“Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate without an indignant smile, that, on the father's decease, the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself; and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity? Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in the most dazzling colors, but our more serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice, that establishes a rule of succession, independent of the passions of mankind; and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient which deprives the multitude of the dangerous, and indeed the ideal, power of giving themselves a master.

“In the cool shade of retirement, we may easily devise imaginary forms of government, in which the sceptre shall be constantly bestowed on the most worthy, by the free and incorrupt suffrage of the whole community. Experience overturns these airy fabrics, and teaches us, that in a large society, the election of a monarch can never devolve to the wisest, or to the most numerous part of the people. The army is the only order of men sufficiently united to concur in the same sentiments, and powerful enough to impose them on the rest of their fellow-citizens; but the temper of soldiers, habituated at once to violence and to slavery, renders them very unfit guardians of a legal, or even a civil constitution. Justice, humanity, or political wisdom, are qualities they are too little acquainted with in themselves, to appreciate them in others. Valor will acquire their esteem, and liberality will purchase their suffrage; but the first of these merits is often lodged in the most savage breasts; the latter can only exert itself at the expense of the public; and both may be turned against the possessor of the throne, by the ambition of a daring rival.

“The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time and popular opinion, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions among mankind. The acknowledged right extinguishes the hopes of faction, and the conscious security disarms the cruelty of the monarch. To the firm establishment of this idea we owe the peaceful succession and mild administration of European monarchies. To the defect of it we must attribute the frequent civil wars, through which an Asiatic despot is obliged to cut his way to the throne of his fathers. Yet, even in the East, the sphere of contention is usually limited to the princes of the reigning house, and as soon as the more fortunate competitor has removed his brethren by the sword and the bowstring, he no longer entertains any jealousy of his meaner subjects. But the Roman empire, after the authority of the senate had sunk into contempt, was a vast scene of confusion. The royal, and even noble, families of the provinces had long since been led in triumph before the car of the haughty republicans. The ancient families of Rome had successively fallen beneath the tyranny of the Caesars; and whilst those princes were shackled by the forms of a commonwealth, and disappointed by the repeated failure of their posterity, it was impossible that any idea of hereditary succession should have taken root in the minds of their subjects. The right to the throne, which none could claim from birth, every

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<sup>54</sup> Of note, the fourth volume of his ageless history is inscribed to Lord North; see “Preface to the Fourth Volume of the Original Quarto edition,” 1788.

one assumed from merit. The daring hopes of ambition were set loose from the salutary restraints of law and prejudice; and the meanest of mankind might, without folly, entertain a hope of being raised by valor and fortune to a rank in the army, in which a single crime would enable him to wrest the sceptre of the world from his feeble and unpopular master. After the murder of Alexander Severus, and the elevation of Maximin, no emperor could think himself safe upon the throne, and every barbarian peasant of the frontier might aspire to that

“About thirty-two years before that event, the emperor Severus, returning from an eastern expedition, halted in Thrace, to celebrate, with military games, the birthday of his younger son, Geta. The country flocked in crowds to behold their sovereign, and a young barbarian of gigantic stature earnestly solicited, in his rude dialect, that he might be allowed to contend for the prize of wrestling. As the pride of discipline would have been disgraced in the overthrow of a Roman soldier by a Thracian peasant, he was matched with the stoutest followers of the camp, sixteen of whom he successively laid on the ground. His victory was rewarded by some trifling gifts, and a permission to enlist in the troops. The next day, the happy barbarian was distinguished above a crowd of recruits, dancing and exulting after the fashion of his country. As soon as he perceived that he had attracted the emperor’s notice, he instantly ran up to his horse, and followed him on foot, without the least appearance of fatigue, in a long and rapid career. ‘Thracian,’ said Severus with astonishment, ‘art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race?’ ‘Most willingly, sir,’ replied the unwearied youth; and, almost in a breath, overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers in the army. A gold collar was the prize of his matchless vigor and activity, and he was immediately appointed to serve in the horseguards who always attended on the person of the sovereign.” [The Thracian wrestler subsequently became Emperor Maximin.]

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Monty Python⁵⁵ is not NEARLY so new as some PERHAPS may think; for ready proof of which, here is an humorous excerpt from (Scotsman) Tobias Smollett’s Roderick Random (1748) chapter 27.

“...About this time, Captain Oakum, having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a surgeon of his own country, who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of Doctor Atkins; for he was grossly ignorant, and intolerably assuming, false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merciless tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him. In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick list, which, when this grim commander had perused, he cried with a stern countenance, ‘Blood and cons! sixty-one sick people on board of my ship! Harkee, you sir, I’ll have no sick in my ship, by G--d.’ The Welshman [Morgan] replied, ‘he should be very glad to find no sick people on board: but, while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list.’ ‘You and your list may be d--n’d,’ said the captain, throwing it at him; ‘I say, there shall be no sick in this ship while I have the command of her.’ Mr. Morgan, being nettled at this treatment, told him his indignation ought to be directed to Cot Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him, who contributed all in his power towards their cure. The bashaw, not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satirical insinuation, and, stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck, if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in, ‘Captain Oakum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage (look you), and peradventure I am moreover.’ Here his harangue was broken off by the captain’s steward, who, being Morgan’s countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree...

“...[Morgan] had no sooner finished this narration [of his dispute with Captain Oakum] than he received a message from the surgeon, to bring the sick-list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed.

“This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives: but, as we likewise knew it would be to no

⁵⁵ See as well *The Faerie Queene*, Book 4, Canto 3 (and with its antecedent in Ariosto.)

purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of bitches, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers...

"It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. Many were brought up in the height of fevers, and rendered delirious by the injuries they received in the way. Some gave up the ghost in the presence of their inspectors; and others, who were ordered to their duties, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony. On the whole, the number of the sick was reduced to less than a dozen; and the authors of this reduction were applauding themselves for the services they had done to their king and country, when the boatswain's mate informed his honour, that there was a man below lashed to his hammock, by direction of the doctor's mate, and that he begged hard to be released; affirming, he had been so maltreated only for a grudge Mr. Morgan bore him, and that he was as much in his senses as any man aboard. The captain hearing this, darted a severe look at the Welshman, and ordered the man to be brought up immediately; upon which, Morgan protested with great fervency, that the person in question was as mad as a March hare; and begged for the love of Cot, they would at least keep his arms pinioned during his examination, to prevent him from doing mischief. This request the commander granted for his own sake, and the patient was produced, who insisted upon his being in his right wits with such calmness and strength of argument, that everybody present was inclined to believe him, except Morgan, who affirmed there was no trusting to appearances; for he himself had been so much imposed upon by his behaviour two days before, that he had actually unbound him with his own hands, and had well nigh been murdered for his pains: this was confirmed by the evidence of one of the waiters, who declared he had pulled this patient from the doctor's mate, whom he had gotten down, and almost strangled. To this the man answered, that the witness was a creature of Morgan's, and suborned to give his testimony against him by the malice of the mate, whom the defendant had affronted, by discovering to the people on board, that Mr. Morgan's wife kept a gin-shop in Ragfair. This anecdote produced a laugh at the expense of the Welshman, who, shaking his head with some emotion, said, 'Ay, ay, 'tis no matter. Cot knows, it is an arrant falsehood.' Captain Oakum, without any farther hesitation, ordered the fellow to be unfettered; at the same time, threatening to make Morgan exchange situations with him for his spite; but the Briton no sooner heard the decision in favour of the madman, than he got up to the mizzen-shrouds, crying to Thompson and me to get out of his reach, for we should see him play the devil with a vengeance. We did not think fit to disregard his caution, and accordingly got up on the poop, whence we beheld the maniac (as soon as he was released) fly at the captain like a fury, crying, 'I'll let you know, you scoundrel, that I am commander of this vessel,' and pummel him without mercy. The surgeon, who went to the assistance of his patron, shared the same fate; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he was mastered at last, after having done great execution among those who opposed him."

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*Earlier on one of the posts, I used the heading "Life Aboard a Man o' War" [see the Smollett piece above], and which slightly modified (i.e., "The World in a Man of War") is the subtitle to Herman Melville's 1850 semi-autobiographical narrative White Jacket. Here is a fitting, and timely, extract from the same; with events taking place on the U.S. Frigate United States and on which Melville had actually served.*

The great guns of an armed ship have blocks of wood, called tompions, painted black, inserted in their muzzles, to keep out the spray of the sea. These tompions slip in and out very handily, like covers to butter firkins.

By advice of a friend, Lemsford, alarmed for the fate of his box of poetry, had latterly made use of a particular gun on the main-deck, in the tube of which he thrust his manuscripts, by simply crawling partly out of the porthole, removing the tompion, inserting his papers, tightly rolled, and making all snug again.

Breakfast over, he and I were reclining in the main-top--where, by permission of my noble master, Jack Chase, I had invited him-- when, of a sudden, we heard a cannonading. It was our own ship.

“Ah!” said a top-man, “returning the shore salute they gave us yesterday.”

“O Lord!” cried Lemsford, “my Songs of the Sirens!” and he ran down the rigging to the batteries; but just as he touched the gun-deck, gun No. 20--his literary strong-box--went off with a terrific report.

“Well, my after-guard Virgil,” said Jack Chase to him, as he slowly returned up the rigging, “did you get it? You need not answer; I see you were too late. But never mind, my boy: no printer could do the business for you better. That’s the way to publish, White-Jacket,” turning to me--“fire it right into ’em; every canto a twenty-four-pound shot; hull the blockheads, whether they will or no. And mind you, Lemsford, when your shot does the most execution, your hear the least from the foe. A killed man cannot even lisp.”

“Glorious Jack!” cried Lemsford, running up and snatching him by the hand, “say that again, Jack! look me in the eyes. By all the Homers, Jack, you have made my soul mount like a balloon! Jack, I’m a poor devil of a poet. Not two months before I shipped aboard here, I published a volume of poems, very aggressive on the world, Jack. Heaven knows what it cost me. I published it, Jack, and the cursed publisher sued me for damages; my friends looked sheepish; one or two who liked it were non-committal; and as for the addle-pated mob and rabble, they thought they had found out a fool. Blast them, Jack, what they call the public is a monster, like the idol we saw in Owhyhee [Hawaii], with the head of a jackass, the body of a baboon, and the tail of a scorpion!”

“I don’t like that,” said Jack; “when I’m ashore, I myself am part of the public.”

“Your pardon, Jack; you are not, you are then a part of the people, just as you are aboard the frigate here. The public is one thing, Jack, and the people another.”<sup>56</sup>

“You are right,” said Jack; “right as this leg. Virgil, you are a trump; you are a jewel, my boy. The public and the people! Ay, ay, my lads, let us hate the one and cleave to the other.” [ch. 45]

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August 14th will mark the 199th anniversary of the battle between the brig-sloops U.S. Argus and H.B.M. [His Britannic Majesty’s] Pelican and which ended in a British victory -- though only after Lieutenant, acting Commander, William Henry Allen, operating in the channel and joint coasts of Britain and Ireland, scored the highest U.S. Navy record in the War of 1812 for seizing British merchant ships; his originally assigned mission. About a week ago, I just finished reading Ira Dye’s, a former WWII U.S. submarine officer, 1994 The Fatal Cruise of the Argus: Two Captains in the War of 1812 (U.S. Naval Institute Press.); an original and innovative historical study; insofar as the author presents a dual full-length biography of both sides’ commanders, Allen and Captain John Fordyce Maples, before leading up the main battle and its aftermath. On the down side, Dye oft writes in a rather flat, naive, even juvenile, prose style, and while many of the points he makes are usually good ones, he sometimes descends to undue over-simplifications; as, for example, he tries to present the savage and bullying, and by his own admission ultimately pointless if well fought, attack on un-warlike Copenhagen in 1801 as a noble and heroic enterprise.

But despite these qualms, his research is excellent and there is much and ample of interest one learns about the U.S. and British navies of the time reading his book. Not least moving is his account of Allen’s death and burial by the British in Plymouth, England; and which is quoted here below. It is worth noting that a number of slain naval captains in the War of 1812 ended up being interred on the shore opposite their homes: as well as Allen at Plymouth; James Lawrence was taken to Halifax, Nova Scotia by

⁵⁶ [Edit. Note. This distinction between people and public had been previously made mention of by Wordsworth in the 1815 preface to his poems.]

H.M.B. Shannon (and after the war removed to Trinity Churchyard in New York City); Captain Samuel Blyth, R.N. and Lieut. William Burrows, U.S.N., -- of the Boxer vs. the Enterprise battle at which both were killed -- laid to rest in Portland, Maine; and Capt. George Downie, R.N., at Riverside Cemetery in Plattsburgh, N.Y. It stands as a tribute to the character, gallantry, and simple good sense, of both sides that they made the effort to give honorable obsequies to their fallen foes; furnishing us now, in retrospect, something further to respect and hold dear about our mutual pasts.

“What shall we say of this young man [William Henry Allen], now that his life is finished and can be summed up? He was a naval officer of great promise -- courageous, skilled, eager to learn his profession and advance in it. He was generous to his adversaries in war. He was loyal to those who led him and to those below him entrusted to his leadership. In turn, he inspired loyalty, and both salt-matured sailors and young officers followed him from ship to ship to serve with him. He was a gentleman in that early-nineteenth-century pattern that called for uncompromising integrity and for kindness and sympathy to the weak and the vulnerable. He had that excessive sense of personal honor often found in officers of that day, and it was this that brought him his death...

“William Henry Allen’s funeral was arranged by John Hawker, the American ex-vice consul, and the officers of the [U.S. sloop] Argus. Rear-Admiral Thomas Byam Martin, commanding at Plymouth, ordered that the ceremonies be done with military honors and be attended by British officers of rank, and that a lieutenant-colonel’s guard of Royal Marines take part. Hawker and the Argus’s officers bought a fine ‘wainscot coffin’ for Allen and had the breastplate of it inscribed with his name, rank, age, and a brief eulogy.

“The funeral procession assembled at the Mill Prison Hospital at 11 A.M. on Saturday, 21 August. The coffin was brought down and covered with a black velvet pall, over which was spread the American ensign of the Argus, those Stars and Stripes under which the battle had been fought. On top of the flag were laid Henry Allen’s hat and sword. As the coffin was placed in the hearse the maritime guard saluted, and the procession began to move into Millbay Road. The guard of honor was first, led by the lieutenant-colonel of Royal Marines, followed by two companies of marines with their captains, subalterns, and field adjutant, the officers wearing black hatbands and scarves. Behind them came the marine band, playing the ‘Dead March’ from Handel’s ‘Saul,’ and the vicar, curate, and clerk of St. Andrew’s Church.

“Then came ‘THE HEARSE, with the corpse of the deceased captain,’ attended by eight seamen from the Argus with black crape arm bands tied with white crape ribbons. With the hearse were eight captains of the Royal Navy, acting as pallbearer, with black hatbands and scarves. Following the hearse came Henry Allen’s servants, his steward, Appene [a Chinaman], and his coxswain, in mourning; then the officers of the Argus, two by two, wearing black crape sashes and hatbands; John Hawker and his clerks; Captain Pellowe, R.N., the commissioner for prisoners of war at Plymouth; and Dr. Magrath. Behind them were all the captains of the Royal Navy that were in port, marine, and army officers, and the servants of the officers of the Argus, all walking two by two. Last came ‘a very numerous and respectable retinue of inhabitants.’ Henry Allen would have been pleased to know that such a great event was organized to honor him.

“The procession moved east, up Millbay Road and into George Street, then right into Bedford Street and on to St. Andrew’s Church. There the marine guard halted and formed in a single file, with arms reversed, and the procession passed through them into the church, where the coffin was set down in the center aisle. The vicar read the first part of ‘The Order for the Burial of the Dead,’ then the coffin was taken out into the south yard of the church for burial, and the reading of the ‘Order’ completed at the grave. Midshipman Delphey had been put to rest there just the night before, although with less ceremony, and the vault was still open. Henry Allen was let down into the vault to a place on Richard Delphey’s left, the vault was sealed, and the grave filled. There they still sleep.

“No detail survives about how their headstone was designed and the epitaph written, but this scenario fits the available facts...what appears at the top of the stone is the representation of an American naval officer’s uniform button of the pattern that had been in use some years before, and was still worn: a

circle of thirteen stars, and inside the circle an eagle, its wings half open, its head turned to the right, standing on its right foot with the left talons holding up an oval shield with a foul anchor shown on it.

“The inscription below the eagles says,

“SACRED
to the MEMORY of
WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN, Esq.
Aged 27 Years
Late Commander of the
United States BRIG ARGUS
who died August 18th 1813
In Consequence of a Wound
Received in Action
with H.B.M. BRIG PELICAN
August 14th 1813

ALSO in Remembrance of
RICHARD DELPHEY, Midshipman
Age 18 Years
U.S. NAVY, Killed in the same action
Whose remains are Deposited
on the Left.

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HERE SLEEP THE BRAVE”

[pp. 287-289]

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Although the Marines storming the shores of Tripoli, whether in song or in the film “Old Ironsides”(1926), never quite happened, some members of the Corps, under Lieut. Presley O’Bannon, were involved with a band of Mediterranean mercenaries in the somewhat exotic expedition, headed by intrepid U.S. envoy William Eaton, intended to unseat the Bashaw of Tripoli by placing the Bashaw’s brother on the throne. This enterprise reached its highpoint at the battles of Derna (about 549 miles east of Tripoli; in Libya), in April and May 1805, and it was there that the U.S. flag was first raised on foreign shores.

A few years afterward, American physician and poet John Shaw (1778-1809) wrote some lines commemorating the event and honoring its participants, and which, though little known, deserve to be more memorable.

SONG.

Written for and sung at an entertainment given at Annapolis to Lieut. George Mann and Dr. Harwood, of the U. S. Navy.

BY JOHN SHAW, M. D.

Now the war-blast is blown, and the thunders are still,
And the blue gleam of steel lies asleep in the sheath,
And to peace and to mirth the full bumpers we fill,
While the ear shrinks no more at the echo of death.

Yet still, not ungrateful, the deeds of the brave

Our heart's strongest impulse shall eagerly tell,
And on those who have sunk in a watery grave
With a sorrowing tear still shall memory dwell.

The sons of our fathers have proved to the world
That the blood in their veins beats for freedom as high,
And wherever the red-striped flag is unfurl'd,
Like them they can conquer, like them they can die.

Though shackles a while may the eagle entwine,
And forbid him the strong-sinewed wing to display,
Yet break but the bands that his ardour confine,
And he mingles his flight with the blaze of the day.

Behold, where, in Afric's far regions, a band,
Though few, yet determined, all peril defy,
Their prospect by day but the hot, gleaming sand—
Their bed the hard desert—their shelter the sky.

Yet still they urge forward—'tis glory that calls,
Whose sovereign impulse leads onward the brave,
And the cluster'd stars rise o'er Derna's proud walls,
And the wan crescent fades, and descends in the wave.

Then fill up the bumper—a tribute of fame,
Though 'tis small, yet 'tis all we now have to give:
Yet, while memory holds seat in our bosoms, the names
Of Eaton, and Mann,⁵⁷ and O'Bannen shall live.

[Found in *Songs, Odes and Other Poems on National Subjects* (1842) by Wm. McCarty.]

⁵⁷ Midshipman George Mann.

THE BOSTONIANS AMONG THE NATIVES

Vignettes and Descriptions from the *Columbia* Trade Expeditions: 1787-90 & 1790-93.

"...The sea letters from Congress and this State you will also show on every proper occasion; and although we expect you will treat all nations with respect and civility, yet we depend you will suffer no insult and injury from none without showing that spirit which will ever become A FREE AND INDEPENDENT AMERICA."

~ From orders given Capt. John Kendrick of the ship *Columbia* by its owners; headed by Joseph Barrell and Charles Bulfinch.

Telling the tale of which European and American explorers first discovered, claimed, and charted the Pacific Northwest region and Alaska is no simple matter. Britain, Russia, the U.S., and Spain all had their share in the great discoveries. Of the individual explorers, and aside from the celebrated Capt. Cook (and who in 1778 preceded his British counterparts to the Pacific Northwest⁵⁸), Capt. George Vancouver has tended, and with good reason, to walk away with the loftiest palms; his voyages being particularly notable for both their thoroughness of geographical extent *and* accuracy of mapping. But really it was the Spaniards, such as captains Don Bruno Heceta, Don Juan de Ayala, Don Juan de la Bodega y Quadra, and Don Manuel Quimper, who initially beat everyone else, including Cook, to the punch in that region. As a writer in *The North American Review* of Jan. 1839, No. CII, pp. 136-137, in an article titled "Nautical Discovery in the Northwest," relates:

"In 1788, two Spanish vessels, commanded by Don Esteban Martinez and Don Gonzalo Lopez de Haro, sailed from San Blas [Mexico] to examine the Russian establishments in America; and, in 1799, Martinez proceeded with the same vessels for the purpose of making a settlement in Nootka Sound [in Vancouver Island], and constructed the fort of San Miguel on one of the islands there. Two months after this, arrived the English ship Argonaut, fitted out by a new trading corporation in England, called 'King George's Sound Company,' which, in the grasping and rapacious spirit that has actuated the East India Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, pretended to monopolize to itself the trade and territory of Nootka Sound. Martinez demanded by what right England undertook to do this. Colnet, the commander of the Argonaut, referred to Cook's voyage. Martinez very justly replied, that he himself, under Perez, had anticipated Cook, in the discovery of Nootka Sound, by four years; a fact well remembered by the natives, who had a perfect recollection of Martinez personally, and of the expedition of Perez. At length, Martinez put an end to the dispute by arresting Colnet, and sending him to San Bias. At the same time, other vessels, commanded by Don Francisco Elisa and Don Salvador Fidalgo, were sent from Mexico to support Martinez. Fidalgo formed a second Spanish settlement or fort to the southeast of Quadra's [i.e., Vancouver] Island, on the main land, at the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, in latitude 48° 20' N. This fact is important to be remembered. For we thus see, that Spain was the first European power that doubled Cape Mendocino and Cape Blanco, the first that visited the river of Aguilar, the first that discovered the inlet of Columbia River, the first that visited Nootka Sound, the first that discovered the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and *the first that formed any establishment, on any part of the northwest coast, from California to the forty-ninth degree of north latitude.* Hers is the prior title to that of England, both by discovery and by settlement.

"Meanwhile, the seizure of Colnet had excited a very lively sensation in Europe, and well-nigh involved Britain and Spain in a new war. This was the celebrated Nootka Sound controversy; a diplomatic question, into which we do not propose to enter at present; which controversy being disposed of by a convention between Great Britain and Spain, the design, previously conceived by the British government, to have a more careful survey of the northwest coast, was resumed, and intrusted to Vancouver. His exertions were meritorious and valuable. Not, however, that he made any new discovery of *national* consequence, but that he followed up successfully those of others, and accurately reconnoitred an extensive region. This was done during the years 1792, 1793, and 1794."

⁵⁸ Sir Francis Drake and Sir Thomas Cavendish had sailed along and touched on the shores of California and Oregon in the late 16th century, but *not* modern day Washington and British Columbia. It was Cook, incidentally, who first took grave exception to the claims of Juan de Fuca for the straits bearing that Greco-Spanish navigator's name. Yet his skepticism could be ascribed as much, if not more, to an understandable desire on his part to protect British national interests than any substantial counter proof to de Fuca's assertion. Even so and to this day, it is common for some, and with no more argument than Cook had (namely that de Fuca was off in his reckoning by one degree of latitude), to summarily adopt his perhaps too absolute line of interpretation.

The same article furnishes a comprehensive and thoughtful account and examination of practically all the known early voyages by Europeans and Americans to the Pacific Northwest, and for this reason is worth learning from and consulting on the subject. At the time it was written and for decades afterward, many of the Canadian-U.S. boundary disputes had yet to be resolved; so that the question of who discovered what and when still had considerable political relevance.

The United States, compared to Spain and Britain, was a relative late comer to Northwest maritime exploration, yet the story is in its way nonetheless also a dramatic and exciting one. Doubtless, the most decisive discovery the Americans made was Capt. Robert Gray's finding and naming the Columbia River in May 1792 (during the second voyage of the *Columbia* to the N.W.);⁵⁹ which along with the subsequent Lewis and Clark expedition, this latter aided by the peace providing (and hence life saving) Sacajewea, laid the foundation for U.S. territorial claims in the area.

There remains some question whether Captain John Kendrick (c.1740-1794) and Robert Gray (1755-1806) actually were the first American sea captains on the Pacific coast.⁶⁰ Yet it was they who without question initially made a name for themselves doing so. The idea of sailing to the Northwest, via Cape Horn, to acquire furs there to then trade in China originated in accounts of Captain Cook's Third Voyage published by various men; including John Rickman (in 1781), William Ellis (1782), Capt. James King, R.N. (1784), and John Ledyard⁶¹ (1783) -- all of whom served with Cook. Ledyard, an American who was impressed into British service during the Revolutionary War ended up a Royal Marine serving with Cook's HMS *Resolution* and *Discovery*. His subsequent contribution to U.S. exploration was no little noteworthy, and he was indefatigable in petitioning, among others that could be named, Robert Morris, Thomas Jefferson, John Paul Jones, and Lafayette, as well as later indirectly Barrell and Bulfinch, to undertake an American trade route to the Pacific Northwest by way of the dreaded Cape Horn (the British invariably took the route by way of India, China, and the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii)). Although himself unsuccessful in securing palpable support from any of them, he was instrumental in imparting the idea indirectly to others, and thus can be credited for getting started what Kendrick, Gray, and Lewis and Clark finished.

Barrell and his joint Boston investors financed two expeditions: one in 1787-1790, under Kendrick and Gray, and a second for 1790-1793 under Gray alone. In the first of these, two vessels were sent, i.e., the *Columbia*, under Kendrick, and the *Lady Washington*, under Gray. In the second it was Gray alone with the *Columbia*. During the first voyage, and for reasons still not clear, Kendrick and Gray switched ships, and Gray alone after stopping in Hawaii⁶² and China (where sea otters skins were exchanged for tea), circumnavigating the globe, arrived to home, and was as immediately fitted out for the second voyage. Kendrick's story is a peculiar one and fraught with some mystery and suspicion of illicit self-promotion. While we don't have the leisure to quite delve into it all here, he stayed in the Pacific collecting furs and traded in Canton; returning again to the Northwest where he again met up with Gray on the latter's second voyage. At one point in his moving about during this period, Kendrick stopped at Japan, one of the first Americans ever to do so. He was viewed with understandable distrust by the ship owners, and died in a strange accident while in Hawaii; being killed with some others aboard the *Lady Washington* in a ship firing salute.

What follows are some extracts taken from Robert Haswell's log of *Columbia's* first voyage and John Hoskins' narrative of the second as found in the Oregon Historical Society's *Voyages of the Columbia to the Northwest Coast: 1787-1790 & 1790-1793* (1990); ably and well edited by Frederic W. Howay.

⁵⁹ He also found and is awarded for discovery Gray's Harbor, his namesake, in Washington state.

⁶⁰ Kendrick had been a privateer captain in the Revolution, and it was later maintained by Gray's widow that the latter had been a captain in the American navy in the same conflict. Though there are no records to properly confirm this, given what we know of Gray the claim is by no means seems implausible as some perhaps are too quick to assume. Alternatively, perhaps he too, like Kendrick, had been a privateer.

⁶¹ 1751-1789, and nephew of Lieut. Col. William Ledyard who, after a heroic defense of Fort Griswold, Conn., Sept. 6, 1781, was felled there by Arnold's forces; reportedly with his own sword *after* surrendering.

⁶² "Bore off and made sail for the Coast of China, and soon lost sight of these beautiful Isles [Hawaii], The inhabitants of which appear'd to me to be the happiest people in the world. Indeed there was something in them so frank and chearfull that you cou'd not help feeling prepossessed in their favor." From John Boit's Log for the *Columbia*, Nov. 1, 1792 (second voyage). Howay, p. 419.

Spellings, punctuation, and formatting are left and kept as in the originals (though the lacunae notations, i.e., "...", are my own.) In choosing the excerpts I've made a particular point of focusing on the meetings with the natives of the Northwest Coast, and which are both engrossing of themselves and no little illuminating as to Indian customs and character. The Indians, of course, were indispensable in facilitating and making trade possible, as well as necessary in supplying all the explorers, both European and American. Without them it is hard to imagine how Quadra, Vancouver, Gray, and the rest could have got anywhere.

And yet who does and will remember and give any credit to the poor SEA OTTER, and which sent the British and Americans sailors here in droves in search of their furs in the first place?

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From Robert Haswell's Log of the FIRST VOYAGE of the *Columbia*.⁶³

[March 1788]

Wednesday 12th. In the Latitude 60° S we found frequent Foggs and at the same time a savere and disagreeable Cold these damps and sprays continually flying over us rendered our duty prodigious hard and fatiguing for ever since our leaving Bretts Harbour the cloths of all our people has been wett. *Monday 17th*. Far more comfortable indeed must there situation be who are onboard the Ship whose sides are so high that a man is navour wett on her deacks the winds ever since our coming into lattd. To the southward of Cape Horn the wind has been from WNW to WSW. These Winds have allowed us to gain but little Westing and at this time our prospect of wethering the Cape is unfavourable we have seen several Large Islands of ice and the Weather excessive coald.

Wednesday 19th. In latitude 62° 29' S and Longitude 73° 51' W the winds and weather became more favourable to gaining our passage the Weather was very chaingable from Clear and pleasant to snow hail Rain and sleet and that to clear in the space of half an hour – we have the frost intensely hard at certain times and sudonly again a thaw, these changes with the wettness of the Vessell would have been insurmountable in aney but a Crue of people who Constitutions were strong and Vigerous for all there beds and Cloaths to a man were long since drenched with salt water and no opertunity to dry them. 1788. *March. Saturday 22d*. on Saty. 22nd by Acct. I was in Longitude 82° 59' W and by Observation in Latitude 61° 49' W. this situation with a full determination to persevere seemed to insure our passage.

April 1. Tuesday. From this time until the 1 of April we experienced the Greatest verietiy of weather and by taking the Advantage of every favourable slant of wind we had arrived by account in Latitd. 57° 57' South and Longitude 92° 40' West when between the hours of 4 and 5 in the Morning the Wind sudenly changed from the Northwest to the Southward the Columbia wore Ship and in following her example the Morning being dark we unfortunately losst sight of her the wind increased immoderately fast and thretened what sudenly followed A Violent Gale. The Wind b[l]ew heavy a perfect hericain accompaneyed with rain hail snow and Sleet with an intense frost the sea immediately [rose] to an immoderate high and frequently thretened us with instant distruction for had the smallest of these Huge ovegrone seas struck us it would infaliably have put a period to our existance and they broke with the greatest agit[at]ed rage a very small distance from us it was most fortunate sircomstance that the wind was fare and our Sloop scudded exceeding well and sufered no other damage from the sea than having her Larbord Quarter boards stove in April 2. *Wednesday*. On the second it was a little more moderate and hauled more from the westward, but unfortunately for us at 4 AM We Caried away our Jibb stay in a sudden squall with the Greatest difficulty we saved the Sail all the next day we lay too. It was now we first meterialy felt how greatly our hardships had debilitated all the Crue for there was not one sailor onboard who was able to go aloft and take down the Old Jib Stay or fitt a new one and of necesity this duty fell on Mr. Coolidge and myself the wind blew heavy and it haled with great violence.⁶⁴

⁶³ Haswell was originally posted to the *Columbia* under Capt. John Kendrick, but at his own request was early on in the first voyage transferred to the *Lady Washington*, the *Columbia*'s consort ship, under Capt. Robert Gray. It is from this ship that he writes.

⁶⁴ *Voyages of the Columbia to the Northwest Coast: 1787-1790 & 1790-1793*, edited by Frederic W. Howay, pp. 19-21.

[Aug. 1788]

Saturday 2d. On the second at 10 AM to our inexpressible joy we saw the Coast of New Albion [i.e., title bestowed by Sir Francis Drake in 1579 to the coast of California and Oregon] ranging from NNE to SSE dist[ant] about 7 Leagues, we tried for soundings in a hundred fathems without finding bottom we sett a pressing sail in With the Land. I observed in Latt. $41^{\circ} 28' N$. Sunday the 23 we struck soundings in 50 fathom water over a bottom of fine black sand at this time we were 6 Leagues distant from the Continent at meridian I observed in Latd. $41^{\circ} 38' N$ and Longitude $121^{\circ} 29' W$.

On Monday the 4th we had a fresh brezes and a pleasant Casriing a press of sail in with the land...at this time we discovered a canoe with ten natives of the Countrey paddling toward us on there nigh approach they made very expressive seigns of friendship.

These were the first inhabitance we have seen here I must add that a regular account of People manners and customs etca. Of this vast coast is a task equell to the skill of an able Historian and what I am totally inadequate to however as there are some few remarkable occurrences I mention them without rule or form.

These people were in a canoe of a most singular shape it was hued from a tree of vast bulk it was very wide and caried its bredth nearly equell fore and aft its head and stern were but little different boath ending abruptly as flat as a board they rose some inches above the side of the boat in an arch which was neatly worked over with straw of various coulers the boat tho' of the most clumsy shape in the world yet so well was it finished that it looked very pasable there paddles were very rough wrought of ash wood. They were cloathed chiefly in deerskins and they were ornamented with beads of European manufactor.

I am apt to think they have sometimes intercourse with the Spanish at Monteray which is but three or four degrees to the Southward of them they smoak tobacco out of a small wooden tube about the size of a Childs wistle. They had some sweet sented Herbs. The countrey from whence these people came to me appeared the most pleasant I have ever seen the men in the Boat appeared to be well limed people about the middle size there bodies were punctuated in maney forms in all parts.

Capt. Gray made them several preasants but our attent[i]on was called another way the wind by this time b[l]ew a gale. we hove up and stood off shore upon a wind to the westward.

Tuesday 5th...we coasted the shore along but saw no place where there was shelter even for a boat this countrey must be thickly inhabited by the maney fiers we saw in the night and Collums of smoak we would see in the Day time but I think they can derive but little of there subsistance from the sea but to compenciate for this the land was beautyfully divercified with forists and green verdant launs which must give shelter and forage to vast numbers of wild beasts most probable most of the natives on this part of the Coast live on hunting for they most of them live in land this is not the case to the Northward for the face of the Countrey is widly different I was in Latd. $42^{\circ} 3' N$ the Variation $13^{\circ} 50' E$.

Wednesday 6th. On the 6 favourable brezes and pleasant in the morning about 8 Oclock we were abreast a cove where tolerable good shelter from a Northwardly wind may be had it is formed by a small bay to the Northward and a little Island to the Southward here wood and water may be procured but what sort of anchorage remains unknown the people were very ancious to come onboard they Paddled after us an amazing distance with great alacrity waving something I suppose skins but we had at this time a good wind and pleas[an]t weather and it was judged best to seek a harbour while within a Quarter of a Mile of a Bould sanday shore in 5 and 6 f[atho]m water above the beach appeared a delightfull Countrey thickly inhabited and Cloathed with woods and verdure with maney Charming streems of water gushing from the vallies most of the inhabitance as we passed there scatered houses fled into the woods while others ran along shore with great swiftness keeping abreast of us maney miles...⁶⁵

[In the vicinity of, probably, Tillamook Bay, Oregon, Aug. 1788]

Saturday 16...Having nothing else to do but wate for the next days tide to depart, Earley in the afternoon I accompaneyed Mr. Coolidge inshore in the long boat to amuse ourselves in taking a walk while our boat

⁶⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 28-31.

was loaded with grass and shrubs for our [live] stock we took all the people in the Boat who were affected by the scurvy our number in all amounted to seven the disposition of the [native] people seemed so friendly we went worse armed than ordinary we had two Muskets and three or four Cutlases we both took our swards and each of us a pistol on our first landing we visited there Houses and such victles as they eate themselves they offered us but they are so intolerable filthy there was nothing we could stumac except the frute.

They then amused us shewing there dexterity with there arrows and spears they then began a war dance It was long and hedious accompaneyed with frightfull howlings indeed there was something more horrid in there song and the jestures which accompanied it than I am capable of Discribing it chilled the bludd in my vains. The dance over we left the natives to themselves and walked along the beach to the boat where the people were cutting grass and only one or two of the Natives with them we went past the boat a little way but within call to a small sand flat in hopes to find some clams while we were digging for these shell fish a young Black man Marcus Lopius a native of the Cape de Verd Islands and who shiped Captain Grays servant at St. Jago's being employed carieng grass down to the boat, had carelessly stuck his Cutlass in the sand one of the natives seeing this took a favourable oppertunity to snatch it at first unobserved and run off with it one of the people observing him before he was quite out of sight called vehemently thertening to shoot him in hopes he would abandon the stoln goods and make his escape but I had given positive orders to our people not to fier but in cases of the most absolute emergence when for self defence it might be nesecery.

'Twas the hollowing of our people that first roused our attention and we immediately flew to know the cause, we were informed of the circumstance adding that the Black boy had followed him in spite of everything they could say to the contrary.

I was struck by the daingerous situation the ladd was in and feared its consequences doubting of there being a posability of saving him from the impending danger, but resolving no projects should go untried without hesitation ordering the boat to keep abreast of us we ran toward the village we mett several Chiefs persons whose friendship we had taken every opportunity to obtain by kind yousage and preasants Indeed it seemed before this period we had fully effected it to these people Mr. Coolidge offered several articles to them of great value to bring back the man unhurt, this they refused intimating there wish for us to seek him ourselves. I now remarked to Mr. Coolidge that all the natives we saw were unusually well armed having with them there arrows and spears however we proceeded still further and on turning a clump of trees that obstructed our prospect the first thing which presented itself to our view was the poor black with the thief by the color loudly calling for assistance saying he had cought the thief, when we were observed by the main bobdy of Natives to haistily aproach them they instantly drenched there knives and spears with savage feury in the boddy of the unfortunate youth. He quited his hold and stumbled but rose again and staggered toward us but having a flight of arrows thrown into his back and he fell within fifteen yards of me and instantly expired while they mangled his lifeless corse.

We were now by our passing a number whom as I remarked before we supposed to be our friends situated between two formidable parties. Those we had passed being reinforced by a great number from the woods gave us the first salutation by a shower of arrows Our only method was to get to the boat as fast as posable for this purpos we turned leaving the dead body; for it would have been the highth of imprudence as our Number was so small to have attempted its rescue we made the Best of our way for the Boat assaulted on all sides by showers of arrows and spears --- and at length it became nesecery to shoot there most daring ringleader which I did with my pistol Mr. Coolidge and one man who was with us followed my example and Mr. Coolidge ordered those who were in the boat to fier and cover us as we waided off for the boat could not come within considerable dist[ance] of the shore. But undaunted by the fate of there Companions they followed us up to the middle in the water and slightly wounded both Mr. Coolidge and myself in the hand and totaley disabled the person who was with us onshore who fainting with loss of blud lay lifeless several hours and continued to bleed a torant till the barb of the arrow was extracted, we jumped into the Boat and pushed off and were soon out of arrow shot when we found this they launched there Canoes intending to cut us off indeed they were well situated for it but some were timid some were bold and not half paddled but keeping a constant fier from the boat they came bairley within arrow shot before we were nigh into the sloop, and they returned towards the shore as soon as we got onboard we discharged two or

three swivel shot at them and in a few moments not one Canoe was to be seen all having fled, duering the whole of the night it was dismal to hear the hoops and houlings of the natives they had fiers on the beach near the spot where the ladd was killed and we could see the great number of them passing too and froo before the blaze...⁶⁶

[At Clayoquot Bay, Vancouver Island, March 1789]

We were all the time in this Harbour on the moast friendly footing with the natives who discovered a very good disposition. The natives who disposition manour sand Customs exactly resembvle those of Nootka [Sound, Vancouver Island] are a stouter better proportioned people.

Their Towns are larger and much more numerously inhabited than those of the Sound they are better built. And are cleaner their Clumas or carved pillars [totem poles] are more numerous and better executed some of these so large that the Mouth serves as a doarway into their houses some of their ridgpoals which are of incredible Length and bulk are neatly Fluted others are painted in resemblance of various sorts of beats and birds we met with resemblances of the Sun both painted and carved the rays shoot from every side of the orb which like our Country Sign painters they pictur with eyes nose and mouth and a round plump face...⁶⁷

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### **From John Hoskins Narrative of the SECOND VOYAGE of the *Columbia*.**

[late August 1791]

At noon the westernmost Island off Pintard's sound bore north west six leagues distance and the south extreme of the Continent east by south my latitude by observation 50° 35' north and longitude 129° 20' west at seven in the evening the wind veered to the east south east when we [the *Columbia* under Capt. Robert Gray] stood on our tacks to the southward we had an abundance of whales playing about the ship and through the night much sharp lightning in the southeast.<sup>68</sup>

[late Aug. 1791 entry]

Captain Kendrick [with the *Lady Washington* and acting independently of the *Columbia* now under Capt. Gray] arrived on the 13<sup>th</sup> of June in latitude 52° 58' north he went into Barrell's Sound where his vessel a few days after his arrival was attacked and actually in possession of the natives nearly an hour when he again recovered his vessel killed and wounded a great many among the rest a woman who was a proper amazon. This he attributes to the following cause soon after he sent the *Columbia* on to China [in and towards completion of the first voyage to the Pacific Northwest] he sailed from Clloquot for Washington's Islands [the Queen Charlotte Islands] and went into Barrell's Sound having been there a short time the natives found means to steall his linen etca. That had been washed this with some other things they had at times robbed him of induced him to take the two Chiefs Coyah and Schulkinanse he dismounted one of his cannon and put one leg of each into the carriage where the arms of the cannon rest and fastened down the clamps threatening at the same time if they did not restore the stolen goods to kill them nearly all the goods were soon returned what was not he made them pay for in skins as this was a means though contrary to his wishes of breaking friendship with them and well knowing if he let those Chiefs go they would sell him no more skins he therefore made them fetch him all their skins and paid them the same price he had done for those before purchased when they had no more the two Chiefs were set at liberty when he went into the Sound this time the natives appeared to be quite friendly and brought skins for sale as usual the day of the attack there was an extraordinary number of visitors several Chiefs being aboard the arms chest were on the quarter deck with the keys in them the gunners having been overhauling the arms the Chiefs got on these chest and tok the keys out when Coyah tauntingly said to Captain Kendrick pointing to his legs at the same time now put me in your gun carriage the vessel was immediately thronged with natives a woman standing in the main chains urging them on the officers and people all retired below having no arms but what was in possession of the natives save the officers private ones Captain Hendrick tarried on deck

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<sup>66</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 36-39.

<sup>67</sup> *Ibid.* p. 69.

<sup>68</sup> *Ibid.* p. 238.

endeavoring to pacify the natives and bring them to some terms at the same time edging towards the companion way to secure his retreat to the cabin a fellow all the time holding a huge marling spike he had stolen fixed into a stick over his head ready to strike the deadly blow whenever orders should be given the other natives with their daggers grasped and only waiting for the word to be given to begin a most savage massacre just as Captain Hendrick had reached the companion way Coyah jumped down and he immediately jumped on top of him Coyah then made a pass at him with his dagger but it luckily only went through his jacket and scratched his belly the officers by this time had their arms in readiness and would have ventured on deck before but for fear of killing their Captain. Captain Kendrick now fired a musket from the cabin then took a pair of pistols and another musket and went on deck being followed by his officers with the remainder of the arms they had collected the natives on seeing this made a precipitate retreat all but the woman before mentioned in the chains who there continued urging them to action with the greatest ardour until the last moment though her arm had been previously cut off[f] by one of the people with a hanger and she was otherwise much wounded when she quitted all the natives had left the vessel and she jumped over board and attempted to swim of but was afterwards shot though the natives had taken the keys of the arms chests yet they did not happen to be locked they were therefore immediately opened and a constant fire was kept up as long as they could reach the natives with cannon or small arms after which they chased them in their armed boats making the most dreadful havoc by killing all they came across this accounts for the story the natives told us when we were there...<sup>69</sup>

[Sept. 1791]

At four on the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> it was cloudy with a large swell setting on shore the land now made its appearance about five leagues distance and it was known to be Cape Flattery at five a light breeze sprang up from the eastward stood in for the land steering north east at eight Tootooch's island bore north north east four miles distance the extremes of the land to the southward bore south by east at nine there being a strong tide against us we cast anchor before the village Ahshewat in twenty five fathom water over a muddy bottom Tootooch's Island bearing north one league distance several of the natives visited us with skins which were purchased among others was a Chief named Clahclacko who from what I could understand wished to inform me the Spaniards had been here since us endeavoring to convert them to christianity that he and several others had been baptized as also several of their children this ceremony he went through as also the chanting of some of their hymns with a most serious religious air though it was in broken Spanish and indian yet he imitated the sounds of their voices their motions and religious chants of their faces to a miracle at the same time condemned our irreligious manner of life.<sup>70</sup>

[Oct. 1791]

The 16<sup>th</sup> I went out in a canoe which Captain Kendrick purchased of the natives and made me a present of shooting I left the ship [*Columbia*] early with an intention of seeing the village of Okerminna [in Clayoquot Sound] it was noon before I arrived at Inistuck which must be at least ten or twelve miles from the ship I proceeded a few miles beyond this when seeing nothing of the village and finding if I went farther it would be very late before I could reach the ship which would give an unnecessary alarm I returned to Inistuck before which is a clever snug cove in which there were many geese, ducks and teal sporting here I landed in order to get a shot at them one of the people that was with me who also landed in creeping along the edge of the bush saw an animal which I conceived to be an alligator the man was so agitated as not to be able to give any description of what he had seen than that it was a huge animal very long with a large mouth and teeth the neck about as thick as his thigh and so tapered off to the tail with a black back and light yellow belly I immediately repaired to the place where this animal had been seen but could not get a sight of him from this circumstance I was induced to think it was only a burnt log (of which there are many about here) which the man's imagination had formed into a most frightful monster I have since informed the natives of what was seen who inform me there is an animal which from the description of them as they are painted on their canoes as also one they drew with chalk on board the ship as they are pretty good imitators can't be far from the thing and are very different from the alligators found in the southern parts of our side of America these having a long sharp head something like a hound with a good set of teeth the rest of the body in every other respect like a serpent it is called by the natives a

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<sup>69</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 240-241.

<sup>70</sup> *Ibid.* p. 245.

Hieclick<sup>71</sup> and by them much revered they tell me this animal is very scarce and seldom to be seen living principally in the woods they offered me twenty skins if I would procure them one for they have such a superstitious idea that if they should have but the least piece of this animal in their boat they are sure to kill a whale which among them is deemed one of the greatest honors indeed a piece of this magic animal insures success at all times and on all occasions.<sup>72</sup>

[Dec. 1791]

...At the earnest solicitation of a number of the Chiefs I on the 22<sup>nd</sup> (of the month) accompanied Captain Gray to the village of Opitsitah [in Clayoquot Sound] to see Yekian the youngest brother of Wickananish we were received at the beach by a Chief with about forty young men who conducted us to the house of the sickman chanting an agreeable though solemn air as we went and making our arrival known to every one in the avenue to the house we were greeted by a number of the populace who had assembled on the occasion on entering the house we were received by Wickananish who presented us to his father and mother they received us with the most cordial affection and said or seemed to say save the life of my son and restore him to health who until now we had not seen having been obscur'd by six stout men who are a set of priests and doctors that do every thing by m[a]gic some of these were pressing in his belly and breast others sucking his throat making at times a most hideous noise which is answered by the voices of a great multitude that had thronged the house now and then those men would pretend to scoop something up (as though it was water) with their two hands and then blow it [a]way thus those men would continue to press and feel about the young man's body till they pretendedly would get hold of the evil spirit that was the cause of all his malady then seize on him as before mentioned and blow him away.

The sickman was laid on a board with mats stripped perfectly naked he appeared to be much emaciated those men had workt him into a high fever and he had a pain in his bowels and lmb's as we had judged the young man wanted nourishment so it was we had therefore brought him down some fowl soup and our servant made him some panado, boiled some rice, etca., etca. We then left him though not until both he and his father made us his promise a daily visit we were frequently asked both by him his father and several of other of the chiefs if we thought he would die they were answered in the negative provided those [medicine] men were not allowed to press him any more which was promised should be the case.

The cause of this young man's illness is an excess of grief at the loss of his only child which died a few months since this he took so much to heart as scarce to be persuaded by his friends to receive sustenance sufficient to keep him alive add to this about three weeks since he visited us at the ship on his return he caught a bad cold and he will ere long in all human probability fall a sacrifice to his immoderate grief such is the affection of people who we deem savages to their children.<sup>73</sup>

[Jan. 1792]

I now left the Chiefs and went to Wickananish's house where I was introduced to several Nootka chiefs from this I went to see several other houses being importuned by the Chief of every house to visit him for scarce would they let me pass their house without entering every where I found them dressing they would first go bath and wash in the salt water afterwards wash themselves in freshwater then wipe dry the women would then rub their faces with deers tallow which they would heat by chewing then paint and oil their bodies and dressing their hair in various fashions I was pleased to see the attention these females paid to their husbands who seemed to vie with each other whose should be best decorated.

About ten o'clock they began their dancing and musick when Tootiscoosettle came and desired me to stay with him he being lame did not join them telling me if I mixt in with the mob very probably I might be insulted which he should be the more sorry for as the persons would not be known therefore it would not be in his power to punish them.

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<sup>71</sup> Editor Howay avers, though exactly with what degree of certainty we are free to guess, "The animal was created by vivid Indian imagination."

<sup>72</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 249-250.

<sup>73</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 254-255.

They came along the beach very slow singing and dancing to the exactest time sometimes two or three chiefs dancing from one end to the other on the shoulders of the company Wickananish himself marching in front from right to left ordering the dancers there were four women on each who served as musicians they having a copper machine with pebble stones in it which they rattled and sang at the same time finally the company arrived opposite the house of young Wickananish being at least here quarters of an hour coming not a quarter of a mile where they gave a genteel dance then rushed up the passage one by one Tootoocheetticus leading the way I suppose there were about two hundred in this company after the principal part of them had got in I entered with Tootiscoosettle who placed me on a good seat on one side and Mr. Boit on the other side of him the house was clean and neatly decorated with the branches of spruce and fir a number of other natives now entered the house to assist in singing who were placed round in two rows having a board placed before them and a small stick given for each for to strike on it no women or strangers were admitted to be actors in the company but those women who acted as musicians before mentioned how many there were in the house that sung I know not but should suppose nearly six hundred besides there were nearly twice as many who stood without and were spectators.

After a short respite they began to sing at the same time shaking their rattles and striking on those boards with their sticks which though a harsh confused noise was to the exactest time and by no means unpleasing after singing several songs in came two men with a couple of bundles of laths on their shoulders the outer ends all in a blaze they run round and round several times before the company skipping and hollowing which was answered with loud laughs from the whole company then they laid them down in the middle of the room and went and fetch'd more with some large billets of pine wood and made a great fire they then again began to sing and after singing several more songs they began to dance which they did by squatting on their hams and jumping to the musick round the fire frequently whirling round two or three times in the air after singing and dancing two or three more tunes the scene closed with a frantic dance jumping and ctaching hold of their peoples garments or flesh Tootoocheetticus caught hold of one fellows cootsack who sat at my feet with his teeth making a jump with a whirl at the same time and tore it in too [sic] after this they all dispersed.

To describe their various dresses would fill a volume scarce any two being alike the principal part had their bodies painted of a dead red their faces variously some of a shining black others red, others white again others black and white or black red and white variegated according to fancy etca. Their heads as various as their faces in general they were incrustated with grease and paint strewed with down and dressed out with small branches of the cypress and the long feathers of the eagles tails stuck up on top of their heads they wore a garment which was tied around their waist and hung as low as their knees which hung to the ground and another bow of the same sort tied round the thick of the arm again others with dresses quite the reverse taking the whole together they formed the most savage grotesque appearance I ever beheld.

We were invited by Tootoocheetticus to take dinner with him which we did on clams and fish which were both boiled and roasted after dinner we went to Tootiscoosettles to whom I expressed my wish of returning he immediately ordered a boat to be got ready and manned we then paid each of the Chiefs another visit and taking our leaves left them.

While we tarried at Opitsitah we were treated with the greatest politeness and attention by all ranks of people every one seeming to make it his study to render our situation agreeable and happy but none more so than our friend Tootiscoosettle who immediately on my arrival appointed two men to wait and tend upon me these people conducted me wherever I chose to go preeceeding me and proclaiming who was a coming.<sup>74</sup>

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<sup>74</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 262-264.



## **“PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE” (1747)** **by WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.**

“The ancient and distinguished Scottish family of Livingstone, or, as the name is now written, Livingston,” writes Theodore Sedgwick, Jr. in his *A Memoir of the Life of William Livingston* (1833), p. 19, “is said to derive its origin from an Hungarian gentleman of the name of Livingius (vid. Anderson’s *Genealogies*), who accompanied Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling, and wife of King Malcolm Canmore, from his native country to Scotland, about the period of the Norman conquest.” Of ironic interest is it also to learn that the sire of the founder of that later famed and stupendously affluent New York dynasty was a parish Parson in Teviot in Roxburgshire, Scotland. His son, Robert Livingston, “the elder” (1654-1728), settled in New York from thence in 1672. Of the elder’s own three sons, Philip (1686-1749) was in turn the father of two of the American Revolution’s most illustrious political figures: Philip (1716-1778), a signatory of the Declaration of Independence, and William (born in Albany, 1723-1790).

The life of William Livingston was one of vigorous and unbounded activity. His public career began very early when as a lad he spent a year among the Mohawk Indians assisting a missionary. He subsequently attended Yale and where he graduated at the head of his class in 1741. From there, he went on to study law in New York City, and in 1752 was one of those appointed by the colony legislature to organize and frame a digest of New York’s statutes. Around the same time, he took up publishing and occupied himself composing numerous articles and editorials, adding his voice to church and state controversies; including becoming opposition to the church party of the Delancey’s who favored rule by an Anglican episcopacy in New York;<sup>75</sup> with concomitant say in secular affairs. To Livingston’s way of thinking, God’s true anointed were not monarchs (and these, in practice, included bishops), but rather the people. As well, Livingston found time to address local manners and morals in writings that harkened to Addison’s *Spectator*. Furthermore, as we shall presently see, he composed poetry in no slight or unambitious vein.

In 1772, he settled in (then) Elizabethtown, New Jersey where he built Liberty Hall, and which he remained with his family to the end of his life. By 1774, he was one of the New Jersey delegates sent to the First Continental Congress. The following year he again was voted to resume his seat in the Second. But on June 5, 1775, he left Congress after being elected to take command of the Brigade of New Jersey militia. By 1776 he had become Governor of New Jersey; which office he held continually till his death in 1790. During the war, he was an ardent supporter and, when possible, supplier of Washington’s army, and on several occasions the British made attempts to catch him. In one instance, on Feb. 25, 1779, he and his family, by timely notice, evaded capture when a contingent of soldiers from the 42<sup>nd</sup> and 33<sup>rd</sup> Regiments ransacked and looted Liberty Hall. Notwithstanding, he returned shortly after to re-take up residence.

Despite being busy as governor, he continued to write and published regularly in the *New-Jersey Gazette*; often under pennames such as “Hortentius” and “Scipio;” and speaking out to raise American morale and criticize the British war effort.<sup>76</sup> In these he oft displayed a flair for light satire and ridicule; rather unusual for a person of his standing and sometimes moral gravity. Like Francis Hopkinson, he was a statesman and legal mind first, but who otherwise had it in him to become a much more famous author than he is normally given credit to be. Indeed, his verve for writing, while Governor, incurred the disapproval of some; such that he was finally persuaded to put it aside as undignified for his office.

Among his last offices, Livingston was sent as a delegate to the Federal convention in 1787. Although he signed the Constitution, he was noticeably reticent in the great debates.<sup>77</sup>

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<sup>75</sup> Livingston, for example, objected to the predominating influence of church hierarchy on the Board of Trustees of King’s College (later to become Columbia University.)

<sup>76</sup> Some samples of his Hortentius writings are contained in Frank Moore’s *Diary of the American Revolution* (n 2 volumes, 1860.) In one editorial on Saratoga, Livingston makes a point of singling out Morgan’s rifles for praise, and yet makes mention of neither Gates nor Arnold (*New-Jersey Gazette*, 24 Dec. 1777).

<sup>77</sup> Duyckinck includes an informative and general survey of his career and writings in vol. 1 of the *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, pp. 161-163.

Sedgwick's *Memoir* provides a list of his writings and literary works as follows:

- \* "The Art of Pleasing."
- \* "Philosophic Solitude," 1747.
- \* *The Independent Reflector* (essays and articles), 1752-53.
- \* *The Watch Tower* (essays and articles), 1754-55.
- \* Digest of N. Y. Laws, 1752-62.
- \* *Review of the Military Operations in North America, from the commencement of French hostilities on the Frontiers of Virginia in 1753, to the surrender of Oswego on the 14<sup>th</sup> April, 1756, in a Letter to a Nobleman* (1756) pub. in London.
- \* "Eulogium on Rev. Aaron Burr," 1757.
- \* *The Sentinel* (essays and articles), 1765.
- \* Letter to Bishop of Llandaff, 1767.
- \* "The American Whig" (essays and articles), 1768-69.
- \* "A Soliloquy" (on Gov. Colden), 1770.
- \* "America, Or, a Poem on the Settlement of the British Colonies," New Haven 1770.
- \* Essays under the signatures of *Hortentius*, *Scipio*, and the title of *Primitive Whig*, in the *New-Jersey Gazette*, 1777-86.
- \* Essays in Mathew Carey's *The American Museum*, 1788-90.

To these we can also add "Observations on Government, Including Some Animadversions on Mr. Adams's Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States of America: and on Mr. De Lolme's Constitution of England. By a Farmer" (1787), and "A Morning Hymn;" found on page 343 of Hugh Henry Brackenridge's *Gazette Publications* (1806). In addition it is believed Livingston, rather than Francis Hopkinson, authored "The Proclamation" (1777), a lampoon in verse deriding Burgoyne's formal statement to all Americans announcing his invasion.

Yet of all his compositions, probably the most impressive is his "Philosophic Solitude" penned in 1747; at a juncture in our history when John Adams was a mere 12 and Thomas Jefferson 4 years old. Upon initially approaching the work, I was somewhat apprehensive as to quite what to expect of its merit. American poets then were notorious for thoughtlessly imitating, when not dully mimicking, British authors. While Livingston, infused with Miltonian aspirations, is not quite an exception to this; he nonetheless breathes a vibrant, reawakening American spirit into his overall vision, and at times the poem sparkles in a scintillating way; while, at others, also managing to be moving and uplifting. He takes the old models and standards, and combines and weaves them into a new form with sometimes a fresh perspective; for example, in his synthesizing an overflowing exuberance for Nature with a sincere and equally aroused adoration of the Divinity. Moreover, the work's didactic character lend it a utility that clearly was and is of pragmatic value, and reflective of an American sense of priorities. In sum, "Philosophic Solitude" is nothing less than a small treasure; and without doubt stands among the best, if not itself strictly *the* best, American poetry of its pre-revolutionary day.

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**PHILOSOPHIC SOLITUDE,
or the Choice of a Rural Life.
A POEM.**

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Situation of the author's house. His frugality in his furniture. The beauties of the country. His love of retirement, and choice of his friends. A description of the morning. Hymn to the sun. Contemplation of the Heavens. The existence of God inferred from a view of the beauty and harmony of the creation. Morning and evening devotion. The vanity of riches and grandeur. The choice of his books. Praise of the marriage state. A knot of modern ladies described. The author's exit.

Let ardent heroes seek renown in arms,

Pant after fame, and rush to war's alarms;
To shining palaces let fools resort,
And dunces cringe to be esteem'd at court:
Mine be the pleasure of a *rural* life,
From noise remote, and ignorant of strife;
Far from the painted belle, and white-gloved beau,
The lawless masquerade, and midnight show,
From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.

Full in the centre of some shady grove,
By nature form'd for solitude and love;
On banks array'd with ever blooming flowers,
Near beauteous landscapes, or by roseate bowers;
My neat, but simple mansion I would raise,
Unlike the sumptuous domes of modern days;
Devoid of pomp, with rural plainness form'd,
With savage game, and glossy shells adorn'd.

No costly furniture should grace my hall;
But curling vines ascend against the wall,
Whose pliant branches should luxuriant twine,
While purple clusters swell'd with future wine:
To slake my thirst a liquid lapse distil
From craggy rocks, and spread a limpid rill.
Along my mansion spiry firs should grow,
And gloomy yews extend the shady row;
The cedars flourish, and the poplars rise
Sublimely tall, and shoot into the skies;
Among the leaves refreshing zephyrs play,
And crowding trees exclude the noon-tide ray;
Whereon the birds their downy nests should form,
Securely shelter'd from the battering storm;
And to melodious notes their choir apply,
Soon as Aurora blush'd along the sky;
While all along the enchanting music rings,
And every vocal grove responsive sings.

Me to sequester'd scenes, ye muses, guide,
Where nature wantons in her virgin pride;
To mossy banks edged round with opening flowers,
Elysian fields, and amaranthine bowers,
T' ambrosial founts, and sleep-inspiring rills,
To herbage vales, gay lawns, and sunny hills.

Welcome, ye shades! all hail, ye vernal blooms!
Ye bowery thickets, and prophetic glooms!
Ye forests, hail! ye solitary woods!
Love-whispering groves, and silver-streaming floods!
Ye meads, that aromatic sweets exhale!
Ye birds, and all ye sylvan beauties, hail!
Oh how I long with you to spend my days,
Invoke the muse, and try the rural lays!

No trumpets there with martial clangor sound,
No prostrate heroes strew the crimson'd ground;

No groves of lances glitter in the air,
 Nor thundering drums provoke the sanguine war:
 But white-robed peace, and universal love,
 Smile in the field, and brighten every grove.
 There all the beauties of the circling year,
 In native ornamental pride appear.
 Gay, rosy-bosom'd SPRING, and *April* showers
 Wake from the womb of earth the rising flowers:
 In deeper verdure SUMMER clothes the plain,
 And AUTUMN bends beneath the golden grain;
 The trees weep amber, and the whispering gales
 Breeze o'er the lawn, or murmur through the vales.
 The flowery tribes in gay confusion bloom,
 Profuse of sweets, and fragrant with perfume.
 On blossoms blossoms, fruits on fruits arise,
 And varied prospects glad the wand'ring eyes.
 In these fair seats I'd pass the joyous day,
 Where meadows flourish and where fields look gay;
 From bliss to bliss with endless pleasure rove,
 Seek crystal streams, or haunt the vernal grove,
 Woods, fountains, lakes, the fertile fields, or shades,
 Aerial mountains, or subjacent glades.

There from the polish'd fetters of the great,
 Triumphal piles, and gilded rooms of state;
 Prime ministers, and sycophantic knaves;
 Illustrious villains, and illustrious slaves;
 From all the vain formality of fools,
 And odious task of arbitrary rules;
 The ruffling carts which the vex'd soul annoys
 The wealth the rich possess, but not enjoy,
 The visionary bliss the world can lend,
 Th' insidious foe, and false designing friend,
 The sevenfold fury of *Xantippe's* soul,
 And *S---'s* rage that burns without controul;
 I'd live retir'd, contented, and serene,
 Forgot, unknown, unenvied and unseen.

Yet not a real hermitage I'd choose,
 Nor wish to live from all the world recluse;
 But with a friend sometimes unbend the soul
 In social converse, o'er the sprightly bowl.
 With cheerful *W---*, serene and wisely gay,
 I'd often pass the dancing hours away:
 He skill'd alike to profit and to please,
 Politely talks with unaffected ease;
 Sage in debate, and faithful to his trust,
 Mature in science, and severely just;
 Of soul diffusive, vast and unconfin'd,
 Breathing benevolence to all mankind;
 Cautious to censure, ready to commend,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted friend:
 In early youth fair wisdom's paths he trod,
 In early youth a minister of God:
 Each pulpit lov'd him when at *Yale* he shone,
 And ev'ry bleeding bosom weeps him gone.

Dear A----, too, should grace my rural seat,
 For ever welcome to the green retreat:
 Heaven for the cause or righteousness design'd,
 His florid genius, and capacious mind;
 Oft have I heard, amidst the adorning throng,
 Celestial truths devolving from his tongue:
 High o'er the list'ning audience seen him stand,
 Divinely speak and graceful stretch his hand:
 With such becoming grace and pompous sound,
 With long rob'd senators encircled round,
 Before the Roman bar, while *Rome* was free,
 Nor bow'd to *Caesar's* throne the servile knee,
 Immortal *Tully* [Cicero] plead the patriot cause,
 While ev'ry tongue resounded his applause.
 Next round my board should candid S---- appear,
 Of manners gentle, and a friend sincere,
 Averse to discord, party-rage and strife,
 He sails serenely down the stream of life,
 With the *three friends*, beneath a spreading shade
 Where silver fountains murmur thro' the glade;
 Or in cool grots, perfum'd with native flow'rs,
 In harmless mirth I'd spend the circling hours;
 Or gravely talk, or innocently sing,
 Or, in harmonious concert, strike the trembling string.

Amid sequester'd bowers, near gliding streams,
Druids and *Bards* enjoy'd serenest dreams.
 Such was the seat where courtly *Horace* sung,
 And his bold harp immortal *Maro* strung:
 Where tuneful *Orpheus'* unresisted lay,
 Made rapid tygers bear their rage away;
 While groves attentive to th' extatic sound
 Burst from their roots, and raptur'd danc'd around.
 Such seats the venerable *Seers* of old
 (When blissful years in golden circles roll'd)
 Chose and admir'd: e'en Goddesses and Gods
 (As poets feign) were fond of such abodes:
 The impartial consort of fictitious *Jove*,
 For fount full *Ida* forsook the realms above.
 Oft to *Idalia* on a golden cloud,
 Veil'd in a mist of fragrance *Venus* rode,
 There num'rous altars to the queen were rear'd,
 And love-sick youths their am'rous vows prefer'd,
 While fair-hair'd damsels (a lascivious train)
 With wanton rites ador'd her gentle reign.
 The silver-shafted *Huntress* of the woods,
 Sought pendant shades, and bath'd in cooling floods.
 In palmy *Delos*, by *Scamander's* side,
 Or where *Cajister* roll'd his silver tide,
 Melodious *Phoebus* sang: the *Muses* round
 Alternate warbling to the heavenly sound,
 E'en the feign'd MONARCH of heaven's bright abode,
 High thron'd in gold, of gods the sovereign God,
 Oft time prefer'd the shade of *Ida's* grove
 To all the ambrosial feasts and nectar'd cups above.

Behold, the rosy-finger'd morning down,
In saffron, rob'd and blushing o'er the lawn!
Reflected from the clouds, a radiant stream,
Tips with ethereal dew the mountain's brim.
The unfolding roses, and the opening flowers
Imbibe the dew, and strew the varied bowers;
Diffuse nectarious sweets around, and glow
With all the colours of the showery bow
The industrious bees their balmy toil renew,
Buzz o'er the field, and sip the rosy dew.
But yonder comes the illustrious God of day,
Invests the east, and gilds the ethereal way;
The groves rejoice, the feather'd nations sing,
Echo the mountains and the vallies ring.

Hail Orb! array'd with majesty, and fire,
That bids each sable shade of night retire!
Fountain of light, with burning glory crown'd,
Darting a deluge of effulgence round!
Wak'd by thy genial and prolific ray,
Nature resumes her verdure, and looks gay:
Fresh blooms the rose, the drooping plants revive,
The groves reflowerish, and the forests live.
Deep in the teeming earth, the ripening ore
Confesses thy consolidating power;
Hence labour draws her tools, and artists mould
The fusile silver and the ductile gold:
Hence war is furnished, and the regal shield
Like lightning flashes o'er illum'd field.
If thou so fair with delegated light,
That all heaven's splendors vanish at thy sight;
With what effulgence must the ocean glow!
From which thy borrow'd beams incessant flow!
The exhaustless source, whose single smile supplies,
The unnumber'd orbs that gild the spangled skies!

Oft would I view, in admiration lost,
Heaven's sumptuous canopy, and starry host;
With level'd tube, and astronomic eye,
Pursue the planets whirling through the sky;
Immeasurable vault! where thunders roll,
And forked light[nings] flash from pole to pole.
Say, railing infidel! canst thou survey
Yon globe of fire, that gives the golden day,
The harmonious structure of this vast machine,
And not confess its Architect divine?
Then go, vain wretch; tho' deathless be thy soul,
Go, swell the riot, and exhaust the bowl:
Plunge into vice, humility resign,
Go, fill the stie, and bristle into swine!

None but a power omnipotent and wise
Could frame this earth, or spread the boundless skies:
He made the whole: at his omnific call
From formless chaos rose this spacious ball,
And one ALMIGHTY GOD is seen in all.

By him our cup is crown'd, our table spread
 With luscious wine, said life sustaining bread.
 What countless wonders doth the earth contain:
 What countless wonders the unfathom'd main?
 Bedrop'd with gold, there scaly nations shine,
 Haunt coral groves, or lash the foaming brine,
 JEHOVAH's glories blaze all nature round,
 In heaven, on earth, and in the deeps profound;
 Ambitious of his name, the warblers sing,
 And praise their Maker while they hail the spring
 The zephyrs breathe it, and the thunders roar,
 While surge to surge, and shore resounds to shore,
 But Man, endow'd with an immortal mind
 His maker's image, and for heaven design'd
 To loftier notes his raptur'd voice should raise,
 And chant sublimer hymns to his Creator's praise.

When rising *Phoebus* ushers in the morn,
 And golden beams the impurpled skies adorn;
 Waked by the gentle murmur of the floods;
 Or the soft music of the waving woods,
 Rising from sleep with the melodious choir,
 To solemn sounds I'd tune the hallow'd lyre.
 Thy name, O GOD! should tremble on my tongue,
 Till every grove proved vocal to my song:
 (Delightful task! with dawning light to sing
 Triumphant hymns to heaven's eternal King.)
 Some courteous angel should my breast inspire,
 Attune my lips, and guide the warbled wire,
 While sportive echoes catch the sacred sound,
 Swell every note, and bear the music round;
 While mazy streams meandering to the main,
 Hang in suspense to hear the heavenly strain,
 And hush'd to silence all the feather'd throng,
 Attentive listen to the tuneful song.

Father of *Light!* exhaustless source of good!
 Supreme, eternal, self-existent God!
 Before the beamy sun dispensed a ray,
 Flamed in the azure vault, and gave the day;
 Before the glimmering moon with borrow'd light
 Shone queen amid the silver host of night,
 High in the heavens, thou reign'dst superior Lord,
 By suppliant angels worshipp'd and adored.
 With the celestial choir then let me join
 In cheerful praises to the power divine.
 To sing thy praise, do thou, *O GOD!* inspire
 A mortal breast with more than mortal fire.
 In dreadful majesty thou sitt'st enthroned,
 With light encircled, and with glory crown'd;
 Through all infinitude extends thy reign,
 For thee, nor heaven, nor heaven of heavens contain;
 But though thy throne is *fix'd* above the sky
 Thy *Omnipresence* fills immensity.
 Saints robed in white, to thee their anthems bring,
 And radiant martyrs hallelujahs sing:

Heaven's universal host their voices raise
 In one *eternal chorus* to thy praise;
 And round thy awful throne with one accord
 Sing, holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
 At thy creative voice, from ancient night
 Sprang smiling beauty, and yon worlds of light:
 Thou spak'st -- the planetary chorus rolled,
 And all the expanse was starr'd with beamy gold;
Let there be light, said GOD, -- light instant shone,
 And from the orient burst the golden sun;
 Heaven's gazing hierarchies with glad surprise
 Saw the first morn invest the recent skies,
 And straight the exulting troops thy throne surround
 With thousand, thousand harps of heavenly sound;
 Thrones, powers, dominions, (ever-shining trains!)
 Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains:
Great are thy works, they sing, and all around
Great are thy works, the echoing heavens resound.
 The effulgent sun, insufferably bright,
 Is but a beam of thy o'erflowing light;
 The tempest is thy breath: the thunder hurl'd,
 Tremendous roars thy vengeance o'er the world;
 Thou bow'st the heavens; the smoking mountains nod,
 Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God;
 Pale tyrants shrink, the atheist stands aghast,
 And impious kings in horror breathe their last.
 To this great God, alternately I'd pay
 The evening anthem, and the morning lay.

For sovereign *Gold* I never would repine,
 Nor wish the glittering dust of monarchs mine.
 What though high columns heave into the skies,
 Gay ceilings shine, and vaulted arches rise,
 Though fretted gold the sculptured roof adorn,
 The rubbies redden, and the jaspers burn!
 Or what, alas! avails the gay attire
 To wretched man, who breathes but to expire!
 Oft on the vilest riches are bestow'd,
 To show their meanness in the sight of God.
 High from a dunghill, see a *Dives* rise,
 And *Titan*-like insult the avenging skies:
 The crowd in adulation calls him lord,
 By thousands courted, flatter'd, and adored:
 In riot plunged, and drunk with earthly joys,
 No higher thought his grov'ling soul employs;
 The poor he scourges with an iron rod,
 And from his bosom banishes his God.
 But oft in height of wealth and beauty's bloom,
 Deluded man is fated to the tomb!
 For, lo, he sickens, swift his color flies,
 And rising mists obscure his swimming eyes:
 Around his bed his weeping friends bemoan,
 Extort the unwilling tear, and wish him gone;
 His sorrowing heir augments the tender shower,
 Deplores his death -- yet hails the dying hour.
 Ah, bitter comfort! sad relief to die!

Though sunk in down, beneath a canopy!
His eyes no more shall see the cheerful light,
Weigh'd down by death in everlasting night:
And now the great, the rich, the proud, the gay,
Lies breathless, cold -- unanimated clay!
He that just now was flatter'd by the crowd
With high applause, and acclamation loud;
That steel'd his bosom to the orphan's cries,
And drew down torrents from the widow's eyes;
Whom, like a God, the rabble did adore --
Regard him now -- and lo! he is no more.

My eyes no dazzling vestments should behold,
With gems instarr'd, and stiff with woven gold!
But the tall ram his downy fleece afford,
To clothe in modest garb his frugal lord.
Thus the great father of mankind was dress'd,
When shaggy hides composed his flowing vest;
Doom'd to the cumbrous load for his offence,
When clothes supplied the want of innocence;
But now his sons (forgetful whence they came,)
Glitter in gems, and glory in their shame.

Oft would I wander through the dewy field,
Where clustering roses balmy fragrance yield;
Or in lone, grotts for contemplation made,
Converse with angels, and the mighty dead:
For all around unnumber'd spirits fly,
Waft on the breeze, or walk the liquid sky,
Inspire the poet with repeated dreams,
Who gives his hallow'd muse to sacred themes,
Protect the just, serene their gloomy hours,
Becalm their slumbers, and refresh their powers.
Methinks I see the immortal beings fly,
And swiftly shoot athwart the streaming sky:
Hark! a melodious voice I seem to hear,
And heavenly sounds invade my listening ear.
"Be not afraid of us, innoxious band,
Thy cell surrounding by divine command;
Erewhile like thee we led our lives below,
(Sad lives of pain, of misery, and woe!)
Long by affliction's boisterous tempests tost,
We reach'd at length the ever-blissful coast:
Now in the embowering groves and lawns above,
We taste the raptures of immortal love,
Attune the golden harp in roseate bowers,
Or bind our temples with unfading flowers.
Oft on kind errands bent, we cut the air
To guard the righteous, heaven's peculiar care!
Avert impending harms, their minds compose,
Inspire gay dreams, and prompt their soft repose.
When from thy tongue divine hosannas roll,
And sacred raptures swell thy rising soul,
To heaven we bear thy prayers like rich perfumes,
Where, by the throne, the golden censer fumes.
And when with age thy head is silver'd o'er,

And cold in death, thy bosom beats no more,
Thy soul exulting shall desert its clay,
And mount triumphant to eternal day."

But to improve the intellectual mind,
Reading should be to contemplation join'd.
First I'd collect from the Parnassian spring,
What muses dictate, and what poets sing. --
Virgil, as Prince, should wear the laurel'd crown,
And other bards pay homage to his throne;
The blood of heroes now effus'd so long,
Will run forever purple through his song.
See! how he mounts toward the blest abodes
On planets rides, and talks with demi-gods!
How do our ravish'd spirits melt away,
When in his song *Sicilian* shepherds play!
But what a splendor strikes the dazzled eye,
When *Dido* shines in awful majesty!
Embroider'd purple clad the *Tyrian* queen.
Her motion graceful, and august her mein;
A golden zone her royal limbs embrac'd,
A golden quiver rattled by her waist.
See her proud steed majestically prance,
Contemn the trumpet, and deride the lance.
In crimson trappings, glorious to behold,
Confusedly gay with interwoven gold!
He champs the bit, and throws the foam around,
Impatient paws, and tears the solid ground.
How stern *Aeneas* thunders through the field!
With tow'ring helmet, and refulgent shield
Coursers o'turn'd, and mighty warriors slain,
Deform'd with gore, lie welt'ring on the plain.
Struck through with wounds, ill-fated chieftains lie.
Frown e'en in death, and threaten as they die.
Through the thick squadrons see the Hero bound,
(His helmet flashes, and his arms resound!)
All grim with rage, he frowns over *Turnus*' head,
(Re-kindled ire! for blooming *Pallas* dead)
Then, in his bosom plung'd the shining blade --
The soul indignant sought the Stygian shade!

The far-fam'd bards that graced *Britannia*'s isle,
Should next compose the venerable pile.
Great *Milton* first, for towering thought renown'd,
Parent of song, and fam'd the world around!
His plowing breast divine *Urania* fired,
Or God himself the immortal Bard inspired.
Borne on triumphant wings he takes his flight,
Explores all heaven, and treads the realms of light:
In martial pomp he clothes th' angelic train,
While warring myriads shake th' etherial plain.
First *Michael* stalks high towering ov'er the rest.
With heavenly plumage nodding on this crest:
Impenetrable arms his limbs unfold,
Eternal adamant and burning gold!
Sparkling in fiery mail, with dire delight,

Rebellious Satan animates the fight:
 Armipotent they sink in rolling smoke,
 All heaven resounding, to its centre shook.
 To crush his foes and quell the dire alarms,
Messiah sparkled in refulgent arms;
 In radiant panoply divinely bright,
 His limbs incas'd, he flash'd devouring light.
 On burning wheels, o'er heaven's crystalline road
 Thundered the chariot of the *Filial* God;
 The burning wheels on golden axles turn'd,
 With flaming gems the golden axels burn'd.
 Lo! the apostate host, with terror struck.
 Roll back by millions! Th' Empyrean shook I
 Sceptres, and orbid shields, and crowns of gold,
 Cherubs and Seraphs in confusion roll'd:
 Till, from his hand the triple thunder hurl'd,
 Compell'd them headlong to the infernal world.

Then tuneful *Pope*, whom all the nine inspire,
 With *sapphic* sweetness, and *pindaric* fire.
 Father of verse! melodious and divine!
 Next peerless *Milton* should distinguish shine.
 Smooth flow his numbers when he paints the grove
 Th' enraptur'd virgins listening into love.
 But when the night and hoarse resounding storm,
 Rush on the deep, and *Neptune's* face deform,
 Rough runs the verse, the son'rous numbers roar,
 Like the hoarse surge that thunders on the shore.
 But when he sings th' exhilarated swains,
 The embowering groves and *Windsor's* blissful plains,
 Our eyes are ravishtd with the sylvan scene,
 Embroidered fields, and groves in living green:
 His lays the verdure of the meads prolong,
 And withered forests blossom in his song;
Thames' silver streams his flowing verse admire,
 And cease to murmur while he turns his lyre,

Next should appear great *Dryden's* lofty muse,
 For who would *Dryden's* polish'd verse refuse?
 His lips were moistened in *Parnassus'* spring,
 And *Phoebus* taught his *laureat* son to sing,
 How long did Virgil untranslated moan,
 His beauties fading, and his flights unknown;
 Till *Dryden* rose, and in exalted strain,
 Re-sang the fortune of the god-like man?
 Again the *Trojan* prince with dire delight,
 Dreadful in arms demands the lingering fight:
 Again *Camilla* glows with martial fire,
 Drives armies back, and makes all Troy retire.
 With more than native lustre *Virgil* shines,
 And gains sublimer heights in *Dryden's* lines.

The gentle *Watts*, who strings his silver lyre
 To sacred odes, and heavens all-ruling fire;
 Who scorns th' applause of the licentious stage,
 And mounts yon sparkling world with hallow'd rage,

Compels my thoughts to wing the heavenly road,
 And wafts my soul, exulting, to my God;
 No fabled *Nine*, harmonious bard! inspire
 Thy raptured breast with such seraphic fire;
 But prompting *Angels* warm thy boundless rage,
 Direct thy thoughts, and imitate thy page.
 Blest man; for spotless sanctity rever'd,
 Lov'd by the good, and by the guilty fear'd;
 Blest man! from gay delusive scenes remov'd,
 Thy Maker loving, by thy Maker lov'd;
 To God thou tunest thy consecrated lays,
 Nor meanly blush'd to sing *Jehovah's* praise.
 Oh! did, like thee, each laurel'd bard delight,
 To paint *Religion* in her native light,
 Not then with *Plays* the lab'ring press would groan,
 Not *Vice* defy the *Pulpit* and the *Throne*;
 No impious rhymers charm a vicious age,
 No prostrate *Virtue* groan beneath their rage;
 But themes divine in lofty numbers rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and echo through the skies.

These for *Delight*; -- for *Profit* I would read:
 The labour'd volumes of the learned dead:
 Sagacious *Locke*, by Providence design'd.
 T' exalt, instruct, and rectify the mind,
 Th' unconquerable *Sage*,⁷⁸ whom virtue fir'd,
 And from the tyrant's lawless rage retired,
 When victor *Caesar* freed unhappy *Rome*,
 From *Pompey's* chains, to substitute his own.
Longinus, *Livy*, fam'd *Thucydides*,
Quintillian, *Plato*, and *Demosthenes*,
 Persuasive *Tully*, and *Corduba's Sage*,⁷⁹
 Who fell by *Nero's* unrelenting rage;
*Him*⁸⁰ whom ungrateful *Athens* doom'd to bleed,
 Despis'd when living, and deplored when dead.
Raleigh I'd read with ever fresh delight,
 While ages past rise present to my sight:
 Ah man unblest! he foreign realms explored,
 Then fell a victim to his country's sword!
 Nor should great *Derham* pass neglected by,
 Observant sage! to whose deep piercing eye
 Nature's stupendous works expanded lie.
 Nor he, *Britannia*, thy unmatched renown!
 (Adjudg'd to wear the philosophic crown)
 Who on the solar orb uplifted rode,
 And scan'd th' unfathomable works of God!
 Who bound the silver planets to their spheres,
 And trac'd th' elliptic curve of blazing stars
Immortal Newton; whose illustrious name
 Will shine on records of eternal fame:

By love directed, I would choose a wife,

⁷⁸ [Footnote in original] Cato.

⁷⁹ [Footnote in original] Seneca.

⁸⁰ [Footnote in original] Socrates.

To improve my bliss and ease the load of life.
 Hail *Wedlock*! hail, inviolable tie!
 Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
 Love, friendship, honor, truth and pure delight,
 Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite,
 In *Eden* first the holy state began,
 When perfect innocence distinguish'd man;
 The human pair, th' Almighty Pontiff led,
 Gay as the morning to the bridal bed;
 A dread solemnity the espousals grac'd,
 Angela the *Witnesses*, and GOD the Priest!
 All earth exulted on the nuptial hour.
 And voluntary roses deck'd the bow'r!
 The joyous birds on every blossom'd spray,
 Sung *Hymenians* to the important day,
 While *Philomela* swell'd the spousal song,
 And Paradise with gratulations rung.

Relate, inspiring muse: where shall I find
 blooming virgin with an angel mind,
 Unblemish'd as the white-rob'd virgin quire
 That fed, O *Rome*! thy consecrated fire;
 By reason aw'd, ambitious to be good,
 Averse to vice, and zealous for her God?
 Relate, in what blest region can I find
 Such bright perfections in a female mind?
 What *Phoenix*-woman breathes the vital air,
 So greatly good, and so divinely fair?
 Sure, not the gay and fashionable train,
 Licentious, proud, immortal and prophane:
 Who spend their golden hours in antic dress,
 Malicious whispers, and inglorious ease. --

Lo! round the board a shining train appears
 In rosy beauty, and in prime of years.
This hates a flounce, and *this* a flounce approves,
This shews the trophies of her former loves;
Polly avers that *Sylvia* drest in green,
 When last at church the gaudy Nymph was seen;
Chloe condemns her optics, and will lay
 'Twas azure sattin, interstreak'd with grey;
Lucy invested with judicial pow'r,
 Awards 'twas neither -- and the strife is o'er.
 Then parrots, lap-dogs, monkeys, squirrels, beaus,
 Fans, ribbands, tuckers, patches, furbeloes,
 In quick succession, thro' their fancies run,
 And dance incessant on the flippant tongue.
 And when fatigu'd with ev'ry other sport,
 The belles prepare to grace the sacred court,
 They marshal all their forces in array,
 To kill with glances and destroy in play.
 Two skilful *maids*, with reverential fear
 In wanton wreaths collect their silken hair;
 Two paint their cheeks, and round their temples pour
 The fragrant unguent, and the ambrosial shower;
 One pulls the shape-creating stays, and one

Encircles round her waist the golden zone;
 Not with more toil to improve immortal charms,
 Strove *Juno*, *Venus*, and the *Queen of Arms*,
 When *Priam's Son* adjudg'd the golden prize,
 To the resistless beauty of the skies.
 At length equip'd in love's enticing arms,
 With all that glitters and with all that charms,
 Th' ideal goddesses to church repair,
 Peep through the fan and mutter o'er a pray'r,
 Or listen to the organ's pompous sound,
 Or eye the gilded images around;
 Or, deeply studied in coquettish rules,
 Aim wily glances at unthinking fools;
 Or shew the lily hand with graceful air,
 Or wound the fopling with a lock of hair:
 And when the hated discipline is o'er,
 And *Misses* tortur'd will *Repent* no more,
 They mount the pictur'd coach, and to the play,
 The celebrated idols hie away

Not so the *Lass* that should my joy improve,
 With solid friendship and connubial love:
 A native bloom, with intermingled white,
 Should set her features in a pleasing light;
 Like *Helen* flushing with unrival'd charms,
 When raptur'd *Paris* darted in her arms.
 But what, alas! avails a ruby cheek,
 A downy bosom, or a snowy neck?
 Charms ill supply the want of innocence,
 Nor beauty forms intrinsic excellence:
 But in her breast let moral beauties shine.
 Supernal grace and purity divine:
 Sublime her reason, and her native wit
 Unstrain'd with pedantry and low conceit:
 Her fancy lively and her judgment free,
 From female prejudice and bigotry;
 Averse to idle pomp, and outward show,
 The flattering coxcomb, and fantastic beau.
 The fop's impertinence she should despise,
 Tho' *sorely wounded by her radiant eyes*;
 But pay due reverence to th' exalted mind
 By learning polish'd and by wit refin'd,
 Who all her virtues, without guile, commands,
 And all her faults as freely reprehends.
 Soft *Hymen's* rites her passion should approve,
 And in her bosom glow the flames of love:
 To me her soul, by sacred friendship turn,
 And I for her with equal friendship burn:
 In every stage of life afford relief,
 Partake my joys and sympathize my grief;
 Unshaken, walk in virtues peaceful road,
 Nor bribe her reason to pursue the mode:
 Mild as the saint whose errors are forgiven,
 Calm as a vestal, and compos'd as heaven.
 This be the partner this the lovely wife,
 That should embellish and prolong my life;

A nymph! who might a second fall inspire,
And fill a glowing *Cherub* with desire!
With her I'd spend the pleasurable day,
While fleeting minutes gaily danc'd away:
With her I'd walk delighted, o'er the green,
Through ev'ry blooming mead, and rural scene,
Or sit in open fields damask'd with flowers,
Go where cool shades imbrown the noon-tide bowers,
Imparadis'd within my eager arms,
I'd reign the happy monarch of her charms;
Oft on her panting bosom would I lay,
And, in dissolving raptures, melt away;
Then lull'd, by nightingales, to balmy rest,
My blooming fair should slumber at my breast.

And when decrepid age (frail mortals doom!)
Should bend my wither'd body to the tomb,
No warbling *Syrens* should retard my flight,
To heavenly mansions of unclouded light;
Though death with his imperial horrors crown'd,
Terrific grinn'd, and formidably frown'd,
Offences pardon'd, and remitted sin,
Should form a calm serenity within;
Blessing my *natal* and my *mortal* hour,
(My soul committed to the eternal power)
Inexorable death should smile, for I,
Who *knew* to Live, would never fear to Die.

BENJAMIN RUSH: **The REVOLUTION'S DOCTOR of MEDICINE** **and UNIVERSAL HUMANITARIAN.**

Erudite, multifaceted, tireless, though sometimes overly sensitive and more concerned with meeting the approval of others than befitted such a broad heart and elevated intellect, Benjamin Rush (1746-1813) was one individual able to unite Federalist centralists and New World Jeffersonians in concord. Albeit not without its dubious results; such as his clumsy association with the Conway cabal; his use of blood letting to treat patients;⁸¹ criticized and questionable approach to and handling of the Yellow Fever epidemic of the 1790s, or his (in retrospect) jejune and too precipitous dismissal of the value of classical languages. Yet for all his foibles and sometimes shortsightedness -- and these must be recognized and acknowledged in order to portray him with justice -- the Philadelphia physician, writer, professor, and scientist oftentimes undertook many of the tasks and chores to build a better society; sloughed off or left in abeyance by others. Gluttony, gambling, idleness, immoral romanticism, smoking, drunkenness, cruelty, the death penalty, child abuse, slavery,⁸² racism, religious bigotry, and atheism were just some of the medical quandaries and social demons he did not hesitate to take up the pen against, and with as resolute and dogged a determination in doing so as any of Washington's Light Infantry⁸³ that waged battle in the field.

Youngest of the Pennsylvania delegates to affix their "John Hancock" to the Declaration of Independence, and after graduating at New Jersey College (Princeton) in 1760, Rush began his career studying medicine as an apprentice under a Philadelphia doctor, John Redman. He next, in 1766, went to Edinburgh to further his medical education; while at the same time was dispatched as an emissary to recruit Presbyterian Rev. Jonathan Witherspoon (later himself another signer) to fill the head chair at Princeton, and which, Rush, acting as an assistant to Richard Stockton,⁸⁴ the formal representative of Princeton's trustees, succeeded in accomplishing. Rush further studied in London, and also found time to visit Paris. While in Scotland, England and France, he stayed for a while as family with Benjamin Franklin,⁸⁵ the colonies agent at the Court of St. James, and met or had the occasion to view and hear sundry worthies and notables. Among these and whom he met or supped with personally or at a gathering were philosopher and historian David Hume; historian William Robertson;⁸⁶ dynamo Methodist preacher Rev. George Whitefield; human rights champion Catharine Macauley; American Alderman of London William Lee (brother of Richard Henry, Francis Lightfoot, and Arthur); Whig parliamentary leader John Wilkes; American painter Benjamin West; Joshua Reynolds, and as a result of becoming acquainted with the latter: Dr. Samuel Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith, and James Boswell; with whom he had dinner, and from which he took back with him his own Johnsonian anecdote.

As well, Rush saw David Garrick perform on stage; George III and family in Chapel, and heard Edmund Burke speak in Parliament.

In his autobiography, *My Travels in Life*, Rush recalled that same world many will remember humorously presented in *Joe Miller's Jests* (1739):

"Many characters have been given of the English nation. To different people the same objects often appear in different forms or colors. There was in my view at the time I was in London, a variety in the manners of the people of England, as great as their ranks and occupations. The nobleman, the commoner, the country gentleman of large and moderate fortune, the common farmer, the merchant, the shopkeeper,

⁸¹ Among his other, perhaps peculiar, prescriptions, Rush recommended chocolate as a medicine -- a diagnostic deduction with which many since and to this day will, superfluous to add, readily concur.

⁸² In 1773, he wrote and published the 36 page "An Address To the Inhabitants of the British Settlements in America Upon Slave-Keeping. By a Pennsylvanian." The same year saw further his "A Vindication of the Address, to the Inhabitants of the British Settlements, on the Slavery of Negroes in America, in Answer to a Pamphlet entitled, 'Slavery Not Forbidden by Scripture; Or a Defence of the West-India Planters from the Aspersions Thrown out Against them by the Author of the Address.'"

⁸³ And that included the elite contingent, largely Black, from the Rhode Island Regiment.

⁸⁴ Stockton later was yet another Declaration signer. As well, Rush, as it happens, married his daughter Julia in Jan. 1776.

⁸⁵ Of whom Rush remarks, "I never visited him without learning something."

⁸⁶ One of Robertson's noted works is a multi-volume *The History of America* (1777, 1796).

the tavern keeper, the tradesman of a large capital and his journeyman, the lawyer, the physician, the Bishop, the unbeneficed clergyman, the dissenting minister, the military officer and soldier, the sailor, the waterman, the lamplighter, the hackney coachman, the hawkers, the beggar, had each a specific character. They were all, it is true, in some points Englishmen, but in many more they were as dissimilar from each other as if they had belonged to different nations.”

While in Paris, Rush visited Marquis of Mirabeau (father of the French Revolutionary leader of that name), and encyclopédiste Denis Diderot.⁸⁷ He also, as he notes, traveled to Versailles and was very close by to view Louis VX attending mass.

Returning to Philadelphia in 1769, he set up his practice, and which included offering medical help gratis to the poor. Come the time of the Revolution, he was elected as delegate to Congress in July 1776: too late participate in the debates for Independence, but soon enough to sign the great Declaration. During Washington’s retreat into New Jersey, Rush accompanied the army for a while and was present just after Trenton and at the battle of Princeton itself; where he acted as surgeon for both British and American injured soldiers, including the fatally wounded Gen. Hugh Mercer.

In April 1777, he was voted Surgeon General by Congress to head the military hospitals for the Middle Department; holding the post until he resigned on 30 Jan. 1778, and as a result of Congress refusal to support him in his proposed methods for reform and improvement in the medical branch of the government.

Of further note, Rush played an important roll in helping to combat the horrendous Yellow Fever epidemics in the period from 1793-1797. Though his methods for administering a cure did not always meet with approval, he was of invaluable help in promoting hygiene and sanitation while furnishing assistance to the sickly.

The rest of Rush’s biography, which was (at large and by comparison) not so eventful, need not detain us here. We would note that his *Travels Through Life*⁸⁸ one of the best written, lucid, and vivid Revolutionary War autobiographies, and includes manifold, rare, and priceless impressions and sketches; including, with respect to the latter, brief portraits of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In addition, there are still more on such as Patrick Henry, John Dickinson, Gates, Knox, William Alexander (Lord Stirling), Nathanael Greene (“He was a pupil of Genl. [Charles] Lee.”), John Paul Jones, Arnold, and many more. Really, a student of American Revolutionary War biography is cheating him or herself by missing out on these.

Travels is easily worth a “Continental Army Series” article in and of itself. However, we would prefer you to get a hold of and read the whole thing. It won’t hurt, nevertheless, to give you one further, and edifying, quote from it:

[After describing and giving an account of the Tories and Loyalists.]

“The Whigs were divided by their conduct into, 1st. Furious Whigs who considered the tarring and feathering a Tory a greater duty and exploit than the extermination of a British army. These men were generally cowards and shrunk from danger when called into the field, by pretending sickness, or some family disaster. 2ndly. Speculating Whigs. These men infested our public councils as well as the army, and did the country great mischief. A Colonel of a regiment informed a friend of mine that he had made a great deal of money by buying poor horses for his wagon and selling them again for a large profit, after he had fattened them at the public expense. 3dly. Timid Whigs; the hopes of these people rose and fell with every victory and defeat of our armies. 4thly. Staunch Whigs; these were moderate in their tempers, but firm -- inflexible and persevering in their conduct.

“There were besides these two classes of people, a great number of persons who were neither Whigs nor Tories. They had no fixed principles, and accommodated their conduct to their interest, to

⁸⁷ Though he did not meet them, Rush was abundantly read in the works of Rousseau and Voltaire.

⁸⁸ Available at <http://archive.org/details/memorialcontaini00rush>

events, and to their company. They were not without their uses. They prevented both parties in many instances from the rage of each other, and each party always found hospitable treatment from them.

“Perhaps the inhabitants of the United States might have been divided nearly into three classes, viz., Tories, Whigs, and persons who were neither Whigs nor Tories. The Whigs constituted the largest class. The third class were a powerful reinforcement to them, after the affairs of America assumed a uniformly prosperous appearance.

“I remarked further that many of the children of Tory parents were Whigs, so were the Jews in all the States.”⁸⁹

In its place then, we have compiled a selection from Rush’s numerous discourses and essays. In spite of these writings rather old fashioned tone, I think many will still find here few edifying and relevant truths applicable to subsequent, including our own, times.

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Virtue is the living principle of a republic. To promote this, laws for the suppression of vice and immorality will be as ineffectual, as the encrease and enlargement of gaols. -- There is but one method of preventing crimes, and of rendering a republican form of government durable, and that is by disseminating the seeds of virtue and knowledge through every part of the state, by means of proper modes and places of education, and this can be done effectually only, by the interference and aid of the legislature. I am so deeply impressed with the truth of this opinion, that were this evening to be the last of my life, I would not only say to the asylum of my ancestors, and my beloved native country, with the patriot of Venice, “Esto perpetua,” [“Live completely!” or “Be Eternal!”] -- But I would add, as the last proof of my gratitude and affection for her, my parting advice to the guardians of her liberties, “To establish and support Public Schools in every part of the state.”

~ from “An Oration Delivered Before the American Philosophical Society, Held In Philadelphia on The 27th Of February, 1786; Containing An Enquiry Into The Influence of Physical causes Upon the Moral Faculty,” p. 40.

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Such is my veneration for every religion that reveals the attributes of the Deity, or a future state of rewards and punishments, that I had rather fee the opinions of Confucius or Mahom[m]ed inculcated upon our youth, than fee them grow up wholly devoid of a system of religious principles. But the (religion I mean to recommend in this place, is that of the New Testament.

It is foreign to my purpose to hint at the arguments which establish the truth of the Christian revelation. My only business is to declare, that all its doctrines and precepts are calculated to promote the happiness of society, and the safety and well being of civil government. A Christian cannot fail of being a republican. The history of the creation of man, and of the relation of our species to each other by birth, which is recorded in the Old Testament, is the best refutation that can be given to the divine right of kings, and the strongest argument that can be used in favor of the original and natural equality of all mankind. A Christian, I say, again, cannot fail of being a republican, for every precept of the Gospel inculcates those degrees of humility, self-denial, and brotherly kindness, which are directly opposed to the pride of monarchy and the pageantry of a court. A Christian cannot fail of being useful to the republic, for his religion teacheth him, that no man “liveth to himself.” And lastly, a Christian cannot fail of being wholly inoffensive, for his religion teacheth him, in all things to do to others what he would wish, in like circumstances, they should do to him.

⁸⁹ There is also “The Historical Notes of Benjamin Rush, 1777;” first published in *The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, vol. XXVII, no.2, 1903, pp. 129-150, and can be acquired in .pdf at <http://archive.org/details/historicalnoteso00rush> His “Commonplace Book for 1789-1813” usually accompanies printings of his *Travels*.

I am aware that I dissent from one of those paradoxical opinions with which modern times abound; and that it is improper to fill the minds of youth with religious prejudices of any kind, and that they should be left to choose their own principles, after they have arrived at an age in which they are capable of judging for themselves. Could we preserve the mind in childhood and youth a perfect blank, this plan of education would have more to recommend it; but this we know to be impossible. The human mind runs as naturally into principles as it does after facts. It submits with difficulty to those restraints or partial discoveries which are imposed upon it in the infancy of reason. Hence the impatience of children to be informed upon all subjects that relate to the invisible world. But I beg leave to ask, why should we pursue a different plan of education with respect to religion, from that which we pursue in teaching the arts and sciences? Do we leave our youth to acquire systems of geography, philosophy, or politics, till they have arrived at an age in which they are capable of judging for themselves? We do not. I claim no more then for religion, than for the other sciences, and I add further, that if our youth are disposed after they are of age to think for themselves, a knowledge of one system, will be the best means of conducting them in a free enquiry into other systems of religion, just as an acquaintance with one system of philosophy is the best introduction to the study of all the other systems in the world.

~ from "Of the Mode of Education Proper in a Republic"⁹⁰

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III. To train the youth who are intended for the learned professions or for merchandise, to the duties of their future employments, by means of useful amusements, which are *related* to, those employments, will be impracticable; but their amusements may be derived from cultivating a spot of ground; for where is the lawyer, the physician, the divine, or the merchant, who has not indulged or felt a passion, in some part of his life, for rural improvements? Indeed I conceive the seeds of knowledge in agriculture will be most productive, when they are planted in the minds of this class of scholars.

I have only to add under this head, that the common amusements of children have no connection with their future occupations. Many of them injure their cloaths, some of them waste their strength, and impair their health, and all of them prove more or less, the means of producing noise, or of exciting angry passions, both of which are calculated to beget vulgar manners. The Methodists have wisely banished every species of play from their college. Even the healthy and pleasurable exercise of swimming, is not permitted to their scholars, except in the presence of one of their masters.

Do not think me too strict if I here exclude gunning from among the amusements of young men. My objections to it are as follow.

1. It hardens the heart, by inflicting unnecessary pain and death upon animals.
2. It is unnecessary in civilized society, where animal food may be obtained from domestic animals, with greater facility.
3. It consumes a great deal of time, and thus creates habits of Idleness.
4. It frequently leads young men into low, and bad company.
5. By imposing long abstinence from food, it leads to intemperance in eating, which naturally leads to intemperance in drinking.

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<sup>90</sup> *Essays, Literary, Moral and Philosophical* (1806, 2nd edition), pp. 8-10. The contents of this volume originally appeared as pieces published in *The American Museum* and *Columbian Magazine*.

6. It exposes to fevers, and accidents. The newspapers are occasionally filled with melancholy accounts of the latter, and every physician must have met with frequent and dangerous instances of the former, in the course of his practice.

I know the early use of a gun is recommended in our country, to teach our young men the use of firearms, and thereby to prepare them for war and battle. But why should we inspire our youth, by such exercises, with hostile ideas towards their fellow creatures? -- Let us rather instill into their minds sentiments of universal benevolence to men of all nations and colours. Wars originate in error and vice. Let us eradicate these, by proper modes of education, and wars will cease to be necessary in our country. The divine author and lover of peace "will then suffer no man to do us wrong; yea, he will reprove kings for our fake, faying, touch not my anointed and do my people no harm." Should the nations with whom war is a trade, approach our coasts, they will retire from us, as Satan did from our Saviour, when he came to assault him; and for the same reason, because they will "find nothing in us" congenial to their malignant dispositions; for the flames of war can be spread from one nation to another, only by the conducting mediums of vice and error.

I have hinted at the injury which is done to the health of young people by some of their amusements; but there is a practice common in all our schools, which does more harm to their bodies than all the amusements that can be named, and that is, obliging them to fit too long in *one place*, or crowding too many of them together in *one room*. By means of the former, the growth and shape of the body have been impaired; and by means of the latter, the feeds of fevers have often been engendered in schools. In the course of my business, I have been called to many hundred children who have been seized with indispositions in school, which evidently arose from the action of morbid effluvia, produced by the confined breath and perspiration of too great a number of children in one room. To obviate these evils, children should be permitted, after they have said their lessons, to amuse themselves in the open air, in some of the useful and agreeable exercises which have been mentioned. Their minds will be strengthened, as well as their bodies relieved by them. To oblige a sprightly boy to sit *seven hours* in a day, with his little arms pinioned to his sides, and his neck unnaturally bent towards his book; and for *no crime!* -- what cruelty and folly are manifested, by such an absurd mode of instructing or governing young people!

*Philadelphia, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1790*

~ from "Thoughts Upon the Amusements and Punishments which Are Proper for Schools. Addressed to George Clymer, Esq."<sup>91</sup>

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II. The state of property in America, renders it necessary for the greatest part of our citizens to employ themselves, in different occupations, for the advancement of their fortunes. This cannot be done without the assistance of the female members of the community. They must be the stewards, and guardians of their husbands' property. That education, therefore, will be most proper for our women, which teaches them to discharge the duties of those offices with the most success and reputation.

III. From the numerous avocations from their families, to which professional life exposes gentlemen in America, a principal share of the instruction of children naturally devolves upon the women. It becomes us therefore to prepare them by a suitable education, for the discharge of this most important duty of mothers.

IV. The equal share that every citizen has in the liberty, and the possible share he may have in the government of our country, make it necessary that our ladies should be qualified to a certain degree by a peculiar and suitable education, to concur in instructing their sons in the principles of liberty and government...

⁹¹ Clymer, also from Pennsylvania, was a signer of both the Declaration and the Constitution. *Ibid.* pp. 60-63.

The branches of literature most essential for a young lady in this country, appear to be,

I. A knowledge of the English language. She, should not only read, but speak and spell it correctly. And to enable her to do this, she should be taught the English grammar, and be frequently examined in applying its rules in common conversation.

II. Pleasure and interest conspire to make the writing of a fair and legible hand, a necessary branch of a lady's education. For this purpose she should be taught not only to shape every letter properly, but to pay the strictest regard to points and capitals.

I once heard of a man who professed to discover the temper and disposition of persons by looking at their hand writing. Without enquiring into the probability of this story; I shall only remark, that there is one thing in which all mankind agree upon this subject, and that is, in considering writing that is blotted, crooked, or illegible, as a mark of vulgar education. I know of few things more rude or illiberal, than to obtrude a letter upon a person of rank or business, which cannot be easily read. Peculiar care should be taken to avoid every kind of ambiguity and affectation in writing *names*. I have now a letter in my possession upon business, from a gentleman of a liberal profession in a neighbouring state, which I am unable to answer, because I cannot discover the name which is subscribed to it. For obvious reasons I would recommend the writing of the first or christian name at full length, where it does not consist of more than two syllables. Abbreviations of all kind in letter writing, which always denote either haste or carelessness, should likewise be avoided. I have only to add under this head that the Italian and inverted hands which are read with difficulty, are by, no means accommodated to the active state of business in America, or to the simplicity of the citizens of a republic.

III. Some knowledge of figures and book-keeping is absolutely *necessary* to qualify a young lady for the duties which await her in this country. There are certain occupations in which she may assist her husband with this knowledge y and should she survive him, and agreeably to the custom of our country be the executrix of his will, she cannot fail of deriving immense advantages from it..

IV. An acquaintance with geography and some instruction in chronology will enable a young lady to read history, biography, and travels, with advantage; and thereby qualify her not only for a general intercourse with the world, but to be an agreeable companion for a sensible man. To these branches of knowledge may be added, in some instances, a general acquaintance with the first principles of astronomy natural philosophy and chemistry, particularly, with such parts of them as are calculated to prevent superstition, by explaining the causes, or obviating the effects of natural evil, and such as are capable of being applied to domestic, and culinary purposes.

V. Vocal music would never be neglected, in the education of a young lady, in this country. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life. The distress and vexation of a husband -- the noise of a nursery, and, even, the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon mind, I hope it will not be thought foreign to this part of our subject to introduce a fact here which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which our climate, and other causes, have of late exposed theme. -- Our German fellow citizens are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting of blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire, by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to the consumption, who were restored to health, by the moderate exercise of their lungs in singing.

VI. Dancing is by no means an improper branch of education for an American lady. It promotes health, and renders the figure and motions of the body easy and agreeable. I anticipate the time when the resources of conversation shall be so far multiplied, that the amusement of dancing shall be wholly

confined to children; But in our present state of society and knowledge, I conceive it to be an agreeable substitute for the ignoble pleasures of drinking, and gaming, in our assemblies of grown people.

VII. The attention of our young ladies should be directed, as soon as they are prepared for it, to the reading of history -- travels -- poetry -- and moral essays. These studies are accommodated, in a peculiar manner, to the present state of society in America, and when a relish is excited for them, in early life, they subdue that passion for reading novels, which so generally prevails among the fair sex. I cannot dismiss this species of writing and reading without observing, that the subjects of novels are by no means accommodated to our present manners. They hold up *life*, it is true, but it is not as yet *life* in America. Our passions have not as yet “overstepped the modesty of nature.” Nor are they “torn to tatters,” to use the expressions of the poet, by extravagant love, jealousy, ambition, or revenge. As yet the intrigues of a British novel, are as foreign to our manners, as the refinements of Asiatic vice. Let it not be said, that the tales of distress, which fill modern novels, have a tendency to soften the female heart into acts of humanity. The fact is the reverse of this. The abortive sympathy which is excited by the recital of imaginary distress, blunts the heart to that which is real; and, hence, we sometimes see instances of young ladies, who weep away a whole forenoon over the criminal sorrows of a fictitious Charlotte or Wert[h]er, turning with disdain at three o’clock from the sight of a beggar, who solicits in feeble accents or signs, a small portion only of the crumbs which fall from their fathers’ tables.

~ from “Thoughts Upon Female Education, Accommodated to The Present State of Society, Manners, and Government, in The United States Of America. Addressed to the Visitors of the Young Ladies’ Academy in Philadelphia, 28th July, 1787, At the Close of the Quarterly Examination, and Afterwards Published at the Request of the Visitors.”⁹²

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7thly. Ignominy is universally acknowledged to be a worse punishment than death. Let it not be supposed, from this circumstance, that it operates more than the fear of death in preventing crimes. On the contrary, like the indiscriminate punishment of death, it not only confounds and levels all crimes, but by increasing the disproportion between crimes and punishments, it creates a hatred of all law and government; and thus disposes to the perpetration of every crime. Laws can only be respected and obeyed, while they bear an exact proportion to crimes. -- The law which punishes the shooting of a swan with death, in England, has produced a thousand murders. Nor is this all the mischievous influence, which the punishment of ignominy has upon society. While murder is punished with death, the man who robs on the high-way, or breaks open a house, must want the common feelings and principles which belong to human nature, if he does not add murder to theft, in order to screen himself, if he should be detected, from that punishment which is acknowledged to be more terrible than death.

It would seem strange, that ignominy mould ever, have been adopted, as a milder punishment than death; did we not know that the human mind seldom arrives at truth upon any subject, till it has first reached the extremity of error...

There was a time, when the punishment of captives with death or servitude, and the indiscriminate destruction of peaceable husbandmen, women, and children, were thought to be essential, to the success of war, and the safety of states. But experience has taught us, that this is not the case. And in proportion as humanity has triumphed over these maxims of false policy, wars have been less frequent and terrible, and nations have enjoyed longer intervals of internal tranquility. The virtues are all parts of a circle. Whatever is humane, is wise -- whatever is wise, is just -- and whatever is wise, just, and humane, will be found to be the true interest of states, whether criminals or foreign enemies are the objects of their legislation.

~ from “An Enquiry Into The Effects Of Public Punishments Upon Criminals, And Upon Society. Read In The Society For Promoting Political Enquiries Convened at the House of Benjamin Franklin, Esq. in Philadelphia, March 9th, 1787.”<sup>93</sup>

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<sup>92</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 76-82.

<sup>93</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 146-147, 160.

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In the perfection of knowledge, common sense and truth will be in unison with each other. It is now more related to error than to truth, and in the sense in which I have described it, it implies more praise than censure to want it.

To say that a man has common sense, is to say that he thinks with his age or country, in their *false*, as well as their *true* opinions; and the greater the proportion of people, he acts and thinks with, the greater share he possesses of this common sense. -- After all that has been said in its favour, I cannot help thinking that it is the characteristic only of common minds.

To think and act with the majority of mankind, when they are *right*, and differently from them, when they are *wrong*, constitutes in my opinion, the perfection of human wisdom and conduct. The *feelings* and *opinions* of mankind are often confounded; but they are widely different from each other. There may be *just* feelings connected with erroneous opinions and conduct. This is often the case in religion and government. -- But, in general, opinions and feelings are just and unjust in equal degrees, according to the circumstance of age, country, and the progress of knowledge before mentioned.

~ from "Thoughts on Common Sense," Apr. 3, 1791.⁹⁴

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#### PARADISE OF NEGRO-SLAVES. -- A DREAM.<sup>95</sup>

SOON after reading Mr. [William] Clarkson's<sup>96</sup> ingenious and pathetic essay on the slavery and commerce of the human species, the subject made so deep an impression upon my mind, that it followed me in my sleep, and produced a dream of so extraordinary a nature, that I have yielded to the importunities of some of my friends, by communicating it to the public, I thought I was conducted to a country, which in point of cultivation and scenery, far surpassed any thing I had ever heard, or read of in my life. This country, I found, was inhabited only by negroes. They appeared cheerful and happy. Upon my approaching a beautiful grove, where a number of them were assembled for religious purposes, I perceived at once a pause in their exercises, and an appearance of general perturbation. They fixed their eyes upon me -- while one of them, a venerable looking man, came forward, and in the name of the whole assembly, addressed me in the following language:

"Excuse the panic which you have spread through this peaceful and happy company: we perceive that you are a *white man*. -- That colour which is the emblem of innocence in every other creature of God, is to us a sign of guilt in man. The persons whom you see here, were once dragged by the men of your colour from their native country, and consigned by them to labour -- punishment -- and death. We are here collected together, and enjoy an ample compensation in our present employments for all the miseries we endured on earth. We know that we are secured by the Being whom we worship, from injury and oppression. Our appearance of terror, therefore, was entirely "the sudden effect of habits which have not yet been eradicated from our minds.

"Your apprehensions of danger from the sight of a white man," said I, "are natural. But in me -- you behold a friend. I have been your advocate -- and." -- Here, he interrupted me, and said, "Is not your name -- ?" I answered in the affirmative. Upon this he ran up and embraced me in his arms, and afterwards

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<sup>94</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 252-253. It was Rush who proposed the title to Thomas Paine's famous and stirring pamphlet, and that else would have been denominated *Plain Truth*. As well, Rush helped him edit, prepare, and publish it. The actual title "Common Sense," however, was first earlier used in a 52 page pamphlet, evidently anonymous, and published in 1772 in New York (city) denominated "Common Sense. In Some Free Remarks on the Efficiency of the Moral Change. Addressed to Those Who Deny Such Efficiency to be Moral."

<sup>95</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 305-310.

<sup>96</sup> Clarkson (1760-1846), author, activist, evangelical Christian, and member of Parliament, was one of the first crusading English abolitionists, and also an inspirer of William Wilberforce (1759-1833); who campaigned along with him, with ultimate success in 1833, to bring about an end to slavery in most of the British Empire.

conducted me into the midst of the assembly, where after being introduced to the principal characters, I was seated upon a bank of moss; and the following account was delivered to me by the venerable person who first accosted me.

“The place we now occupy, is called the *paradise of negro slaves*. It is destined to be our place of residence ’till the general judgement; after which time, we expect to be admitted into higher and more perfect degrees of happiness. Here we derive great pleasure from contemplating the infinite goodness of God, in allotting to us our full proportion of misery on earth; by which means we have escaped the punishments, to which the free and happy part of mankind too often expose themselves after death. Here we have learned to thank God, for all the afflictions our task-masters heaped on us; inasmuch, as they were the means of our present happiness. Pain and distress are the unavoidable portions of half mankind. They are the only possible avenues that can conduct them to peace and felicity. Happy are they, who partake of their proportion of both upon the earth.” Here he ended. --

After a silence of a few minutes, a young man, who bore on his head the mark of a wound, came up to me and asked “If I knew any thing of Mr. --, of the Island of --” I told him “I did not.” -- “Mr. --,” said he, “was my master. One day, I mistook his orders, and saddled his mare instead of his horse, which provoked him so much, that he took up an axe which laid in his yard, and with a u stroke on my head dismissed me from life.

“I long to hear, whether he has repented of this unkind action. Do, sir, write to him, and tell him, his sin is not too great to be forgiven, tell him, his once miserable slave, Scipio, is not angry at him -- he longs to bear his prayers to the offended majesty of heaven and -- when he dies -- Scipio will apply to be one of the convoy, that shall conduct his spirit to the regions of bliss appointed for those who repent of their iniquities.”

Before I could reply to this speech, an old man came and sat down by my side. His wool was white as snow. With a low, but gentle voice, he thus addressed me.

“Sir, I was the slave of Mr. --, in the Island of -- I served him faithfully upwards of sixty years. No rising sun ever caught me in my cabin -- no setting sun ever saw me out of the sugar field, except on Sundays and holydays. My whole subsistence never cost my master more than forty shillings a year. Herrings and roots were my only food. One day, in the eightieth year of my age, the over-seer saw me stop to rest myself against the side of a tree, where I was at work. He came up to me, and beat me, ’till he could endure the fatigue and heat occasioned by the blows he gave me, no longer. Nor was this all -- he complained of me to my master, who instantly set me up at public vendue [sic], and sold me for two guineas to a tavern keeper, in a distant parish. The distress I felt, in leaving my children, and grand-children (28 of whom I left on my old master’s plantation) soon put an end to my existence, and landed me upon these happy shores. I have now no wish to gratify but one -- and that is to be permitted to visit my old master’s family. I long to tell my master, that his wealth cannot make him happy. -- That the sufferings of a single hour in the world of misery, for which he is preparing himself, will overbalance all the pleasures he ever enjoyed in his life -- and that for every act of unnecessary severity he inflicts upon his slaves, he shall suffer ten fold in the world to come.”

He had hardly finished his tale, when a decent looking woman came forward, and addressed me in the following language -- Sir,

“I was once the slave of Mr. --, in the state of --. From the healthiness of my constitution, I was called upon to suckle my Master’s eldest son. To enable me to perform this office more effectually, my own child was taken from my breast, and soon afterwards died. My affections in the first emotions of my grief, fastened themselves upon my infant master; He thrived under my care and grew up a handsome young man. Upon the death of his father, I became his property. -- Soon after this event, he lost £. 100 at cards. To raise this money I was sold to a planter in a neighbouring state. I can never forget the anguish, with which my aged father and mother followed me to the end of the lane, when I left my master’s house, and hung upon me, when they bid me farewell.”



“My new master obliged me to work in the field; the consequence of which was, I caught a fever which in a few weeks ended my life. Say, my friend, is my first young master still alive? -- If he is -- go to him, and tell him, his unkind behaviour to me is upon record against him. The gentle spirits in heaven, whose happiness consists in expressions of gratitude and love, will have no fellowship with him. His soul must be melted with pity, or he can never escape the punishment which awaits the hard-hearted, equally with the impenitent, in the regions of misery.”

As soon as she had finished her story, a middle aged woman approached me, and after a low and respectful curtsy, thus addressed me.

“Sir I was born and educated in a christian family in one of the southern states of America. In the thirty-third year of my age, I applied to my master to purchase my freedom. Instead of granting my request, he conveyed me by force on board of a vessel and sold me to a planter in the island of Hispaniola. Here it pleased God.” -- Upon pronouncing these words, she paused, and a general silence ensued. -- All at once, the eyes of the whole assembly were turned from me, and directed towards a little white man who advanced towards them, on the opposite side of the grove, in which we were seated. His face was grave, placid, and full of benignity. In one hand he carried a subscription paper and a petition -- in the other, he carried a small pamphlet, on the unlawfulness of the African slave-trade, and a letter directed to the King of Prussia, upon the unlawfulness of war. While I was employed in contemplating this venerable figure -- suddenly I beheld the whole assembly running to meet him -- the air resounded with the clapping of hands -- and I awoke from my dream, by the noise of a general acclamation of -- ANTHONY BENEZET!

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BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF ANTHONY BENEZET⁹⁷

THIS excellent man was placed by his friends in early life in a counting-house, but finding commerce opened temptations to a worldly spirit, he left his master, and bound himself as an apprentice to a cooper. Finding this business too laborious for his constitution, he declined it, and devoted himself to school-keeping; in which useful employment, he continued during the greatest part of his life.

He possessed uncommon activity and industry in every thing he undertook. He did every thing as if the words of his Saviour were perpetually sounding in his ears, “wist ye not, that I must be about my Father’s business?”

He used to say, “the highest act of charity in the world was to bear with the *unreasonableness* of mankind.”

He generally wore plush clothes, and gave as a reason for it, that after he had worn them for two or three years, they made comfortable and decent garments for the poor.

He once informed a young friend, that his memory began to fail him; “but this,” said he, “gives me one great advantage over thee -- for thou canst find entertainment in reading a good book only once -- but I enjoy that pleasure as often as I read it; for it is always new to me.”

⁹⁷ *Ibid.* pp. 302-304. Benezet (1713-1784) sprang from French Huguenot stock, and had in 1731 emigrated with his family to Philadelphia. Among his other noteworthy achievements, he founded the first anti-slavery society in North America. Some of his anti-slavery tracts include: “Observations on the enslaving, importing and purchasing of negroes with some advice thereon extracted from the yearly meeting epistle of the people called the Quakers, held in London, in the year 1748. Also some remarks on the absolute necessity of self-denial, renouncing the world, and true charity for all such as sincerely desire to be Our Blessed Saviour’s Disciples” (1759, 2nd ed. 1760); “A Short account of that part of Africa, inhabited by the negroes; with respect to the fertility of the country; the good disposition of many of the natives, and the manner by which the slave trade is carried on...” (1762); “A Caution and Warning To Great-Britain and Her Colonies, In a Short Representation of the Calamitous State of the Enslaved Negroes in the British Dominions” (1766); “Some Historical Account of Guinea...with an Inquiry into the Rise and Progress of the Slave-Trade” (1771); “A Mite Cast Into the Treasury: Or Observations on Slave-Keeping” (1772), and “A Serious Address to the Rulers of America, On the Inconsistency of Their Conduct Respecting Slavery: Forming a Contrast Between the Encroachments of England on American Liberty, and American Injustice in Tolerating Slavery” (1783).

He published several valuable tracts in favor of the emancipation of the blacks, and of the civilizing and christianizing the Indians. He also published a pamphlet against the use of ardent spirits. All these publications were circulated with great industry, and at his own expense, throughout every part of the United States.

He wrote letters to the queen of Great-Britain, and to the queen of Portugal to use their influence with their respective courts to abolish the African trade. He accompanied his letter to the queen of Great-Britain with a present of his works. The queen received them with great politeness, and said after reading them, "that the author appeared to be a very good man."

He also wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, in which he endeavoured to convince him of the unlawfulness of war. During the time the British army was in possession of the city of Philadelphia, he was indefatigable in his endeavours to render the situation of the persons who suffered from captivity as easy as possible. He knew no fear in the presence of his fellow men, however dignified they were by titles or station, and such were the propriety and gentleness of his manners in his intercourse with the gentlemen who commanded the British and German troops, that when he could not obtain the objects of his requests, he never failed to secure their civilities, and frequently their esteem.

So great was his sympathy with every thing that was capable of feeling pain, that he resolved towards, the close of his life, to eat no animal food. Upon coming into his brother's house one day, when his family was dining upon poultry, he was asked by his brother's wife, to sit down and dine with them. "What!" (said he,) "would you have [me] eat my neighbours?"

This misapplication of a moral feeling, was supposed to have brought on such a debility in his stomach and bowels, as produced a disease in those parts of which he finally died.

Few men, since days of the apostles, ever lived a more disinterested life. And yet, upon his death bed, he said, he wished to live a little longer, that "he might bring down SELF."

The last time he ever walked across his room, was to take from his desk six dollars, which he gave to a poor widow whom he had long assisted to maintain.

He bequeathed after the death of his widow, a house and lot in which consisted his whole estate, to the support of a school for the education of negro children, which he had founded and taught for several years before his death.

He died in May 1784, in the 71st. year of his age.

His funeral was attended by persons of all religious denominations, and by many hundred black people.

Colonel J--n, who had served in the American army, during the late war, in returning from the funeral, pronounced an eulogium upon him. It consisted only of the following words: "I would rather," said he, "be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than George Washington with all his fame."

July 15, 1788.

THE DEFENSE OF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, 28 June 1776.

*As found in Gen. William Moultrie's Memoirs of the American Revolution:
So Far as it Related to the States of North and South Carolina, and Georgia (1802)*

Less than a week before the United Colonies voted to declare their Independence, the comparatively green American forces in South Carolina, hugely out-manned and out-gunned, secured an astounding upset victory against combined British naval and land forces, under Commodore (in 1777 made Rear Admiral) Sir Peter Parker and Maj. Gen. Sir Henry Clinton respectively, in defense of Charleston⁹⁸ harbor. Most of the principal details concerning that battle are probably as familiar as those of any other Revolutionary War engagement; such as, for example, how the spongy and resilient wood of the Palmetto tree logs (used to help wall the fortifications) absorbed or else sent bouncing back British cannon balls; or how the waters of Breach inlet, that British amphibious forces were to wade through on their way to Sullivan's shore, proved too deep for their height; or how Sgt. William Jasper saved the flag. Yet it is, even so, still possible to mention a few isolated facts which, more or less, will escape general notice.

* Fort Moultrie was still under construction at the time it was assailed.

* Black slaves acted a vital part in erecting the same. As South Carolina historian Edward C. Bearss states "Every male Negro in the area had been pressed into service by the 6th [of June]." *The Battle of Sullivan's Island*, etc. (1968), p. 32; for purposes of such duty.

* The fight was Francis Marion's first of the Revolutionary War.

* Also among the garrison were Captain William Lushington's "Jews Company;" comprised of 26 soldiers recruited from Jewish male residents living in Charleston.

* In charge of the overall American forces around Charleston in 1776 was Maj. Gen. Charles Lee, but who later scarcely received much credit for his involvement there – even before his stepping down in disgrace following his controversial actions at Monmouth in 1778. In one sense, this may have been just as Lee might have spoiled things had he been able to replace (then) Col. Moultrie in command of the fort, as he well had intended to, with Col. Francis Nash of the 1st North Carolina Regt.⁹⁹ Only the suddenness of the British attack prevented his orders from being carried out. On the other hand, and as Moultrie himself attests, Lee *did* play a decisive part in the victory by instilling in the untried Americans sore needed confidence in themselves to take on the customarily invincible Britons.

Lastly, no less winning than his victory itself is Moultrie's own plain-styled, yet perspicuous and (with respect to himself) modest, narrative of the battle, and that is here reproduced.

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May 31. [1776] Expresses were sent to the president from Christ-church parish, informing him that a large fleet of British vessels were seen off Dewee's Island, about twenty miles to the northward of the bar [of Charlestown Harbor]; and on the first of June they displayed about fifty sail before the town, on the out side of our bar. The sight of these vessels alarmed us very much, all was hurry and confusion, the president with his council busy in sending expresses to every part of the country, to hasten down the militia: men running about the town looking for horses, carriages, and boats to send their families into the country; and as they were going out through the town gates to go into the country, they met the militia from the country marching into town; traverses were made in the principal streets; fleches thrown up at every place where troops could land; military works going on every where, the lead taking from the windows of the churches and dwelling houses, to cast into musket bails, and every preparation to receive an attack, which was expected in a few days.

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<sup>98</sup> Then called "Charlestown" or "Charles-town."

<sup>99</sup> Though no criticism implied toward Nash in this; himself, as he later proved, a more than capable and valiant officer. He was mortally wounded at Germantown; with Nashville, Tenn. being subsequently named after him.

June 4. General [Charles] Lee arrived from the northward, and took the command of the troops; his presence gave us great spirits, as he was known to be an able, brave, and experienced officer, though hasty and rough in his manners, which the officers could not reconcile themselves to at first: it was thought by many that his coming among us was equal to a reinforcement of 1000 men, and I believe it was, because he taught us to think lightly of the enemy, and gave a spur to ail our actions. After Gen. Lee had waited upon the president, and talked with him upon his plan of defence, he hurried about to view the different works, and give orders for such things to be done as he thought necessary; he was every day and every hour of the day on horse back, or in boats viewing our situation and directing small works to be thrown up at different places; when he came to Sullivan's Island, he did not like that post at all, he said there was no way to retreat, that the garrison would be sacrificed; nay, he called it a "slaughter pen," and wished to withdraw the garrison and give up the post, but president [i.e., governor under the then recently drawn up state Constitution of South Carolina, John] Rutledge insisted that it should not be given up. Then Gen. Lee "absolutely necessary to have a bridge of boats for a retreat;" but boats enough could not be had, the distance over being at least a mile. Then a bridge was constructed of empty hogsheads buoyed at certain distances, and two planks from hogshead to hogshead; but this would not answer, because when Col. [Thomas] Clark was coming over from Haddrell's [Point; on Mount Pleasant], with a detachment of 200 men; before they were half on, it sunk so low, that they were obliged to return: Gen. Lee's whole thoughts were taken up with the post on Sullivan's Island; all his letters to me shew how anxious he was at not having a bridge for a retreat; for my part, I never was uneasy on not having a retreat because I never imagined that the enemy could force me to that necessity; I always considered myself as able to defend that post against the enemy. I had upwards of 300 riflemen, under Col. [William] Thompson, of his regiment, Col. Clark, with 200 North-Carolina regulars, Col. [Daniel] Horry, with 200 South-Carolina, and the Rac[c]oon company of riflemen, 50 militia at the point of the island behind the sand hills and myrtle bushes; I had also a small battery with one 18 pounder, and one brass field-piece, 6 pounder, at the same place, which entirely commanded the landing and could begin to fire upon them at 7 or 800 yards before they could attempt to land, this would have disconcerted them very much, besides had they made their landing good, the riflemen would have hung upon their flanks for three miles as they marched along the beach, and not above fifty yards from them.

Col. Thompson had orders that if they could not stand the enemy they were to throw themselves into the fort, by which I should have had upwards of 1000 men in a large strong fort, and Gen. [John] Armstrong [Sr.]<sup>100</sup> in my rear with 1500 men, not more that one mile and an half off, with a small arm of the sea between us, that he could have crossed a body of men in boats to my assistance, this was exactly my situation; I therefore felt myself perfectly easy because I never calculated upon Sir. Henry Clinton's numbers to be more then 3000 men; as to the men-of-war, we should have taken every little notice of them if the army had attacked us.

Gen. Lee, one day on a visit to the fort, took me aside and said, "Col. Moultrie, do you think you can maintain this post." I answered him "Yes I think I can," that was all that passed on the subject between us: another time Capt. Lamperer, a brave and experienced seaman, who had been master of a man-of-war, and captain of a very respectable privateer many years ago visited me at the fort after the British ships came over our bar; while we were walking on the platform looking at the fleet, he said to me: "well Colonel what do you think of it now;" I replied that "we should beat them." "Sir" said he "when those ships (pointing to the men-of-war) come to lay along side of your fort, they will knock it down in half an hour," (and that was the opinion of all the sailors,) then I said, "we will lay behind the ruins and prevent their men from landing."

Gen. Lee, I was informed, did not like my having the command of that important post, he did not doubt my courage, but said "I was too easy in command,"<sup>101</sup> as his letters shew; but after the 28<sup>th</sup> June he made me his bosom friend: our fort at this time was not nearly finished; the mechanics and negro laborers

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<sup>100</sup> John Armstrong, Sr. (1717-1795), 58 years old at the time, started as a brigadier in the Pennsylvania militia, and later led Continental troops at Brandywine and Germantown; retiring from active service shortly afterward due to health and old wounds. His son of the same name, also an officer in the Revolutionary War, later became James Madison's, and to some controversial, Secretary of War during the War of 1812.

<sup>101</sup> [Edit. Note. i.e., Lee perhaps meant that the amiable Moultrie permitted himself to be too readily swayed by his subordinates.]

were taken from all the works about the town, and sent down to the Island to complete our fort, we worked very hard, but could not get it nearly finished before the action...

[At this point, Moultrie's account is paused to include an extensive collection of original letters that document the American commanders preparing the defense of Sullivan's Island and Charleston's harbor.]

June, 1776, On the morning of the 28th of June, I paid a visit to our advance-guard (on horse-back three miles to the eastward of our fort) while I was there, I saw a number of the enemy's boats in motion, at the back of Long-Island, as if they intended a descent upon our advanced post; at the same time, I saw the men-of-war loose their top-sails; I hurried back to the fort as fast as possible; when I got there the ships were already under sail; I immediately ordered the long roll to beat, and officers and men to their posts: We had scarcely manned our guns, when the following ships of war came sailing up, as if in confidence of victory; as soon as they came within the reach of our guns, we began to fire; they were soon a-breast of the fort...<sup>102</sup> let go their anchors, with springs upon their cables, and begun their attack most furiously about 10 o'clock, A. M. and continued a brisk fire, till about 8 o'clock, P. M.

The ships were, the Bristol, of 50 guns, Commodore Sir Peter Parker: The captain had his arm shot off, 44 men killed and 30 wounded.

The Experiment, 50 guns: the captain lost his arm, 57 men killed and 30 wounded.

The Active, 28 guns: 1 lieutenant killed, 1 man wounded.

The Sole-Bay, 28 guns: 2 killed, 3 or 4 wounded.

The Syren, 28 guns.

The Acteon, 28 guns: burnt; 1 lieutenant killed.

The Sphinx, 28 guns: lost her bowsprit.

The Friendship, 26 guns; an armed vessel taken into service.\*<sup>103</sup>

The Thunder-Bomb had the beds of her mortar soon disabled; she threw her shells in a very good direction; most of them fell within the fort, but we had a morass in the middle, that swallowed them up instantly, and those that fell in the sand in and about the fort, were immediately buried, so that very few of them burst amongst us: At one time, the Commodore's ship swung round with her stern to the fort, which drew the fire of all the guns that could bear upon her: we supposed he had had the springs of her cables cut away: The words that passed along the plat-form by officers and men, were, "mind the Commodore, mind the two fifty gun ships:" most all the attention was paid to the two fifty gun ships, especially the Commodore, who, I dare say, was not at all obliged to us for our particular attention to him; the killed and wounded on board those two fifty gun ships confirms what I say. During the action, Gen. Lee paid us a visit through a heavy line of fire, and pointed two or three guns himself; then said to me, "Colonel, I see you are doing very well here, you have no occasion for me, I will go up to town again," and then left us.

When I received information of Gen. Lee's approach to the fort, I sent Lieut. [Francis] Marion, from off the plat-form, with 8 or 10 men, to unbar the gate-way, (our gate not being finished) the gate-way was barricaded with pieces of timber 8 or 10 inches square, which required 3 or 4 men to remove each piece; the men in the ships tops, seeing those men run from the plat-form concluded "we were quitting the fort," as some author mentions: Another says, "we hung up a man in the fort, at the time of the action;" that idea was taken from this circumstance; when the action begun, (it being a warm day) some of the men took off their coats and threw them upon the top of the merlons,<sup>104</sup> I saw a shot take one of them and throw it into a small tree behind the plat-form, it was noticed by our men and they cried out "look at the coat." Never did men fight more bravely, and never were men more cool;\*<sup>105</sup> their only distress was the want of powder; we had not more than 28 rounds, for 26 guns, 18 and 26 pounders, when we begun the action; and a little after, 500 pounds from town, and 200 pounds from Captain Tufft's schooner lying at the back of the fort.

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<sup>102</sup> [Edit. Note. Lacuna inserted in original text, and isn't mine.]

<sup>103</sup> [Footnote in original] \* The killed and wounded on board of the men-of-war, was from their own account.

<sup>104</sup> [Edit. Note. Solid, block intervals (as opposed to empty intervals); commonly found in castle ramparts and battlements.]

<sup>105</sup> [Footnote in original] \* Several of the officers, as well as myself, were smoking our pipes and giving orders at the time of the action; but we laid them down when Gen. Lee came into the fort.

There cannot be a doubt, but that if we had had as much powder as we could have expended in the time, that the men-of-war must have struck their colors, or they would certainly have been sunk, because they could not retreat, as the wind and tide were against them; and if they had proceeded up to town, they would have been in a much worse situation: They could not make any impression on our fort, built of palmetto logs and filled in with earth, our merlons were 16 feet thick, and high enough to cover the men from the fire of the tops: The men that we had killed and wounded received their shots mostly through the embrasures.\*<sup>106</sup>

An author, who published in 1779, says “the guns were at one time so long silenced, that it was thought the fort was abandoned; it seems extraordinary that a detachment of land forces were not in readiness on board of the transports, or boats, to profit of such an occasion.”

The guns being so long silent, was owing to the scarcity of powder which we had in the fort, and to a report that was brought me, “that the British troops were landed between the advance-guard and the fort;”<sup>\*107</sup> it was upon this information, that I ordered the guns to cease firing, or to fire very slow upon the shipping; that we should reserve our powder for the musketry to defend ourselves against the land forces, there being a great scarcity of powder at this time.

At one time, 3 or 4 of the men-of-war’s broadsides struck the fort at the same instant, which gave the merlons such a tremor, that I was apprehensive that a few more such would tumble them down. During the action, three of the men-of-war, in going round to our west curtain, got entangled together, by which the *Acteon* frigate went on shore on the middle ground; the *Sphinx* lost her bow-sprit; and the *Syren* cleared herself without any damage; had these three ships effected their purpose, they would have enfiladed us in such a manner, as to have driven us from our guns: It being a very hot day, were served along the plat-form with grog in fire-buckets, which we partook of very heartily: I never had a more agreeable draught than that which I took out of one of those buckets at the time; it may be very easily conceived what heat and thirst a man must feel in this climate, to be upon a plat-form on the 28th June, amidst 20 or 30 heavy pieces of cannon,<sup>\*108</sup> in one continual blaze and roar; and clouds of smoke curling over his head for hours together; it was a very honorable situation, but a very unpleasant one.

During the action, thousands of our fellow-citizens were looking on with anxious hopes and fears,<sup>\*109</sup> some of whom had their fathers, brothers, and husbands in the battle; whose hearts must have been pierced at every broad-side. After some time our flag [i.e., South Carolina’s de facto banner; a white crescent placed in the top left corner over a dark blue field] was shot away; their hopes were then gone, and they gave up all for lost! supposing [sic] that we had struck our flag, and had given up the fort: Sergeant [William] Jasper perceiving that the flag was shot away, and had fallen without the fort, jumped from one of the embrasures, and brought it up through a heavy fire, fixed it upon a sponge-staff, and planted it upon the ramparts again: Our flag once more waving in the air, revived the drooping spirits of our friends; and they continued looking on, till night had closed the scene, and hid us from their view; only the appearance of a heavy storm, with continual flashes and peals like thunder; at night when we came to our slow firing (the ammunition being nearly quite gone) we could hear the shot very distinctly strike the ships: At length the British gave up the conflict: The ships slipt their cables, and dropped down with the tide, and out of the reach of our guns. When the firing had ceased, our friends for a time, were again in an unhappy suspense, not knowing our fate; till they received an account by a dispatch boat, which I sent up to town, to acquaint them, that the British ships had retired, and that we were victorious.

Early the next morning was presented to our view, the *Acteon* frigate, hard, and fast aground; at about 400 yards distance; we gave her a few shot, which she returned, but they soon set fire to her, and quitted her: Capt. Jacob Milligan and others, went in some of our boats, boarded her while she was on fire, and pointed 2 or 3 guns at the Commodore, and fired them; then brought off the ship’s bell, and other

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<sup>106</sup> [Footnote in original] \* Twelve men were killed and 24 wounded. When Sergeant M'Donald received his mortal wound, he, addressing his brother soldiers who were carrying him to the doctor, desired them not to give up, that they were fighting for liberty and their country.

<sup>107</sup> [Footnote in original] \* The advance, is about 3 miles from the fort at the east end of Sullivan’s Island.

<sup>108</sup> [Footnote in original] \* 18 and 26 French pounders

<sup>109</sup> [Footnote in original] \* At about 6 miles distance, [sic]

articles, and had scarcely left her, when she blew up, and from the explosion issued a grand pillar of smoke, which soon expanded itself at the top, and to appearance, formed the figure of a palmetto tree; the ship immediately burst into a great blaze that continued till she burnt down to the water's edge.

The other ships lay at the north point of Morris's Island\*<sup>110</sup> we could plainly see they had been pretty roughly handled, especially the Commodore.

The same day, a number of our friends and fellow citizens, came to congratulate us on our victory and Governor Rutledge presented Sergeant Jasper with a sword, for his gallant behavior; and Mr. William Logan, a hogshead of rum to the garrison, with the following card. "Mr. William Logan, presents his compliments to Col. Moultrie, and the officers and soldiers on Sullivan's Island, and beg their acceptance of a hogshead of old Antigua rum, which being scarce in town at this time, will be acceptable." Mr. Logan's present was thankfully received. A few days after the action, we picked up, in and about the fort, 1200 shot of different calibers that was fired at us, and a great number of 13 inch shells.<sup>111</sup>

[*Memoirs*, vol. 1, pp. 140-181]

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<sup>110</sup> [*Footnote in original*] \* About two miles.

<sup>111</sup> [*Edit. Note.* The reason Fort Moultrie fell to the British in early May 1780, as it had not in late June 1776, was because in 1780, Sir Henry Clinton and Adm. Arbuthnot were content to merely sail their ships past Sullivan's Island's guns into the inner harbor (with some, though relatively little, damage done to the vessels in the process), and finally compelling the famous fort to capitulate after *patiently* encircling the city with British land, as well as naval, forces.]

## AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PEACE: *Excerpts from Edmund Burke's "On Conciliation" (1775)*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. A hall in CYMBELINE'S palace

CLOTEN.

...There be many Caesars  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our own noses...  
...Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If  
Caesar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or  
put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute  
for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYMBELINE.

You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free.  
Caesar's ambition --  
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' th' world -- against all colour here  
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake of  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be...  
Say then to Caesar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws...

CAIUS LUCIUS.

I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar --  
Caesar, that hath more kings his servants than  
Thyself domestic officers -- thine enemy.  
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion  
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look  
For fury not to be resisted...

If any of Britain's own nay-sayers to Lord North's and King George's policy of armed coercion toward the refractory colonies could be said to have been thoroughly vindicated by the outcome of the Revolutionary War, among such would clearly be Edmund Burke, M.P. from Bristol, a statesman of peculiarly profound thought and literary abilities, and, as it happens, also a member of Dr. Samuel Johnson's circle of regular table gatherers. In hindsight, Burke's assessment of the American situation and his predictions as to what would ensue if military war were waged on America were uncannily correct and perceptive. Not so much in the gist of them -- *that* could be recognized by others observers not nearly so wise, informed, and shrewd as Burke -- but in the refined arguments and advance vision, supported by meticulous details and examples, with which he presents and applies to make his case. So much so, that in his three major writings on the subject, i.e., "Speech on American Taxation" (1774), "On Conciliation" (1775), and "A Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol" (1777), Burke was in fact writing history in advance of itself, and which *de facto* prophecies subsequent and modern historians resort to *now* to explain what *ended up* happening *then*. From Burke as much as anyone else of his time or before, we learn that the notion of liberty that took hold of America and later Europe in the 18<sup>th</sup> century was not an abstract notion produced by armchair philosophers and idealists, but a reality that evolved and came into being as the result of 1) the hallowed tradition of the cherished rights of British citizens *combined with* 2) the American experience of almost two centuries of growth, expansion, and pretty much living their lives and doing largely as they saw fit, and, that is, without much interference from without.

In some ways, Burke might have titled "Conciliation," his most comprehensive and noteworthy plea for *both* Britons and Americans "Common Sense;" for this is what he appeals to as much as anything else. And that such was rejected then by the King and most of the British people, notwithstanding the



foresight, patient example and eloquence of Lord Chatham (Pitt the elder),<sup>112</sup> Charles James Fox, the Earl of Shelburne (William Petty), Lords Rockingham, Camden, Grafton, Rockingham; Gen. Henry Conway, Isaac Barré,<sup>113</sup> and John Wilkes, makes all the more clear how the military conflict was incited much more by pride and passion than rational reflection. For what withal was the fighting intended? To secure peace, law and order, and national prosperity? No, rather it would appear that the guiding intent was emotional and for purposes of imposing on the colonists, once and for all, a good lesson and reminder not to challenge possible use of British military might. Yet, as Burke points out, such disciplining and admonition could, as a precedent, only be a heavy-handed threat and draconian measure applied to *all* British who might in the least question or defy governmental authority. What ultimately holds us together as a society, Burke says, is not laws and prisons, but brotherhood and our mutual happiness, and to resort to force when means were still at hand to procure a logical and peaceable resolution of problems would invariably endanger the very foundations of community. But, as in family quarrels, where all claim to be concerned about the family's welfare, pride, jealousy, and suspicion took the rein in place of dispassionate reflection and impartial consideration. For yes, both Americans had that which the ordinary British could envy, such as relatively free access to land holding and direct government involvement at home, and the obvious British cultural and material benefits and privileges that Americans themselves coveted to possess. How then an equity and fair distribution was to be arranged was not so easy to get at with so many hands grasping at once.

Burke's solution was to grant the Americans a relatively autonomous suzerainty, and that the colonists took for granted as already their right to continue to enjoy; with continued prospective trade serving to make both British and Americans overtime prosperous and wealthier. But instead a policy of war was opted for instead. It is stupefying and exemplary of the same British shortsightedness of the time that no one seems, at least not openly, to have factored in the possibility of French aid and intervention on the Americans' behalf, and what that might *further* entail. Then there was, of course, the employing of foreign mercenaries to subdue fellow Britishers. Even granting their cause some significant measure of justice, surely this was an enterprise, as Burke contends, grossly ill conceived and taken up with more than inordinate recklessness and unready precipitation. Ironically, but for such aggressive and bellicose steps on the part of the British people and government, the sometimes rival colonies might never have united so firmly together in resolving upon their independence.

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From "Speech on Moving for Conciliation with the Colonies, March 22, 1775."

...Surely it is an awful subject, -- or there is none so on this side of the grave. When I first had the honor of a seat in this House, the affairs of that continent pressed themselves upon us as the most important and most delicate object of Parliamentary attention. My little share in this great deliberation oppressed me. I found myself a partaker in a very high trust; and having no sort of reason to rely on the strength of my natural abilities for the proper execution of that trust, I was obliged to take more than common pains to instruct myself in everything which relates to our colonies. I was not less under the necessity of forming some fixed ideas concerning the general policy of the British empire. Something of this sort seemed to be indispensable, in order, amidst so vast a fluctuation of passions and opinions, to concentrate my thoughts, to ballast my conduct, to preserve me from being blown about by every wind of fashionable doctrine. I really did not think it safe or manly to have fresh principles to seek upon every fresh mail which should arrive from America...

Sir, Parliament, having an enlarged view of objects, made, during this interval, more frequent changes in their sentiments and their conduct [i.e., in imposing duties, taxes, and legislative restrictions on colonial assemblies] than could be justified in a particular person upon the contracted scale of private information. But though I do not hazard anything approaching to a censure on the motives of former Parliaments to all those alterations, one fact is undoubted, -- that under them the state of America has been

¹¹² Chatham, indeed, might be deemed an even more eloquent spokesman than Burke on behalf of the colonies. And had not ill health prevented his becoming once more Prime Minister, he more than anyone else could have prevented final separation of the American colonies from Britain. Both he, on May 30th 1777, and later his son, on April 7th, 1778, themselves gave most moving and memorable speeches on the subject; in the House of Lords and House of Commons respectively.

¹¹³ Irish member of Parliament who is reputed to have coined the term "Sons of Liberty."

kept in continual agitation. Everything administered as remedy to the public complaint, if it did not produce, was at least followed by, an heightening of the distemper, until, by a variety of experiments, that important country has been brought into her present situation, -- a situation which I will not miscall, which I dare not name, which I scarcely know how to comprehend in the terms of any description...

The proposition is peace. Not peace through the medium of war; not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire; not peace to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government. It is simple peace, sought in its natural course and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose, by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the *former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country*, to give permanent satisfaction to your people, -- and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act and by the bond of the very same interest which reconciles them to British government.

My idea is nothing more. Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion, -- and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle. My plan, therefore, being formed upon the most simple grounds imaginable, may disappoint some people, when they hear it. It has nothing to recommend it to the pruriency of curious ears...

The trade with America alone is now within less than 500,000 *l.* of being equal to what this great commercial nation, England, carried on at the beginning of this century with the whole world! If I had taken the largest year of those on your table, it would rather have exceeded. But, it will be said, is not this American trade an unnatural protuberance, that has drawn the juices from the rest of the body? The reverse. It is the very food that has nourished every other part into its present magnitude. Our general trade has been greatly augmented, and augmented more or less in almost every part to which it ever extended, but with this material difference: that of the six millions which in the beginning of the century constituted the whole mass of our export commerce the colony trade was but one twelfth part; it is now (as a part of sixteen millions) considerably more than a third of the whole. This is the relative proportion of the importance of the colonies at these two periods: and all reasoning concerning our mode of treating them must have this proportion as its basis, or it is a reasoning weak, rotten, and sophistical...

I choose, Sir, to enter into these minute and particular details; because generalities, which in all other cases are apt to heighten and raise the subject, have here a tendency to sink it. When we speak of the commerce with our colonies, fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

So far, Sir, as to the importance of the object in the view of its commerce, as concerned in the exports from England. If I were to detail the imports, I could show how many enjoyments they procure which deceive the burden of life, how many materials which invigorate the springs of national industry and extend and animate every part of our foreign and domestic commerce. This would be a curious subject indeed, -- but I must prescribe bounds to myself in a matter so vast and various.

I pass, therefore, to the colonies in another point of view, -- their agriculture. This they have prosecuted with such a spirit, that, besides feeding plentifully their own growing multitude, their annual export of grain, comprehending rice, has some years ago exceeded a million in value. Of their last harvest, I am persuaded, they will export much more. At the beginning of the century some of these colonies imported corn from the mother country. For some time past the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which you have felt would have been a desolating famine, if this child of your old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to

excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale-fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place¹¹⁴ in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that, whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people, -- a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things, -- when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect,¹¹⁵ a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection, -- when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me, -- my rigor relents, -- I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

I am sensible, Sir, that all which I have asserted in my detail is admitted in the gross, but that quite a different conclusion is drawn from it. America, gentlemen say, is a noble object, -- it is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people be the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force, -- considering force not as an odious, but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, Sir, permit me to observe, that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment; but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again: and a nation is not governed which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource: for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence...

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence [i.e., for permitting the colonies to trade and flourish without British oversight or interference] has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so; but we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it, and our sin far more salutary than our penitence...

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some

¹¹⁴ [Edit. Note. Presumably a "stage and resting place" for whalers.]

¹¹⁵ [Edit. Note. A phrase American history students will often hear quoted without reference to who said it.]

sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised, the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments and blind usages to reside in a certain body called an House of Commons: they went much further: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist...

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in an high degree: some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants, and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches from all that looks like absolute government is so much to be sought in their religious tenets as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails, that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England, too, was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the [religious] dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing, most probably, the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive, by their manner, that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description, because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, Sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The

fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with an higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible...¹¹⁶

Then, Sir, from these six capital sources, of descent, of form of government, of religion in the northern provinces, of manners in the southern, of education, of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government, -- from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth: a spirit, that, unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

I do not mean to commend either the spirit in this excess, or the moral causes which produce it. Perhaps a more smooth and accommodating spirit of freedom in them would be more acceptable to us. Perhaps ideas of liberty might be desired more reconcilable with an arbitrary and boundless authority. Perhaps we might wish the colonists to be persuaded that their liberty is more secure when held in trust for them by us (as their guardians during a perpetual minority) than with any part of it in their own hands. But the question is not, whether their spirit deserves praise or blame, -- what, in the name of God, shall we do with it? You have before you the object, such as it is, -- with all its glories, with all its imperfections on its head. You see the magnitude, the importance, the temper, the habits, the disorders. By all these considerations we are strongly urged to determine something concerning it. We are called upon to fix some rule and line for our future conduct, which may give a little stability to our politics, and prevent the return of such unhappy deliberations as the present. Every such return will bring the matter before us in a still more untractable form. For what astonishing and incredible things have we not seen already! What monsters have not been generated from this unnatural contention! Whilst every principle of authority and resistance has been pushed, upon both sides, as far as it would go, there is nothing so solid and certain, either in reasoning or in practice, that has not been shaken. Until very lately, all authority in America seemed to be nothing but an emanation from yours. Even the popular part of the colony constitution derived all its activity, and its first vital movement, from the pleasure of the crown. We thought, Sir, that the utmost which the discontented colonists could do was to disturb authority; we never dreamt they could of themselves supply it, knowing in general what an operose business it is to establish a government absolutely new. But having, for our purposes in this contention, resolved that none but an obedient assembly should sit, the humors of the people there, finding all passage through the legal channel stopped, with great violence broke out another way. Some provinces have tried their experiment, as we have tried ours; and theirs has succeeded. They have formed a government sufficient for its purposes, without the bustle of a revolution, or the troublesome formality of an election. Evident necessity and tacit consent have done the business in an instant. So well they have done it, that Lord Dunmore (the account is among the fragments on your table) tells you that the new institution is infinitely better obeyed than the ancient government ever was in its most fortunate periods. Obedience is what makes government, and not the names by which it is called: not the name of Governor, as formerly, or Committee, as at present. This new government has originated directly from the people, and was not transmitted through any of the ordinary artificial media of a positive constitution. It was not a manufacture ready formed, and transmitted to them in that condition from England...

Pursuing the same plan of punishing by the denial of the exercise of government to still greater lengths, we wholly abrogated the ancient government of Massachusetts. We were confident that the first feeling, if not the very prospect of anarchy, would instantly enforce a complete submission. The experiment was tried. A new, strange, unexpected face of things appeared. Anarchy is found tolerable. A vast province has now subsisted, and subsisted in a considerable degree of health and vigor, for near a twelvemonth, without governor, without public council, without judges, without executive magistrates. How long it will continue in this state, or what may arise out of this unheard-of situation, how can the wisest of us conjecture? Our late experience has taught us that many of those fundamental principles formerly believed

¹¹⁶ [Edit. Note. Perhaps put somewhat differently, Americans slave-holders, knowing first hand the contempt conferred on slaves, will be all the less willing to allow themselves to be reduced to that most ignoble and humiliating status.]

infallible are either not of the importance they were imagined to be, or that we have not at all adverted to some other far more important and far more powerful principles which entirely overrule those we had considered as omnipotent. I am much against any further experiments which tend to put to the proof any more of these allowed opinions which contribute so much to the public tranquillity. In effect, we suffer as much at home by this loosening of all ties, and this concussion of all established opinions, as we do abroad. For, in order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood...

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The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery...

Slaves as these unfortunate black people are, and dull as all men are from slavery, must they not a little suspect the offer of freedom from that very nation which has sold them to their present masters, -- from that nation, one of whose causes of quarrel with those masters is their refusal to deal any more in that inhuman traffic? An offer of freedom from England would come rather oddly, shipped to them in an African vessel, which is refused an entry into the ports of Virginia or Carolina, with a cargo of three hundred Angola negroes. It would be curious to see the Guinea captain attempting at the same instant to publish his proclamation of liberty and to advertise his sale of slaves...

For that service, for all service, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in her interest in the British Constitution. My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government, -- they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another, that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, -- the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience...

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the Land-Tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely, no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us: a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, -- and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly

taught, these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned have no substantial existence, are in truth everything, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum corda!*¹¹⁷ We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

In full confidence of this unalterable truth, I now (*quod felix faustumque sit!*)¹¹⁸ lay the first stone of the Temple of Peace; and I move you, --

“That the colonies and plantations of Great Britain in North America, consisting of fourteen separate governments, and containing two millions and upwards of free inhabitants, have not had the liberty and privilege of electing and sending any knights and burgesses, or others, to represent them in the high court of Parliament.”

Upon this resolution the previous question was put and carried: for the previous question [i.e., those opposing Burke's proposal], 270; against it [i.e., for Burke's proposal], 78.

¹¹⁷ [Edit. Note. “Lift up you hearts.”]

¹¹⁸ [Edit. Note. “May this (‘first stone’) prove happy and prosperous.”]

“In the number of the best Patriots”

Poetry of Annis Boudinot Stockton and Susanna Rowson.

“...The felicitations you offer on the present prospect of our public affairs are highly acceptable to me, and I entreat you to receive a reciprocation from my part. I can never trace the concatenation of causes, which led to these events, without acknowledging the mystery and admiring the goodness of Providence. To that superintending Power alone is our retraction from the brink of ruin to be attributed. A spirit of accom[m]odation was happily infused into the leading characters of the Continent, and the minds of men were gradually prepared by disappointment, for the reception of a good government. Nor would I rob the fairer Sex of their share in the glory of a revolution so honorable to human nature, for, indeed, I think you Ladies are in the number of the best Patriots America can boast.

“And now that I am speaking of your Sex, I will ask whether they are not capable of doing something towards introducing federal fashions and national manners? A good general government, without good morals and good habits, will not make us a happy People; and we shall deceive our selves if we think it will. A good government will, unquestionably, tend to foster and confirm those qualities, on which public happiness must be engrafted...”

~ George Washington, Mount Vernon, 31 Aug. 1788, to Annis Boudinot Stockton.

By pairing early American female poets Annis Boudinot Stockton (1736-1801) and Susanna Rowson (1762-1824) for the purpose of a single article, I do not want in the least to appear to suggest that their writings are somehow of a minor sort. Both compare very favorably with predecessor Anne Bradstreet and successor Emily Dickinson, not to mention contemporaries (or, in the case of Rowson, *not so distant* contemporaries) Phillis Wheatley Peters and Mercy Otis Warren. Yet as they might be thought too little known or historically obscure by some, I thought a joint article would make it that much more convenient and easy to introduce them in one sitting. Besides this, presenting them together provides us with examples of how poetic craft and sensibility, and from a female perspective, grew and evolved from the period prior to the Revolution to the early Republic at the time of the Jefferson administration. In Stockton, we see a general adherence to conventions of terms, phrasing, and form of 18th century verse, yet often time tintured and suffused with a fancy, coloring, whimsy and perspective that are distinctly Stockton's. In Rowson, we encounter by contrast the burgeoning impact of the romantics, such as Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth; beginning to exert their influence. Although Stockton was not so widely known in her time as to have left much, if any, literary impression on other writers; indeed Griswold and the Duyckincks don't even include her in their catalogs of American authors; it is remarkable on the other hand how Rowson in some poems is reminiscent of fellow New Englanders William Cullen Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, and John Greenleaf Whittier -- though whether Bryant, Longfellow, or Whittier were especially or at all acquainted with her poetry, I myself am not aware. As well, in her aptitude for lyricism and musicality she manifests a close affinity with Samuel Woodworth. Yet of influence or not, both Stockton and Rowson were striking originals; who, as astute, lively, and vibrant, poets, deserve far greater honor than has hitherto been bestowed on them. That they happened to be women writing in a heavily male dominated society makes their achievement all the more admirable, even inspiring.

The story of their two lives is no less unique and astonishing than their writings, and it is only natural and appropriate to furnish at least some sketch of them before proceeding to samples of their verse. While it is not practicable here to examine anything like their full biography or permit a more thorough addressing of their works, it is possible to touch on a few notable highlights of each. Though decidedly unlike in background, social station, and the cultural eras in which they thrived, both were religiously devout, ardent patriots, and avowed feminists. And as much as we observe differences, we do find in their ambitious spirit and cheery, and yet passionate, outlook on life marked similarities.

Annis Boudinot Stockton

Annis Boudinot, coming from a line of French Huguenot settlers, was born in Darby, Pennsylvania in 1736. Her father was a very successful self-made merchant and entrepreneur, not that dissimilar in this sort of character from John Jacob Astor of a later generation. Annis' wealthy status qualified her to be among society's elite, and which in turn brought her in contact with Richard Stockton (1730-1781), one of New Jersey's most eminent and affluent attorneys and jurists; and a trustee and patron of the college there. In addition, he received several governmental appointments in the colony from Royal Governor William Franklin. He and Annis married in 1757, and subsequently had six children, including daughter Julia who became the wife of physician and Benjamin Rush. The couple lived very well and built

a stately home in Princeton that they named “Morven.” Among its singular features was a rich and diverse garden, with, for instance, an unusual assortment of trees, that was modeled on Alexander Pope’s own at Twickenham; Stockton having spent some time in England was able to acquire plans to the same. At the time just before the Revolution, Stockton was essentially a moderate who had no desire to break with the mother country. Yet as events developed, he found himself persuaded and pressured by those nearest to him to undertake a different course. Annis’ brother, Elias Boudinot, for one was a staunch advocate for separation, and later went on to become both President of Congress (1782-1783) and a signatory to the Treaty of Paris in 1783. As a result, Stockton himself, though not without some trepidation, became one of the radicals himself and was elected by New Jersey in 1776 to the Continental Congress; where he voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. In November of that same year, the British raided Princeton, and Cornwallis set up headquarters at Morven. In their flight, Annis safely secured the papers of Princeton’s famous Whig Society from British capture, while at the cost of having to abandon her own; for which act of courage she was subsequently made an honorary member; the only female that had ever been so privileged. Seeking refuge in Monmouth County, Stockton was caught by some Tories and handed over to the British. He ended up being kept prisoner in New York till January 1777, at which time, in precarious health and after some reportedly severe and rigorous treatment, his release was obtained. But not without cost; for the British were able to coerce him to take an oath of neutrality; and which Stockton adhered to till the end of his life. He for a while returned to his law practice, but came down with cancer and died of the same in 1781. Son-in-law Benjamin Rush summed him up this way: “Richard Stockton. An enlightened politician, and a correct and graceful speaker. He was timid where bold measures were required, but was at all times sincerely devoted to the liberties of his country. He loved law, and order, and once offended his constituents by opposing the seizure of private property in an illegal manner by an officer of the army. He said after the treaty with France took place, ‘that the United States were placed in a more eligible situation by it, than they had been during their connection with Great Britain.’ His habits as a lawyer, and a Judge (which office he had filled under the British government) produced in him a respect for the British Constitution; but this did not lessen his attachment to the Independence of the United States.”¹¹⁹

Despite her husband’s withdrawal from direct revolutionary involvement, Annis herself maintained the struggle, including, as well as charity work, penning several poems, published in newspapers, espousing the American cause. Among her biggest fans was George Washington and with whom she frequently corresponded.

And yet Annis’ patriotic verses are only a portion of her poetic works, and from an early age she wrote a wide variety of different sorts of pieces. Among these were laudatory odes, pensive sonnets, quite sophisticated pastorals, sincerely sympathetic epitaphs, pious hymns, and a few humor poems. That she was not known, or not known much, to Griswold and the Duyckincks is owing to her having kept most of her poems in manuscript, and which were only circulated to friends and family. In one of the most surprising discoveries of literary scholarship these surfaced in 1984 upon being donated to the New Jersey Historical Society. And it was only in just 1995 that Carla Mulford then published the complete collection of Annis’ known works; giving the world for the first time the opportunity to assess Annis’ poetry in full.

In all, the poems, and their exposition and presentation by Mulford, are exceedingly impressive. As Mulford herself observes “[Annis’ poems] are imitative of the poets Stockton most admired (Milton, Pope, Dryden, Gray, Thomson, and others), yet they reflect the poet’s transformative agenda, her tendency to test the limits of language and genre to formulate poetry with an American vision.”¹²⁰

Indeed, upon my chance to read them, what a driven and ebullient soul Annis must have been over the course of her life to have voiced herself with such euphoric vim, breadth of imagination, and studied variety. Again, putting her on par with Anne Bradstreet and Emily Dickinson not only is just, but in her broad range of expression she may be fairly said to even have outdone them. And given the relatively brief time anyone outside her lifetime has had the chance to become familiar with her poems, it is no exaggeration to say that it would seem only a matter of time before she will, in all, procure a due and more fitting place of honor among the America’s finest and most creative composers of verse.

¹¹⁹ *Travels Through Life* (1905 edition) pp. 109-110.

¹²⁰ *Only for the Eye of a Friend: The Poems of Annis Boudinot Stockton* (1995), p. 37.

Susanna Rowson

Susanna Rowson's fame rests largely on her extremely popular and best-selling novel (in its day, and reportedly, only second in that category to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) *Charlotte Temple, A Tale of Truth* (published in 1791 in England, and 1795 in America.) States Duyckinck: "Of the latter twenty-five thousand copies were sold in a few years. It is a tale of seduction, the story of a young girl brought over to America by a British officer and deserted, and being written in a melodramatic style has drawn tears from the public freely as any similar production on the stage. It is still a popular classic at the cheap book-stalls and with travelling chapmen. The *Inquisitor* [another of Rowson's novels] is avowedly modelled on [Laurence] Sterne, and the honest heart of the writer has doubtless a superior sensibility, though the sharp wit and knowledge of the world of the original are not feminine qualities, and are not to be looked for from a female pen."¹²¹

And yet novel writing is only a part of the corpus of Rowson's work, and which also contains poetry, songs, plays (including an opera), and "a Dictionary, two systems of Geography, and Historical Exercises" (Duyckinck.)

Born in 1762 in Portsmouth, England, Susanna was the daughter of Royal Navy lieutenant William Haswell, and the half-sister (by the same father) of Robert Haswell, Robert Gray's second in command and one of the log keepers in the trade and exploration voyages (1787-1790) of the brig *Columbia* and sloop *Lady Washington* to the Pacific Northwest Coast. About the time of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War in Boston, the Haswells were living at seaside Nantasket in Hull, Massachusetts. As loyalists, they were placed under arrest, and relocated inland. Finally in 1778, Haswell was exchanged as a prisoner and the family left for Halifax, Nova Scotia; ultimately settling in England. Common with the fate of such loyalists, their property had been confiscated by the rebels and this rendered them destitute. A not terribly friendly or cordial start for a female author who would one day praise the new America to the stars. For her part, Susanna assisted her struggling family by earning a living as a governess.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution, the father was placed under house arrest, and subsequently the family was moved inland, to Hingham and Abington, Massachusetts. In 1778, the failing health of Lieutenant Haswell led to a prisoner exchange, and the family was sent via Halifax, Nova Scotia to England, settling near Kingston upon Hull. Their American property having been confiscated, they lived in relative poverty, Susanna helping to support the family by serving as a governess.

In 1786, she married William Rowson, the leader of Royal Guards band. It was while living in London she began writing novels; with *Charlotte Temple* being published in 1791, and did some acting in provincial theaters. She evidently gained some notoriety as an actress, for in 1793, she and her husband arrived in America as a result of being hired by the Philadelphia Theater, one of the most renowned of its kind in America at that time.

From there, Susanna's career took off in all energetic directions,¹²² and she was found (as we earlier noted) writing plays, educating young ladies at academies, serving as editor of a prominent magazine, being active and vocal in supporting religion, patriotism, and feminism, as well as finding time to keep abreast of literary fashions and write poetry.

For one, I cannot praise Rowson's poems more than to say that upon my initially browsing them I readily found myself pleased by and enjoying most of what I read. Annis Stockton's poems, by comparison and the effort is more than worth it, admittedly require a bit more patience and close reading to best savor and appreciate. But Rowson's poems require less advance preparation and grab one much like a song does; which of course is no coincidence given her close ties to the musical theater. While, true, we might find the style and tone unavoidably dated, one can't help but find in her wording and sentiments an excitable and warm-blooded person to whom we can frequently relate and share feelings with. Simply put, she talks good, plain sense, and yet does so with an exquisite fineness and excellence raised up by the sort of genuine

¹²¹ *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, vol. 1, p. 519.

¹²² By 1809, she had at last settled in Boston.

and real life heartfelt motivation that Wordsworth, in his *Prefaces*, insists on in poets. It is perhaps then to be regretted that Rowson has been so tied to *Charlotte Temple* because in her poetry she is arguably more interesting and inventive.

In arriving at the following selections from Annis Stockton and Susanna Rowson, I've sought to give some idea of the relatively broad range of both the topics covered and poetic forms undertaken by the two. But, as could be expected in such a brief summary, the number of pieces chosen serve merely as a hint to the two poetesses' scope. For a *proper* idea of their vigor and versatility, it is necessary to peruse a full volume of their writings. Many are the pieces I would have been delighted to include, but in pursuance of an introductory presentation have opted instead for something more light and manageable.

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***POEMS BY ANNIS BOUDINOT STOCKTON.<sup>123</sup>***

**A Hymn Written in the Year 1753**

1.

Jesus thy Servant is resign'd  
To thy unerring will  
Oh, may my heart be more than inclin'd  
Thy precepts to fulfill.

2.

Do with me what thou thinkest best,  
Conform my soul to thee,  
Stamp thy dear image on my breast  
And ne'er depart from me.

3.

For in thy blissful smiles I live –  
More sweet than life's love,  
And in thy favour is contain'd  
The heaven I hope above.

4.

Thou art my soul[']s honour and wealth  
Her bliss and friendship too,  
The source of all her peace and health  
And every joy in view.

5.

Then lead me thro the giddy path  
Of youths deceitful road,  
The source of all her peace and health  
And every joy in view.

6.

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<sup>123</sup> As found in *Only for the Eye of a Friend: The Poems of Annis Boudinot Stockton* (1995), edited by Carla Mulford.

And at the last gloomy hour  
When death my flesh invades,  
Oh, let thy staff thy crook power  
Support me through the shades.

7.

Then with thy presence gild the gloom  
Of that tremendous vale  
O! guide the wandering exile home  
Nor let my foes prevail.

8.

But let thy spirit whisper peace,  
And shew my sins forgiven;  
Make ev'ry doubt and sorrow cease,  
And antedate my heaven

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The disappointment[,] an ode 1756 to Mr. S[tockton] --

I see my kind protector come --
To soothe my throb[b]ing heart to rest --
He breaks that cloud[']s o'erspreading gloom --
And chases midnight from my breast --
No tis not him a shadowy sprite --
So like my lover met my eyes --
Some angel left the fields of light --
Touch'd with compassion at my sighs --
No more he joins the Social band --
Around my cheerful fire side ---
Where friendships fascinating wand --
Once made his hours serenely glide. --
Tis not for me that voice to hear --
Whence sprightly wit and manly sense
Can floe to charm the brow of care --
And wisdom's choicest gifts dispense.
But he shall live within my heart --
His image all my Joy supply --
And when death hurls the fatal dart
I[']ll bear it with me to the sky --

Yes see the bles[s]ed hour arrives --
Ev'n now the peaceful clime I view --
When gentle love and virtue thrives --
And souls their lapsed powers renew.
No disappointment enters there --
The tender heart no absence pains --
For love refin'd is angels['] fare --
For love eternal ever reigns. --

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**[I]mpromptu epitaph on the grave digger of Princeton—1769—**

Here lies honest John  
Who dug the graves of many  
Now circumscrib'd to one  
For which he'd ne'er a penny  
Six shillings were his dues  
But out of those he's cheated  
For death no favour shews  
Since monarchs thus are treated  
And now his dust is level[e]d  
With dust that soar'd above him  
Whose deeds if all unravel'd  
The better man would prove him  
May all that view this humble stone  
This les[s]on learn, this truth revere,  
That from the Cottage to the throne  
Virtue alone makes difference here. --

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**On hearing that General [Joseph] Warren was killed on Bunker Hill,
on the 17th of June 1775**

Ill-fated hand that sent the cruel dart,
Which pierc'd brave Warren's gen'rous, humane heart!--
That heart, which, studious of his countries good
Held up her rights and seal'd them with his blood! --
Witness those famed resolves at Suffolk made,
Drawn by his pen, and by his counsels led. --
But boast not *Gage*, tho' he unburied lies,
Thousands of heroes from his dust shall rise;
Who still shall freedom's injur'd cause maintain,
And shew to lawless kins the rights of men. --
-- For *thee*, blest shade, who offer'd up thy life
A willing victim in the glorious strife,
Thy country's tears shed o'er thy sacred urn,
Sweeter than dew-drops in a vernal morn,
In rich libations to thy mem'ry pour,
And waft their odours to the heav'nly shore:
Nature herself, fresh flowret wreaths shall weave,
To scatter daily on thy honor'd grave;
While all the brave and all the good shall come,
To heap unfading laurel's on thy tomb.

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**[L]ines impromptu on Miss Morgan[']s birth day**

May circling years with Joy unmix'd return  
And crown with health and peace this natal day  
May all that can enliven or adorn  
Conspire to aid the gratulating lay --  
Let Aries smooth his blustering brow and smile  
Let genial suns unloose the frost bound plain  
May vegetation pay the ploughman[']s toil  
And pleasure come with all her laughing train

While for my nancy I a wreath would twine  
 Blooming and sweet as is a vernal morn  
 Come then ye muses add your art to mine  
 And tell the world this day the nymph was born  
 When virtue truth and innocence unite  
 To grace the mind that lights a lovely face  
 The soft assemblage in a form so bright  
 Pleas'd we behold and lost in wonder gaze. --

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***On hearing of the news of the capture of Lord Cornwallis
 and the British army, by Gen. WASHINGTON.***

[For the *New-Jersey Gazette*.]

By a LADY of NEW-JERSEY

BRING now ye Muses from th' Aonian grove,
 The wreath of victory which the sisters wove,
 Wove and laid up in Mars' most awful fane,
 To crown our Hero on Virginia's plain.
 See from Castalia's sacred fount they haste,
 And now, already on his brow 'tis plac'd;
 The trump of fame proclaims aloud the joy,
 AND WASHINGTON IS CROWN'D, re-echo's to the sky.
 Illustrious name! thy valour now has broke
 Oppression's galling chain, and took the yoke
 From off thy bleeding country, set her free,
 And every heart with transport beats for thee.

For thee! Rochambeau, Gallia's vet'ran chief,
 Sent by fair freedom's friend to her relief;
 An arch triumphal shall the muse decree
 And heroes yet unborn shall copy thee;
 Our lisping infants shall pronounce thy name,
 In songs our virgins shall repeat thy fame,
 And taught by THEE the art of war, our swains
 Shall dye with British blood Columbia's plains.
 Viominills, (heroic brothers) too!
 Unfading laurels now await for you,
 And all the noble youth, who in your train,
 In search of glory cross'd the Atlantic main.
 Blest with sweet peace in Sylvan shades retir'd
 Our future bards (by your great deeds inspir'd)
 In tuneful verse shall hand this aera down,
 And your lov'd names with greatful [sic] honours crown.

EMELIA.

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**ELEGY.**

For thee I drop the tender tear  
 For thee I breathe the heartfelt Sigh  
 Thy loss excites the pangs Severe  
 And torn from thee I'd rather die

The wretch who quits his native shore  
 And leaves his al[l] on earth behind  
 Has *hope* that fate may yet restore  
 And to his wisdom prove more kind  
 But ah that dear deceiver now  
 To me no balm can ever give  
 No Cordial drop She can bestow  
 My dropping spirits to relieve  
 For ah the dream of bliss is flown  
 My trembling steps on other ground  
 With no protector quite alone  
 pursues a phantom never found

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On a little boy going to play on a place from whence he had just fallen

So the wreck[e]d mariner who tos[s]’d on shore
 Hear the wind whistle and the billows roar
 Hous’d in some humble cot he vows in vain
 Never to trust the faithless deep again
 But warm’d and cloath’d to the first port repairs
 And in a can of flip forgets his fears.
 The Seamen[’]s Register he hastes to seek
 And sets his name to sail within a week.

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**On the Celebration of the Birth of the  
 DAUPHIN of FRANCE.<sup>124</sup> [1782]**

The Genius of America enters the garden of the Chevalier de la Luzerne,  
 with two attendant Sylphs, carrying baskets of flowers in their hands.

**FIRST SYLPH**

COME, let us break our leafy caskets here,  
 And pour the blushing beauties of the mead;  
 For see Luzerne with loyal zeal, prepare  
 To hail the joy that crown’s his master’s bed.

**GENIUS OF AMERICA**

Yes, strew the fragrant treasures on the ground,  
 Perfume the air with aromatic gales;  
 Go call the Naiads from their pearly bound,  
 And bid the Tritons come with vocal shells --  
 To sound across the Atlantic’s wide domain,  
 And greet the infant from these western shores;  
 Present an off’ring from Columbia’s plain,  
 A grateful off’ring of her fruits and flow’rs.

**SECOND SYLPH**

Turn, lovely infant, thy auspicious eyes,

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<sup>124</sup> The Dauphin referred to here is, of course, Louis XVI’s second son, Louis-Charles and who tragically died in 1795 while being held a prisoner of the Revolutionaries.

Nor scorn the rural presents that we bring;  
A mighty empire from these woods shall rise,  
And pay to *thee*, the aid they owe thy king.

GENIUS OF AMERICA

Till then accept these emblems of our truth,  
While Heav'n, invok'd by us, shall safely lead  
Thy steps thro' all the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
And form thee fit to be thy nation's head.  
Virtue herself shall dignify thy heart,  
And princely valour deck thy youthful form;  
Science shall join with nature and with art,  
Thy opening mind to animate and warm.

FIRST SYLPH

And ev'ry love, and ev'ry grace shall wait,  
As handmaids, to attend the darling boy;  
The muses too, shall leave their calm retreat  
On Pindus yop, to aid the nation's joy.

SECOND SYLPH

Turn, lovely infant, thy auspicious eyes,  
Nor scorn the rural present hat we bring;  
A mighty empire from these woods shall rise,  
And pay to *thee*, the aid they owe thy king.

GENIUS OF AMERICA.

Tritons, convey to Gallia's royal ear  
The pleasing transport on our hearts engrav'd,  
To none more dear is France's blooming heir,  
Than to the people whom his father sav'd.  
Oh! Tell him, that my hardy generous swains,  
Shall annually hail this natal day;  
My babes congratulate his lisping strains,  
And blooming virgins tune the cheerful lay.  
For him their pious vows the skies ascend,  
And bring down blessings on his lovely queen;  
May vict'ry ever on his arms attend,  
And crown his days with peace and joy serene.

EMILIA.

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An ODE for CHRISTMAS DAY. [1789]

Aurora ushers in the glor'ous day
That shot thro' realms of death the vivid ray,
And shed the balm of peace.
Celest'al harbingers proclaim our hope,
The SAV'OUR'S BORN, and Nature's mighty prop
Bids every sorrow cease!

SPIRIT of *grace*, before whose awful sight,
The groves retire on Pindus lofty height,
Breathe on my trembling lyre!
Smile on the humble off'ring of the poor,

Brought not from pride's self-righteous store,
But waits thy kindling fire!
If ever rapture on a theme divine,
With hallow'd incense rose from human shrine
To mix with seraphs lays:
Tho bands of angels and archangels bring
Their golden harps to hail the infant king,
Receive my mite of praise!

Ages before this azure arch was rear'd,
When on the gloomy void no form appear'd
Of mountains tow'ring peak;
Of grove, or plain, or rivers winding stream;
Or sun, or star, had cast a lucid beam,
To cheer the dread opaque.

The Almighty Sire revolved the plan,
And caus'd the shadows of the state of man
To pass before his throne.
He saw them tempted, -- lose their blissful state,
Deeply involv'd in woe; -- but ah! Too late,
They'd mourn th' unhappy deed.
Divine compass' on fill'd th' eternal mind,
And to the errors of his offspring-kind,
Redempt'on was decreed.

His sacred son, the darling of his soul,
Offer'd to drink for man the bitter bowl,
And suffer in his stead.
Adam for all his race the curse procur'd,
But *CHRIST* the dreadful penalty endu'd,
And bruise'd the serpent's head.

The Holy Spirit too would undertake,
To cure the deadly wound that sin should make,
And justice mercy crown'd.
The sacred Three the amazing contract seal'd,
And every bright intelligence was fill'd
With reverence most profound.

Nor can th' eternal plan of mystic love,
By all the arts of Hell abortive prove,
For numerous hearts shall yeild [sic]:
And sad captivity be captive led,
Receive the gift by union with the head,
And all their griefs be heal'd.
Now light, mankind, your hospitable fires,
And let the charity such love inspires,
Like holy incense rise!
More sweet than all the choicest fragrant gums,
The eastern sages mingl'd in perfumes,
A costly sacrifice!
Far in the east they saw an unknown star,
Gild with superior light the hemisphere;
Led by the sparkling ray:
They found the place of *JESU*'s humble birth,

Saw bands of angel forms descend to earth,
 With heav'n's eternal day.
 The song begins, -- the morning-stars rejoice,
 Mortals so favor'd join your grateful voice!
On earth be endless peace!
 Celest'al harbingers proclaim our hope,
The SAV'OUR'S BORN, and Nature's mighty prop
 Bids ev'ry sorrow cease.

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**A LYRIC ODE. – Feb. 28 [1791]**

FROM dreams I wake to real woe,  
 While winds from every quarter blow,  
     And urge the beating rain;  
 I' ]ll leave my pillow, steep[e]d in tears  
 And try to dissipate my cares  
     With my sweet lyre again.

Ah! where is fancy's magic power,  
 That us'd to charm each weary hour,  
     And gild the darkest Storm?  
 Ev'n in the howling of the wind,  
 Soft plaintive murmurs she cou'd find,  
     Breath'd by some airy form!

Oft has she borne me on her wing,  
 To climes that know eternal spring,  
     To sweet Arcadian vales;  
 To where the vi'lets fragrant breath,  
 Perfumes unseen the desert heath,  
     With aromatic gales.

To groves whose dark embrowning shades,  
 Skirted with ever-verdant meads,  
     And woodbine mantled round;  
 With streams, whose velvet margins bear,  
 The blushing rose, and lilly [sic] fair ,  
     Spontaneous on the ground.

But now no more her presence cheers;  
 Her wand no soft enchantment rears,  
     To soothe my heart-felt pain:  
 How loud the tempests horrid roar,  
 I see the wrecks on every shore,  
     And hear the dying strain!

My mind congenial with the gloom,  
 That hides fair nature's brightest bloom,  
     Welcomes contending storms;  
 Sad emblem of the griefs that prey,  
 And waste my widowed heart away,  
     In retrospective forms.

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ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

HAIL, Sensibility! thou angel dear,
Who breath'st the sigh or drop'st the silent tear
At other's grief;
Who guid'st the generous liberal hand,
To give relief.
Without thee, say, what had we been?
Unfeeling brutes, who scarce deserve the name of men.
Come, fill my heart, and let it overflow,
Exult in other's joys -- or bleed at other's woe.

See yon poor wretch with hunger starv'd,
Eager he eyes his precious grain of food;
What, tho' tis tainted, mouldy, dry or hard,
His famish'd appetite still thinks it good.
There was a pang shot through my very heart;
At thy command, my ready hand
Of my small portion hastes to give a part,
While from my eye th' unbidden tear will start,
That such keen mis'ry should afflict mankind.

Yet as I gently grieve,
I bless the hour, Benignant Pow'r,
That gave the means those sorrows to relieve.
How can the stoic think it bliss
To know no joy, to feel no woe;
Mine is a happier state than his,
Who both these passions know.
Whose pulse can beat to joy's light measure,
And dance the revel round of pleasure;
Or drop th' excruciating tear
O'er sacred friendship's hallow'd bier.

Sweet Sensibility be mine,
 And I'd not change my lowly cot,
 Queen of the eastern world to shine,
 And share the proudest monarch's lot.
 What if thou hast a thousand darts?
 I will not once repine.
 Oh, might I be allowed to share
 The raptures which thy smile imparts!
 Empty thy quiver without fear,
 Wring from my tortur'd heart its every tear
 If thinly scattered here and there
 Thy sweetest joys are mine.

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## STORMY EVENING

THE skies a sombre shade assume,

<sup>125</sup> These selections were taken from *Miscellaneous Poems* (1804) by Susanna Rowson.

While the chill north-eastern breeze  
Serves to heighten ev'ning's gloom,  
Howling through the leafless trees.

Nature wears her robe of white;  
Vesper glimmers in the west;  
Not one gem has sable night  
To grace her brow, or clasp her vest.

Hark! the tempest, loud descending,  
Beats against the brittle pane;  
In its drifting torrents blending  
Fleecy snow, and drenching rain.

Now, to banish spleen and vapours,  
Bid the fire cheerful blaze;  
Bring your book; and let the tapers  
Shed around their friendly rays.

Ope the volume, turn the pages,  
Read, and muse, and chat by turns,  
How ambition lawless rages,  
How the patriot's bosom burns.

Learn from Milton, bard inspired,  
How, e'en angels could rebel;  
From Homer, how, by Grecians fir'd,  
Ilium's lofty towers fell.

Now the traveler, faint and weary,  
Often sighing as he goes,  
O'er heaths, through forests, dark and dreary,  
Beats against the drifting snows.

Ears, and cheeks, and fingers tingle,  
Tortur'd by the piercing frost;  
Scarce he hears his sleigh bells jingle,  
Now alas! the track is lost.

Numbing cold each sense invading,  
Checks his pulse, and seals his eyes;  
No kind hand the sufferer aiding,  
Buried in the drift, he dies.

Fancy whither art thou leading?  
Stay! the scenes too painful grown;  
I see those friends whose hearts are bleeding,  
When the trav'ler's fate is known.

By HIM, who has the storm directed,  
May each trav'ler, doom'd to roam,  
Be through this drear night protected,  
And conducted safely home.

Then, no more the storm regretting,  
Pond delight his soul inspire;

Wind, and snow, and cold forgetting,  
Chatting round the social fire.

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TO A MOTH

THAT ONE EVENING, EARLY IN THE SPRING, FLEW IN AT
THE WINDOW, AND PLAY'D ROUND THE CANDLE.

LITTLE flutt'ring, fragile being,
Lively harbinger of spring,
Welcome to my humble dwelling,
Welcome is the news you bring.

You say, the wintry season's over,
Chilling storm and biting frost;
That the fields will soon recover
All the verdure they had lost.

Ah! beware, gay little stranger;
Go not near yon dazzling light;
Why, uncon[s]cious of thy danger,
Round it dost thou wing thy flight?

By its splendour fascinated,
Nearer, and nearer wilt thou fly?
Ah! poor fool, I see thou'rt fated
In th' alluring flame to die.

So, by merit oft attracted,
The heart susceptible admires;
Basks in the pow'rful rays refracted --
In the subtile flame expires;

Too late acquainted with its danger,
Fain would the fascination fly;
But ah! like thee, poor little stranger,
'Tis doom'd to flutter, yield, and die.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

### THE ROSES OF LIFE

WHY should we complain of this life's dreary road,  
Or the thorns and the thistles that in our path lay?  
Has not Heaven a portion of reason bestow'd,  
To pass them o'er lightly, or brush them away?  
I'll gather life's roses wherever I find them,  
And smile at their folly who dread to come near;  
Who cast all its joy's and its pleasures behind them,  
Nor pluck the sweet buds, lest the thorn should appear.

There are sorrows and cares in this life, 'tis well known;  
The heart may weep blood, though the cheek maybe dry;

But in soothing another's, we lighten our own,  
And light falls the tear that fills Sympathy's eye.  
Dear Sympathy! thou art the rose without thorns;  
Dwell still in my bosom, each care to beguile:  
Thy softness the cheerful face ever adorns,  
And throws o'er the sad one, a meek patient smile.

Grim Poverty, too, is a thorn in our way --  
Ah no! for meek Industry stands by his side;  
With cheerful spring flowers she makes the path gay,  
And smiles at the frowns and repinings of pride.  
Come, strew round thy violets sweetly narcotic;  
So calm and refreshing the rest they bestow,  
The monarch supreme, or the tyrant despotic,  
Such rest can ne'er take, nor such slumbers can know.

And see the gay wreath with which Heaven has bound us,  
Society, friendship, and chaste mutual love;  
Snatch, snatch the gay flowers! the storm gathers round us;  
The roses will fade, and their fragrance remove.  
Then bend, humbly bend to the storm as it passes;  
Tho' sharp be the thorn that remains on the spray,  
Friendship's blossom ne'er fades, and its perfume surpasses  
The light summer flowers, which flitted away.

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SONNET I

THE primrose gay, the snow drop pale,
The lily blooming in the vale,
Too fragile, or too fair to last,
Wither beneath th' untimely blast,
Or rudely falling shower;
No more a sweet perfume they shed,
Their fragrance lost, their beauty fled,
They can revive no more.

So hapless woman's wounded name,
If Malice seize the trump of fame;
Or Envy should her poison shed
Upon the unprotected head
Of some forsaken maid;
Tho' pity may her fate deplore,
Her virtues sink to rise no more,
From dark oblivion's shade.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

#### THE ENQUIRY

What in life is worth possessing?  
Tell me, rigid censors, say:  
Love alone's the choicest blessing;  
Then let's love our lives away.

But if Love, that greatest treasure,  
Is not plac'd within our pow'r;  
Then let Friendship fill the measure,  
Then to Friendship give the hour.

Take the present time, enjoy it;  
And since life is but a span;  
They are wisest, who employ it,  
Snatching all the sweets they can.

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TO THE ROSE.

LOVELY, blushing, fragrant Rose;
Emblem of life's transient joys,
Ere half thy sweets thou canst disclose,
One rude touch thy bloom destroys.

Though the sweetness thou dost yield
Can pleasure to each sense impart;
The thorn, beneath thy leaves conceal'd,
Oft wounds the unsuspecting heart.

~~~\*\*\*~~~

### **SIMILE.**

PASSION is like the base narcotic flower,  
That flaunts its scarlet bosom to the day;  
And when exerting its nefarious power,  
Benumbs the sense, and steals the strength away.

In the gay morn attractive to the ere,  
Its thin leaves flutter in the wanton wind;  
But ere the sun declines, t'will fade and die,  
While still its baleful poison lurks behind.

But Love! pure Love! the human soul pervading,  
Is like the musk-rose, scenting summer's breath;  
Its charms, when budding in its prime, and fading,  
Will even yield a rich perfume in death.

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THANKSGIVING.

AUTUMN receding, throws aside
Her robe of many a varied dye;
And WINTER, in majestic pride,
Advances in the low'ring sky.
The lab'rer in his granry stores
The golden sheaves all safe from spoil;
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treasures to reward his toil.
To solemn temples let us now repair,

And bow in grateful adoration there;
Bid the full strain in hallelujahs rise,
To waft the sacred incense to the skies.

Now the hospitable board
Groans beneath the rich repast;
All that lux'ry can afford,
Grat[e]ful to the eye or taste;
While the orchard's sparkling juice,
And the vintage join their powers;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous Heav'n bids be ours.
Let us give thanks; yes, yes, be sure,
Send for the widow and the orphan poor;
Give them wherewith to purchase clothes and food;
'Tis the best way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light;
Wit and genius now aspire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight;
Now the viol's sprightly lay,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, sport, and play,
Raise the song, or lead the dance.

Come, sportive love, and, sacred friendship, come,
Help us to celebrate our harvest-home;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours,
Unless you grace the scene, and lead the laughing hours.

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**SONG.**

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE  
BIRTH DAY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ.  
AND SUNG ON THAT OCCASION, IN BOS-  
TON, FEBRUARY 11th, 1798.

*Air. -- Anacreon in Heaven.*

WHEN rising from ocean Columbia appear'd,  
Minerva to Jove, humbly kneeling, requested  
That she, as its patroness, might be rever'd,  
And the pow'r to protect it, in her be invested.  
Jove nodded assent, pleasure glow'd in her breast,  
As rising, the goddess: her will thus exprest  
"The sons of Columbia forever shall be  
From oppression secure, and from anarchy free."

Rapture flash'd through the spheres as the mandate  
went forth,  
When Mars and Apollo, together uniting,  
Cried, Sister, thy sons shall be fam'd for their worth,  
Their wisdom in peace, and their valour in fighting;  
Besides, from among them a chief shall arise,  
As a soldier, or statesman, undaunted and wise;  
Who would shed his best blood, that Columbia might be,



From oppression secure, and from anarchy free.

Jove, pleas'd with the prospect, majestic arose,  
And said, "By ourself, they shall not be neglected;  
But ever secure, tho' surrounded by foes,  
By WASHINGTON bravely upheld and protected.  
And while Peace and Plenty preside o'er their plains,  
While mem'ry exists, or while gratitude reigns,  
His name ever lov'd, and remember'd shall be,  
While Columbians remain INDEPENDENT and FREE."

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BALLAD.

BENEATH a willow's pendant shade,
Elinor, sad, unhappy fair,
Inspired by music's plaintive aid,
Thus breath'd her sorrows to the air:
Ah me! I feel love's poison'd dart,
In vain the poison would repel,
But who transfix'd it in my heart,
I cannot, will not, dare not tell.

When bright along the eastern skies,
The morning sheds a golden beam,
How fervent do my prayers rise,
Invoking peace and health for him.
The village maidens speak his fame,
He does all other youths excel,
But where he dwells, or what's his name,
I cannot, will not, dare not tell.

Zephyr, as you with the cooling air
Light around his temples play,
Soft to his ear these tidings bear;
Whisp'ring gently, Zephyr, say,
Speak in the language of a sigh,
How much I love, how true, how well;
But should he ask my name, reply,
I cannot, will not, dare not tell.

IN THE THROES OF THE PIT:

Prisoner of War Narratives of the American Revolution.

As well as being the first book-length Revolutionary War memoir, *A Narrative of Colonel Ethan Allen's Captivity* (1779) by Ethan Allen was also one of earliest attempts to bring to public attention the plight of the war's pitifully abused and neglected prisoners of war. Though naturally Allen was expressing his concern for American soldiers, there were also British, Loyalist and German captives who suffered wretched and severe fates in enemy hands. In terms of sheer numbers, the American prisoners usually endured worse in this way; owing partly to the reluctance of some of the British leadership to treat them as armed foreign combatants rather than as treasonous rebels. Yet it must be recognized too that captured Loyalists frequently incurred a similar branding and stigmatization in American incarceration.

Since neither side was interested in expending much of its own resources feeding and caring for the enemy, they both formally allowed the other to send food and basic supplies to their own captured soldiers and sailors. Yet this was usually harder for the Americans to do since, unlike the British who had money, they had a difficult enough time just providing for the army in the field. A further part of the trouble was that little advance planning was given by either side to subject of housing and supplying enemy prisoners. As result, many such found themselves in impromptu prison accommodations, including, for American captives, the notorious Sugar House and ship *Jersey* in New York City,¹²⁶ and for British and Loyalists, the infamous "New Gate," that was originally a copper mine, in Simsbury, Connecticut. Though a good deal of the problem could have been ameliorated by prisoner exchanges, the Americans tended to be reluctant to engage in such trades; since, for one, it was harder for the British to replace trained and permanent recruits than for Americans to replace, as often as not, untrained and seasonal ones.

While then the hardships and sacrifices of soldiers fighting are often remembered and honored, the prisoners of war by contrast are just as likely passed over quickly or forgotten altogether. Yet it was the prisoners of war who in general were among the war's very worst victims and sufferers; and several of the descriptions of their ordeals, ironically, are such as would have found literary credit had they been penned by Boccaccio or Dante.

The experiences of prisoners are fairly well represented in the body of Revolutionary War literature. As well as American accounts like those of Allen, Israel Potter, and Christopher Hawkins, there are their Loyalist counterparts in the writings of Anthony Allaire, Uzall Johnson, and James Moody.¹²⁷ Two fairly recent books on the topic of Revolutionary War prisoners of War, as well worth mentioning here, are *Relieve Us of This Burden: American Prisoners of War in the Revolutionary South, 1780-1782* (2012) by Carl P. Borick, and the 2010 re-publications of Thomas Dring's 1829 *Life on the Prison Ship Jersey*, edited by David Swain.¹²⁸

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*Our first extract is found in Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Levi Hanford, Soldier of the Revolution by Charles I. Bushnell (1863), pp. 12-33. Hanford, born in 1759, at the time of the Revolutionary War was the young son of a Norwalk, Connecticut farmer. Sometime in 1776, he enlisted in a minute-man company led by Capt. John Carter, his uncle. While editor Bushnell himself makes plain that he acted a significant part in shaping the aged Hanford's reminiscences into written narrative form, it is no less obvious also, given the many and unusual details, that the story presented is, nevertheless, entirely*

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<sup>126</sup> An estimated (and variously reported) 11,500 American prisoners lost their lives aboard prison ships during the Revolutionary War; compared to American battlefield casualties that ran anywhere from 4,435-6,824; with some further 10,000 expiring from disease. For one list, by name, of some 8,000 American prisoners kept confined aboard ships, see: <http://www.usmm.org/revdead.html>

<sup>127</sup> My thanks to New Jersey historian Todd Braisted for bringing to my attention the last of these; as well as furnishing me with other information on the subject for purposes of this article.

<sup>128</sup> Two other Revolutionary War prison narratives Moses Coit Tyler, for his part, makes a point of specially noting are "The Old Jersey Captive, or, a Narrative of the Captivity of Thomas Andros,...on Board the Old Jersey Prison-Ship at New York, 1781," and A "Narrative of the Capture of Henry Laurens, of His Confinement in the Tower of London, and So Forth, 1780, 1781, 1782. Philip Freneau himself, we might also mention, for a time was a detainee in one of the hellish hulks moored just outside of New York harbor.

*Hanford's, and most of what we read sounds like a typical Revolutionary War veteran pension statement or claim; in fact, may to some extent have been based on the same.*<sup>129</sup>

On the thirteenth day of March, 1777, he [Levi Hanford] together with twelve others of the troop, was detached as a guard and stationed at South Norwalk, Connecticut, at a place then called "Old Well." The night was dark and the weather inclement, and the officers in consequence, negligent in their duties. In the course of the evening they were entirely surrounded by a party of British and Tories, from Long Island, who came over in whale-boats, and the whole guard were taken prisoners, poor Hanford among the rest, he being at that time but an ignorant boy, a little over seventeen years of age.

The prisoners were conveyed across the Sound to Huntington, from there to Flushing and thence to New-York. Upon their arrival in the city of New-York, they were incarcerated in the old Sugar House prison in Crown, now Liberty-street, near the Dutch Church, at that time used as a riding-school for the British light horse, but of late years converted to, and still used as the General City Post Office.

The old Prison, which is now torn down, was a brown stone building, six stories high, -- but the stories were very low, and the windows small and deeply set, making it very dark and confined. It was originally built for a sugar refinery, and had been previously used as such. Attached to it was a small yard, and the whole was enclosed by a high board fence, so that the general appearance of the building was extremely gloomy, and prison-like.

Upon our entrance into this miserable abode, says Hanford, we found some forty or fifty prisoners, all of whom were in a most wretched, emaciated and starving condition. The number of these poor sufferers was constantly being diminished by sickness and death, and as constantly increased by the accession of new prisoners to the number of four hundred to five hundred. Our allowance of provisions was a scanty supply of pork and sea-biscuit -- so scanty that the quantity would be far from keeping a well man in strength. The food, moreover, was anything else than of a healthy character. -- The pork was old and unsavory, and the biscuit was such as had been wet with sea-water, and being damaged, was full of worms and very mouldy. It was our common practice to put water into our camp-kettle, then break up the biscuit into it, and after skimming off the worms, to put in the pork, and then, if we had fuel, to boil the whole together. The indulgence of fuel was allowed to us only part of the time. On occasions when it was precluded, we were compelled to eat our meat raw and our biscuit dry. Starved as we were, there was nothing in the shape of food that was rejected, or that was unpalatable.

Crowded together within our narrow abode, with bad air to breathe, and such food to eat, it was not strange that disease and pestilence should prevail, and that too of the most malignant character. I had not been long confined before I was taken with the small pox, and conveyed to the small pox hospital. Fortunately, I had but a slight attack, and was soon enabled to return to the prison. -- During my confinement, however, I saw cases of the most malignant form, several of my companions dying in that building of that horrible disease. -- When I came back to the prison, I found that others of our company had been taken to the different hospitals, there to suffer and die, for few of them were ever returned. I remained in the prison for a while, until, from bad air, confinement, and unhealthy diet, I was again taken sick, and conveyed to the Quaker Meeting Hospital, so called from its having been used as a place of worship by Christians of that denomination.

I became insensible soon after my arrival, and the time passed by unconsciously until I began slowly and by degrees to recover my health and strength, and was then permitted to exchange once more the hospital for the prison.

Upon my return to the Sugar House, I found that during my absence, the number of my companions had become still further reduced by sickness and death, and that those who survived were in a most pitiful condition. It was really heart-rending to see those poor fellows, who but a short time before were in the bloom of health, now pale and thin, weak and emaciated, sad and desponding, and apparently very near their final end. While the poor prisoners were thus pining away by degrees, an influence was

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<sup>129</sup> For an online version, with .pdf, of Levi Hanford's narrative in full, see: <http://archive.org/details/narrativeoflifea01bush>

constantly exerted to induce them to enter the Tory regiments. Although our sufferings were intolerable, and although we were urged to embrace the British cause by those who had been our own townsmen and neighbors, and had themselves joined the Royal ranks, yet the instances were very rare that they could induce any one of those sufferers to hearken to their persuasions. -- So wedded were they to their principles, so dear to them was their country, so true were they to their honor, that rather than sacrifice them, they preferred the scoffs of their persecutors, the horrors of their dungeon, and in fact, even death itself.

On one occasion, I heard a great noise and uproar in the prison, accompanied by loud curses and threats of vengeance. Upon inquiry, I learned that the guard had been stoned while at his post of duty, and that the prisoners were charged with the offence. This act having been repeated on one or two subsequent occasions, the British Commander at length came into the prison yard with a body of men. He questioned the prisoners very closely, but could elicit nothing that would implicate any one. He then told the prisoners that if the act was again committed, and the aggressor not revealed, the guard should fire upon the prisoners, when the innocent would suffer with the guilty. The following day, while I was standing in the prison yard, I saw a person come to a third-story window of a neighboring house, and partially concealed behind a chimney, waited until the sentry on duty had turned his back and was marching from him, when stepping from his place of concealment so as to get the full use of his arm, he hurled a brick bat at the sentry, striking him in the back, and injuring him severely. The guard were in an instant turned out and marched to the prison yard. The gates were thrown open, and the guard stood ready to fire. There was now no time to be lost, so I at once communicated what I had seen. The gates were thereupon closed, and the guard marched to the building where the man had appeared. After a terrible uproar, with loud swearing and cursing, the guard at length retired with one or two prisoners in their custody. What became of them I never knew. Nothing concerning them was ever revealed to us. However, there were no more complaints made, after this, of the stoning of the sentry.

The sentries, as a body, were not only ungenerous and uncivil, but unfeeling and tyrannical, and committed many acts of wilful, wanton cruelty. -- They considered anything short of death, to rebels, as humanity. This feeling was far more prevalent among the British than among the Hessians; and hence, when the prisoners desired any favors, they deferred asking for them until the latter had the guard, which was two days out of every five. Occasionally, a humane man was on duty, but he was restrained from obeying his natural impulses through fear of the official power above him. The orders under which they acted were absolute and imperative, and a disobedience of command or a dereliction of duty were sure to be followed by severe and immediate punishment. I shall never forget a striking instance of this which occurred during my captivity here.

In the prison yard there was a large bar of pig iron, which the prisoners, for pastime, would amuse themselves by throwing, and their contests for superiority would often be attended by considerable excitement. One day, while they were thus engaged, the sentry on duty, a stout, good natured man, after gazing for some time upon the performances of the prisoners, became at length emulous of their efforts, and, upon the impulse of the moment, ventured to enter the list and compete with them. Laying down his gun, he made one trial, and coming but little short of the best of them, was encouraged to try again. Throwing off his cartridge box and bayonet, he again grasped the bar, and though he did better than before, yet he still fell short. Stimulated by his success, and determined to gain his point, he now threw off his stock and coat. At this instant, an officer suddenly came in, and noticing the condition of the sentinel, said to him in a stern, authoritative tone, "Walk this way, sir." They left the prison together, and we learned that for this breach of duty, the sentinel was sentenced to run the gauntlet and receive three hundred lashes.

On the following day, a company of men were drawn up in double line, facing each other, and in full view from the prison. Each man stood a little from his neighbor, and each was armed with a raw hide. When everything was ready, all the drummers of the regiment, beating the long roll, entered the lines, followed by an officer, with a drawn sword under his arm, the point turning backward. Then followed the prisoner, having nothing on but his breeches, and behind him came another officer with a drawn sword. As the prisoner passed through the lines, each man in succession gave him a severe blow with his raw hide. After he had passed, he then had to turn back again and retrace his steps, and thus walk up and down until the whole number of lashes was given. On the outside of each line an officer marched opposite the

prisoner, and if any act of favor was shown, or if any man gave the prisoner a less forcible blow than he could have done, the officer would strike him so severely with the flat of his sword that he would almost bring him to the ground.

Under this dreadful trial the prisoner at first walked firmly and erect, but he soon began to quack [sic, quake?] and droop, then to writhe and convulse, until at length his lacerated body was thrown into contortions, and was literally streaming with blood. -- Sometimes he would receive a blow upon his breast, then upon his back, and then upon his head or legs, according as his body happened at the time to be placed. The scene was one of most barbarous cruelty, and ended, as might well be supposed, in the miserable death of the poor, offending sentinel.

Notwithstanding the sufferings we endured, and the rigorous treatment to which we were subjected in the prison, we were not without some friends and sympathizers. Among these, there was a lady, a Mrs. Spicer, who resided in the city, and who was a warm friend to the cause of liberty. She took a deep and lively interest in the condition of the prisoners, and visited the hospitals and prisons almost daily. She was esteemed by the prisoners as a mother, and her visits anxiously looked for, and received, always, with a warm and hearty welcome. She came, not alone, with the clear, mild sunshine. She came with the howling storm, and the whistling wind, and the pelting rain. The risk of contagion and death, even, could not deter her from her noble, saint-like mission. She came as a ministering angel, comforting the sick, sympathizing with the distressed, and performing many acts of kindness and mercy.

What became of her, or where she lived, I never could learn. I made many efforts, after the war, to ascertain, but never with success. Although she has long since passed away, and her acts were unknown to public ear, yet many a poor prisoner has poured forth his blessings upon her. The memory of that stranger's kindness will live in many a heart until life's last pulse shall cease to beat. Her deeds of mercy, though unrequited here, have not been lost. They have been recorded in a higher sphere, where she will receive a great and glorious reward.

I remained in the prison until the twenty-fourth day of October, when the names of a company of prisoners, mine among the rest, were taken down. We were informed that the time had arrived for us to return to our homes. We became, at once, elated at the prospect of a speedy release. Our feelings immediately started up from the depths of despair. We joyfully drew our weekly provision, and cheerfully divided it among our starving associates, from whom we were so soon to take our leave. But, alas! little did we dream what a cruel destiny was in store for us. How bitter, how aggravating to us was the disappointment when we found that, instead of being returned to our homes, we were to be removed only to undergo still further torments. We were put on board the prison-ship *Good Intent*, then lying in the North River, and reported there with one week's provisions.

The scene of starvation and suffering that followed, it is impossible, to conceive, much less to describe. Crowded together as we were with over two hundred in the hold of the ship, the air was exceedingly foul, close, and sickening. Everything was eaten that could possibly appease hunger. -- From these and other causes, and enfeebled as we had become, and reduced as we were by famine, no wonder that pestilence in all its fury began to sweep us down. To such an extent did this prevail that in less than two months' time our number was reduced by death to scarcely one hundred. In addition to all this we were treated with the utmost severity and barbarity. Even the smallest indulgence was most rigidly denied. In the month of December following, the river began to freeze, when, fearing some of the prisoners might escape upon the ice, the ship was moved round to the Wallabout, where lay also the *Jersey*, another prison-ship of horrific memory, whose rotted hulk still remained, till within a few years past, to mark the spot where thousands of brave and devoted martyrs yielded up the precious offering of their lives, a sacrifice to British cruelty.

Here again, I became sick, and my name was again taken down for the hospital. The day before New Year's, the sick were brought out, and placed in a boat to be conveyed to the city. The boat had lost a piece of plank from her bottom, but the aperture was filled up with ice; we were taken in tow and proceeded on our course. The motion of the water soon caused the ice to loosen, and our boat began to leak. We had gone but a short distance when the sailors inquired "whether we leaked." Our men, either from

pride, or from an unwillingness to betray fear, replied, "but a mere trifle? The sailors, however, soon perceived our increased weight. They pulled hard for a while, and then lay to until we came up with them. Our boat was at that time half filled with water. When the sailors perceived our condition, they vented their curses upon us, and with horrid oaths and imprecations, pulled for the nearest dock, shouting for help. When the boat reached her destination, she struck level with the water, and we were compelled to hold on to the dock and to a small boat by our side, to prevent her from sinking.

It being low water, the sailors reached down from the dock, and clenching our hands, drew us up in our turn. I well remember that I was drawn up by them with such violence that the skin was taken from my chest and stomach. One poor fellow, who was unable to sit up, we had to haul upon the gunnel of the boat to keep his head out of water. Notwithstanding this, he still got wet, and died in a few minutes after he was placed on shore.

From the boat we were taken to the Hospital in Beekman-street, known as Dr. Rogers', afterwards Dr. Spring's Brick Meeting House. While passing through the yard, I took up one end of a bunk from which some person had just been taken, dead. I carried it into the church, and threw myself upon it, perfectly exhausted and overcome. The head nurse of the hospital, passing by, saw and pitied my situation. She made me some warm tea, and pulling off the blankets from the poor, sick Irish, regardless of their curses and complaints, piled them upon me until I began to sweat profusely, and fall asleep.

The females who acted as nurses in the hospitals were many, perhaps most of them, the wives of British soldiers. Although they committed no designed acts of cruelty, yet many of them showed in their treatment of us much indifference and neglect.

When I awoke in the morning, some mulled wine and water was given to me. Wine and some other things were sent to the sick by our government. -- As for the British, they furnished nothing. After taking the wine, I became refreshed. I lay perfectly easy, and free from pain. It seemed to me that I had never been so happy before in my life, and yet I was still so weak that I could not have risen from my bunk unaided even though it had been to "*save the union*." The doctor in attendance was an American surgeon, who had been taken prisoner. He had been taken from the prison and transferred to the hospital to attend the sick. Upon examining me, he told me that my blood was breaking down and turning to water, from the effect of the small pox, and that I needed some bitters. I gave him what money I had, and he prepared me some, and when that was gone, he was good enough to supply me some more at his own expense. Under his kind treatment and professional skill, I began slowly, and by degrees, to regain my strength, and in course of time, was once more able to walk about.

While standing, one day, in the month of May, by the side of the church, in the warm sun, my toes began to sting and pain me excessively. I showed them to the surgeon when he came in, and he laid them open. They had been frozen, and the flesh had become so wasted away that only the bone and the tough skin remained. I had, in consequence of my feet, to remain in the hospital for a long time, and of all places, that hospital was least to be coveted. Disease and death reigned there in all their terror. I have had men die by the side of me in the night, and have seen fifteen dead bodies, at one time, sewed up in their blankets and laid in the corner of the yard, the product of one twenty-four hours. Every morning, at eight o'clock, the dead cart came, and the bodies of those who had died the day previous were thrown in. The men drew the rations of rum to which they were entitled, and the cart was driven off to the trenches of the fortifications, where they were hastily covered, I cannot say interred.

On one occasion, I was permitted to go with the guard to the place of interment, and never shall I forget the scene that I there beheld. They tumbled the bodies promiscuously into the ditch, sometimes even dumping them from the cart, then threw upon them a little dirt, and away they went. I could see a hand here, a foot there, and there again a part of a head, washed bare by the rain, and all swollen, blubbery, and falling to decay. I need not add that the stench was anything but tolerable.

The use of my feet having become restored to me, I was again returned to the prison in Liberty-street, and from this time forward, I enjoyed comfortable health to the close of my imprisonment, which took place in the month of May following. -- One day, while I was standing in the yard, near the high board

fence which enclosed the prison, a man passed by, in the street, and coming close to the fence, without stopping or turning his head, said in a low voice, "*General Burgoyne is taken with all his army. It is a truth. You may depend upon it.*" Shut out, as we were, from all information, and all knowledge of what was going on around us, this news was grateful to us indeed, and cheered us greatly in our wretched abode. Kept in entire ignorance of everything occurring beyond the confines of our miserable prison, we had been left to the most gloomy fears and forebodings as to the result of our cause. We knew not whether it was still progressing, or whether resistance had ceased altogether. Of the probability of our government being able to exchange or release us, we knew nothing. What little information we received, and it was very little, was received only through the exaggerations of British soldiery, and could, therefore, be but very little relied upon. How grateful then to us was the news which we had just heard -- how sweet to our ears, how soothing to our hearts! It gave us the sweet consolation that our cause was still triumphant, and cheered us with the hope of a speedy liberation. It is fortunate, however, that our informant was not discovered, for if he had been, he would most probably have been compelled to have run the gauntlet, or to have lost his life for his kindness.

One day, I think it was about the first of May, two officers came into the prison. One of them was a sergeant by the name of Wally, who had, from some cause or other, and what I never knew, taken a deep dislike to me. The other was an officer by the name of Blackgrove. They told us that there was to be an exchange of those prisoners who had been the longest confined, and thereupon they began to call the roll. A great many names were called to which no answers were given. Their owners had already been exchanged by that Being who has the power to set the captive free. Here and there was one left to respond. At last my name was called. I attempted to step forward and answer, when Sergeant Wally turned, and frowning upon me with a look of demoniac fury, motioned me to fall back. I dared not answer, so all was still. Then other names were called. I felt that, live or die, now was the time to speak. I accordingly told officer Blackgrove, that there were but eleven men present who had been longer in prison than myself. He looked at me, and then asked me why I did not answer when my name was called. I told him that I did attempt to answer, but Sergeant Wally prevented me. He thereupon turned, and, looking at him with contempt, put down my name. Of the thirteen who had been taken prisoners in the month of March, 1777, only two now remained to be exchanged, myself and one other.

On the eighth day of May, 1778, we were released from our long confinement. Our persecutors, however, had not yet done with us. They, as if to trouble and torment us, took the Southern prisoners off towards Boston to be discharged, while the Eastern prisoners were conveyed to Elizabethtown, in New Jersey. There they set us free. Upon our liberation, we proceeded at once to Newark. -- Here, everything was clothed in the beauty of spring. The birds were singing merrily, and the whole face of nature smiled with gladness. We were so delighted, and in fact, so transported with pleasure, that we could not forbear rushing out and throwing ourselves upon the green grass, and rolling over it again and again. After a confinement of fourteen months in a loathsome prison, clothed in rags and filth, and with associates too numerous and offensive to mention, this was to us a luxury indeed.

From Newark, we traveled on as fast as our enfeebled powers would permit. We crossed the Hudson at Dobb's Ferry, and here we began to separate, each for his own home. The officers pressed horses and went on. My companion and myself were soon wending our way, slowly and alone. As we passed on, we saw in the distance two men riding towards us, each having with him a led horse. It did not take me long to discover the man on a well-known horse to be my father, and the other person to be the father of my comrade. The meeting I will not here attempt to describe, but from the nature of the case, you may well imagine that it was an affecting one, and more peculiarly so, as my friends had been informed some time before that I had died in prison. They had had prayers offered up, according to the custom of the time, and the family had gone into mourning. They therefore felt as though they had received me from the dead. It seems that the officers had carried the news of our return, and our friends had ridden all night to meet us. We proceeded on our way together, and ere the shades of evening had closed around us, we were once more in the bosom of friends, and enjoying the sweets of home, and the society of those we loved. And may my heart ever rise in gratitude towards that Being whose preserving care has been over me, and who has never, never forsaken me.

Hanford did not remain long idle after his return from imprisonment. As soon as he had regained his health, he resumed his musket, and partook once more of the hardships of the tented field. -- He again took his position in Captain Seymour's company, and continued in the active performance of his duty to the termination of the war. He was present at the taking and burning of Norwalk, in Connecticut, and assisted in driving the British and Tories back to their shipping. At another time, he was one of a body of troops that was called out one cold winter night to repel a large British force that was advancing from Kingsbridge, foraging, marauding, and burning everything in their way...

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John Robert Shaw, originally from Yorkshire, was a soldier in the 33rd Regiment; one of the leading units of Cornwallis' Army when the British invaded South and North Carolina in 1780 and 1781. The following comes from his A Narrative of the Life & Travels of John Robert Shaw, The Well-Digger, Now Resident in Lexington, Kentucky, Written by Himself (1807), pp. 61-75, and our excerpt begins with Shaw at a time just before the battle of Guilford Court House (15 March 1781). After being made captive by the Americans prior to that engagement, he served some time in their prisoner of war jails, and, following a series of unusual events, finally ended up enlisting in the Continental army; serving in the Pennsylvania line. Upon the war's conclusion, he settled in the United States where he made a living as a well digger. As with Hanford, the time Shaw spent as a prisoner, though it takes up considerable space in his account, is only a portion of his overall narrative, and which is notably lively and replete with numerous adventures and facetious anecdotes; as well as containing much rare information and details of value to the historian.¹³⁰

...At this time the scarcity of provisions [for the British soldiers] was so great that we had but one pound of flour for six men per day with very little beef, and no salt the half of the time...

On one occasion, the officers having by some means neglected to put out centinels on guard for three hours together, impelled by hunger we took the blessed opportunity of going out in search of something to satisfy our craving appetite. A soldier of the [British] 23d regiment, by the name of Tattedell, and myself made a push for the country...

Scarcely had we gone half way up the lane, when seven of Lee's light horse made their appearance: my companion swore there was Tarleton's light horse coming, and, says he, "we shall be taken up on suspicion of plundering, and get 500 lashes a piece." "No;" said I, upon observing their brown coats, and white cockades, "no, friend, you are deceived; these must be the rebels." Having therefore discovered his mistake, he began to cry; but for my part, I thought it very good fortune. As they were advancing towards us, we "concluded to go and meet them; which we accordingly did, and falling on our knees begged for quarter; which they granted us and said, "come on, we will give you good quarters;" and so on we went past the house that had betrayed us it was fine fun for the old lady [i.e., whom they'd visited and fed them just previous to this] to see how handsomely she had tricked us. They brought us on a short distance beyond major Bell's, and there were Washington's and Lee's light horse, and Morgan's riflemen. These officers examined us as to the strength of Cornwallis's army, and sent us under guard to general Green[e]'s encampment; and while the guard were conducting us thither, they suffered one of Morgan's subaltern officers to strip us; against which conduct we remonstrated, by observing that no British officer would permit a continental soldier to be stripped while a prisoner of war. But we were obliged to submit; for the officer drew his sword and swore, if we did not comply, he would run us through. So they took our clothes, not leaving us even our leggings or shoes; and God knows, they wanted them badly; for such ragged mortals I never saw in my life before, to pass under the character of soldiers. We were then brought to the camp, on the 11th day of March 1781, and after being re-examined by general Green[e], we were sent to the provost, where we found about thirty fellow-prisoners who had been taken on straggling parties. From thence we were sent to Hallifax [Halifax, VA.] court house, where we remained until after the battle of Guildford [or Guilford]; which took place the 15th day of March...

In this battle a few prisoners were taken by the Americans, and sent forward to join us at Hallifax court-house: and in a short time we were all marched on to Winchester in Virginia, where we joined the

¹³⁰ For Shaw's narrative online, see: <http://archive.org/details/narrativeoftheli009228mbp>

Cowpen[s]-prisoners, and were put into the barracks a few miles from the town, under a strong guard, Here we suffered much: our houses had no covering to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather; and we were exposed to cold, hunger and want of clothing; and all manner of ill-treatment insult and abuse. Having thus for a considerable time (I cannot say with the patience of Job) endured many hardships, we formed a project for our escape, by means of one of the guard, who agreed for 3 half Joes, to conduct us to New-York. The time and mode of elopement being fixed upon, we parted with our uniform and put ourselves in disguise ready for the journey. But when the appointed hour arrived, we found ourselves deceived by the fellow's "wilful neglect, in fulfilling his promise, but what better could we expect from a tory and traitor: He that would turn tory is worse than the Devil; for, be the Devil as bad as he may he is still said to be true to his party. So we had to continue in our confinement, and were now worse treated than ever; for we had parted with our uniform, and were considered as refugees. But some time in the summer, we were ordered to be ready to march at a moment's warning; and soon after a new guard was appointed to conduct us to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. The cruelty of this new guard exceeded any thing we had yet seen; their conduct was indeed shameful, and altogether incompatible with the profession of either soldiers or christians: they drove us like so many bullocks to the slaughter. Scarcely had we advanced three miles, before the captain broke his broad sword by cutting and slashing the prisoners, who were too much weakened by hunger, and former ill-treatment to keep up in the march. The lieutenant, a snotty-nosed stripling, just from the chimney corner, came up, raging like a madman, with his small sword in his hand, and pushed it with such violence into the back of one of my fellow-prisoners, that he broke it in the wound, where it remained till one of his comrades pulled it out Now such dastardly conduct towards poor prisoners of war, who had no weapon to defend themselves, was a disgrace even to chimney-corner officers. However, we marched along as well as we could, consoling ourselves with the hopes of being delivered one day or other from such cruel bondage. We came to a place where there was a mill turned by a stream, the source of which was not more than 100 yards above the mill: here we expected to draw some provisions, but were sadly disappointed, as we had been three days without any, and through perfect weakness, I trembled like a patient in a severe fit of the ague. All we drew was but one ear of corn per man, and this was a sweet morsel to us: -- we softened it in water, and grated it on the lid of our camp-kettle, and made bread of it. This we did until we came to Fredericktown barracks, where we drew provisions, and found the people more hospitable and kind; many of them having experienced the hardships and calamities of war: and at the same time they had several of their friends and relations, then prisoners with the English, and suffering much greater hardships than I ever experienced while prisoner with the Americans. -- But it is natural for every man to think his own case the hardest; and though of ill usage I had my share, yet I enjoyed the fresh air, while thousands of soldiers lay languishing and dying in loathsome prison-ships, stinking jails, and dark dungeons, deprived of the privilege of the fresh air, necessary to preserve health; and even excluded from the cheerful light of heaven, and having nothing for subsistence, but damaged provisions, such as even a wretch starving on the gibbet and ready to eat the flesh off his own body with hunger, might turn from with disgust. Such was the unhappy situation of those who were taken at Long-Island, Fort-Washington, Brandy-wine, Germantown, Monmouth, Camden, and several other places. Indeed the treatment of prisoners in general during the American war, was harsh, severe and in many instances, inhuman: except only with regard to those who were taken under a capitulation; for such were always, treated well: -- Burgoyne's and Cornwallis's men were treated like gentlemen, to my own certain knowledge, and why not the soldier who is taken prisoner in the field of action, or in any other way discharging his duty to his king or country?

We next arrived at Lancaster, where we had reason to expect good treatment, the inhabitants being in general remarkable for hospitality, and for contributing to the relief of objects of distress; yet such of us as had no trade or mechanical profession fared but indifferently. -- While we were in Lancaster I became acquainted with a man in the army, belonging to the 44th regiment, whom I think proper to mention in this place on account of his piety. I had frequently observed him retiring into a secret place, which at length awakened my curiosity to see what he was about; -- I watched him, and found he went there to *pray*: he was remarkably reserved in all his conduct and conversation; was often alone, and seldom spoke, except when spoken to; and from his general deportment, I firmly believe, he was, what is truly a phenomenon in the army, a *conscientious christian*. But this pious example had little influence on my conduct. One day, I very well remember, I got a quarter of a dollar from a Mr. John Hoover, by dint of hard begging: I now fancied myself as rich as a king, and immediately sent for a loaf of bread and a pint of whiskey; with which I and my comrade regaled ourselves, and sung some merry songs: being for the time as happy as princes.

Not long after, before we left Lancaster, we concerted another scheme for our release, by undermining, from one of the cellars under the barrack-yard and stockades, about 100 yards, and coming out in the grave-yard, -- conveying the dirt in our pockets, and depositing it in the necessary house, and other private places. The next thing was to seize the magazine which contained a large quantity of ammunition and fire-locks, with which we intended to arm ourselves, and being joined by a strong party of tories, set fire to the town, and so proceed to form a junction with the English army. But our evil designs were entirely frustrated, by one of our own men belonging to the 71st regiment, of the name of *Burk*, who first made our plot known to the officer of the guard; and being conducted to General Wayne, who was then in Lancaster, gave in all the names of the non-commissioned officers. The consequence of this was, that about 11 o'clock at night, general Wayne came to the barracks with a guard of militia, and called out those unhappy men, and marched them down to the jail, and put them in close confinement. And the commissary of prisoners, whose name was *Hobley*, ordered a ditch to be dug at the foot of the stockades, 7 or 8 feet deep, and filled with large stones, to prevent us from undermining; and had pieces of scantling spiked along the top and bottom of the stockades. The prisoners were employed to do the work, and they very cunningly cut the spikes in two, so as to go through the scantling and but slightly penetrated the stockades. These short spikes were put in at the bottom, in order that the stockade might swing when cut off under ground.

A day or two after this, when Mr. H. the commissary of prisoners came to call the roll, a man of Lord Rawdon's corps, whose name has slipped my memory, took the commissary aside, and offered to shew him all the private ways by which the prisoners went out and in. Accordingly he went round the stockades with the commissary, and made all the discovery he could. When all was done, and the fellow wanted to be discharged, Mr. H. called the prisoners together, and represented to them the bad policy of one prisoner turning traitor against the rest, and concluded with telling the fellow he ought to be hanged for acting so much like a scoundrel. We accordingly held a court-martial, and the fellow pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to receive 500 lashes, on his bare posteriors, well laid on with a broad leathern strap.

Soon after this, two of my fellow prisoners and myself laid a plan for our escape, which we effected in the following manner: -- the night being appointed for the purpose, we procured a large knife, with which about two o'clock in the morning we had dug about two feet under ground, where, to our great joy, we found the stockade rotten, or at least considerably decayed: we cut away by turns, till the stockade swung by the upper spike; so the boldest fellow went for[e]most, and the centry fired at the hindmost; but we all escaped to a rye field where we lay hidden for a while., and then made the best of our way to a friend's house, two miles from town, and found there 30 or 40 more lying in a barn. -- Next morning each man taking his own road, I directed my course for the Moravian town (as it is called) 8 miles from Lancaster, and there I met with a friendly reception from a certain Joseph Willey, one of the Moravian society, a wool weaver by occupation, and a native of the town of Putsey in Yorkshire, old England. This man though a friend to individuals, particularly those from Yorkshire, was notwithstanding a true republican in principle, and as warm an advocate for the rights and liberties of America, as any man could be. He recommended me to the brethren of his society as a prisoner of war belonging to a christian nation, and an object of compassion, and prayed for their assistance; which they granted and furnished me with what I stood in need of: but not until they had exacted a promise from me that I would return to my captivity, and wait with patience for the exchange of prisoners. -- This promise I fulfilled, and accordingly returned to Lancaster barracks. And in a few days after my return, an officer of an additional company of the 33d regiment taken with general Burgoyne's troops, came to Lancaster, and an application was made for some money, and each man received five guineas: there were 16 of us in a room together making ourselves as happy as possible; and we were determined to have a general feast or frolic. Accordingly having laid in provisions of different sorts and procured a barrel of whiskey in the morning, I leave you to guess, my courteous reader, what an appearance we made by the middle of the day, when a pot-pie was proposed for dinner, and the preparation of it undertaken by a drunken old soldier, who, in making up the crust of the pie, used whiskey instead of water: the dough being made and rolled out, and put in the pot; the ingredients of the pie were added consisting of old rancid bacon, dried apples, onions and old chews of tobacco; and when sufficiently baked at the fire, the whole compound was next stewed in good old whiskey: and when ready, a general invitation was given to the neighbours to partake of this *delicate* repast; and we concluded the entertainment with a good bucket of whiskey, dancing with our shirts off while we were able to stand, and then we lay down promiscuously, and slept till morning. -- Our frolic so

much resembled the Irish feast, as described by Dean [Jonathan] Swift, that I cannot forbear transcribing a few lines from that poet:

“We danced in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with our stamping.
The floor was all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish splash in our pumps.
Bless you late and early
Laughlin O’ Enagin,
By my hand, you dance rarely
Margery Grinagin.
Bring straw for our bed
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.
To show I don’t flinch
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
of your sneezing, *a yean.* –[”]

Next morning myself and a certain M’Gowan, after taking a little more of the *usquebaugh*, determined to try our fortune; and accordingly made application for a pass for a few hours, and a sentry to go as a safe-guard to bring us back at the expiration of the limited time. Previously to this, we had made ourselves acquainted with a certain militia-man by the name of Everman, a tobacco spinner, who lived in Lancaster, and a notorious drunkard. We called on him, and he readily attended- us to a certain Tom M’Honey’s, who kept the sign of the white-horse in Donnegal street, near the barracks. -- So now, Mr. Everman, what will you please to drink? What you please, gentlemen, said Mr. Everman. So a lusty bowl of punch was called for, and we all drank heartily together, until our sentry got drunk, and fell asleep on his guard. -- We seized the favourable opportunity, and set out to push our fortune; and in order to avoid suspicion, we soon parted, and took different roads. I came to a farmer’s house, and inquired for work: the farmer very readily agreed to give me employment; but “what,” says he, “can you do?” I told him I was brought up a stuff-weaver. Can you weave worsted? says he. Yes, sir, said I. “Well then,” said he, “if you will weave a piece of worsted I have on hands, and continue with me five weeks, I will teach you to be a linen-weaver.” I consented, and fulfilled the contract, and he made me an indifferent linen-weaver. After that I parted with my new master, and went to live with one John Bostler, a Dutchman...

THE UNKNOWN THOMAS PAINE.

"Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."
~ *The Crisis*, 23 Dec. 1776.

In choosing the title for this chapter in our series, I don't quite mean to insinuate that I will tell you *who* the unknown Thomas Paine was. Instead, I mean simply to raise with you that there would seem to be much of significance about Thomas Paine that we don't quite know about, and that would sufficiently explain him. For one thing, was it merely his gift for writing that catapulted him to such influence and prominence as the everyman of liberty and the spokesperson for human freedom? Not everyone, even among American radicals, was especially fond of him. Some predictably resented him as a mere opportunist and leveler. And one wonders if even those who implied they were fond of him, such as William Cobbett (and who ended up losing Paine's unburied body as a result of a putative to memorialize him)¹³¹ weren't possibly less than sincere, or else actuated by unknown ulterior motives or pressures.

Thomas Burke, a congressional delegate from and later governor of North Carolina, wrote of Paine in July 1779:

...But sure, no mortal Mother did thee bear;
Rather a Colic in the *Prince of Air*,
On dusky Pinions borne o'er Aether's Plain,
Expell'd thee from him with a griping Pain.
For as *Minerva*, Queen of Sense Uncommon,
Ow'd not her Birth to Goddess or to Woman
But softly crept from out her Father's Skull
At a small Crack in 't, when the Moon was full --
So you, great *Common Sense*, did surely come
From out of the Crack in grizzly *Pluto's* Bum.
Such as thy Origin, such be thy Fate,
To war 'gainst Virtue with a deadly Hate;
By daily slanders earn thy daily Food,
Exalt the Wicked and depress the Good,
And having spent a lengthy life in Evil,
Return again unto thy parent Devil.¹³²

True, Burke had personal reason to be offended by him. The latter had been appointed by Congress Secretary of Foreign Affairs (in reward for his services as the author of "Common Sense" and "The Crisis"), and in the course of pursuing his duties, he'd actively sought to bring Silas Deane up on charges of graft, embezzlement and all around duplicity while Deane was acting as one of America's procurers of funds and supplies from France and Europe. In the course of making his case, Paine, in April 1779, accused some members of Congress of concealment and covering on Deane's behalf; one of whom was Burke. And yet if Paine was seen by some as a *very devil*, as well as being so exceptionally candid *and* influential -- so much so as to have changed the course of world affairs -- how was it possible, one wonders, that he survived as long as he did?

Not all "demons" act with malignant hostility. Some are motivated by lust and infatuation, and, indeed, delight in molesting and tormenting others as a sort of past time for their own personal gratification. It seems, upon reflection and in retrospect, that Paine may have been the victim of such a one; with one of the ironic consequences of which being that he strengthened and shielded Paine; so that he might all the better *use* him. Paine, while right in his heart, was sometimes rather a fool in his thinking; insofar as, for

¹³¹ Cobbett in the 1790s had actually denounced Paine in pamphlets on several occasions.

¹³² From "An Epistle," and that appeared in the *Pennsylvania Evening Post*, July 16, 1779. *The Poems of Governor Thomas Burke of North Carolina*, State Dept. of Archives and History, Raleigh North Carolina (1961), p. 51.

example, he too freely and without greater caution attacked and blamed traditional government and organized religion. If either government or organized religion is ever to blame, it is for the reason of those who comprise its majority and or leading members who are corrupt or false. It does not follow, therefore, that because the leaders and members of a government (including monarchy) or church are corrupt or false that the institutions of government or organized religion themselves are inherently or necessarily corrupt and false. We might well say, for instance, that so-and-so is a poor painter or an awful musician. But it does not therefore follow that the fault for this lies in painting and music themselves. And this is the very fallacy Paine in his criticism of traditional government and religion fell into. His error further becomes all the more egregious when we realize he was unable to take into account the possible infiltration of government and church -- not to mention populist movements such as he himself espoused -- by criminal spirit people posing as authority and posing as divinity; and which spirit people cowardly, childish, irrational, and ignorant persons took for being the real thing. In being unaware of or ignoring such, it could be argued he was unwittingly playing right into their hands; hence their empowering and protecting him.

In a word, per chances Paine *might* be included among the “dupes of the preternatural.” If so, poor Paine; who himself, we have no reason to doubt, was sincere in his desire to better the lot of individual and collective humanity!

Yet even if we grant, for the sake of argument, that Paine was so duped, this should not in the least detract from his otherwise and elsewhere praiseworthy efforts and contributions, or lessen our admiration for his aptitude for composition. It was Paine as much or more than anyone else who made America’s cause humanity’s; and for this he ought ever to be honored. And it was owing in part to his not being a native American, combined with his skill as an author, that made this possible. There was hardly anyone else to play this role, and it is this that makes him so peculiar and unique.

As well a pamphleteer, Paine was gifted in other ways, including as a writer of songs and verse. In proof of this, the ensuing are some selections of his in this vein. In addition and following which, we insert his very strange “The Causes of the Yellow Fever, and the Means of Preventing It in Places Not Yet Infected with It,” from June 1806. Were it not he himself was writing in earnest, the no little curious tract reads like one of Edgar Allan Poe’s gothic satires, and in which we have the bizarre scenario of Paine and Gen. Washington (the latter accompanied by some officers) in 1783; carrying out unusual scientific experiments from the seat of a scow moored in a creek near Princeton.

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### **LIBERTY TREE.<sup>133</sup>**

*A Song, written early in the American Revolution.*

*Tune -- The gods of Greece.*

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,  
The Goddess of Liberty came.  
Ten thousand celestials directed her way,  
And hither conducted the dame.  
A fair budding branch from the gardens above.  
Where millions with millions agree,  
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love.  
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic stuck deep in the ground,  
Like a native it flourished and bore;

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<sup>133</sup> This and the following songs and poems can be found in *The Writings of Thomas Paine* (1896), vol. IV, collected and edited by Moncure Daniel Conway, pp. 484-494.

The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,  
To seek out this peaceable shore.  
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,  
For freemen like brothers agree;  
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,  
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old.  
Their bread in contentment they ate,  
Unvexed with the troubles of silver or gold,  
The cares of the grand and the great.  
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,  
And supported her power on the sea:  
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,  
For the honour of Liberty Tree.

But hear, O ye swains, ('tis a tale most profane,)  
How all the tyrannical powers,  
Kings, Commons, and Lords, are uniting amain  
To cut down this guardian of ours.

From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,  
Thro' the land let the sound of it flee:  
Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,  
In defence of our Liberty Tree.

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AN ADDRESS TO LORD HOWE.

The rain pours down, the city looks forlorn,
And gloomy subjects suit the howling morn;
Close by my fire, with door and window fast,
And safely shelter'd from the driving blast,
To gayer thoughts I bid a day's adieu,
To spend a scene of solitude with you.

So oft has black revenge engross'd the care
Of all the leisure hours man finds to spare;
So oft has guilt, in all her thousand dens,
Call'd for the vengeance of chastising pens;
That while I fain would ease my heart on you,
No thought is left untold, no passion new.

From flight to flight the mental path appears,
Worn with the steps of near six thousand years,
And fill'd throughout with every scene of pain,
From George the murderer down to murderous Cain
Alike in cruelty, alike in hate,
In guilt alike, but more alike in fate,
Cursed supremely for the blood they drew,
Each from the rising world, while each was new.

Go, man of blood! true likeness of the first,
And strew your blasted head with homely dust:
In ashes sit -- in wretched sackcloth weep,

And with unpitied sorrows cease to sleep.
 Go haunt the tombs, and single out the place
 Where earth itself shall suffer a disgrace.
 Go spell the letters on some mouldering urn,
 And ask if he who sleeps there can return.
 Go count the numbers that in silence lie,
 And learn by study what it is to die;
 For sure your heart, if any heart you own,
 Conceits that man expires without a groan;
 That he who lives receives from you a grace,
 Or death is nothing but a change of place:
 That peace is dull, that joy from sorrow springs
 And war the most desirable of things.
 Else why these scenes that wound the feeling mind.
 This sport of death -- this cockpit of mankind!
 Why sobs the widow in perpetual pain?
 Why cries the orphan, "Oh! my father's slain!"
 Why hangs the sire his paralytic head,
 And nods with manly grief -- "My son is dead!"
 Why drops the tear from off the sister's cheek,
 And sweetly tells the misery she would speak?
 Or why, in sorrow sunk, does pensive John
 To all the neighbors tell, "Poor master's gone!"

Oh! could I paint the passion that I feel,
 Or point a horror that would wound like steel,
 To thy unfeeling, unrelenting mind,
 I'd send destruction and relieve mankind.
 You that are husbands, fathers, brothers, all
 The tender names which kindred learn to call;
 Yet like an image carved in massy stone,
 You bear the shape, but sentiment have none;
 Allied by dust and figure, not with mind.
 You only herd, but live not with mankind,

Since then no hopes to civilize remain,
 And mild Philosophy has preached in vain,
 One prayer is left, which dreads no proud reply,
 That he who made you breathe will make you die.

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## THE BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

*Tune -- Anacreon in Heaven.*

Ye sons of Columbia who bravely have fought,  
 For those rights which unstain'd from your sires have descended.  
 May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,  
 And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended;  
     'Mid the reign of mild peace,  
     May your nation increase,  
 With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;  
     And ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
     While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,  
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion.  
The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd.  
To increase the legitimate power of the ocean;  
But should pirates invade,  
Though in thunder array'd,  
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.  
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,  
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,  
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our bright day,  
And envelop'd the sun of American glory;  
But let traitors be told,  
Who their country have sold.  
And barter'd their God for his image in gold,  
That ne'er shall the sons, etc.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,  
And society's base threats with wide dissolution.  
May Peace, like the dove who return'd from the flood,  
Find an Ark of abode in our mild Constitution;  
But tho' peace is our aim.  
Yet the boon we disclaim.  
If bought by our Sovereignty, Justice, or Fame.  
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

'T is the fire of the flint each American warms,  
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision!  
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,  
We're a World by ourselves, and disdain a division;  
While with patriot pride.  
To our laws we're allied,  
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide;  
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,  
Whose roots like our Liberty ages have nourished,  
But long e'er the nation submits to the yoke,  
Not a tree shall be left on the soil where it flourished.  
Should invasion impend,  
Every grove would descend,  
From the hill tops they shaded, our shores to defend.  
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Let our patriots destroy vile anarchy's worm,  
Lest our Liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion,  
Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm,  
Our earth fears no shock but the earth's own explosion;  
Foes assail us in vain,  
Tho' their fleets bridge the main,  
For our altars, and claims, with our lives we'll maintain.  
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,  
Its bolts can ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;



For unmoved at its portals would Washington stand  
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.  
His sword from its sleep,  
In its scabbard would leap,  
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep.  
For ne'er shall the sons, etc.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice,  
No intrigue her sons from their government can sever;  
Its wise regulations and laws are their choice,  
And shall flourish till Liberty slumber forever.  
Then unite heart and hand,  
Like Leonidas' band;  
And swear by the God of the ocean and land,  
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

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HAIL GREAT REPUBLIC.

Tune -- Rule Britannia.

HAIL great Republic of the world,
Which rear'd her empire in the west,
Where fam'd Columbus' flag unfurl'd.
Gave tortured Europe scenes of rest;
Be thou forever great and free,
The land of Love, and Liberty!

Beneath thy spreading, mantling vine.
Beside each flowery grove and spring.
And where thy lofty mountains shine.
May all thy sons and fair ones sing.
Be thou forever, &c

From thee may hellish Discord prowl,
With all her dark and hateful train;
And whilst thy mighty waters roll,
May heaven-descended Concord reign.
Be thou forever, &c.

Where'er the Atlantic surges lave.
Or sea the human eye delights,
There may thy starry standard wave,
The Constellation of thy Rights!
Be thou forever, &c

May ages as they rise proclaim
The glories of thy natal day;
And States from thy exalted name
Learn how to rule, and to obey.
Be thou forever, &c

Let Laureats make their birthdays known.
Or how war's thunderbolts are hurl'd;

Tis ours the charter, ours alone,
To sing the birthday of a world!
Be thou forever great and free,
The land of Love and Liberty!

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## **COLUMBIA.**

*Tune -- Anacreon in Heaven.*

To Columbia who, gladly reclined at her ease  
On Atlantic's broad bosom, lay smiling in peace,  
Minerva flew hastily sent from above,  
And address her this message from thundering Jove:  
    "Rouse, quickly awake!  
    Your Freedom's at stake,  
Storms arise, your renown'd Independence to shake;  
Then lose not a moment, my aid I will lend,  
If your sons will assemble your Rights to defend.

Roused Columbia rose up, and indignant declared,  
That no nation she'd wrong'd and no nation she fear'd,  
That she wished not for war, but if war were her fate,  
She would rally up souls independent and great:  
    Then tell mighty Jove,  
    That we quickly will prove,  
We deserve the protection he 'll send from above;  
For ne'er shall the sons of America bend,  
But united their Rights and their Freedom defend.

Minerva smiled cheerfully as she withdrew,  
Enraptured to find her Americans true,  
"For," said she, "our sly Mercury oft times reports,  
That your sons are divided" -- Columbia retorts,  
    "Tell that vile god of thieves,  
    His report but deceives,  
And we care not what madman such nonsense believes,  
For ne'er shall the sons of America bend.  
But united their Rights and their Freedom defend."

Jove rejoiced in Columbia such union to see,  
And swore by old Styx she deserved to be free;  
Then assembled the Gods, who all gave consent,  
Their assistance if needful her ill to prevent;  
    Mars arose, shook his armour.  
    And swore his old Farmer [i.e., Washington]  
Should ne'er in his country see aught that could harm her,  
For ne'er should the sons of America bend,  
But united their Rights and their Freedom defend.

Minerva resolved that her AEGIS she'd lend,  
And Apollo declared he their cause would defend,  
Old Vulcan an armour would forge for their aid,  
More firm than the one for Achilles he made.  
    Jove vow'd he 'd prepare,

A compound most rare,  
Of courage and union, a bountiful share;  
And swore ne'er shall the sons of America bend,  
But their Rights and their Freedom most firmly defend.

Ye sons of Columbia, then join hand in hand,  
Divided we fall, but united we stand;  
'T is ours to determine, 'tis ours to decree,  
That in peace we will live Independent and Free;  
And should from afar  
Break the horrors of war.

We'll always be ready at once to declare,  
That ne'er will the sons of America bend,  
But united their Rights and their Freedom defend.

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**FROM THE CASTLE IN THE AIR,
TO THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD.¹³⁴**

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise.
My Castle of Fancy was built;
The turrets reflected the blue from the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes, in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks, for the Gods and their Loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
And when I looked out in the morning, behold
My Castle was carried away.

It pass'd over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
The world it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often of You.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That nature in silence had made;
The place was but small, but't was sweetly serene,
And chequer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful goodwill,
And grew tired of my seat in the air;

¹³⁴ Moncure Daniel Conway: "Addressed to Lady Smyth (see vol. iii.. chap. 27). While in prison in Paris, Paine received sympathetic letters from 'The Little Corner of the World.' He responded from 'The Castle in the Air,' and afterwards found her to be Lady Smyth.
-- Editor."

When all of a sudden my Castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down.
And placed me exactly in view.
When whom should I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but You.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
I felt no more sorrow, nor pain;
But the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my Castle again.

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### **A FEDERALIST FEAST.**

From Mr. Paine to Mr. Jefferson, on the occasion of a toast being given at a federal dinner at Washington, of, "May they never know pleasure who love Paine."

I Send you, Sir, a tale about some 'Feds,'  
Who, in their wisdom, got to loggerheads.  
The case was this, they felt so flat and sunk.  
They took a glass together and got drunk.  
Such things, you know, are neither new nor rare,  
For some will harry themselves when in despair.  
It was the natal day of Washington,  
And that they thought a famous day for fun;  
For with the learned world it is agreed,  
The better day the better deed.  
They talked away, and as the glass went round  
They grew, in point of wisdom, more profound;  
For at the bottom of the bottle lies  
That kind of sense we overlook when wise.  
'Come, here's a toast,' cried one, with roar immense,  
May none know pleasure who love (Common Sense).  
'Bravo!' cried some, -- no, no! some others cried,  
But left it to the waiter to decide.  
'I think, said he, the case would be more plain,  
To leave out (Common Sense), and put in Paine.'  
On this a mighty noise arose among  
This drunken, bawling, senseless throng:  
Some said that common sense was all a curse,  
That making people wiser made them worse --  
It learned them to be careful of their purse,  
And not be laid about like babes at nurse,  
Nor yet believe in stories upon trust.  
Which all mankind, to be well governed, must;  
And that the toast was better at the first,  
And he that didn't think so might be cursed.  
So on they went, till such a fray arose  
As all who know what Feds are may suppose.

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LINES EXTEMPORE.

July, 1803.

QUICK as the lightning's vivid flash
The poet's eye o'er Europe rolls;
Sees battles rage, hears tempests crash,
And dims at horror's threatening scowls –

Marks ambition's ruthless king,
With crimson'd banners scathe the globe.
While trailing after conquest's wing,
Man's festering wounds his demons probe.

Palled with streams of reeking gore
That stain the proud imperial day;
He turns to view the western shore,
Where freedom holds her boundless sway.

'T is here her sage [i.e., Pres. Jefferson] triumphant sways
An empire in the people's love,
'T is here the sovereign will obeys
No King but Him who rules above.

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## **THE CAUSE OF THE YELLOW FEVER, AND THE MEANS OF PREVENTING IT IN PLACES NOT YET INFECTED WITH IT.<sup>135</sup>**

*Addressed to the Board of Health in America.*

A Great deal has been written respecting the Yellow Fever. First, with respect to its causes, whether domestic or imported. Secondly, on the mode of treating it.

What I am going to suggest in this essay is, to ascertain some point to begin at, in order to arrive at the cause, and for this purpose some preliminary observations are necessary.

The Yellow Fever always begins in the lowest part of a populous mercantile town near the water, and continues there, without affecting the higher parts. The sphere or circuit it acts in is small, and it rages most where large quantities of new ground have been made by banking out the river, for the purpose of making wharfs. The appearance and prevalence of the Yellow Fever in these places, being those where vessels arrive from the West Indies, has caused the belief that the Yellow Fever was imported from thence: but here are two 'cases acting in the same place: the one, the condition of the ground at the wharves, which being new made on the muddy and filthy bottom of the river, is different from the natural condition of the ground in the higher parts of the city, and consequently subject to produce a different kind of effluvia or vapour; the other case is the arrival of vessels from the West Indies.

In the State of Jersey neither of these cases has taken place; no shipping arrive there, and consequently there have been no embankments for the purpose of wharfs; and the Yellow Fever has never broke out in Jersey. This, however, does not decide the point, as to the immediate cause of the fever, but it shows that this species of fever is not common to the country in its natural state; and, I believe the same was the case in the West Indies before embankments began for the purpose of making wharfs, which

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<sup>135</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 470-474.

always alter the natural condition of the ground. No old history, that I know of, mentions such a disorder as the Yellow Fever.

A person seized with the Yellow Fever in an affected part of the town, and brought into the healthy part, or into the country, and among healthy persons, does not communicate it to the neighbourhood, or to those immediately around him; why then are we to suppose it can be brought from the West Indies, a distance of more than a thousand miles, since we see it cannot be carried from one town to another, nor from one part of a town to another, at home? Is it in the air? This question on the case requires a minute examination. In the first place, the difference between air and wind is the same as between a stream of water and a standing [i.e., motionless body of] water. A stream of water is water in motion, and wind is air in motion. In a gentle breeze the whole body of air, as far as the breeze extends, moves at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; in a high wind, at the rate of seventy, eighty, or an hundred miles an hour: when we see the shadow of a cloud gliding on the surface of the ground, we see the rate at which the air moves, and it must be a good trotting horse that can keep pace with the shadow, even in a gentle breeze; consequently, a body of air that is in and over any place of the same extent as the affected part of a city may be, will, in the space of an hour, even at the moderate rate I speak of, be moved seven or eight miles to leeward; and its place, in and over the city, will be supplied by a new body of air coming from a healthy part, seven or eight miles distant the contrary way; and then on in continual succession. The disorder, therefore, is not in the air, considered in its natural state, and never stationary. This leads to another consideration of the case.

An impure effluvia, arising from some cause in the ground, in the manner that fermenting liquors produce near their surface an effluvia that is fatal to life, will become mixed with the air contiguous to it, and as fast as that body of air moves off it will impregnate every succeeding body of air, however pure it may be when it arrives at the place.

The result from this state of the case is, that the impure air, or vapour, that generates the Yellow Fever, issues from the earth, that is, from the new made earth, or ground raised on the muddy and filthy bottom of the river; and which impregnates every fresh body of air that comes over the place, in like manner as air becomes heated when it approaches or passes over fire, or becomes offensive in smell when it approaches or passes over a body of corrupt vegetable or animal matter in a state of putrefaction.

The muddy bottom of rivers contains great quantities of impure and often inflammable air, (carburetted hydrogen gas,) injurious to life ; and which remains entangled in the mud till let loose from thence by some accident. This air is produced by the dissolution and decomposition of any combustible matter falling into the water and sinking into the mud, of which the following circumstance will serve to give some explanation.

In the fall of the year that New York was evacuated (1783,) General Washington had his headquarters at Mrs. Berrian's, at Rocky Hill, in Jersey, and I was there: the Congress then sat at Prince Town [Princeton]. We had several times been told that the river or creek, that runs near the bottom of Rocky Hill, and over which there is a mill, might be set on fire, for that was the term the country people used; and as General Washington had a mind to try the experiment, General Lincoln, who was also there, undertook to make preparation for it against the next evening, November 5th. This was to be done, as we were told, by disturbing the mud at the bottom of the river, and holding something in a blaze, as paper or straw, a little above the surface of the water.

Colonels [David] Humphreys and [David] Cobb were at that time Aid[e]s-de-Camp of General Washington, and those two gentlemen and myself got into an argument respecting the cause. Their opinion was that, on disturbing the bottom of the river, some bituminous matter arose to the surface, which took fire when the light was put to it; I, on the contrary, supposed that a quantity of inflammable air was let loose, which ascended through the water, and took fire above the surface. Each party held to his opinion, and the next evening the experiment was to be made.

A scow had been stationed in the mill dam, and General Washington, General Lincoln, and myself, and I believe Colonel Cobb, (for Humphreys was sick,) and three or four soldiers with poles, were

put on board the scow. General Washington placed himself at one end of the scow, and I at the other; each of us had a roll of cartridge paper, which we lighted and held over the water, about two or three inches from the surface, when the soldiers began disturbing the bottom of the river with the poles.

As General Washington sit at one end of the scow, and I at the other, I could see better any thing that might happen from his light, than I could from my own, over which I was nearly perpendicular. When the mud at the bottom was disturbed by the poles, the air bubbles rose fast, and I saw the fire take from General Washington's light and descend from thence to the surface of the water, in a similar manner as when a lighted candle is held so as to touch the smoke of a candle just blown out, the smoke will take fire, and the fire will descend and light up the candle. This was demonstrative evidence that what was called setting the river on fire was setting on fire the inflammable air that arose out of the mud.

I mentioned this experiment to Mr. [David] Rittenhouse<sup>136</sup> of Philadelphia the next time I went to that city, and our opinion on the case was, that the air or vapour that issued from any combustible matter, (vegetable or otherwise,) that underwent a dissolution and decomposition of its parts, either by fire or water in a confined place, so as not to blaze, would be inflammable, and would become flame whenever it came in contact with flame.

In order to determine if this was the case, we filled up the breech of a gun barrel about five or six inches with saw dust, and the upper part with dry sand to the top, and after spiking up the touch hole, put the breech into a smith's furnace, and kept it red hot, so as to consume the saw dust; the sand of consequence would prevent any blaze. We applied a lighted candle to the mouth of the barrel; as the first vapour that flew on would be humid, it extinguished the candle; but after applying the candle three or four times, the vapour that issued out began to flash; we then tied a bladder over the mouth of the barrel, which the vapour soon filled, and then tying it string round the neck of the bladder, above the muzzle, took the bladder off.

As we could not conveniently make experiments upon the vapour while it was in the bladder, the next operation was to get it into a phial. For this purpose, we took a phial of about three or four ounces, filled it with water, put a cork slightly into it, and introducing it into the neck of the bladder, worked the cork out, by getting hold of it through the bladder, into which the water then emptied itself, and the air in the bladder ascended into the phial: we then put the cork into the phial, and took it from the bladder. It was now in a convenient condition for experiment.

We put a lighted match into the phial, and the air or vapour in it blazed up in the manner of a chimney on fire; we extinguished it two or three times, by stopping the mouth of the phial; and putting the lighted match to it again it repeatedly took fire, till the vapour was spent, and the phial became filled with atmospheric air.

These two experiments, that in which some combustible substance (branches and leaves of trees) had been decomposed by water, in the mud; and this, where the decomposition had been produced by fire, without blazing, shews that a species of air injurious to life, when taken into the lungs, may be generated from substances which, in themselves, are harmless.

It is by means similar to these that charcoal, which is made by fire without blazing, emits a vapour destructive to life. I now come to apply these cases, and the reasoning deduced therefrom, to account for the cause of the Yellow Fever.\*<sup>137</sup>

First: -- The Yellow Fever is not a disorder produced by the climate naturally, or it would always have been here in the hot months. The climate is the same now as it was fifty or a hundred years ago; there

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<sup>136</sup> David Rittenhouse (1733-1796), scientist, mathematician, astronomer, inventor, and successor of Franklin as President of the American Philosophical Society; of which Paine was a member.

<sup>137</sup> [*Footnote in original*] \* The author does not mean to infer that the inflammable air or carburetted hydrogen gas, is the cause of the Yellow Fever; but that perhaps it enters into some combination with miasma generated in low grounds, which produces the disease.- Author.

was no Yellow Fever then, and it is only within the last twelve years, that such a disorder has been known in America.

Secondly: -- The low grounds on the shores of the rivers, at the cities, where the Yellow Fever is annually generated, and continues about three months without spreading, were not subject to that disorder in their natural state, or the Indians would have forsaken them; whereas, they were the parts most frequented by the Indians in all seasons of the year, on account of fishing. The result from these cases is, that the Yellow Fever is produced by some new circumstance not common to the country in its natural state, and the question is, what is that new circumstance?

It may be said, that everything done by the white people, since their settlement in the country, such as building towns, clearing lands, levelling hills, and filling valleys, is a new circumstance; but the Yellow Fever does not accompany any of these new circumstances. No alteration made on the dry land produces the Yellow Fever; we must therefore look to some other new circumstances, and we now come to those that have taken place between wet and dry, between land and water.

The shores of the rivers at New York, and also at Philadelphia, have on account of the vast increase of commerce, and for the sake of making wharfs, undergone great and rapid alterations from their natural state within a few years; and it is only in such parts of the shores where those alterations have taken place that the Yellow Fever has been produced. The parts where little or no alteration has been made, either on the East or North River, and which continue in their natural state, or nearly so, do not produce the Yellow Fever. The fact therefore points to the cause.

Besides several new streets gained from the river by embankment, there are upwards of eighty new wharfs made since the war, and the much greater part within the last ten or twelve years; the consequence of which has been that great quantities of filth or combustible matter deposited in the muddy bottom of the river contiguous to the shore, and which produced no ill effect while exposed to the air, and washed twice every twenty-four hours by the tide water, have been covered over several feet deep with new earth, and pent up, and the tide excluded. It is in these places, and in these only, that the Yellow Fever is produced.

Having thus shewn, from the circumstances of the case, that the cause of the Yellow Fever is in the place where it makes its appearance, or rather, in the pernicious vapour issuing therefrom, I go to shew a method of constructing wharfs, where wharfs are yet to be constructed (as on the shore on the East River at Corlender's Hook, and also on the North River) that will not occasion the Yellow Fever, and which may also point out a method of removing it from places already infected with it. Instead, then, of embanking out the river and raising solid wharves of earth on the mud bottom of the shore, the better method would be to construct wharfs on arches, built of stone; the tide will then flow in under the arch, by which means the shore, and the muddy bottom, will be washed and kept clean, as if they were in their natural state, without wharves.

When wharfs are constructed on the shore lengthways, that is without cutting the shore up into slips, arches can easily be turned, because arches joining each other lengthways serve as buttments to each other; but when the shore is cut up into slips there can be no buttments; in this case wharfs can be formed on stone pillars, or wooden piles planked over on the top. In either of these cases, the space underneath will be commodious shelter or harbour for small boats, which can come in and go out always, except at low water, and be secure from storms and injuries. This method besides preventing the cause of the Yellow Fever, which I think it will, will render the wharfs more productive than the present method, because of the space preserved within the wharf.

I offer no calculation of the expence of constructing wharfs on arches or piles; but on a general view, I believe they will not be so expensive as the present method. A very great part of the expence of making solid wharfs of earth is occasioned by the carriage of materials, which will be greatly reduced by the methods here proposed, and still more so were the arches to be constructed of cast iron blocks. I suppose that one ton of cast iron blocks would go as far in the construction of an arch as twenty tons of stone.



If, by constructing wharfs in such a manner that the tidewater can wash the shore and bottom of the river contiguous to the shore, as they are washed in their natural condition, the Yellow Fever can be prevented from generating in places where wharfs are yet to be constructed, it may point out a method of removing it, at least by degrees, from places already infected with it; which will be by opening the wharfs in two or three places in each, and letting the tide water pass through; the parts opened can be planked over, so as not to prevent the use of the wharf.

In taking up and treating this subject, I have considered it as belonging to natural philosophy, rather than medicinal art; and therefore I say nothing about the treatment of the disease, after it takes place; I leave that part to those whose profession it is to study it.

Thomas Paine.

New York, June 27, 1806.

## REV. SAMSON OCCOM: A Voice for the Native Americans.

*"Indians are neither Whigs nor Tories."*  
~ Samson Occom.

As an Indian minister of the Christian Gospel, the Rev. Samson Occom (1723-1792) was uniquely circumstanced and situated to provide for later historians a parallax prospect and fresh perspective on Revolutionary era America. Where better, for instance, to understand the challenge involved, and simply what it was like, speaking and writing in the 18<sup>th</sup> century idiom than from a literate Indian to whose people's tradition they were foreign? Moreover, as a Christian minister and Indian we get the opportunity to see the times, again, from someone who in a odd way and for obvious reasons is aloof and often not quite actively part of them; not unlike the Persian, Chinese, or oriental observer used as a literary prop by 18<sup>th</sup> century writers like Montesquieu and Goldsmith. During the Revolutionary war, he was essentially neutral and empathized with both British and white Americans, as well as, of course, Indians, and never entertained grudges against a people or nationality; except, it might be said, with respect a given people's or nationality's own peculiar rogues and rascals. The exception to this was that as a Calvinist preacher he voiced a decided, as could be expected, aversion for the "Romish church."

Should we question Occom's sincerity as a Christian? Certainly, he was no Uncle Tom pandering for white favor as an ignorant person unacquainted with his writings might understandably wonder. On the other hand, it was and would have been very shrewd of him to use the faith and the calling of minister to act as a diplomat between peoples so widely separated in culture and outlook. To this extent, as well as being a sincere believer, it could be reasonably inferred he also saw in religion an opportunity to act as a bridge builder: a role and office sorely needed in those acutely hard times for the Native Americans.

Occom was the indirect product of the great missionary work of Massachusetts Puritan preacher John Eliott (c. 1604-1690); who evangelized among the Indians and translated their languages for the English and the English language for them; including translating the Bible for the Indians. And Occom deserves equal honors with him as someone who made the same bold and noble gesture but from the opposite direction. And Occom's feat, by comparison, could be said to have been greater; incurring as he sometimes did opposition and prejudice from whites; including putative white Christians and some justifiably distrustful Indians

A Mohegan Indian,<sup>138</sup> Occom was born and later lived much of his life in Mohegan, (eastern) Connecticut, near modern Uncasville. At age nineteen, he became a pupil at Eleazar Wheelock's school for Indians at Lebanon, Connecticut; which subsequently became the basis for Dartmouth College. Following four years residence there, he himself became a teacher of other Indians in, at first New London, and later East Hampton on Long Island among the Montauk Indians. To supplement his income, he occupied himself with book binding; and, in the tradition of his faith's founder, he took up carpentry; carving and making wooden implements and containers, such as spoons, stocks for guns, boxes, and barrels. In addition, he did fair amount of hunting and fishing to feed his family. In 1759, he was ordained a minister by the Presbytery of Suffolk, Mass. Then in 1766, for purposes of raising money for an Indian Charity School, he was sent, accompanying the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker of Norwich, by Wheelock to England and Scotland; and there gave numerous sermons and which drew large crowds. According to Occom, much of the funds obtained

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<sup>138</sup> Editor of the Occom writings, Joanna Brooks: "Although often confused with the Mohegan tribe of eastern Connecticut, the Mahican people constitute a separate and distinctive tribal nation with its own history, language, and traditions. The historical Mahican were Algonkian-descended peoples of western Massachusetts and eastern New York; their traditional territory ranged from the Housatonic River in the east to the Hudson River Valley in the west. Some Mahicans formed a settlement at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where they received Protestant missionaries; members of this community became known as Stockbridge Indians. Under pressure from white encroachment, many Stockbridgers moved to New Stockbridge, New York, in the 1770s and 1780s. In the 1820s and 1830s, New Stockbridgers moved west again to the traditional territory of the Munsee people in Shawano County, Wisconsin, and became known as Stockbridge-Munsee Indians. Today, this federally recognized tribal nation calls itself the Mohican tribe. *The Collected Writings of Samson Occom, Mohegan: Leadership and Literature in Eighteenth-Century Native America* (2006), pp. 444-445.

by this trip were frankly embezzled by Wheelock, and with whom and for which reason he later had a falling out. Coming home in 1768, he resided for some years teaching and preaching in Connecticut; while occasionally visiting outlying Indian tribes or else Boston and New York (city) for the same purpose. He continued in this way during the Revolutionary War; and, as mentioned, and like the Moravians of North Carolina, he maintained the stance of a Christian neutral. In 1786, he moved to Utica, New York to live briefly with some Brotherton Indians, a relation of the Oneidas. After this, he sojourned a while with the Stockbridge Indians (the true Mahicans); finally returning to his native Mohegan; where he remained until his passing in 1792.

The more one delves into Occom's writings, the more fascinated one becomes with the implications his singular life evinces; not only in his public life, but as a husband and father. For adjusting as an Indian to white society, after all, was not the easiest of tasks. He sometimes drank, though not heavily, and one occasion got in trouble for it and was compelled to do formal penance before the clergy. He took the whites at their Christian word; saying, in effect, why not make peace with the Indians and treat them well? Tell you what, you preach gospel, I will become minister and help Indians become Christians in return. In the end up, his effort only went to show how many of the whites (though not all) were too often little better than well-meaning hypocrites. And as much as anything else, Occom was a sign of the times and prophet of what future indigenous natives could expect despite all willingness to be good and cooperate.

And he could frequently be, as even the elitist and highly demanding Timothy Dwight could admit, eloquent. His most famous writings are his short autobiography and his sermon on the execution of the Indian Moses Paul, other homilies, and his hymns. These until of late were about the most anyone saw of his compositions. Thanks, however, to the 2006 emergence of Joanna Brooks' now indispensable *The Collected Writings of Samson Occom, Mohegan: Leadership and Literature in Eighteenth-Century Native America*, we have at last an opportunity to appreciate him in full. The following gleanings, drawn from that volume, are only partially representative of Occom's life story and struggle. Yet they do furnish a nevertheless helpful glimpse of and introduction to what he thought and how he felt. Spellings, often wrong, have been left as transcribed from the original, but with the texts themselves only slightly altered for purposes of enhanced clarity and readability.

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Dated: 1753

The most remarkable and Strange State Situation and Appearance of Indian Tribes in this Great Continent. --

Some Times I am ready to Conclude, that they are under Great Curse from God, -- But When I come to look and view the nations of the World I Cant See that they are under Greater Curse than other nations, there are the Poor Negroes How long they have been in wretched and most Cruel Slavery thousands and millions of em, -- and when I Come to Consider and See the Conduct of the Most Learned, Polite, and Rich Nations of the World, I find them to be the Most Tyranacal, Cruel, and inhuman oppressors of their Fellow Creatures in the World, these make all the confusions and distructions among the Nations of the Whole World, they are the Nations, that inslave the poor Negroes in Such Barbarous manner, as out do the Savage Indians in North America, and these are Calld Christian Nations You may See, Mr John Wesleys [disparaging] account of [the] Slave Trade Now lets [query] -- Who is under the Greatest curse he that [inclines] to such hardness of Heart, as to exercise the utmost Cruelty upon their Fellow Crea[ture]s or they that are thus Tormented, -- As for my part I Can not See So far, as to determine who are under the Greatest Curse of all the Nations I believe all Adamites are under a Curse As for this Life, it is as nothing, it is altogether uncertain[.]

Shall now take notice of things peculiar to the Natives of this Country. -- Indians, So Called, in this most extensive Continent, are Universally Poor, they have no Notion of Laying up much for the Future, they all live from Hand to Mouth, as the Common Saying is Chiefly by Hunting Fishing and Fowling; the Women Raise little Corn, Beans, and Pompkins, and pick Wild Fruts, and do other Drudgery; those that

live among or near the White People, have Learnt, Some of them, to live a little in immitation of them, but very poor Still, they are good Serv[an]ts to themselves, they have no Oeconomy to live; wastful and imprudent, both of time & Substance, they will wory and Toile all Day to lose two Shillings & gain Six pence, they have no Patience nor Ambistion to appear Great in the World, they have no Notion of much learning, them that have had Some Learning made Little or no good Use of it many have lost all their Learning, -- they Learn no trades, if any of them have Learnt, they follow it not They have no Laws or Regulations Neither in, every on d[o]es what is right in his own Eyes, -- Yet in general they [are] kind to one another, and are not given to Lying, Cheating, and Steeling much what this way a is Trifling But they are much for Drinkg Strong Drink, Yet I Cant think that it is more Natural to them than other[s]... ¹³⁹

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Letter to Eleazar Wheelcock  
Dated: 12 Feb. 1767, London.

It has been my Lot for a long time to have Sorrow of Heart, I have had Burden upon Burden, Trial upon Trial, Both without and within, far and Near, A General Concern is Riveted in my Heart, for my Poor Bretheren According to the Flesh, Both for their Bodies and Souls; my Relations Causes Heavyer Sorrow; Every obstruction and Discouragement to Your School, and every miss Contuct and behaviour of your Indian Scholars, Touches me to the quick; More than all these, the Consideration of my poor Family, as it were, lets my very Hearts Blood; I am ready Say, I am a Cruel Husband and Father, God has Given me a large Family, but they have no enjoyment of me, nor I them for Some Years back, and the Whole Burden and Care of a Large Family of Children lies upon my poor Wife; What adds to my Sorrowful Heart is this, that Whilest I am a Teacher to others, I have neglected my own Children, by my Perigrenations and now my Children are growing up, and are growing Wild; and the Devil has been Angry, yea he has & is Devilish Mad with me, and if he can, he will Drag all my Children into all Manner Sins and Down to Hell; But blessed be God he has provided an almighty Saviour, and all my Hope is in him, for my self and Family, -- if I was not fully Perswaded and Asure'd that this Work was of god, and I had an undoubted Call of god to Come over into this Country, I wou'd not have Come over like a fool as I did, Without any Countenance from our Board, but I am Will Still to be a fool for Christ Sake -- This Eleviate[s] my Heart amidst all my Burdens, and Balances all my Sorrows at Times, or enables me to bear my Trials, that I am in the way of my Duty, and the Lord uses me in any Shape to promote his Kingdom in the World...<sup>140</sup>

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To Robert Keen
Dated: September 1768

I was taken Sick as soon as I got aboard of Ship and was extreemely Bad for four W[ee]ks -- after that I grew better and amended very fast, and we had very Rough Pasage and in the Height of my Sickness, we had Violent winds, as I was told, for I know but Little of it, I was perilous for Some Days -- and at the End of 8 Weeks by ye goodness of God we arrivd at Boston, and I was Joyfully recieved by my good Friends at Boston, I Stayd but one N at Boston, on friday in the after Noon we got a shore, and Tuesday following about 5 in the after Noon I got Home and found my Poor Family in good Health, the Lord be Praisd for his Tender Mercies to us -- I wrote Some Letter as Soon as I got home but had no opportunity to Send them -- Since I've been at Home I have Very Busy, Yet I have been to Several Places of Indians and they all recive me with great affection about 5 Weeks ago onoyda [Oneida] Indians Came to see me, they manyfested great Joy at my return from England and were greatly very thankful to hear the Liberality of Christians and all receive me With gladness and tender affection, -- they are very thankful to hear the Benevolent Disposition of Christians over the Mighty Waters, by freely Contributing of their Substance towards the Instructions of the Poor Indians in North America, they Hope by this Means their poor Children's Eyes may be opened, that they may See with their own Eyes -- I had 4 Onoydas and 2 Mohawks

¹³⁹ *The Collected Writings of Samson Occom, Mohegan: Leadership and Literature in Eighteenth-Century Native America* (2006), edited by Joanna Brooks, pp. 58-59.

¹⁴⁰ *Ibid.* pp. 79-80.

Come to See me Some Time Last July, and were very glad to See me, they Said, they had heard of my arrival and they wanted to See me, and So they Came Down -- and they were greatly affected to hear the good Report I gave them of the People in the old Christian Countries, -- They were very urgent to have me go amongst this Summer Past, but I told them, I had been gone so Long from Home, I thought Duty to Stay at home this year, and if I liv'd to see another Spring, I woud give them a long Visit, and they went away Satisfied...

...I found my Debts remain on Long Island Just as I left them so tho' our Presbytery Promisd me, asistance, to Discharge My Debts in my absence, but nothing has been done -- and Some Small Debts, my Wife Necisarily Contracted; and What I have expended by Hiring Labour upon my little Farm, for it has been neglected in my absence; and then I have been obligd to Buy every Mouthful of food Since I came Home; and I have had a great number of Visiter of Indians from all Quarters, and some English Friends also, -- these have took all my Money away, So that Debt I owe to Dr Wheelock remains Still against I find my Family is very Chargable & I am [unfortunately] to Say he is unprofitable, -- you have an account of it in one of his Letters, -- The School goes on much as it has done Since we have been gone the Indians are Willing to Send their Children Still, I am Affraid the Dutch, near the Indians, and the French, are trying all they can, to Prejudice the Minds of the Indians against the School and against the English, but if it is of God he will maintain it -- The State of Religion in these parts is at a Low ebb, Yet I hope the Ld has not forsaken his People, there are Some manifest Tokens of his Love amongst them...¹⁴¹

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Unknown recipient.  
Dated: 1768

Now I am in my own country, I may freely inform you of what I honestly and soberly think of the Bishops, Lord Bishops, and Archbishops of England. In my view, they don't look like Gospel Bishops or ministers of Christ. I can't find them in the Bible. I think they a good deal resemble the Anti-christian Popes. I find the Gospel Bishops resemble, in some good measure, their good Master; and they follow Him in the example He has left them. They discover meekness and humility; are gentle and kind unto all men -- ready to do good unto all -- they are compassionate and merciful unto the miserable, and charitable to the poor. But I did not find the Bishops of England so. Upon my word, if I never spoke the truth before, I do now. I waited on a number of Bishops, and represented to them the miserable and wretched situation of the poor Indians, who are perishing for lack of spiritual knowledge, and begged their assistance in evangelizing these poor heathen. But if you can believe me, they never gave us one single brass farthing. It seems to me that they are very indifferent whether the poor Indians go to Heaven or Hell. I can't help my thoughts; and I am apt to think they don't want the Indians to go to Heaven with them.<sup>142</sup>

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To Susannah Wheatley¹⁴³
Dated: 5 March 1771, Mohegan, Connecticut

...My being acquainted with the World in Some Measure, has made my House a Sort of an Asylum for Strangers both English and Indians, far and near, -- I Labour under Bodily Indisposition Constantly near a Year, I have not been able to do much in hand Labour, Which puts me back very much; and on these Difficulties, my unbelieving Heart brings me upon the Borders of Discouragement at times, but my Reason and better understanding tells me, this is the Time to Trust and Hope in God, and I believe God never made any Creature with a Mouth, but that he will provide for it in his own way and Time -- and when I Come to recollect what I have Seen in my Travels, and what I have Read also, I am Struck with amazement and Stand Speechless; I am Sure if God Shou'd Deal with me according to my Deserts I Shoud have nothing that is Comfortable in this World nor in that which is to Come -- How many poor Creatures

¹⁴¹ *Ibid.* pp. 81-83.

¹⁴² *Ibid.* p. 86. [Edit. Note. The original being evidently lost, this letter extract previously appeared in *Annals of the American Pulpit* (1858), vol. 3, by William Buell Sprague, pp. 193-194.]

¹⁴³ [Edit. Note. Boston mistress and educator of American negro poet Phillis Wheatley; which latter Occom on occasion corresponded with. When Susannah Wheatley died in 1773, Phillis, at age 20, was awarded her freedom.]

have I Seen in the World as good by Nature as I am, go almost Naked in the Severest Weather, and have no where to Lay their Heads, and not one Mouthful of the meanest Bread that they Can Command, but are Oblig'd to go from House to House, and from Door to Door, With Tears Streaming Down their Dirty Cheeks beging a Crum of Bread, and when they have one mouthful given them, they know not Who Will give them the next, -- When I Come to Consider how much better God has Dealt with me, I am Astonish'd at my Self, that I have no more Sense of the Distinguishing Goodness of God to me, and to mine -- I have greatest Reason to Call upon my Soul and all that is Within me to Bless and Praise God Night and Day; and When I Come to Consider further, how many Holy Souls, I mean the Children of God have Sufferd, in Times of Persecution, all manner of Torments, and Depriv'd of every Comfort in this World, Yet how ful of Praises and thanksgivings were they -- Yea When I Come to trace the Son of the most High, from the Manger to his Cross, I am Struck Dumb, I am Confounded, I am Ashamed, I have no room to open my Mouth in a Way of Complaint, I pray God to learn me by these Small Tryals I meet with in the World to Hope and Trust in God alone, and not in the Creature I Pray God to kill me to the World, and that he woud Kill the World to me that I may be Dead to the World and the World to me...

P.S. Please to remember me to Phillis and the rest of your Servants. Pray Madam, what harm woud it be to Send Phillis to her Native Country as a Female Preacher to her kindred, you know Quaker Women are aloes d to preach, and why not others in an Extraordinary Case...

P. [P.] S. Madam I have a favour to beg of you that is, to get me a Singing Book, I think it was Printed at Salem lately price, I was told 8 my Children are much Inclined to Singing and I woud Encourage them in Time...

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To the Oneida Tribe  
Dated: 1775

I Rejoice to hear, that you keep to your Promise, that you will not meddle with the Family Contentions of the English but will be at peace and quietness, Peace never does any hurt, Peace is from the God of Peace and Love, and therefore be at Peace among your Selves, and with all men, and the God of P[ea]ce will Dwell with you; Jesus Christ is the Prince of Peace he is the Peace Maker, if all Mankind in the World, Believd in Jesus Christ with all thier Hearts, there woud Abell no more wars they woud live as one Family in Peace -- Jesus Christ, Said to his Disciples just before he left them, Peace I leave with you my Peace I give unto you, not as the World giveth give I unto you, and again, a New Command I give unto you that ye Love one another -- Now Consider, my Beloved Brethren who is the Author of these Bloody Wars, Will God Set his People to kill one another? You will Certainly say no, Well, Who then makes all this Mischief? Methinks I hear you all Say the Devil[,] the Devil, -- So he is, he makes all the Contentions in he sows the Seeds of Discord among the Children of men and makes all Mischief in the World, -- Yet it is Wright for Peaceable to Defend themselves when Wicked People fall upon them without Reason or Cause, then they can look up to Heaven to their God, and he will help them --

I will now give you a little insight, into the Nature of the English Quarrils, over the great Waters, they got to be rich I mean the Nobles and the great, and they are very Proud and they keep the rest of their Brethren under their Feet, they make Slaves of them, the great ones have got all the Land and the rest are poor Tenants -- and the People in this Country live more upon a leavel and they live happy, and the former Kings of England Use to let the People in this Country have thier Freedom and Liberty; but the present King of England wants to make them Slaves to himself, and the People in this Country don't want to be Slaves, -- and so they are Come over to kill them, and the People here are obligd to Defend themselves, they dont go over the great Lake to kill them, -- And now I think you must See who is the oppressor, and who are the oppressed and Now I think, if you must Join on one way or other you cant join the oppressor, but the oppressed, and God will help the oppressed -- But let me Conclude with one word of Advice, Use all your influence, to your Brethren So far as you have any Connections to keep them in Peace and

quietness, and not to entermeddle in these Quarrels among the White People, -- The Lord Jesus Christ Says Blessed are the Peace Makers, for they Shall be Called the Children of God...<sup>144</sup>

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To John Thornton

Dated: 1776

...I hope these unnatural Wars amongst you, will not intirely Stagnate the Streams Which have run So long, to refresh the Souls of the poor perishing Indians, with Divine Knowledge, -- I Continue preaching as I Use to do, Constantly, thro great Necessity, I am Oblig'd to Draw again half year before Hand, -- and I hope & Pray you will Still Continue your Benevolence to me; the Indians in general every Where are Peaceable and Chuse, not to meddle with your own Contentions and Quarrels; but I am Extreemly Sorry to See the White People on both Sides, to use their Influence with the poor Indians to get them on thier Side, I wish they woud let the poor Indians alone, What have they to do with your Quarrels, and if they Join on either side, they ought not to be Blam'd but thro Favour, there is but few, that Join on either Side, -- This Contention amongst you Amazes and Astonishes the poor Heathen in the Wild. They Say, there never was the like, or Such instance amongst all the Indians Tribes, they are ready to say, What? Brethren and Christians kill one another; this Quarrel is great, yea very great Stumbling Blocks before the Heathen, -- Thro mercy I am and been favourd with good Measure of Health this Winter past, and the rest in my Family are in Health, tho' we have had Some Sickness this Spring, I long to hear from you...¹⁴⁵

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To John Thorton

Dated: 1 Jan. 1777, Mohegan, Conn.

...The Times are Extreemly Distressing in this part of the World, these Unnatural Wars have effected and Distrest everyone, especially the Poor, I never have had Such a Burden, I have had much Sickness in my Famil lately, and every thing extreemly Dear, especially Cloathing, O that I had old Cloaths from London, if London was not more than half so far as it is, I woud Come over to beg old Cloaths. Three pounds will not purchase So much of the Necessaries of Life now, as twenty Shillings woud before these ungodly Wars took place. And the Worst of all is, these Wars have Eat out the Vitals of Religion, especially among the White People. Some White People Say themselves, that the poor Indians have more Religion than they have, the poor Indians indeed that make a Profession of Religion, maintain their Religion in Some measure, I preach amongst them as often as I used to do and they are much engaged in attending upon the Word of God, And there is one good Circumstance among the Indians in genral every where, they dont Chuse to Join neither Side in this Contention, but Chuse Strict Neutrality, and the White Americans dont want to have them join in either, the Congress have Sent out Commissioners among the Indians, Several Times and different ways to advise them to be Easy and Quiet, not to entermeddle in the English Family Quarrel My Wife's Brother went about 100 miles Westward from this Place last Septr with a number upon this Business and is just returnd, he tells me, he saw Six Sachems altogether of different Tribes, and that was the advice to them from the Commissioners, and the Sachems promised Strictly to observe the advice, and Indians themselves are agreeing among themselves in there different Tribes not to entermeddle with the English Contentions, When the White People began to Inlist Soldiers about here, Some of our Lazy Indians were very ready to Inlist, but the White People would not accept of them (Be it spoken to the praise of the White People,) but Some few woud and did list after all their rejection, Last Summer there were Some White people wanted to hire others to go in their Room, and two Indians offerd themselves; but when the Colo' who had care of em, Saw them, he turn d them back again. But the Kings officers, Some of them, I hear, have been using their Influence to engage the poor Indians on their Side; -I wish the King of Great Britain woud command all his officers in North America to let the poor miserable Indians alone; What have we to do with your Contentions? -As for Mr Kirkland; I hear he was among the Indians Some part of last Summer, but Where he is now, I can not Say. These Sad Contentions have brock

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<sup>144</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 111-112.

<sup>145</sup> *Ibid.* p. 113.

up all Missionaries and School Masters among the poor Indians, -I heard there was Money Enough in the Hands of the Hon' Scotch Society and they did not know how to lay it out, I wish they woud Consider my Case; Pray most Compassionate Sir, Interceed with them for me -I wrote them last winter, but I have had no Answers, if I should write again perhaps my Letters will never reach them in these Times...<sup>146</sup>

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To John Bailey
Dated: June or July 1783

...I told Doer Wheelock in our Conversations, that it look to me, in his Sending So many Missionaries and School Masters into the Wilds Just before we went over to England, was only to make a great Noise, for when we got back we had no Missionary nor one School Master in the Wilderness under him; and said to him further if I was to be in England again, I shoud not dare look any gentleman in the face, I shoud Seem to them, as if I had been telling Lies to them, When I was there before, he Said, he fully intended to go as he began In a word, that Institution is at an End with the poor Indians, they never Will or Can reap any Benefit from it, and I woud lue [??] not Desire any gentleman to promote that Institution under a notion to of benefiting the Indians, if I was not Consious to myself that I went to England out of Sincere Desire to Benefit my poor Brethren even after I am Dead & Buried, but I am Sadly disappointed, I Coud Wish, that I never went to England, And there is Such gloomy aspect upon the poor Indians, that I am under great Discouragement, So that I have no heart to ask or Call upon any People for help, for them or myself, yea I dont want to Trouble any one for myself, But it is time for me to Close, There is a great Talk of Peace now, and I hope it is so, but there is great Confusion among the White People Yet, between Royalests, Whigs, and Tories, but this is none of my Business, For Indians are neither Whigs nor Tories...¹⁴⁷

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To John Bailey  
Dated: 1784

I Conclude you receivd a Letter from me Within a Year, in Which I acknowledged the great kindness you bestowed upon me, for Which I once more return you most humble Thanks, -- In that Letter I gave a hint of the Situation of the poor Indians, and also the State of Dr Wheelocks Indian Schools -- I Shall now give you [a] More full account [of Indians], -- there is the Most Deplorable aspect and Most Glomy aspect upon the Indians in this boundless Continent Glomy aspect upon the Indians in this boundless Continent as ever was known, as for the Indians Scatted among the English, is it a gone Case with them, they have been decreasing ever Since the Europeans began to Settle this Country, and this War has been as a besom of Distruction to Sweep them from the Face of the Earth,<sup>148</sup> there are but very few remaining among the English, and these remaining yet in the Land of the living, are very Careless, it Seems according to their appearance, are given up to hardness of Heart and to reprobate Mind everything that lookd well and promising, amongst them is now witherd and Died; Schools among the Indians are all Ceased and there is not one Missionary amongst them all that I know of, This Family Contention of the English, has been & is the most undoing war to the poor Indians that ever happen among them it has Stript them of every thing, both their Temporal and Spiritual Injoyments -- It Seems to me, at Times that there is nothing but Wo, Wo, Wo, Writen in every Turn of the Wheel of Gods Providence against us, I am afraid we are Devoted to Distruction and Misery --`and I am Discouragd and I have

As for Doctor Wheelocks Institution for the Indians, to me it is all a Sham, it is now become altogether Unprofittable to the poor Indians; in Short he has done little or no good to the Indians, With all that vast Sum of Money We Collected in England he never has educated but two through the College, one

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<sup>146</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 113-115.

<sup>147</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 119-120.

<sup>148</sup> [Edit. Note. Secretary of War Henry Knox himself, in a letter to President Washington of 29 Dec. 1794, stated "our modes of population had been more destructive to the Indian natives than the conduct of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru."]



Indian and one Mallato, and there has not been any Indian there, this Some Time, as I have been lately informd; all the good that money has done is, has made the Doctors Family Very Grand in the World In Truth I was so displeased With last Plan of the Institution and the management of the Doc[to]r, I opposed him, and broke off[f] from him, presently after I got home from England, and told him he never Could do much good to the Indians With his grand Plan -- We talkd part of two Days upon the affair, and he tried with all his might to Convince and to Convert me to his plan but I withstood him to the last, and when he Saw he Could not turn me, then he did me this Honour, he Said these words -- Mr Occom I beg of you not to hurt the Cause if you do no good to it, for I know you are more Capable to do it more good or hurt than any man that I know of, I told him I was a Cordial Friend to the Cause but an Enemy to his plan [of] manag[emen]t, I told him further that it looks to me, in Sendg So many Missionarys and School Masters into the Wilderness Just before We Went to England was only [a] Huzza, -- to make a great Noise in the World for you have not one Missionary nor one School Master under you now in the Wilderness; the answe[r] he made to that was, I am unfortunate, I did intend to go on as I began, -- I said to him also, this one Comfort I have in my own Breast, that I Went to England with a Sincere Desire to profit my poor Brethren, even after I was dead and we had good Success in Collecting Money, and now if you dont make good Use of it among the Indians you will answer for it, Some Time before the Docr died, he wrote me a Letter, in Which I found this Sentense, I hope You Will live to See Scores of your Tawney [i.e., Indian] Brethren Nourish'd by This Alma Mater, -- in answer to it, I Wrote This Sentense -- I am Very Jealous that in Stead of your Institutions becoming Alma Mater to my Brethren, She will be too Alba<sup>149</sup> Mater to Suckle the Tawnies, for she is already adorn'd up too much like the Popish Virgin Mary, and therefore She Will be naturally ashamd to Suckle the Tawnies --

Mr John Wheelock is now President of that College and I believe he has but very little Regard for the poor Indians he may Speak or Write with Seeming Concern for them under a Cloak, to get some thing for himself or for the White People; for the College is become Very grand College for the White People; it is too grand for the poor Indians; if I had twenty Sons, I woud not send one there to be Educated -- in Very deed, I have nothing to do to promote that Institution...<sup>150</sup>

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Unknown recipient.

Dated: 1788?

Brother John Dantuckquechen who brings these few lines, has had a Law Suit against him [two words illegible] upon Suspission of Debt, and he [knew nothing] about it, till it was over, it was John [word illegible] doings, he imployd one [Shoals] to Cary on the Suit, now is agreable to the Laws of this State or any State? that a [man] may be Suid, and the Case tryd & Desided, and the man that Suid knows nothing from first to last, till the Execution Comes out against him, if this will do and Countanced, by by Law, then any man draw upon account against his Neighbour Without any Dealings with him, -- and Sue him, get Judgment against him, -- Do you [i.e., whites] Serve one another So? if not, Why Should we be Serv'd So is there no redress [two words illegible] for the Indians, by the Rulers, if there is none, I do declare it, I had rather be amongst the most Wild and uncultivated Indians, in the Western Wilderness, -- I was so Servd last Spring just as we were Seting of for Onieda and I Could not Stop to See further about it, I thought Sin woud be at their door, but I need Say morels there such a thing as delivering John from the Paw of Such unreasonable and Cruel Men?¹⁵¹

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Unknown recipient.

Dated: November 1791

I take the Liberty to write to you a few Words by Capt Hindreck, he is one of Mauhequunnuck, alias Stockbridge Tribe of Indians, he is a Chief Sachem of that Tri[be] and his Tribe is well inclin'd to the Christian Religion, and they are Diligent in their Temporal Concerns; and they have determined to go on

<sup>149</sup> [Edit. Note. A play upon words; "Alba," meaning *white* in Latin, being substituted for "Alma" ("nourishing.")]

<sup>150</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 121-122.

<sup>151</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 128.

till they Shall be able to main[tain them] Selves in their Religion, and in their Temporal Concerns if they keep on as they have begun but a little While, they will be able -- But they are not able to walk yet, they St[ill] Creep they want a little Help to lead by the Hand a little w[ay], and they Can't Swim alon[e] yet, they need to have a little help, to have their Chins held up a little While, till they can Swim alone -- God has blest you abundently with the Blessing of the gospel, and with Blessings of this World, You are very strong in the Christian Religion, and in this world you are rich in the Gospel, we are very poor, and weak, and you are Rich also in this World, and we are extreemly poor, Capt Hendrick has been amongst the [Wes]tern Indians, and lately just go Home, as he may inform you, There seems to be agreeable Prospect opening amongst the Wes[tern] Tribes to Introduce Civilization & Christianity. I hope the P[rayers] of Gods People, that have been put up or ascending, [... page torn] for the Heathen, along While, by all Christians, of all [Nations?] and Denominations will Soon be heard and Answer'd [...] God's Time is the Best Time -- There have been some Pains to Civilize and Christianize the Indians, but all to little purpose -- But I think the Time must come, when they shall beg to Jesus Christ for his Inheritance and the utermost parts of the Earth his Posistion -- Capt Hendrick is Invited by Some of the Western Tribes to the Distance of 1000 Miles or near Some of his Na[?] are there already they have there about, about 30 Years -- I am Now fully Convinc'd, that the Indians must have Teach[ers] of their own Coular or Nation, -- They have [a] very great and reveted Prejudice against the White People, and they have too much good reason for it they have been imposed upon, too much, and they have been, between Contending Nations [a long] Time; - - In Times past they were between, the French and English, Now, they are between the Britains and Americans and Spaniards too, and now they are set on by the Britains and Spaniards against the Americans, and when there is any Mischief [page torn ...] any of them; then there is an out Cry against them [...] Vulgar Language is; Kill kill em, Damn em kill [...] they have been unreasonably blaimd you will know [...] The poor Indians were in a Miserable Situation before the Europeans Come; and Since the Europeans have Come into this Country, they are more so, except a few that have had a little Gospel Light, -- I think they are now in a Most Deplorable Condition and Situation, it Seems that Heaven and Earth, are in Combination against us, I am, Some Times, upon the Borders of Desperation and much Discouragd with my poor Brethren, I often groan, and Say with myself, before I am aware of it, O Strange, O Strange, Why are we thus and my mind very is much overwhelmed at Times, But When I Consider the Promises of God in his Book my Mind is little revivd again...

...So I permit me to Call upon you as the Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ in North America -- Come over, or Send over to our miserable Indian Macedonia and help us, for we are Dying with the Poison of Fiery Serpents, in this Wilderness, and we would have the Glorious Brazen [Serpent] to be lifted up upon the Pole of the Glorious Gospel, that [who]ever looks to him by an Ey of Faith may be saved -- we are [try]ing to keep a School to instruct our poor Children in Letters, and the Children learn beyond all expectation -- We are poorly of it for School books, and we are Scant of it for Psalm Books for the older People-They are good Singers as any People; it woud do you good to hear them once, and they are most all Singers old and Young...<sup>152</sup>

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Montaukett Tribe¹⁵³ to the State of New York
Dated: 1785?

To the Great and Most Excellent Governor, and to all the Great Men Ruling in the State of New York in North America. --

We who are known by the Name, Mmeeautanheewuck or Montauk Indians, Humbly Send Greeting

We are very Glad and Rejoice with you that you have at last got your Freedom Liberty and Independence, from under the heavy and Gauling Yoke of Your Late King, who has tryed very hard to make you Slaves, and have kill'd great many of You, but by Your Steadiness, Boldness, and Great

¹⁵² *Ibid.* pp. 133-135.

¹⁵³ [Edit. Note. Or "Montauk Tribe," and of East Hampton, Long Island, New York.]

Courage, you have broke the Yoke and the Chain of Slavery; Now, God Bless You, and Make you very great and good forever

We Montauk Indians, have Sat Still and have not Intermeddled in this Family Contention of Yours, because we had no Business with it, and we have kept our Young men quiet as we Coud, and the People on both Sides have Usd us well in general

Now, great and good Gentlemen, we humbly Intreat your Condescention and Patience to hear us a little Concerning ourselves. --

The Great and good Spirit above, Saw fit in his good pleasure, to plant our Fore-Fathers in this great Wilderness but when and how, none knows but himself, -- and he that works all things According to his own Mind, Saw it good to give us this great Continent & he fill'd this Indian World, with verietie, and a Prodigious Number of four footed Beasts, Fowl without number and Fish of all kinds great and Small, fill'd our Seas, Rivers, Brooks, and Ponds every where, -- And it was the Pleasure of him, Who orders all things according to his good Will, he that maketh Rich, and maketh poor, he that kills, and that maketh alive, he that raiseth up whom he will, and pulleth down whom he will; Saw fit, to keep us in Porverty, Only to live upon the Provisions he hath made already at our Hands -- Thus we livd, till it pleased the great and good Governor of the World, to Send your Fathers into these goings down of the Sun, and found us Naked and very poor Destitute of every thing, that your Fathers injoyd, only this that we had good and a Large Country to live in, and well furnished with Natural Provisions, and there was not a Letter known amongst them all in this Boundless Continent. -- But your Fore Fathers Came With all the Learning, Knowledge, and Understanding, that was Necessary for Mankind to make them Happy, and they knew the goodness of our Land, and they Soon began to Settle and Cultivate the land, Some they bought almost for nothing, and we suppose they took a great deal without Purchase. And our Fathers were very ignorant and knew not the value of Land, and they Cared nothing about it, they Imagin'd, they Shoud allways live by Hunting Fishing and Fowling, and gathering Wild Fruits -- But alas at this age of the World, we find and plainly see by Sad experience, that by our Fore Fathers Ignorance and Your Fathers great Knowledge, we are undone for this Life -- Now only See the agreeement, your Fathers and our Fathers made, We hope you wont be angry with us in telling the The [sic] agreed that we Shoud have only two Small necks of Land to plant on, and we are not allowd to Sow Wheate, and we as a Tribe are Stinted to keep only 50 Head of Cattle, and 200 Swine and three Dogs, -- Pray gentlemen take good Notice, dont this discover a profound Ignorance in our fore Fathers, indeed we Suspect, Some Times, that what little understanding they had was Drowned with hott Waters [i.e., liquor] before they made these Shameful agreements, and on the other hand, don't this Show, that the English took advantage of the Ignorance of our Fore Fathers Woud they be Willing to be Servd so by us? Were we Cababale [i.e., capable] to use them So? -- We fare now harder than our Fore Fathers -- For all our Hunting, Fowling, and Fishing is now almost gone and our Wild Fruit is gone, What little there is left the English would ingress or take all to themselves -- and our Wood is gone and the English forbid us of geting any, where there is Some in their Claim -- and if our Hogs happen to root a little the English will make us pay Damages, and they frequently Count our Cattle and Hogs, -- Thus we are Usd by our English Neighbours -- Pray most Noble Gentlemen Consider our Miserable Case and for God's Sake help us; For we have no where to go now, but to your Excellence for help; If we had but 150 head of Cattle and some [Sheep] and a few more Hogs we Shoud be Contented and thankful This is all we have to Say at this Time, and Shall now wait to See your Pleasure Concerning Us -- ¹⁵⁴

¹⁵⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 150-151. [Edit. Note. As essentially identical petition was submitted by Occom, on behalf of the Brotherton Tribe, to the United States Congress in the same year; see pp. 149-150.]

THE ORDER BOOK OF CAPTAIN ROBERT KIRKWOOD, DELAWARE LINE

“...[W]ho are these mighty Britons; are they Gods; or Mortal men, like ourselves[?]”
~ Capt. Robert Kirkwood.

Diaries, journals, and book length narratives from the Revolutionary War rank and file, respecting these last such as those of Joseph Plumb Martin or John Robert Shaw, are comparatively infrequent. And while pension statements are numerous, and often contain anecdotes and hard to come by information, the preponderance of the time they tend to be terse, and are typically written with an understandable aim to please or impress. The next place to look for original documentation on what life for the ordinary soldier was like is the orderly books. Keeping orderly books started with the British; with Americans learning of and picking up on the same during the French and Indian War. Earliest American orderly books of the Revolutionary War were taken up immediately after Lexington and Concord, and the practice became standard subsequently and throughout the conflict. It has been estimated that among the Americans alone, there were something like 20,000 orderly books written up. And yet today, only some 1,000 are specifically known of, and of these less than a hundred survive.¹⁵⁵ Of those that are extant, the Society of Cincinnati, we might note, maintains a respectable holding.

These are on and off journals kept by officers of companies and regiments, and sometimes those on the general staff level, whose primary purpose was to record orders and pronouncements by an army commander to all units, or by the regimental or company commander to the specific unit. Among other things, this protected the commander from being given the excuse that the unit had not been informed of the order in case that order hadn't been obeyed or not followed through with. But depending of who maintained them, the orderly books often ended up containing much more than orders. In addition they would or might include military judicial proceedings (such as court-martials); returns and pay rolls of men and supplies; the nature of those supplies, and which might, for instance, give information on uniforms and clothing; inspection reports; layouts of camp and their arrangements; the naming of officers to certain duties; passwords of the day; and news and announcements of great and small events. Some officers who kept orderly books further used them to occasionally record their own personal thoughts and reflections, or speeches given by them to the unit. The above mentioned military proceedings reported are especially instructive and enlightening in giving us a more candid look at how some soldiers conducted themselves and how they spoke to one another; so that orderly books provide as well or better than any source the behavioral protocol, immediate sentiments felt, and verbal language used among and between enlisted men and officers. The portrait of the army that emerges is sometimes flattering; sometimes not, and every now and then, usually unintentionally, risible, amusing, or even touching.

The *Book of General Orders for the Year 1777, Kept by Captain Robert Kirkwood* is without question one of the finest specimens, arguably the finest, of American orderly books of the time still available.¹⁵⁶ Kirkwood (1746-1791) had a literary bent; is said to have been versed in the classical languages, and at the outset of the war was studying at the academy in Newark, Delaware. Like Peter Johnston of Lee's Legion, it was hoped by his father, a Presbyterian elder, that Kirkwood would follow a calling as a minister. The war, however, caused a change in such plans. Ardent for the cause, and perhaps encountering the difficulty of obtaining approval from a reluctant parent, he finally left school and enlisted, securing a commission as lieutenant in Col. John Hazlett's Delaware Regiment on December 9th, 1775. His biographer De Lany¹⁵⁷ states Kirkwood was present at the retreat from New York, Trenton and Princeton; having been promoted to captain on December 1st, 1776. After the death of Hazlett at Princeton, the Delaware regiment was briefly disbanded but later reformed and re-organized under Col. David Hall; with Kirkwood being transferred thereto in May 1777. His career from that time was as event filled and illustrious as that of any company commander of the entire war. He saw action at Brandywine,

¹⁵⁵ “A Brief Profile of Orderly Books” by John Robertson and Bob McDonald; for which see: <http://www.revwar75.com/ob/nature.htm>

¹⁵⁶ Some other conspicuous keepers of orderly books were Otho Holland Williams: transcribed by John Beakes but faintly edited by myself, and available at: <http://archive.org/details/Col.OthoHollandWilliamsOrderBook1780-81> and Francis Marion; a valuable republication of whose, edited by North Carolina historian Patrick O'Kelley, surfaced not very long ago.

¹⁵⁷ “Biographical Sketch of Robt. Kirkwood,” by P. Benson, De Lany, *Graham's Magazine*, March 1846, vol. 28, no. 3, p. 97.

Germantown, Camden, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, the siege of Ninety-Six, Eutaw Springs; with his unit being among the corps elite of Washington's Army.

Although brevetted to the rank of major in 1783, for practically all of his career Kirkwood remained a Captain. One reason given for this was that the Delaware Regiment was so decimated at the battle of Camden, and thereby reduced to two companies, there was simply no room for advancement. And yet when joined the newly established United States Army to help fight the Miamis in Gen. Arthur St. Clair's ill-fated campaign in Ohio and the Northwest in 1791, he was still kept at a captaincy. The truth is, Kirkwood, although reliable, dutiful, and zealous in the cause, was rather a humble sort in temperament and lacked the ambition, verve, and connections, to jostle as others did for higher command. It was while serving with St. Clair that he was killed in action at the battle of Fort Recovery (near modern day Fort Wayne, Indiana.) Though often cited, it is still and only fitting to re-quote his comrade in arms Henry Lee's assessment of him: "[H]e died as he had lived, the brave, meritorious, unrewarded, Kirkwood."¹⁵⁸

De Lany mentions that he read his (entire) Bible yearly; wrote essays, at least one of which reportedly survives on the subject of dueling; composed music and "performed most sweetly on the flute." The Kirkwood papers are housed in the Delaware Historical Society.

Despite earlier comments, orderly book entries can sometimes be dry reading. But not always, and here we have made an effort to educe from the book Kirkwood and his men, and the Continental Army, at some of their most animated and interesting moments. Indeed, taken together, these selections form something of a mini-narrative with Kirkwood's company being the central character amidst a panoply of others, both civilian and military. Editorial notations aside, spellings are left as found in his hand writing, and instances of Kirkwood's possible mis-transcriptions of, say, orders from "the General" ought not be seen as the fault the originals from whence they were derived, but simply the understandable shortcoming of receiving them orally; as was routinely the case due to the paucity of ink and paper.

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Head Quarters, Princeton March 27th 1777  
Gen[era]l-Orders

The General<sup>159</sup> is very sorry there should be so much foundation for the frequent complaints of the sodery [soldiery], respecting their pay and cloathing, he is very sensible of these difficulties and promises them everything in his power to have them speedily redressed.

The officers of the different Corps, are for this purpose immediately to make out their pay rolls & returns for the necessaries, and despatch them by proper persons, who will procure them without delay.<sup>160</sup>

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Genl-Orders 29th March 1777

All the Carpenters belonging to the Different Corps are to parade at Head Quarters at eight OClock to morrow morning. Additional wages will be given to good workmen.

Publick worship will be performed by the Revd. Dr. [Jonathan] Witherspoon tomorrow at the Meetinghouse, all the Troops are to attend precisely at 11 OClock. The officers to see the men parade exactly at that time, in neat & proper order and be examplary in their attendance.¹⁶¹

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<sup>158</sup> Lee, *Memoirs* (1869 edition), p. 185n.

<sup>159</sup> Washington.

<sup>160</sup> *The Journal and Order Book of Captain Robert Kirkwood of the Delaware Regiment of the Continental line* (1910), edited by Rev. Joseph Brown Turner, p. 50. For an online copy, see: <http://archive.org/details/journalorderbook00kirk>

<sup>161</sup> *Ibid.* p. 51.

Head Quarters Princeton 30th March 1777  
Gen-l Orders

All the Troops in Camp to Parade to morrow morning at guard Mounting. James Robinson, & Matt. Jones, under sentence of Death for Desertion are to be Executed to morrow between the hours of 10 & 11 OClock Major Larmer's Detachment from ye 3rd, 8th & 9th Virgr. Regt. & Capt. Scheirs Independant Company to hold themselves in readiness to march immediately after Execution tomorrow.<sup>162</sup>

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(March 30th 1777)

...Jno Bryan A Soldier on Suspicion of Desertion James Murphy for persuading Jno Bryan to Enlist with Ens. Carpenter knowing that he Before was Inlisted. the Court Sentence Bryan to Receive 100 Lashes & Murphy to Receive 50 Lashes.

Samuel M Murry brought before the Court for getting Drunk & Stealing 1 pair Shoes. No Evidence appears for Stealing is therefore Sentenc'd to Receive 15 Lashes for getting Drunk.

Andrew McCoy A Suttler brought before the Court for fraud & Extortion, the Court finds him guilty & Sentence him to Receive 100 Lashes & be drummed out of the Camp & never permitted to Sell any more.

The Above Sentence has been approv'd of by the Genl. ¹⁶³

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Head Quarters May 4 1777

The Genl again orders that the whole of the Troops turn out and are on the Parade at the beating of the Ravalie and the Officers Are to Maneuver them untill Sun Rise the Commanding Officers of Corps must Remember for to have all their men Provided with three Days Provision Ready Cook'd The Genl Perticulary forbids the Commanding officers of guards not to suffer any of the guards to be Absent from their guards Either day or Night untill properly Relieved it is with surprise the Genl hears it is A Common Practice when at the Advanced Posts of the Enemy...

It having been observed that no truth of Adhering to A former order, but the Contrairey some officers make A Practice of Riding Continental Horses as well as them Belonging to the Inhabitants in the Neighbourhood of the Army.

The Commander in Cheif posittively Declares that if any Off[icer], in the Returns will Dare to Presume to Ride any Horse Either Publick or Private, Without Leave first obtain'd from the proper Off, if a Publick Horse, or from the Owner if Private property; Shall Immediatly be Brought to tryal by A Genl Court Martial.<sup>164</sup>

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Head Quarters May 15th 1777

As few Vices are Attended with more pernicious Consequences in Civil life, so there are none more fatal in A Military one than that of Gaming which often brings Disgrace, & Ruin upon Offs & Injury and Punishment on Soldiers, & Reports Prevailing which it is to be feared are too well founded that this

¹⁶² *Ibid.* p. 51.

¹⁶³ *Ibid.* p. 53.

¹⁶⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 57-58.

pernicious Vice has Shedd its banefull influence in the Army and in perticular to the Prejudice of the Recruiting Service the Commander in Cheif in the most pointed & Explicat terms forbids all Offs & Soldiers Playing at Cards or Dice or any other games except that of Exercise for Diversions it being impossible if the practice be Allowed at all to Descriminate between Innocent play for Amusement And Criminal Gaming for Pecunary Sordid purposes.

Offs attentive to their Duty will find Abundant Employment in training and Dissipling their Men, providing for them and Seeing that they appear Neat & Clean and Soldier like, nor will any thing Redound more to their Honour, Afford more Solid Amusement or better Answer the End of their Appoinment than to devote the Vacant Moments they may have to the Study of Military Authors.

The Commanding Off. of every Corps are Strictly enjoined to have the orders frequently Read and Strongly impressed upon the minds of them under his Command, Any Off. or Soldier or other person belonging to or following the Army Whether in Camp, in Quarters, or on the Recruiting Service, or Else where presuming under any pretence to Disobey this order Shall be tryed by A Genl Court Martial...¹⁶⁵

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Head Quarters 21st May 1777

... John Chard 2nd Maryland Reigt tried at the Same Court for Sleeping on his post Sentenced to Receive 100 Lashes well laid on, the Genl Approves the Sentence, & orders it to be executed at the head of the Reigt tomorrow morning at 8 OClock the Court Martial to Sit again to morrow morning at 9 OClock to try Such persons as may be brought before them.

Fergusson M'Clain tried at a Court of enquiry on Suspicion of being an enemy to his Country.

The Court finding no evidence against him, the Genl orders his immediat Release.

A Return of the Drums & fifes wanting in the Several Reigts are to be made immediately.<sup>166</sup>

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Head Quarters Princeton 11th [June] 1777

... Mary Quin try'd by the Same Court, for acting as an Enemy to her Country, no Evidence appearing the Genl orders her to be Releas'd. Elizabeth Brewer try'd by the Same Court & found guilty of acting as a Spy in the Service of the Enemy, do Sentence her to be Confin'd During the War, the Genl Approves the Sentence & orders her to be Sent to Morrow in Company with James Cox to Philada with a Copy of her Sentence & to be there Confin'd in Such place as the Commanding off. Shall direct during the War...¹⁶⁷

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Lincoln Mountain 2nd July. 1777

...Abram Meers of Capt. Kirkwood's Compy of S[ai]d Regt brought before the Court, for Stricking and abusing A Drummer for doing his Duty Prisoner Pleads not guilty. Evidence -- Thos. Clark Drummer being duely Sworn deposeth & Saith, that he went into the tent where the prisoner was at Breakfast with whome he mest the prisoner ask'd him if he did not want some Breakfast he Replied yes & thank him too, the Prisoner then said he did not Deserve any for whiping A man so hard & farther Said if he ever whip'd him so hard, and he met him in a bye place, he would give him A knock that he would not be aware of, & after abusing him gave the Deponent a stroake in the Side which almost Deprived him of his

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<sup>165</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 58-59.

<sup>166</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 63-64.

<sup>167</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 83-84.

breath. Thomas Tool at the Request of the Prisoner being called before the Court & duly qualified, sayeth that the afores'd Thos. Clark went into the Prisoners Tent, & the Prisoner asked him if he did not want some Victuals upon which the said Clark answer'd Yes on which the Prisoner said are you not a Man that meses by your self, if so go & get your own Victuals to eat, upon which the said Clark made up of very provoking Language to the Prisoner, the Prisoner said he did not know how to whip or else he would not have abus'd the man so that he whipp'd yesterday the Drummer answer'd, he was oblig'd to do his Duty & that perhaps some day or other he might fall into his hands & then he would know whether he understood whipping or not.

Christopher Wilier, at the request of the Prisoner being brought before the Court and duely Qualified Saieth that he was imployed in cutting up meat in order to Cook, when Clark came in to the tent, & that the prisoner bantred him about his whipping & told him to be more moderate in whipping & not to whip as if he was in A passion or else he would get the ill will of the whole Compy upon which the Drummer seem'd to be angry but the Deponent says he could not Recollect the words the Drummer Said.

Charles Hamelton A Corporal in Capt. Kirkwood's Compy at the request of the Prisoner being brought before the Court & Sworn, sayeth being at the Prisoners tent doore heard the Drummer and Prisoner using Reproachfull language to each other he likewise saieth he heard the Drummer daring the Prisoner to Strike him.

The Court having Duely Considered the evidence for and against the prisoner are of opinion that he is guilty of a breach of the first Article of War, Sect. 7th & do Sentence him to ask pardon of the party offended in the Presence of his Commanding Off.

Patrick Davis a Soldier in Capt. Learmonth's Compy Confin'd by Adj. Lucas for a buseing Serjt Jordan in his duty, Pleads not guilty; Serjt Jordan Being Brought before the Court & duely Qualified deposeth & Saieth, that the Prisoner yesterday Evening ask'd him for a Screw to Draw his Load, the Deponent told him to go to the Serjts tent where he would get one out of his Catridge box, upon which the prisoner went & ask'd for the Screw but not getting it immediety he Call'd for the Deponent to come & get it for him & abus'd him, saying if he did not come & get it for him he would fire off the Load, upon which the Sd Jordan told him if he would fire his gun off it would be nothing to him, but that the punishment would fall on himself, the Prisoner Came like wise this morning to Serjts Jordan's tent where he was making out a Provision Return, and ask'd him if he had Return'd him fit for Duty, upon which Serjt Jordan told him he had by order of Lt. MKennon the prisoner Replied if he (the Sd Jordan) had receiv'd what he had he would not be fit for duty & abused him; the Serjt Desir'd him to go off peaceably; the Prisoner threatened to Shake him, & the Adj. overhearing him ordered that he Should be Confin'd Serjt Cox of Capt. Learmonth's Compy being Duely Sworn Sayeth that the prisoner having asked Serjt Jordan if he had Returned him fit for Duty the Serjt Replied Yes, upon which the Prisoner us'd Reproachfull words to him after he had Desired him to go to his tent & make no Desturbance.

The Court having Duely Considered the Evidence are of opinion that he is guilty of A Breach of the 5th Article of War 18th Sect. & do sentence him to receive 50 Lashes on the bare back well laid on with the Cat o' nine tails.

The Sentence is Approv'd off and order'd to be put in execution to morrow evening on the parade.

David Hall  
Col. Delaware] R[egt].<sup>168</sup>

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¹⁶⁸ *Ibid.* pp. 95-97.

Country Men, and fellow Soldiers.¹⁶⁹

When I Consider the Cause, for which we have Drawn our Swords, and the Necessaty of Striking an effectual Blow, before we Sheath them again, I feel Joifull hopes arising In my mind, that in one day an opening Shall be made for the Restoration of American Liberty, and for shaking off the Infamous Yoke of British Slavery.

America is yet free, the all grasping power of Briton has not yet been Able to seize our Liberty, but it is only by Valor. As it is by Arms, that the brave Acquire Immortal fame, so it is by arms, that the sordid must defend their lives & Properties, or lose them. We are the verry men, my friends, who have hitherto set bounds to the Unmeasureable Ambition of the Britons.

In Consequence of our Inhabiting the more inaccessible parts of the Continent, to which the Shores of those Countries on the Continent are enslaved by the Britons are Invisible, We have hitherto been free from the Common Disgrace, and the Common Sufferings, We lay almost out of the Reach of fame itself. But We must not expect to enjoy this untroubled Security any longer, unless we Bestir our Selves so effectually, as to put it out of the power of the Enemy to Search out our Retreats, and Desturb our Repose. If we do not curiosity alone will Set them a Prying, and they will conclude, that there is Some what worth the Labour of Conquering, in the Interior parts of the Continent, merely because they have never Seen them. What is little known if often Coveted, because so little known. And We are not to expect, that we should escape the Ravage of the General Plunderers of mankind; by any Sentiment of Moderation in them, When Provinces, which are more Accessable, come to be Subdued, they will then force their way into those, which are harder to come at. For We See, that if A Country is thought to be powerfull in arms, the Britons attact it, Because the conquest will be Glorious; if Inconsiderable in the Military Art, Because the Victory will be easey; if Rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poore by the desire of fame. The East and the West, the South and the North, the face of the whole earth, is the Scene of their Military Atchievements; the World is too little for their ambition, & their Avarice. They are the only Nation ever known to be equally desirous of Conquering a poor kingdom as A Rich one. Their Supreme Joy Seems to be Ravageing, fighting, and Shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a Region, so that there are none Left alive able to bear arms, they Say, they have given peace to that Country. Nature itself has peculiarly endeared to all men, their Wives and their Children. But it is known to you my Countrymen that here to fore Our Young Men were daily Draughted off to supply the Deficiencies in the British Army. The Wives, the Sisters, and the Doughters of the Conquered are either exposed to their Violence, or at least Corrupted by the arts of these Cruel Spoilers. The Fruits of our Industry are plundered, to make up the taxes imposed on us by oppressive Averrice. Americans Sow their fields; and the greedy Britons Reap them. Our verry bodies are worn out in carrying on their Military Works; and our toils are Rewarded by them with abuse and Stripes. Those, who are born to Slavery, are bought and Maintained by their master. But this Happy Continent will pay for being enslaved, and feed those who enslave it. And our Portion of Disgrace will be the Bitterest, as the Inhabitants of America are the last, who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny is the Offence, which most sensibly irritates those Lordly Usurpers. Our Distance from the Seat of Government, and our natural Defence, by the Ocean render us obnoxious to their Suspitions; for the[y] know that the Americans are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they Conclude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our Situation, to Disengage ourselves, one time or other from their oppressions.

Thus, my Countrymen and fellow Soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be by the Britons, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable State of Bondage under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is Sacred, & in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert our Selves, if not for Glory, at least for Safety; if not in vindication of American honor, at least in Defence of our lives. How near were the Briga[n]tines to shaking off the Yoke -- led on too by a Women [Boudicca]; they burnt A Roman Settlement; they attacked the Dreaded Roman Legions in their Camp had not their partial Success drawn them into a fatal security, the business was done. And shall not We, of the United States Whose territories are yet free, & whose Strength entire, Shall we not, my fellow Soldiers, attempt Some what,

¹⁶⁹ As no ascription is made to this speech, as there otherwise is in such instances, and it would appear to be Kirkwood's own composition.

which may shew them foreign Ravagers, that they have more to do, than they think of, before they be masters of the whole Continent.

The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire the Bishopwick of Durham, &c.

But after all, who are these mighty Britons; are they Gods; or Mortal men, like ourselves; Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors, and Weaknesses, as others; does not peace effeminate them; Does not abundance Debauch them; Does not Wantonness enervate them; Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices and can you imagine, that they who are Remarkable for their Valor; What then do we Dread; Shall I tell you the verry truth, my fellow Soldiers; It is by means of our intestine Divisions, that the English have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the mismanagement of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, & say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise as to Unite against them. What is this formidable British Army. Is it not Composed of a Mixture of People from Defferent Countries; some more, some less; disposed to Military Atcheivements; some more, some less Capable of bearing fatigue and Hardship. They keep to gether, while they are Successful. Attack them with Vigor Distress them; you will see them move Desunited among themselves, that we are now. Can any one Imagine that English, Irish, Hessians Hanoverians and with Shame I must add Americans, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs, and their lives, to build up a Forreign tyranny; can one imagine that these Will not be longer Enemies, than Slaves; or that Such an army is held together by Sentiments of fidelity or affection; No; the only body of union among them is fear. And whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed Multitude, they who now fear, will then hate, their tyranical Master, On our side there is every possible excitement to valour, the British Courage is not as ours, In flamed by the thoughts of Wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the Enemy. They have no parents as we have to reproach them, if they Should Desert their infirm old age, They have no Country here to fight for. They are a Motley Collection of Forreigners, in a Land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their Native Country, hemmed in by the Surrounding Ocean and given I hope a prey into our hands, without all possibility of escape. Let not the Sound of the British name affright your ears. Nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their Armour, dazzel your eyes, It is not by gold, or Silver, that men are either Wounded or Defended ; though they are Rendered a Richer Prey to the Conquerers. Let us boldly attack this desunited Rabble. We shall find among them selves a Reinforcement to our army. The Irish, who are incorporated into their forces, will through shame of their Country's Cause Deserted by them, Quickly leave the English, and Come over to us. The Scotch Remembering their former Liberty, and that it was the English who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the assertors of Freedom. The Hessians who Remain in their army will follow the example of their Countrymen. And what will there then be to fear. On our Side, an Army united in the Cause of their Country, their Wives their Childres, their Aged Parents, their Liberties, their lives, at the head of this army I hope I do not offend against Modesty in Saying, there is a general Ready to exert all his Abilities, and to Hazard his life in Leading us to Victory, and to freedom.

I Conclude, my Countrymen and Fellow Soldiers, with puting you in mind, that on your Beheavour Depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your Subjection to a Tyranical Enemy, with all its Griveous Consequences. When therefore, you Come to engage -- think of your Ancestors -- & think of your posterity.¹⁷⁰

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30th July. Wee Struck our tents and Marched 9 Miles to A Place Called Psaic [Passaic, N.J.] falls which place afforded two great Curiosities, the one was the Cataracks or falls which fell about 100 foot from the upper part of Sd falls to the Surface of the River; the other was A Man of 23 years of age Who Lay in a Cradle from his youth his head Being the Most Remarkable, was In my opinion, Between 22 & 24 Inshes long, his forehead about 12 Inshes broad across the Eyes with out any fall on either Side, his Body of the Common Size, his arms & hands about the Size of a Child of 7 years old, having no use of his Right arm, but Could wave the other so much as to keep the flies off[f] his face, he had no use of his leges which

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<sup>170</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 108-113.

was like a Child of the same age with the other he could talk both Low Dutch and english but in a verry low voice, Could Repeat the most of the Shorter Catachism by heart, from thence we Proceeded the Same Day 3 Miles Blow the Acquacanack Bridge on Sd. River in Essex County which Days march was 20 Miles.

N. B. This man whome I have Been Describing upon Seeing Some of our Weomen form'd a laugh and looked with the greatest earnestness at them and at the Same time I saw him put his left hand under the Cloaths But Shall write no more of what I saw...<sup>171</sup>

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Head Quarters Hanover Township Morris County [New Jersey]

5th August 1777
Division Orders

The Court Martial Whereof Col. Price was President is Desolved, the Genl Returns them his hearty thanks for their service.

A Genl Court Martial to Sit to morrow Morning at 9 OClock, to try Ens. Farmer, for beating Thos Allen a Soldier in Col. Prices Regt also to try Adjt Edley for beating a Negro Belonging to the 3rd Maryland Regt, likewise to try Majr Mullen, Brigade Major to Genl Deborre, for Ungentleman like and unsoldier like beheaviour, and for giving Impertinent language to Genl De Borre at the Head of his troops, and for being intoxicated with Liquor, And Contemptuously tearing A Coppy of his arrest ; the Court to try such other matters as may be brought Before them, & to exist till further orders. President of the Court Lt. Col. Smith, 2 Captains & 4 Subalterns from Genl De borre's¹⁷² Brigade, 3 Captains & 3 Subalterns from Col. Stones, the Brigade Major to Notify them immedietly...¹⁷³

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Hannover [Hanover, New Jersey; just north of Morristown] 13th August 1777  
Brigade Orders

... The Commandants of Regts in Genl Smallwoods Brigade, are Requested immedietly to furnish Returns of their Regts, and Render lists of Such arms & Accoutrements, Cloathing &c. as may be wanting in order that the Same may be procured, to put the Regts in the most formidable & Comfortable Situation; and as the Ground for the Encampment was yesterday Regularly laid off the Genl can't avoid observing that it would have been much more pleasing; had the officers attended to, and had their tents more Regularly pitch'd which it is expected will be better attended to in future; as it will not only contribute to the Beauty of the encampment, but also to the health and Disclipine of the Soldiers; The Adjutants are Required to Draw one Camp Colour man out of each Company in their Respective Regts, who are to act and do no other Duty for the space of one week, after which they will be Releived, and the QrMasters are Required to assemble every morning at gun firing, & direct them to Clean and Sweep the Streets of all nausances, throwing the Same into the pits and Covering the filth therein with fresh dirt every morning, all Cooking, washing, &c. are expressly forbid within the limits of the Encampment, which must be performed at A Proper Distance in front and on the Flanks thereof, & the latter to prevent trash and filth in the Encampment, & within the tents of the Soldiers. A Visiting officer from each Regt must be daily appointed to inspect within the limits of his Regiment and Direct the Removal thereof. The Brigade Compleatly Arm'd & Accoutred must Parade in front of the Encampment at troop & Retreat Beating, tis expected the Officers in General will on those occations make A point of attending in their proper posts; Officers will attend to and Direct their men to Shave & Shift twice A Week, & also inspect their Arms, Accoutriments, & Provision, & their mode of Cooking verry frequently, & that they do not load their muskets without orders, and unless the Cleaning their arms is attended to, they will be apt to bend their gun Barrels, any

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<sup>171</sup> *Ibid.* p. 127.

<sup>172</sup> Philippe Hubert, Chevalier de Preudhomme de Borre (1717-“unknown”), a Continental Brigadier of advanced age (he was 15 years older than George Washington); who after an undistinguished run from 1777 to 1779; due apparently to a poor rapport with the American soldiers, returned to France where he was reinstated in the French Army.

<sup>173</sup> *Ibid.* p. 131.

Soldier without leave in Writing from his officer, found Straggling above one mile from the Encampment will be Liable to be taken up and punished as a Deserter; Sobriety, good order, & Diligence are earnestly recommended.<sup>174</sup>

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19th August 1777
Brigade Orders

The Dailey Complaints of the Inhabitants residing adjacent to and in the Neighbourhood of our encampment sufficiently Demonstrates the Depravity of the Soldery, and I am afraid the Inattention of the Officers to restrain Such unsoldiery and infamous practices has give Rise to these Complaints Would the Soldery Consider that their Reputation, & in Some Instance I might add the Safety of a Corps is founded, And Depend not less on the Strict obedience to orders, Sobriety, Honesty, & temperance, these on Valour, and Discipline, which are both promoted and increased in a more or less Immediet Degree as those Qualifications are Cherished and Practised, they must blush for their Conduct, which must Strongly impress them with Resembling Sheep Stealers, & thieves more than honest brave men fighting and Struggling for the Liberties of America, the pay & Subsistance of the Continental Army is more Liberal than the allowance made to any other Soldiers in the face of the earth, this therefore cannot be an excuse for Breaking open Peoples Houses, & Stealing their Property, burning & otherwise destroying their out houses, implements of Husbandry & Handicraft Business, together with their fencing & Crops; The latter perhaps may Destress this verry part of the Army next Winter, as well as the poore Inhabitants who are held up as the only Sufferers, to Restrain Such horrid & Shameful Practices, Let me intreat & Conjure every officer in the Brigade, to exert collectively & individually his utmost efforts; and the Brigadier Genl most earnestly begs those honest brave Soldiers who Still have A Regard to their good name, & the Credit of the Brigade, that they will use their best endeavours to dissuade from & detect their Comrades in Such infamous practices; Its with concern the Genl finds himself oblig'd to declare that unless such practices are Drop'd the most Rigid measures will be adopted, and Exemplary punishments inflicted in every instance.¹⁷⁵

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Proceedings of A Brigade Court Martial held in Camp, Hanover 19th August 1777.

...Major Powell being duely Sworn, Sayeth, last night about 10 OClock Complaint was lodg'd with me against two Soldiers who was at the house of a Mr. Dennison in this Neighbourhood, and had behav'd in a verry indecent manner In Consequence of this information, I took A Corporal & file of men and went with my informant, to Mr. Denisons, where I found the Prisoners each with a gun in his hand, upon inquiring what was the matter and their Buisness there at Such a time of night, Davis told me the man of the house had used them in a verry gross manner, had given them much abusive language, & had taken up his gun and threatened to Shoot them for Damn'd Rebels, saying also that he would get enough from Staten Island to beat our whole Brigade Mr. Denison denied the Accusation, Said they had come to his house, in a verry abrupt manner, that Davis Swore A young woman, that was nursing Denisons Wife Was his Wife, and he'd be Damn'd if he did not Sleep with her, Denison Said he offred them a bed in his Shop, & Supper if they wanted it, but that his wife was at the point of death, & that he Could not Suffer any other than his famely to sleep in his house that the Prisoners then entred his house again, Search'd it, Calld him a damn'd Tory, & took from him two guns (the Same I found them with) they were both Somewhat intoxicated, this was better than an hour after Tattoo beating.

Mr. Dennison Being duely Sworn Sayeth, that the above mentioned Prisoners came to his house just at dark, & demanded A Young Woman which he had in his house, & one of them Claimd her as his wife, which girl was up stairs at the Same time. I denied that there was any Such girl there that Blong'd to them, upon which they took two guns of my property which was behind a Door, & went out, & swore that they would Stand Sentrie at my Door, for I was a Tory and fired one of the guns off.

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<sup>174</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 141-142.

<sup>175</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 150-151.

The Court are unanimously of opinion that Serjt Cain & Patt Davis, are guilty of the Charge, & do Sentence Serjt Cain to be Reduced to the Ranks & Receive 50 Lashes and Patt Davis 100 lashes, on the bare back well laid on with the Cat oNine tails:

ROBT KIRKWOOD  
President

The above Sentence approv'd, but from having heard A favourable Character of Serjt Cain have Remitted the Latter part of the punishment, and have thought proper to Remit 50 lashes of Patt. Davis's punishment the Remainder to be inflicted at beat of Retreat.

Wm Smallwood  
B[rig.]: General<sup>176</sup>

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Head Qurtrs Wilmington 5th Septr 1777
Genl Orders

...As Baggage Waggons at all times are A great incumberrence to an Army, & would be perticularly so in the day of Battle, they in the latter can be Driven off the Field, that the Army may not be the least incumberred by them, it is besides A measure which Common prudence dictates, & whenever an Action is expected, the QrMastr Genl will immedietly wait on the Commander in Cheif to Receive his orders Respecting them.

From every Information of the Enemys Designs¹⁷⁷ and from their Movements it is manifest their Aim is if possible to possess them Selves of Philadelphia this is their Capital object, its what they Strove to effect; but were happily disappointed, they made A Second Attempt at the opening of this Campaign, but after vast preparation & expences for the purpose they abandon'd, their Design and totally evacuated the Jerseys, they are now making their last efforts; to come up the Delaware, it Seems was their first Intention but from the measure taken to annoy them in the River they Judged this enterprise that way too hazardous; at length they have landed on the Eastern Shore of Maryland and advanc'd Some little way into the Country but the Genl trusts they will be again Disappointed in their views Should they put their Designs against Philadelphia or this State their all is at Stake, they will put the Contest to the event of A Single Battle, if they are overthrown they are utterly undone, the war ended, now then is the time for our most Strenious exertion, one bold Stroke will free the Land from Rapine, Devestation, & Burning; Famale Innocence from brutal Lust & Violence in every other Quarter the American Arms have of Late been Rapidly Successfull, great many of the Enemy have fallen in Battle, & Still greater numbers have been made prisoners; the Militia to the Northward have fought with A Resolution that would have done honour to old Soldiers, they have Bravely fought & Conquer'd & glory attend them & who can forbear to emulate their noble Spirits, who is without Ambition to Share with them the applause of their Countrymen and of all posterity, As the Defenders of their Liberty, & the procurers of peace and happiness, to millions in the present & future Generation, two years we have maintain'd the war & Strugled with difficulties Innumerable, but the prospect has brightned and our affairs put on A better face, now is the time to Reap the fruits of all our toil and Dangers if we behave like men this third Campaign will be our last, ours is the main army to us our Country looks for protection, the eyes of all america & all Urope, are turned upon us, as on those by whome the event of War is to be Determined and the Genl assures his Country men and fellow Soldiers that he believes the Critical & important moments is at hand, which demand their most Spirited exertion to the Field, Glory waits to Crown the brave & peace freedom & happiness will be the Rewards of Victory, animated by Motives like those Soldiers fighting in the Cause of Innocense humanity & Justice will never give way, but with undaunted Resolution press on to Conquest, & these the Genl assures himself is the part American forces now in Arms will act & those he will assure Success.

¹⁷⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 151-153.

¹⁷⁷ Howe and the British army had just landed near Head of Elk [Elkton], Maryland and were on their way to take Philadelphia; Kirkwood's entry here being written six days before the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11.

Genl [James] Ewings [Penn.] Brigade of Militia will releive the men of Genl [Francis] Nashes [Nash's North Carolina] Brigade now on the Little guard on the East Side of Brandewine as soon as possible and Dailey furnish it.¹⁷⁸

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Camp near Newport [Delaware] Sepr 6th 1777.  
Regimental Orders

The Commanding officers of Companies are Requested to have their men Clean & hair powder'd to morrow at 2 OClock with their Arms & Accoutrements in good order, fit to bear Inspection by the Commander in Chief, any person appearing Contrairy to this order it will be looked on to be the officers Neglect for which they will have to Acct, any Soldier absent from the parade at the above mentioned time, Shall assuredly Suffer Agreeable to the Articles of War, unless A Reasonable excuse be given for the Same.

Chas Pope  
*Lt. Coll. D R*<sup>179</sup>

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Head Quarters Wilmington Sepr 6th 1777
General Orders

...The Genl has no doubt but that every man who has A due Sense of the Importance of the Cause he has taken to defend And who has any Regard to his own honour & the Reputation of A Soldier, will if Called to Action will behave like one Contending for every thing valuable, but if contrary to his expectation there Shall be found any officer or Soldier so far lost to all Shame as basely to quit their posts without orders, or Shall Skulk from danger or offer to Retreat before order is given for so doing from proper authority of a Superior Officer, they are to be instantly Shot down, as a Just punishment to themselves & for an example to others, this order those in the Rear, & the Corps of Reserve are to See duely executed, to prevent the Cowardly making a Sacrifice of the brave, & by their ill example and ground less tales circulating to Cover their own Shamefull conduct, Spreading terror as they go; that this order may be well known & strongly Impressed upon the Army; the Genl positively orders the Commanding officers of every Regt to assemble his men & have it Read to them; to prevent the plea of Ignorance.

The Genl begs the favour of the Officers to be attentive to all Strange faces & Suspicious persons, which may be discover'd in Camp & if upon examination of them no good Acct can be given why they are there to carry them to the Majr Genl of the day for further examination, this as it is only A necessary precaution is to be done in a manner least offensive...

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Monday Sepr 8th 1777 (Near Newport)

Struck tents & went to work in the lines, lay there till 3 OClock Tuesday morning the 9th then March'd about 10 miles to Chadds ford & forded over & there encamped, Wednesday ye 10 march'd to gordons ford being about 4 miles there lay all night, Thursday the eleventh about 2 OClock P. M. march'd About 1 ½ miles to the field of Action near Jeffries at Brandewine our Regt was Sent as A flanking party on the Enemys left wing, during the engagement we were Several times exposed to the fire of the enemys

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<sup>178</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 159-161.

<sup>179</sup> *Ibid.* p. 161.

Cannon & Small arms. About Sun set retreated to Chester being 15 miles. Friday 12th march'd through Derby to Schuylkill being 12 miles and encamp'd near the Bridge on this the River Phlada County.<sup>180</sup>

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Head Quarters Sepr 12th 1777
General Orders

The Commanding Officer of each Brigade is immedietly to Send off as many Officers as he Shall think necessary on the Roads leading to the place of Action Yesterday & on any other Roads where the Straglers may be found & perticularly to Wilmington to pick up all Straglers from the Army and bring them on; in doing this they Should proceed as far towards the Enemy as Shall be convenient to their own Safety, and examine every house, in the main time the troops are to march on in good order through Darby, to the Bridge towards Schuylkill & Germain town & there pitch their tents, Genl Greens Division will move last & cover the Baggage Stores. A Gil of Rum or whiskey is to be Served out to each man who has not already that allowance.

Genl Smallwoods light troops will remain at Chester to Collect all the Straglers as they come and tomorrow morning follow the Army, the Directors of the Hospitals will see that all Sick and wounded are Sent to Trentown in doing this Genl Maxwell will give them all necessary assistance, the Genl expects each Regt or Officers commanding Brigades will immedietly make the most exact Returns of their killed wounded & missing...¹⁸¹

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Pensylvania State Head Qrtrs Germainton Sepr 13th 1777  
General Orders

...The General with perticular Satisfaction thanks those Gallant Officers & Soldiers who on the 11th Inst bravely fought in their Countries Cause; if there are any whose Conduct Reflects Dishonour upon Soldiership and their names are not pointed out to him, he must for the present leave them to Reflect how much they have injured their Country, how unfaithfully they have proved to their fellow Soldiers but with this exortation they embrace the first opportunity which may offer to do Justice to both, & to the profession of a Soldier.

Although the event of that day from some unfortunate circumstances was not so favourable as Could be wished, the Genl has the Satisfaction to inform the Troops, that from every account that has been obtain'd the Enemies loss far exceeds, and has full Confidence that in another appeal to heaven, with the blessing of Providence, which it becomes every officer & Soldier humbly to Supplicate, we Shall prove Successfull, The Honourable Congress in Consideration of the gallant behaviour of the Troops on Thursday last, their fatague Since & from a full conviction that on every future occation they will manifest a bravery worthy of the Cause they have undertaking to defend; have been pleased to order thirty Hogsheads of Rum to be destrubuted among them, in Such manner as the Commander in Cheif Should Direct, he orders the Commissary Genl of Issues to deliver to each officer & Soldier 1 Gill pr day while it lasts...<sup>182</sup>

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Head Quarters October 18th 1777
General Orders

...To the Supreme Disposer of all Events
who has Granted us this Signal Success [i.e., the victory at Saratoga.]

¹⁸⁰ *Ibid.* p. 167.

¹⁸¹ *Ibid.* pp. 168-169.

¹⁸² *Ibid.* pp. 169-170.

All the Chaplains of the Army to prepare Suited to the Joyful Occasion short discourses To deliver to their Respective Corps and Brigades at 5 OClock this Afternoon immediately after this Thirteen peices of Canon are to be discharg'd at the Artillary Park to be followed by a Fued of Joy with Blank Cathridges or Powder by every Brigade or Corps of the Army, beginning at the Right of the Front line and Running to the left of it and then Instantly beginning at the left of the Second line and running to the Right of it where it will end the Major of the day will Superintend and Regulate the Feu, de, Joy [feu de joie]; the Officers Commanding Brigades and Corps are to draw out their men, Excepting those on duty, every day when the weather Permits, to practice the most Necessary Manoevres particularly to Advance in a line, from thence to form Collumns To go through Passes & Oppening Fences, and Reduceing them again To Retire in a Line and Collumn and Form again in a Word Form all Those movements which in Action in a Wooden and Close Country shall make Necessary.¹⁸³

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Head Qtrrs Gulph Decembr 17th 1777<sup>184</sup>  
General Orders

...The Commander in Chief with the highest Satisfaction expresses his thanks to the Officers & Soldiers for the Fortitude & patience which they stand the fatigue of the Campaign, although in some instances we have unfortunately failed, yet upon the whole Heaven has Smiled upon our Arms & Crown'd them with Signal Success, & we may upon the best ground conclude that by a Spirited Continuance of the means Necessary for our Defence, we shall finally gain the end of the Warfare Independent Liberty & peace, these are blessings worth Contending for at every Hazard, but we Hazard nothing to power of America alone, duely exerted would have nothing to fear from the force of Great Brittan, yet we Stand not alone on our own Ground, France yields us every aid we ask & there reasons to believe the period is not verry far distant when she will take A more Active part by declaring War against the British Crown, every motive therefore immediately obliges may command us to affirm a manly perseverance in our opposition to our Cruel oppressors to slight difficulties indure hardships & contemn every danger. The Genl ardently wishes it was in his power to conduct the troops into the best Winter Quarters but Where are they to be found Should we retire into the Interior parts of the States we Should find them Crowded with Virtious Citizens who Sacrifised their all left Philada & fled there for protection to their Distress humanity forbids us not to add; this is not all, we Should have vast extent of fertile Country to be Spoiled & ravaged by the Enemy, from which they would draw large supplies, & where many of our friends would be exposed to all the miseries of insulting & wanton depredations, a train of evils might be enumerated but these will Suffice, the Consideration will make it, indispensably necessary for the Army to take Such position as will enable most effectually to prevent distress & to give the most extensive security, & an imposition we must make our Selves the Best Shelter in our power with Activity & diligence huts may be erected that may be warm & dry. In these the troops will be Compleat & more Secure against Surprise then if in Divided States and at hand to protect the Country these Cogent Reasons has determined the General to take post in the neighborhood of this Camp, & influenced by them he persuades himself, that the Officers, & Soldiers with one heart & with one mind will resolve to remount every difficulty with a fortitude & patience becoming their profession, & the Sacred cause in which they are engaged he himself will partake of the hardships & likewise of every inconveniency. To morrow being the day set apart by the Honble Congress to publick Thanksgiving & praise, duty calls us devoutly to express our gratefull acknowledgments to God for the manifold Blessings he has granted us, the Genl directs that the Army remain in its present Qtrrs that the Chaplains perform Divine Service & earnestly excites all Officers & Soldiers, whose absence is not indispensably necessary, to attend with reverence the Solemnity of the Day.<sup>185</sup>

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<sup>183</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 211-212.

<sup>184</sup> The army was within two days of setting up winter quarters at Valley Forge.

<sup>185</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 268-270.



## BARTRAM'S TRAVELS (1791).

"From his [John Bartram's] study we went into the [Bartram] garden, which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs; some grew in a greenhouse, over the door of which were written these lines: 'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, But looks through nature, up to nature's God!'"

~ J. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, *Letters from an American Farmer* (1782), Letter XI.

One can't begin discussing and understanding the son, William Bartram (1739-1823), until we first take due account of the father. John Bartram (1699-1777), a Philadelphia area Quaker, started out as an ordinary farmer, but, who possessing an avid enthusiasm for studying plants and vegetation, instructed and trained himself into becoming a botanist; in fact America's very first to take it up as a profession. In pursuit of this, he tutored himself in Latin; a knowledge necessary for familiarizing oneself with the nomenclature and classifications of flora and fauna; while acquiring and reading books on his chosen field. In this way, he furnished himself with an education while closely studying and observing plants (and animals also) in the field and on his farm. The latter, located at Kingsessing on the Schuylkill, overtime was expanded to include a commercial nursery and a botanical garden, founded in 1728; which can still be visited today. In addition, he corresponded and traded specimens with the leading botanists of Europe such as Carl Linnaeus and Mark Catesby; and those subsequently transplanted from Europe to America, such as Scotch physician and botanist Alexander Garden, Sr., of Charleston, S.C. physician and botanist.<sup>186</sup> Among his other notable American friends and scientific colleagues were Benjamin Franklin; with whom he founded the American Philosophical Society in 1743. So extraordinary was his meteoric rise to prominence that, as well as having by that time become a respected member of the Royal Society, in 1765 he was appointed Botanist to the King; a post he held until his death in 1777.<sup>187</sup> As part of his scientific endeavors, he traveled extensively through the northern colonies and Canada, and later, in the wake of Catesby, into South Carolina and East Florida, searching for new plants.

Bartram Sr. was also an associate with fellow Quaker Friend Anthony Benezet, and warmly seconded Benezet's efforts in decrying and calling for an end to slavery. Crèvecoeur, in his *Letters from an American Farmer* (1782), Letter XI, recounts a conversation with Bartram (whom he refers to as "Bertram") in which Bartrams expounds at length on his abhorrence of the "peculiar" institution.

Although a sincere and expressly devout man of faith, Bartram tended, like one-time Quaker Thomas Paine, toward Deism, and this ultimately resulted in his being excommunicated from the Friends.<sup>188</sup> In spite of this, Bartram continued to assiduously attend their meetings.

In 1753, Bartram took his son William along with him on an outing into the Catskills; where William began some of the plant and animal observing and sketching which were to preoccupy his later life. Ironically, and despite own academic inclination and other high-minded endeavors, Bartram Sr. had no wish to encourage William as either a botanist or painter; notwithstanding, both of which William was heavily inspired by his father's work to become. An effort was made initially to find William solid, income providing labor, and, among other tries, Benjamin Franklin offered him a position as a printer's apprentice; but that William declined. In 1765, John, as part of his duties as King's Botanist, was commissioned to explore South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida for new plant species. He took William along with him, and the latter in little time after their arrival became fascinated and infatuated with the region. With a new found desire on William's part to become an indigo farmer and rice planter, in 1766 John purchase for him a 500 acres of a rice farm at Smith Point and Little Florence Cove on the St. Johns River in east Florida. Among those who assisted the Bartram's in this project were Henry Laurens, and who acted as "Billy" (as Laurens called him) Bartram's mentor in the father's absence. After a few months on land that required more labor and investment than Bartram could afford, the scheme was at last jettisoned.

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<sup>186</sup> Whom he as well visited while collecting plants in South Carolina in 1761. Garden was the father of Alexander Garden (Jr.); who authored *Anecdotes of the Revolutionary War in America* (1822) and *Anecdotes of the American Revolution* (1828); which works (you might recall) we quote from at length in the first of the Continental Army Series articles, "Lee's Legion Remembered."

<sup>187</sup> His grand-daughter later reported that, distress and fear of Howe and the British invasion of Philadelphia in that year hastened his death.

<sup>188</sup> The Philadelphia Quakers would probably have view him as something of a Socinian, and construed his rejection of the Trinity as saying he implied by his views he either didn't trust Christ as THE teacher, and or didn't trust what is reported of Christ or some of what Christ is believed to have said.

Returning to Philadelphia to a chagrined and disappointed father, William continued studying plants and animals, particularly birds, and drawing and painting them as well; at last becoming an eminent a botanist in his own right, and ornithologist. He gradually achieved some notoriety of his own in these researches and endeavors; such that in 1772 London physician, and also Quaker, John Fothergill consented to become William's patron and sponsored him in another expedition in search of new plants in Florida and the Carolinas. William's trip, and which by the time it was finished took him to north Georgia, east and west Florida,<sup>189</sup> mid-North and south-South Carolina, southeast Tennessee, southern Alabama and Mississippi, and eastern Louisiana, lasted from 1773-1777; arriving back at Philadelphia in Jan. 1778. Although Fothergill was only interested in securing seeds for new plant species, William went beyond his instructions and took up of much of his energy, in addition, with studying, observing, sketching, and writing about birds, animals, and sometimes geology. Further he spent a good deal of time amidst enjoying and learning about the Native American peoples he encountered along the way; and with whom, as well as writing of, he developed a protective affection. Notwithstanding the onset of the Revolutionary War in the last three years of his trip, Bartram all but barely alludes to it, and would seem to have adopted the stance of a neutral pacifist.

Although not without its botanical finds, the chief achievement of William's far flung southern journeys was his *Travels Through North & South Carolina, Georgia, East & West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the Extensive Territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Chactaws; Containing An Account of the Soil and Natural Productions of Those Regions, Together with Observations on the Manners of the Indians*; published in 1791, and which became a landmark in both literary and naturalist writing. The impact of the book was phenomenal, and the list of Bartram's readers who were signally influenced by him is little short of amazing. On the literary side, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth had their eyes opened by *Travels*; as testimony to which, Bartram's influence is readily recognizable in, respectively, poems "Kubla Kahn" (1797), and "Ruth, or the Influences of Nature" (1799, vol. II of *Lyrical Ballads*.) Chateaubriand was another who succumbed to Bartram's spell; as seen in his novellas *Atala* (1801) and *René* (1802). Others well known authors that can be added are Gilmore Simms, Emerson, and Thoreau. Scientists and naturalists, and flora and fauna painters who owed a not inconsiderable debt to Bartram's work were Alexander Wilson, Marshall Humphry, and John James Audubon; the latter, in writings less familiar to us than his paintings, adopting a prose style reminiscent of Bartram. Busy as the times were with nation building, and although *Travels* was repeatedly reprinted overseas, it found scarce interest among ordinary Americans and was not republished in this country till 1928. If then, as Edward J. Cashin argues in his *William Bartram and the American Revolution on the Southern Frontier* (2000), Bartram hoped to sway the new United States and its Constitution with a love of God, Nature, and Peace, he was presumably all the more discouraged by the relatively poor reception he received at home for his book.

In *Travels*, Bartram combines the precise scientist with poet, theologian, and travel writer. As with his father, he was a Deist, and manifests a very American fervor for God and Nature; not in essence unlike that seen in William Livingston's poem "Philosophical Solitude" (1747). Yet Bartram's Nature is not that of just the breath taking, sweet and lovely, but includes as well the disturbances, the struggle and violence of species feeding off species; predators and prey. Even so, Bartram himself was extremely gentle and sensitive man; who probably only hunted as much to avoid offending the natives and associate travelers as to procure meals on his journey.

And if God is the Father, is not Earth the Mother? Certainly a case long has been and can be made, and if apt an inference, Bartram, and his father, adored that mother; perhaps more than Christ. But what Mother was that in which was often witnessed bestial life taking? Here, in effect, was what William Blake objected to in his own disdain of natural religion. Environmentalism without morals is no environmentalism, and yet where was modern man to find morals? In sometimes savage Nature, and wish

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<sup>189</sup> At the time of his travels both east and west Florida were in the hands of the British. Following (and to some degree during) the war, they reverted to the victorious Spanish; who in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century then soon fell the target to U.S. land grabs, and these incidentally, and ironically, were only spurred, and appetites increased by Bartram's florid and august volume. Of course, by the war of 1812 and continuing into ensuing decades, some of the placid areas which Bartram traversed became scenes of raucous and bloody modern war with the natives.

like Wordsworth to re-imbibe a pagan creed? True, the generality of the Indians could live morally; yet only because they were capable of living within the bare necessities and dictates of Nature. Morals for urban and empire building man it seems requires further some honest and rational religion beyond that which Nature speaks. Even so, love, paternal and otherwise, is still found in Nature; and this the naturalist and religionist, both of which Bartram was, can celebrate.

Perhaps the greatest advantage and benefit to be derived from Bartram's work is a view of Nature that few have ever known and been able to share before. His empathy for plants and animals is infectious; through and by means of which he is able to impart their feelings, or what seem to be their feelings, to us -- in effect, hearing, and then sharing, the talk of plants and animals; as closely and accurately as any author ever came to doing so. Indeed for some, *Travels* will have a similar effect as eyes-glasses do on the short-sighted or the visually impaired; only in this case the scene and world opened up to view is a vanished paradise -- of sorts at least (given the above caveats) -- being reawakened to and rediscovered by the reader.

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THE most apparent difference between animals and vegetables are, that animals have the powers of sound, and are locomotive, whereas vegetables are not able to shift themselves from the places where nature has planted them: yet vegetables have the power of moving and exercising their members, and have the means of transplanting or colonising their tribes almost over the surface of the whole earth, some seeds, for instance, grapes, nuts, smilax, peas, and others, whose pulp or kernel is food for animals, such seed will remain several days without injuring in stomachs of pigeons and other birds of passage; by this means such sorts are distributed from place to place, even across seas; indeed some seeds require this preparation, by the digestive heat of the stomach of animals, to dissolve and detach the oily, viscid pulp, and to soften the hard shells of others. Small seeds are sometimes furnished with rays of hair or down, and others with thin light membranes attached to them, which serve the purpose of wings, on which they mount upward, leaving the earth, float in the air, and are carried away by the swift winds to very remote regions before they settle on the earth; some are furnished with hooks, which catch hold of the wool and hair of animals passing by them, are by that means spread abroad; other seeds ripen in pericarps, which open with elastic force, and shoot their seed to a very great distance round about; some other seeds, as of the Mosses and Fungi, are so very minute as to be invisible, light as atoms, and these mixing with the air, are wafted all over the world.

THE animal creation also, excites our admiration, and equally manifests the almighty power, wisdom and beneficence of the Supreme Creator and Sovereign Lord of the universe...¹⁹⁰

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...If then the visible, the mechanical part of the animal creation, the mere material part is so admirably beautiful, harmonious and incomprehensible, what must be the intellectual system? that inexpressibly more essential principle, which secretly operates within? that which animates the inimitable machines, which gives them motion, impowers them to act speak and perform, this must be divine and immortal?

I AM sensible that the general opinion of philosophers, has distinguished the moral system of the brute creature from that of mankind, by an epithet which implies a mere mechanical impulse, which leads and impels them to necessary action without any premeditated design or contrivance, this we term instinct which faculty we suppose to be inferior to reason in man.

THE parental, and filial affections seem to be as ardent, their sensibility and attachment, as active and faithful, as those observed to be in human nature.

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<sup>190</sup> *Travels Through North & South Carolina, Georgia, East & West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the Extensive Territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Chactaws; Containing An Account of the Soil and Natural Productions of Those Regions, Together with Observations on the Manners of the Indians* (1791), Introduction, pp. xxii-xxiii.

WHEN travelling on the East coast of the isthmus of Florida, ascending the South Musquitoe river, in a canoe, we observed numbers of deer and bears, near the banks, and on the islands of the river, the bear were feeding on the fruit of the dwarf creeping Chamerops, (this fruit is of the form and size of dates, and are delicious and nourishing food:) we saw eleven bears in the course of the day, they seemed no way surprized or affrighted at the sight of us; in the evening my hunter, who was an excellent marksman, said that he would shoot one of them, for the sake of the skin and oil, for we had plenty and variety of provisions in our bark. We accordingly, on sight of two of them, planned our approaches, as artfully as possible, by crossing over to the opposite shore, in order to get under cover of a small island, this we cautiously coasted round, to a point, which we apprehended would take us within shot of the bear, but here finding ourselves at too great a distance from them, and discovering that we must openly show ourselves, we had no other alternative to effect our purpose, but making oblique approaches; we gained gradually on our prey by this artifice, without their noticing us, finding ourselves near enough, the hunter fired, and laid the largest dead on the spot, where she stood, when presently the other, not seeming the least moved, at the report of our piece, approached the dead body, smelled, and pawed it, and appearing in agony, fell to weeping and looking upwards, then towards us, and cried out like a child. whilst our boat approached very near, the hunter was loading his rifle in order to shoot the survivor, which was a young cub, and the slain supposed to be the dam; the continual cries of this afflicted child, bereft of its parent, affected me very sensibly, I was moved with compassion, and charging myself as if accessory to what now appeared to be a cruel murder, and endeavoured to prevail on the hunter to save its life, but to no effect! for by habit he had become insensible to compassion towards the brute creation, being now within a few yards of the harmless devoted victim, he fired, and laid it dead, upon the body of the dam.<sup>191</sup>

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BIRDS are in general social and benevolent creatures; intelligent, ingenious, volatile, active beings; and this order of animal creation consists of various nations, bands or tribes, as may be observed from their different structure, manners and languages or voice, as each nation, though subdivided into many different tribes, retain their general form or structure, a similarity of customs, and a sort of dialect or language, particular to that nation or genus from which they seem to have descended or separated: what I mean by a language in birds, is the common notes or speech, that they use when employed in feeding themselves and their young, calling on one another, as well as their menaces against their enemy; for their songs seem to be musical compositions, performed only by the males, about the time of incubation, in part to divert and amuse the female, entertaining her with melody, &c. this harmony, with the tender solicitude of the male, alleviates the toils, cares and distresses of the female, consoles her in solitary retirement whilst setting, and animate her with affection and attachment to himself in preference to any other..¹⁹²

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THE bald eagle is likewise a large, strong, and very active bird, but an execrable tyrant: he supports his assumed dignity and grandeur by rapine and violence, extorting unreasonable tribute and subsidy from all the feathered nations.<sup>193</sup>

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Can it be denied, but that the moral principle, which directs the savages to virtuous and praiseworthy actions, is natural or innate? It is certain they have not the assistance of letters, or those means of education in the schools of philosophy, where the virtuous sentiments and actions of the most illustrious characters are recorded, and carefully laid before the youth of civilized nations: therefore this moral principle must be innate, or they must be under the immediate influence and guidance of a more divine and powerful preceptor, who, on these occasions, instantly inspires them, and as with a ray of divine light, points out to them at once the dignity, propriety, and beauty of virtue.¹⁹⁴

¹⁹¹ *Ibid.* Introduction, pp. xxiv-xxvii.

¹⁹² *Ibid.* Introduction, pp. xxxi-xxxii.

¹⁹³ *Ibid.* Part I, Chap. II, p. 8.

¹⁹⁴ *Ibid.* Part I, Chap. III, pp. 22-23.

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THE river St. Mary has its source from a vast lake, or marsh, called Ouaquaphenogaw, which lies between Flint and Oakmulge rivers, and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake, and contains some large islands or knolls, of rich high land; one of which the present generation of the Creeks represent to be a most blissful spot of the earth: they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful; they also tell you, that this terrestrial paradise has been by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game, who being lost in inextricable swamps and bogs, and on the point of perishing, were unexpectedly relieved by a company of beautiful women, whom they call daughters of the sun, who kindly gave them such provisions as they had with them, which were chiefly fruit, oranges, dates, &c. and some corn cakes, and then enjoined them to fly for safety to their own country; for that their husbands were fierce men, and cruel to strangers: they further say, that these hunters had a view of their settlements, situated on the elevated banks of an island, or promontory, in a beautiful lake; but that in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved, at length, to leave the delusive pursuit, and to return; which, after a number of inexpressible difficulties, they effected. When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, their young warriors were enflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of, so charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot, nor even any road or pathway to it; yet they say that they frequently meet with certain signs of its being inhabited, as the building of canoes, footsteps of men, &c. They tell another story concerning the inhabitants of this sequestered country, which seems probable enough, which is, that they are the posterity of a fugitive remnant of the ancient Yamases, who escaped massacre after a bloody and decisive conflict between them and the Creek nation (who, it is certain, conquered, and nearly exterminated, that once powerful people) and here found an asylum, remote and secure from the fury of their proud conquerors. It is, however, certain that there is a vast lake, or drowned swamp, well known, and often visited both by white and Indian hunters, and on its environs the most valuable hunting grounds in Florida, well worth contending for, by those powers whose territories border upon it...<sup>195</sup>

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BEFORE we left the waters of Broad River, having encamped in the evening, on one of its considerable branches, and left my companions, to retire, as usual, on botanical researches, on ascending a steep rocky hill, I accidentally discovered a new species of Caryophyllata (*Geum odoratissimum*) on reaching to a shrub, my foot slipped, and, in recovering myself, I tore up some of the plants, whose roots filled the air with animating scents of cloves and spicy perfumes.¹⁹⁶

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HAVING completed my Hortus Siccus, and made up my collections of seeds and growing roots, the fruits of my late western tour, and sent them to Charleston, to be forwarded to Europe, I spent the remaining part of this season in botanical excursions to the low countries, between Carolina and East Florida, and collected seeds, roots, and specimens, making drawings of such curious subjects as could not be preserved in their native state of excellence.

DURING this recess from the high road of my travels, having obtained the use of a neat light cypress canoe, at Broughton Island, a plantation, the property of the Hon. Henry Laurens, Esq. where I stored myself with necessaries, for the voyage, and resolved upon a trip up the Alatamaha.

I ASCENDED this beautiful river, on whose fruitful banks the generous and true sons of liberty securely dwell, fifty miles above the white settlements.

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<sup>195</sup> *Ibid.* Part I, Chap. III, pp. 24-26.

<sup>196</sup> *Ibid.* Part I, Chap. IV, p. 43.

HOW gently flow thy peaceful floods, O Alatomaha! How sublimely rise to view, on thy elevated shores, yon Magnolian groves, from whose tops the surrounding expanse is perfumed, by clouds of incense, blended with the exhaling balm of the Liquid-amber, and odours continually arising from circumambient aromatic groves of Illicium, Myrica, Laurus, and Bignonia.<sup>197</sup>

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THE glorious sovereign of day, cloathed in light refulgent, rolling on his gilded chariot, speeds to revisit the western realms. Grey pensive eve now admonishes us of gloomy night's hasty approach: I am roused by care to seek a place of secure repose, ere darkness comes on.

DRAWING near the high shores, I ascended the steep banks, where stood a venerable oak. An ancient Indian field, verdured o'er with succulent grass, and chequered with coppices of fragrant shrubs, offers to my view the Myrica cerifera, Magnolia glauca, Laurus benzoin, Laur, Borbonia, Rhamnus frangula, Prunus Chicasaw, Prun. Lauro cerasa, and others. It was nearly encircled with an open forest of stately pines (Pinus palustris) through which appears the extensive savanna, the secure range of the swift roebuck. In front of my landing, and due east, I had a fine prospect of the river and low lands on each side, which gradually widened to the sea coast, and gave me an unconfined prospect, whilst the far distant sea coast islands, like a coronet, limited the hoary horizon.

MY barque being securely moored, and having reconnoitered the surrounding groves, and collected fire-wood, I spread my skins and blanket by my chearful fire, under the protecting shade of the hospitable Live-oak, and reclined my head on my hard but healthy couch. I listened, undisturbed, to the divine hymns of the feathered songsters of the groves, whilst the softly whispering breezes faintly died away.

THE sun now below the western horizon, the moon majestically rising in the east; again the tuneful birds become inspired; how melodious is the social mock-bird! the groves resound the unceasing cries of the whip-poor-will; the moon about an hour above the horizon; lo! a dark eclipse of her glorious brightness comes slowly on; at length, a silver thread alone encircles her temples: at this boding change, an universal silence prevails.¹⁹⁸

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As I continued coasting the Indian shore of this bay, on doubling a promontory, I suddenly saw before me an Indian settlement, or village. It was a fine situation, the bank rising gradually from the water. There were eight or ten habitations, in a row, or street, fronting the water, and about fifty yards distance from it. Some of the youth were naked, up to their hips in the water, fishing with rods and lines, whilst others, younger, were diverting themselves in shooting frogs with bows and arrows.

On my near approach, the little children took to their heels, and ran to some women, who were hoeing corn; but the stouter youth stood their ground, and, smiling, called to me. As I passed along, I observed some elderly people reclined on skins spread on the ground, under the cool shade of spreading Oaks and Palms, that were ranged in front of their houses; they arose, and eyed me as I passed, but perceiving that I kept on, without stopping, they resumed their former position. They were civil, and appeared happy in their situation.

THERE was a large Orange grove at the upper end of their village; the trees were large, carefully pruned, and the ground under them clean, open, and airy. There seemed to be several hundred acres of cleared land, about the village; a considerable portion of which was planted, chiefly with corn (Zea) Batatas, Beans, Pompions, Squash, (Cucurbita verrucosa) Melons (Cucurbita citrullus) Tobacco (Nicotiana) &c. abundantly sufficient for the inhabitants of the village.<sup>199</sup>

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<sup>197</sup> *Ibid.* Part I, Chap. V, p. 48.

<sup>198</sup> *Ibid.* Part I Chap. V, pp. 50-51.

<sup>199</sup> *Ibid.* Part II, Chap. III, pp. 92-93.

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AT the approach of day, the dreaded voice of the alligators shook the isle, and resounded along the neighbouring coasts, proclaiming the appearance of the glorious sun. I arose, and prepared to accomplish my daily task. A gentle favourable gale led us out of the harbour: we sailed across the lake, and, towards evening, entered the river, on the opposite South coast, where we made a pleasant and safe harbour, at a shelly promontory, the East cape of the river on that side of the lake. It is a most desirable situation, commanding a full view of the lake. The cape opposite to us was a vast cypress swamp, environed by a border of grassy marshes, which were projected farther into the lake, by floating fields of the bright green *Pistia stratoites*, which rose and fell alternately with the waters. Just to leeward of this point, and about half a mile in the lake, is the little round island already mentioned. But let us take notice of our harbour and its environs: it is a beautiful little cove, just within the sandy point, which defends it from the beating surf of the lake. From a shelly bank, ten or twelve feet perpendicular from the water, we entered a grove of Live Oaks, Palm, Magnolia, and Orange trees, which grow amongst shelly hills, and low ridges, occupying about three acres of ground, comprehending the isthmus, and a part of the peninsula, which joins it to the grassy plains. This enchanting little forest is partly encircled by a deep creek, a branch of the river, that has its source in the high forests of the main, South East from us, and winds through the extensive grassy plains which surround this peninsula, to an almost infinite distance, and then unites its waters with those of the river, in this little bay which formed our harbour. This bay, about the mouth of the creek, is almost covered with the leaves of the *Nymphaea nilumbo*: its large sweet-scented yellow flowers are listed up two or three feet above the surface of the water, each upon a green starol, representing the cap of Liberty.

THE evening drawing on, and there being no convenient landing place, for several miles higher up the river, we concluded to remain here all night. Whilst my fellow travellers were employing themselves in collecting fire-wood, and fixing our camp, I improved the opportunity, in reconnoitering our ground; and taking my fusee with me, I penetrated the grove, and afterwards entered some almost unlimited savannas and plains, which were absolutely enchanting; they had been lately burnt by the Indian hunters, and had just now recovered their vernal verdure and gaiety.

HOW happily situated is this retired spot of earth! What an elisium it is! where the wandering Siminole, the naked red warrior, roams at large, and after the vigorous chase retires from the scorching heat of the meridian sun. Here he reclines, and reposes under the odoriferous shades of *Zanthoxilon*, his verdant couch guarded by the Deity; Liberty, and the Muses, inspiring him with wisdom and valour, whilst the balmy zephyrs fan him to sleep.²⁰⁰

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...Having crossed the river, which is here five or six hundred yards wide, we entered a narrow channel, which after a serpentine course, for some miles, rejoins the main river again, above; forming a large fertile island, of rich low land. We landed on this island, and soon saw a fine roebuck\*,<sup>201</sup> a some distance from us, who appeared leader of a company of deer, that were feeding near him, on the verge of a green meadow. My companion parting from me, in pursuit of the deer, one way, and I, observing a flock of turkeys at some distance, on the other, directed my steps towards them, and with great caution, got near them; when singling out a large cock, and being just on the point of firing, I observed that several young cocks were affrighted, and in their language, warned the rest to be on their guard, against an enemy, whom I plainly perceived was industriously making his subtle approaches towards them, behind the fallen trunk of a tree, about twenty yards from me. This cunning fellow hunter, was a large fat wild cat (lynx) he saw me, and at times seemed to watch my motions, as if determined to seize the delicious prey before me. Upon which I changed my object, and levelled my piece at him. At that instant, my companion, at a distance, also discharged his piece at the deer, the report of which alarmed the flock of turkeys, and my fellow hunter, the cat, sprang over the log and trotted off. The trader also missed his deer: thus we foiled each other. By this

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<sup>200</sup> *Ibid.* Part II, Chap. IV, pp. 106-107.

<sup>201</sup> [Footnote in original] \* *Cervus sylvaticus*. The American deer.

time it being near night, we returned to camp, where having a delicious meal, ready prepared for our hungry stomachs, we sat down in a circle round our wholesome repast.

How supremely blessed were our hours at this time! plenty of delicious and healthful food, our stomachs keen, with contented minds; under no controul, but what reason and ordinate passions dictated, far removed from the seats of strife.

OUR situation was like that of the primitive state of man, peaceable, contented, and sociable. The simple and necessary calls of nature, being satisfied. We were altogether as brethren of one family, strangers to envy, malice and rapine.<sup>202</sup>

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BEHOLD, for instance, a vast circular expanse before you, the waters of which are so extremely clear as to be absolutely diaphanous or transparent as the ether; the margin of the bason ornamented with a great variety of fruitful and floriferous trees, shrub and plants, the pendant golden Orange dancing on the surface of the pellucid waters, the balmy air vibrates the melody of the merry birds, tenants of the encircling aromatic grove.

AT the same instant innumerable bands of fish are seen, some cloathed in the most brilliant colours; the voracious crocodile stretched along at full length, as the great trunk of a tree in size, the devouring garfish, inimical trout, and all the varieties of gilded painted bream, the barbed catfish, dreaded sting-ray, skate and flounder, spotted bass, sheeps head and ominous drum; all in their separate bands and communities, with free and unsuspecting intercourse performing their evolutions: there are no signs of enmity, no attempt to devour each other; the different bands seem peaceably and complaisantly to move a little aside, as it were to make room for others to pass by.

BUT behold yet something far more admirable, see whole armies descending into an abyss, into the mouth of the bubbling fountain, they disappear! are they gone forever? is it real? I raise my eyes with terror and astonishment, -- I look down again to the fountain with anxiety, when behold them as it were emerging from the blue ether of another world, apparently at a vast distance, at their first appearance, no bigger than flies or minnows, now gradually enlarging, their brilliant colours begin to paint the fluid.

Now they come forward rapidly, and instantly emerge, with the elastic expanding column of chrysaline waters, into the circular bason or funnel, see now how gently they rise, some upright, others obliquely, or seem to lay as it were on their sides, suffering themselves to be gently lifted or born up, by the expanding fluid towards the surface, sailing or floating like butterflies in the cerulean ether: then again they as gently descend, diverge and move off; when they rally, form again and rejoin their kindred tribes.

THIS amazing and delightful scene, though real, appears at first but as a piece of excellent painting; there seems no medium, you imagine the picture to be within a few inches of your eyes, and that you may without the least difficulty touch any one of the fish, or put your finger upon the crocodile's eye, when it really is twenty or thirty feet under water.

AND although this paradise of fish, may seem to exhibit a just representation of the peaceable and happy state of nature which existed before the fall, yet in reality it is a mere representation; for the nature of the fish is the same as if they were in lake George or the river; but here the water or element in which they live and move, is so perfectly clear and transparent, it places them all on an equality with regard to their ability to injure or escape from one another; (as all river fish of prey, or such as feed upon each other, as well as the unwieldy crocodile, take their prey by surprise; secreting themselves under covert or in ambush, until an opportunity offers, when they rush suddenly upon them:) but here is no covert, no ambush, here the trout freely passes by the very nose of the alligator and laughs in his face, and the bream by the trout.

²⁰² *Ibid.* Part II, Chap. IV, pp. 109-111.

BUT what is really surprising, that the consciousness of each others safety or some other latent cause, should so absolutely alter their conduct, for here is not the least attempt made to injure or disturb one another.

THE sun passing below the horizon, and night approaching, I arose from my seat, and proceeding on arrived at my camp, kindled my fire, supped and reposed peaceably. And rising early, employed the fore part of the day in collecting specimens of growing roots and seeds. In the afternoon, left these Ellisian springs and the aromatic graves, and briskly descend the pellucid little river, re-entering the great lake; the wind being gentle and fair for Mount Royal, I hoisted sail and successfully crossing the N. West bay, about nine miles, came to at Rocky Point, the West cape or promontory, as we enter the river descending towards Mount Royal: these are horizontal slabs or flat masses of rocks, rising out of the lake two or three feet above its surface, and seem an aggregate composition or concrete of sand, shells and calcarious cement; of a dark grey or dusky colour; this stone is hard and firm enough for buildings, and serve very well for light hand mill-stones; and when calcined affords a coarse lime; they lay in vast horizontal masses upon one another, from one to two or three feet in thickness, and are easily separated and broke to any size or form, for the purpose of building. Rocky Point is an airy cool and delightful situation, commanding a most ample and pleasing prospect of the lake and its environs; but here being no wood, I re-embarked and sailed down a little farther to the island in the bay, where I went on shore at a magnificent grove of Magnolias and Oranges, desirous of augmenting my collections. Arose early next morning, and after ranging the groves and savannas, returned, embarked again, and descending, called at Mount Royal, where I enlarged my collections; and bidding adieu to the gentleman and lady, who resided here, and who treated me with great hospitality on my ascent up the river; arrived in the evening at the lower trading house.²⁰³

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THE [Seminole] youth, under the supervisal of some of their ancient people, are daily stationed in their fields, who are continually whooping and hallooing, to chase away crows, jackdaws, black-birds and such predatory animals, and the lads are armed with bows and arrows, who, being trained up to it from their early youth, are sure at a mark, and in the course of the day load themselves with squirrels, birds, &c. The men in turn patrol the Corn fields at night, to protect their provisions from the depredations of night rovers, as bears, raccoons and deer; the two former being immoderately fond of young Corn, when the grain is filled with a rich milk, as sweet and nourishing as cream, and the deer are as fond of the Potatoe vines.<sup>204</sup>

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THERE is a languishing softness and melancholy air in the Indian convivial songs, especially of the amorous class, irresistibly moving, attractive, and exquisitely pleasing, especially in these solitary recesses when all nature is silent.

BEHOLD how gracious and beneficent smiles the roseate morn! now the sun arises and fills the plains with light, his glories appear on the forests, encompassing the meadows, and gild the top of the terebinthine Pine and exalted Palms, now gently rustling by the pressure of the waking breezes: the music of the seraphic crane resounds in the skies, in separate squadrons they sail, encircling their precincts, slowly descend beating the dense air, and alight on the green dewy verge of the expansive lake; its surface yet smoaking with the grey ascending mists, which, condensed aloft in clouds of vapour, are born away by the morning breezes and at last gradually vanish on the distant horizon. All nature awakes to life and activity.²⁰⁵

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<sup>203</sup> *Ibid.* Part II, Chap. V, pp. 167-169.

<sup>204</sup> *Ibid.* Part II, Chap. VI, p. 194.

<sup>205</sup> *Ibid.* Part II, Chap. VII, p. 245.

AUGUSTA thus seated at the head of navigation, and just below the conflux of several of its most considerable branches, without a competitor, commands the trade and commerce of vast fruitful regions above it, and from every side to a great distance; and I do not hesitate to pronounce as my opinion, will very soon become the metropolis of Georgia.

I CHOSE to take this route up Savanna river, in preference to the strait and shorter road from Charleston to the Cherokee country by fort Ninety Six, because by keeping near this great river, I had frequent opportunities of visiting its steep banks, vast swamps and low grounds, and had the advantage without great delay, or deviating from the main high road, of observing the various soils and situations of the countries through which this famous river pursues its course, and of examining the various productions, mineral, vegetable and animal; whereas had I pursued the great trading path by Ninety-Six, should have been led over a high, dry, sandy and gravelly ridge, and a great part of the distance an old settled or resorted part of the country, and consequently void of the varieties of original or novel productions of nature.

BEFORE I leave Augusta, I shall recite a curious phenomenon, which may furnish ample matter for philosophical discussion to the curious naturalists. On the Georgia side of the river, about fifteen miles below Silver Bluff, the high road crosses a ridge of high swelling hills of uncommon elevation, and perhaps seventy feet higher than the surface of the river; these hills are from three feet below the common vegetative surface, to the depth of twenty or thirty feet, composed entirely of fossil oyster shells, internally of the colour and consistency of clear white marble; they are of an incredible magnitude, generally fifteen or twenty inches in length, from six to eight wide and two to four in thickness, and their hollows sufficient to receive an ordinary man's foot; they appear all to have been opened before the period of petrefaction, a transmutation they seem evidently to have suffered; they are undoubtedly very ancient or perhaps antediluvian. The adjacent inhabitants burn them to lime for building, for which purpose they serve very well; and would undoubtedly afford an excellent manure when their lands require it, these hills being now remarkably fertile. The heaps of shells lie upon a stratum of yellowish sandy mould, of several feet in depth, upon a foundation of soft white rocks that has the outward appearance of free-stone, but on strict examination is really a testaceous concrete or composition of sand and pulverised sea shell; in short, this testaceous rock approaches near in quality and appearance to the Bahama or Bermudian white rock.<sup>206</sup>

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THE evening still and calm, all silent and peaceable, a vivifying gentle breeze continually wafted from the fragrant strawberry fields, and aromatic Calycanthean groves on the surrounding heights, the wary moor fowl thundering in the distant echoing hills, how the groves and hills ring with the shrill perpetual voice of the whip-poor-will!

ABANDONED as my situation now was, yet thank heaven many objects met together at this time, and conspired to conciliate, and in some degree compose my mind, heretofore somewhat dejected and unharmonized: all alone in a wild Indian country, a thousand miles from my native land, and a vast distance from any settlements of white people. It is true, here were some of my own colour, yet they were strangers, and though friendly and hospitable, their manners and customs of living so different from what I had been accustomed to, administered but little to my consolation: some hundred miles yet to travel, the savage vindictive inhabitants lately ill-treated by the frontier Virginians, blood being spilt between them and the injury not yet wiped away by formal treaty; the Cherokees extremely jealous of white people travelling about their mountains, especially if they should be seen peeping in amongst the rocks or digging up their earth.²⁰⁷

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NEXT morning after breakfasting on excellent coffee, relished with bucanned venison, hot corn cakes, excellent butter and cheese, sat forwards again for Cowe, which was about fifteen miles distance,

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<sup>206</sup> *Ibid.* Part III, Chap. I p. 317-318.

<sup>207</sup> *Ibid.* Part III, Chap. II, p. 331.

keeping the trading path which coursed through the low lands between the hills and the river, now spacious and well beaten by travellers, but somewhat intricate to a stranger, from the frequent colateral roads falling into it from villages or towns over the hills: after riding about four miles, mostly through fields and plantations, the soil incredibly fertile, arrived at the town of Echloe, consisting of many good houses, well inhabited; I passed through and continued three miles farther to Nucasse, and three miles more brought me to Whatoga: riding through this large town, the road carried me winding about through their little plantations of Corn, Beans, &c. up to the council-house, which was a very large dome or rotunda, situated on the top of an ancient artificial mount, and here my road terminated; all before me and on every side appeared little plantations of young Corn, Beans, &c. divided from each other by narrow strips or borders of grass, which marked the bounds of each one's property, their habitation standing in the midst: finding no common high road to lead me through the town, I was now at a stand how to proceed farther, when observing an Indian man at the door of his habitation, three or four hundred yards distance from me, beckoning to come to him, I ventured to ride through their lots, being careful to do no injury to the young plants, the rising hopes of their labour and industry, crossed a little grassy vale watered by a silver stream, which gently undulated through, then ascended a green hill to the house, (where I was cheerfully welcomed at the door and led in the chief, giving the care of my horse to two handsome youths, his sons. During my continuance here, about half an hour, I experienced the most perfect and agreeable hospitality conferred on me by these happy people; I mean happy in their dispositions, in their apprehensions of rectitude with regard to our social or moral conduct: O divine simplicity and truth, friendship without fallacy or guile, hospitality disinterested, native, undefiled, unmodified by artificial refinements.

MY venerable host gracefully and with an air of respect, led me into an airy, cool apartment, where being seated on cabins, his women brought in a refreshing repast, consisting of sodden venison, hot corn cakes, &c. with a pleasant cooling liquor made of hommony well boiled, mixed afterwards with milk; this is served up either before or after eating in a large bowl, with a very large spoon or ladle to sup it with.

AFTER partaking of this simple but healthy and liberal collation and the dishes cleared off, Tobacco and pipes were brought, and the chief filling one of them, whose stem, about four feet long, was sheathed in a beautiful speckled snake skin, and adorned with feathers and strings of wampum, lights it and smoaks a few whiffs, puffing the smোক first towards the sun, then to the four cardinal points and lastly over my breast, hands it towards me, which I cheerfully received from him and smoaked, when we fell into conversation; he first enquired if I came from Charleston? if I Knew John Stewart,<sup>208</sup> Esq.,? how long since I left Charleston? &c. Having satisfied him in my answers in the best manner I could, he was greatly pleased, which I was convinced of by his attention to me, his cheerful manners and his ordering my horse a plentiful bait of corn, which last instance of respect is conferred on those only to whom they manifest the highest esteem, saying that corn was given by the Great Spirit only for food to man.<sup>209</sup>

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THE Cherokees construct their habitations on a different plan from the Creeks, that is but one oblong four square building, of one story high; the materials consisting of logs or trunks of trees, stripped of their bark, notched at their ends, fixed one upon another, and afterwards plaistered well, both inside and out, with clay well tempered with dry grass, and the whole covered or roofed with the bark of the Chesnut tree or long broad shingles. This building is however partitioned transversely, forming three apartments, which communicate with each other by inside doors; each house or habitation has besides a little conical house, covered with dirt, which is called the winter or hot-house; this stands a few yards distance from the mansion-house, opposite the front door.

THE council or town-house is a large rotunda, capable of accomodating several hundred people; it stands on the top of an ancient artificial mount of earth, of about twenty feet perpendicular, and the rotunda on the top of it being above thirty feet more, gives the whole fabric an elevation of about sixty feet from the common surface of the ground. But it may be proper to observe, that this mount on which the rotunda stands, is of a much ancients date than the building, and perhaps was raised for another purpose. The

²⁰⁸ British commissioner to Indians of the American southeast before the Revolution.

²⁰⁹ *Ibid.* Part III, Chap. III, pp. 349-351.

Cherokees themselves are as ignorant as we are, by what people or for what purpose these artificial hills were raised; they have various stories concerning them, the best of which amounts to no more than mere conjecture, and leave us entirely in the dark; but they have a tradition common with the other nations of Indians, that they found them in much the same condition as they now appear, when their forefathers arrived from the West and possessed themselves of the country, after vanquishing the nations of red men who then inhabited it, who themselves found these mounts when they took possession of the country, the former possessors delivering the same story concerning them: perhaps they were designed and appropriated by the people who constructed them, to some religious purpose, as great altars and temples similar to the high places and sacred groves anciently amongst the Canaanites and other nations of Palestine and Judea.

THE rotunda is constructed after the following manner, they first fix in the ground a circular range of posts or trunks of trees, about six feet high, at equal distances, which are notched at top, to receive into them, from one to another, a range of beams or wall plates; within this is another circular order of very large and strong pillars, above twelve feet high, notched in like manner at top, to receive another range of wall plates, and within this is yet another or third range of stronger and higher pillars, but fewer in number, and standing at a greater distance from each other; and lastly, in the centre stands a very strong pillar, which forms the pinnacle of the building, and to which the rafters centre at top; these rafters are strengthened and bound together by cross beams and laths, which sustain the roof or covering, which is a layer of bark neatly placed, and tight enough to exclude the rain, and sometimes they cast a thin superficies of earth over all. There is but one large door, which serves at the same time to admit light from without and the smoak to escape when a fire is kindled; but as there is but a small fire kept, sufficient to give light at night, and that fed with dry small sound wood divested of its bark, there is but little smoak; all around the inside of the building, betwixt the second range of pillars and the wall, is a range of cabins or sophas, consisting of two or three steps, one above or behind the other, in theatrical order, where the assembly sit or lean down; these sophas are covered with matts or carpets, very curiously made of thin splints of Ash or Oak, woven or platted together; near the great pillar in the centre the fire is kindled for light, near which the musicians seat themselves, and round about this the performers exhibit their dances and other shews at public festivals, which happen almost every night throughout the year.

ABOUT the close of the evening I accompanied Mr. Galahan and other white traders to the rotunda, where was a grand festival, music and dancing. This assembly was held principally to rehearse the ball-play dance, this town being challenged to play against another the next day.

THE people being assembled and seated in order, and the musicians having taken their station, the ball opens, first with a long harangue or oration, spoken by an aged chief, in commendation of the manly exercise of the ball-play, recounting the many and brilliant victories which the town of Cowe had gained over the other towns in the nation, not forgetting or neglecting to recite his own exploits, together with those of other aged men now present, coadjutors in the performance of these athletic games in their youthful days.

THIS oration was delivered with great spirit and eloquence, and was meant to influence the passions of the young men present, excite them to emulation and inspire them with ambition.

THIS prologue being at an end, the musicians began, both vocal and instrumental, when presently a company of girls, hand in hand, dressed in clean white robes and ornamented with beads, bracelets and a profusion of gay ribbands, entering the door, immediately began to sing their responses in a gentle, low and sweet voice, and formed themselves in a semicircular file or line, in two ranks, back to back, facing the spectators and musicians, moving slowly round and round; this continued about a quarter of an hour, when we were surprised by a sudden very loud and shrill whoop, uttered at once by a company of young fellows, who came in briskly after one another, with rackets or hurls in one hand. These champions likewise were well dressed, painted and ornamented with silver bracelets, gorgets and wampum, neatly ornamented with moccasins and high waving plumes in their diadems, who immediately formed themselves in a semicircular rank also, in front of the girls, when these changed their order, and formed a single rank parallel to the men, raising their voices in responses to the tunes of the young champions, the semicircles continually moving round. There was something singular and diverting in their step and motions, and I imagine not to be learned to exactness but with great attention and perseverance; the step, if it can be so termed, was

performed after the following manner, i. e. first, the motion began at one end of the semicircle, gently rising up and down upon their toes and heels alternately, when the first was up on tip-toe, the next began to raise the heel, and by the time the first rested again on the heel, the second was on tip toe, thus from one end of the rank to the other, so that some were always up and some down, alternately and regularly, without the least baulk or confusion; and they at the same time, and in the same motion, moved on obliquely or sideways, so that the circle performed a double or complex motion in its progression, and at stated times exhibited a grand or universal movement, instantly and unexpectedly to the spectators, by each rank turning to right and left, taking each others places; the movements were managed with inconceivable alertness and address, and accompanied with an instantaneous and universal elevation of the voice and shrill short whoop.²¹⁰

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THE young mustee, who came with me to the Mucclases from Mobile, having Chactaw blood in his veins from his mother, was a sensible young fellow, and by his father had been instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic, and could speak English very well. He took it into his head, to travel into the Chactaw country: his views were magnanimous, and his designs in the highest degree commendable, nothing less than to inform himself of every species of arts and sciences, that might be of use and advantage, when introduced into his own country, but more particularly music and poetry: with these views he privately left the Nation, went to Mobile, and there entered into the service of the trading company to the Chactaws, as a white man; his easy, communicative, active and familiar disposition and manners, being agreeable to that people, procured him access every where, and favored his subtilty and artifice: at length, however, the Chactaws hearing of his lineage and consanguinity with the Creeks, by the father's side, pronounced him a Creek, and consequently an enemy and a spy amongst them, and secretly resolved to dispatch him. The young philosopher got notice of their suspicions, and hostile intentions, in time to make his escape, though closely pursued, he however kept a head of his sanguinary pursuers, arrived at Mobile, and threw himself under the protection of the English, entered the service of the trader of Mucclasse, who was then setting off for the Nation, and notwithstanding the speed with which we travelled, narrowly escaped the ardor and vigilance of his pursuing enemies, who surprised a company of emigrants, in the desarts of Schambe, the very night after we met them, expecting to intercept him thereabout.

THE young traveller, having learned all their most celebrated new songs and poetry, at a great dance and festival in the Mucclasse, a day or two after our arrival; the youth pressed him, to give out some of his new songs, he complied with their entreaties, and the songs and dance went round with harmony and eclat; their being a young Chactaw slave girl in the circle, who soon after, discovered very affecting sensations of affliction and distress of mind, and before the conclusion of the dance, many of her companions complimented her with sympathetic sighs and tears, from their own sparkling eyes. As soon as I had an opportunity, I enquired of the young Orpheus, the cause of that song being so distressing to the young slave. He replied, that when she was lately taken captive, her father and brothers were slain in the contest, and she understanding the sense of the song, called to remembrance the tragical state of her family, and could not forbear weeping at the recital.

The meaning of the chorus was,

All men must surely die,  
Tho' no one knows how soon,  
Yet when the time shall come,  
The event may be joyful.

THESE doleful moral songs or elegies, have a quick and sensible effect on their passions, and discover a lively affection and sensibility; their countenance now dejected, or again, by an easy transition, becomes gently elevated, as if in solemn address or supplication, accompanied with a tremulous, sweet, lamentable voice; a stranger is for a moment lost to himself as it were, or his mind, associated with the person immediately affected, is in danger of revealing his own distress unawares.

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<sup>210</sup> *Ibid.* Part III, Chap. IV, pp. 367-371.

THEY have a variety of games for exercise and pastime; some particular to the men, some to the female sex, and others wherein both sexes are engaged.

THE ball play is esteemed the most noble and manly exercise; this game is exhibited in an extensive level plain, usually contiguous to the town: the inhabitants of one town play against another, in consequence of a challenge, when the youth of both sexes are often engaged, and sometimes stake their whole substance. Here they perform amazing feats of strength and agility; the game principally consists in taking and carrying off the ball from the opposite party, after being hurled into the air, midway between two high pillars, which are the goals, and the party who bears off the ball to their pillar wins the game; each person having a racquet or hurl, which is an implement of a very curious construction, somewhat resembling a ladle or little hoop-net, with a handle near three feet in length, the hoop and handle of wood, and the net[t]ing of thongs of raw hide, or tendons of an animal.

THE foot-ball is likewise a favorite, manly diversion with them. Feasting and dancing in the square, at evening ends all their games...<sup>211</sup>

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<sup>211</sup> *Ibid.* Part IV, Chap. III, pp. 506-509.

## **“THE ADVENTURES OF COL. DANIEL BOON” (1784)**

### **by John Filson and Daniel Boone.**

It is and has been the fad of latter-day scholars and historians to engage in “myth busting” -- while freely using that bombastic phrase or similar to describe what they do. And yet often times such putative debunkers are typically driven by personal or ideological agendas, and are themselves not always consistent in their impartiality or overly concerned with fair and objective truth in all areas of legitimate public concern; not infrequently pummeling a straw man for the benefit of a mostly non-thinking (i.e., “popular”) audience, or perhaps are cynical for cynicism’s sake. No other figures of history are more frequently presented as objects of public attention and interest than pirates, highwaymen, gangsters, and organized crime. But who is “myth busting” or ridiculing these? *That* would be no one. No, the proper objects of myth busting it would seem is or are anyone that has affiliations or associations with morals or higher ideals; such as piety or devotion to country. Rank criminals or eminent nihilists, by contrast, we are lead to believe can be better taken at their word and looked up to. So, at least, appears to be the pattern of frigid, callous, emotionally sterile, and money-and-patron shackled modernism.<sup>212</sup>

John Mack Faragher’s *Daniel Boone: The Life and Legend of an American Pioneer* (1992) is otherwise a competently researched and composed biography. Yet on the subject of Filson (c.1747-1788), it suffers from the above dubious merit of trashing truth for the purpose of supposedly better arriving at it.

When an artist, and he a good one, has a subject like Daniel Boone, it is to be hoped and expected, that the resultant portrait will be all the more inspiring to its audience. Do we then fault Copley, Peale, or Stuart if their paintings of individual historical figures are larger than (this) life? “But,” you say, “the portrait could still stand to be more and reasonably life-like also, and it wasn’t life-like to have Boone using flowery language.” Lyman Draper, one of Boone’s most thorough biographers, never, in his lengthy (albeit unfinished) volume, voiced objections to Filson’s account because he tacitly and simply took for granted to be the case what Faragher, after all his obligatory deriding of Filson, culminates in concluding; namely, that the work, while admittedly a collaboration (and not a *strictly* an autobiography), is embellished in literary style -- but an essentially sound as to fact.<sup>213</sup> Of course, Boone himself would not be expected to drop references to Persepolis and Palmyra; and yet it is the Persepolis and Palmyra reference that are the most glaring literary offense; and the one invariably first pointed to by Filson’s critics. In other presumably Filsonian interpolations, however, where Boone, for instance expresses love of God, country and nature; the words are apparently Filson’s, yet who would imagine that Boone would have objected to them, or they did not, at heart and to a significant degree mirror, reflect his own views and feelings? We know in point of fact Boone himself approved of Filson’s portrait and presentation. What then more is necessary than to interject the little bit of plain, common sense, and assumed by Draper, in order to make more and properly clear what one is reading? It is not unreasonable to deduce, as Draper did, that Filson’s Boone does not materially exceed life, and is plausibly authentic in heart and spirit.

But to bring the matter to nearer inspection, the following is Boone’s actual letter to Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia, dated Boone’s Station, Fayette Co., of August 30th, 1782, describing the battle at Blue Licks; and which can be compared with the account of the same engagement found in Filson.

“SIR, --

“Present circumstances of affairs cause me to write to your Excellency as follows. On the 16th instant a large number of Indians with some white men attacked one of our frontier stations known by the name of Bryant’s Station. The siege continued from about sunrise till about ten o’clock the next day, when

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<sup>212</sup> “Similar to the reaction against the romantic *a priori Naturphilosophie* of Schelling, Hegel, and their followers, is the view best represented by Ranke, that the function of history and science is to get at the evidence and to describe things as they really happen. Actual history, however, shows that this is an inadequate ideal because it offers no ground for discriminating between important and unimportant facts.” Morris R. Cohen, *A Preface to Logic* (1945), p. 163.

Lucan, for his part, states perhaps more bluntly: “Churlish is he who robs hoary antiquity of fame and demands the truth from poets.” *Pharsalia*, Book IX.

<sup>213</sup> Faragher: “Filson structured Boone’s narrative to read like an epic,” p. 4; “Other evidence confirms most of the details of Boone’s life in Filson’s text.” p. 7.

they marched off. Notice being given to the neighboring stations, we immediately raised 181 horsemen commanded by Col. John Todd, including some of the Lincoln county militia, commanded by Col. Trigg, and having pursued about forty miles, on the 19th inst. We discovered the enemy lying in wait for us. On this discovery we formed our columns into one single line, and marched up in their front within about forty yards before there was a gun fired. Col. Trigg commanded on the right, myself on the left, Major McGary in the center, and Major Harlan the advance party in the front. From the manner in which we had formed, it fell to my lot to bring on the attack. This was done with a very heavy fire on both sides, and extending back of the line to Col. Trigg, where the enemy was so strong that they rushed up and broke the right wing at the first fire. Thus the enemy got in our rear, and we were compelled to retreat with the loss of seventy-seven of our men and twelve wounded. Afterwards we were reinforced by Col. Logan, which made our force four hundred and sixty men. We marched again to the battle ground, but finding the enemy had gone we proceeded to bury the dead. We found forty-three on the ground, and many lay about which we could not stay to find, hungry and weary as we were, and somewhat dubious that the enemy might not have gone off quite. By the sign we thought the Indians had exceeded four hundred; while the whole of this militia of the county does not amount to more than one hundred and thirty. From these facts your Excellency may form an idea of our situation. I know that your own circumstances are critical, but are we to be wholly forgotten? I hope not. I trust about five hundred men may be sent to our assistance immediately. If these shall be stationed as our county lieutenants shall deem necessary, it may be the means of saving our part of the country; but if they are placed under the direction of Gen. Clark, they will be of little or no service to our settlement. The Falls lie one hundred miles west of us and the Indians northeast; while our men are frequently called to protect them. I have encouraged the people in this country all that I could, but I can no longer justify them or myself to risk our lives here under such extraordinary hazards. The inhabitants of this county are very much alarmed at the thoughts of the Indians bringing another campaign into our country this Fall. If this should be the case, it will break up these settlements. I hope therefore your Excellency will take the matter into your consideration, and send us some relief as quick as possible. These are my sentiments without consulting any person. Col. Logan will I expect, immediately send you an express, by whom I humbly request your Excellency's answer -- in the mean while I remain,

"Subscribed Daniel Boone."

Undeniably there is a difference here from Filson's prose. And yet of more significance we still manage to catch in Filson's version much of Boone's true voice all the same. What then we can say is that which no one denies; that is, "The Adventures of Colonel Boon" is the work of two men, and that would not have been possible without the other.

Hope Hodges informs us further that Boone may have been much better read than we might have surmised,<sup>214</sup> and was later in life acquainted with Jonathan Swift's writings. Not all that are good readers are equally good speakers or writers; and perhaps there was more to Boone in his person and conversation than it was possible to set down on paper himself.

If Faragher is to be believed, Filson was fly-by-night mountebank; who wrote his book on Kentucky (to which the Boone narrative is placed in the Appendix) merely out of a desire for lucre and as an investment on Kentucky lands he acquired; with the implication seeming to be that all the high flown sentiments he expresses can only be his ulterior and calculated moon-shine to effect avarice's end. If so, then Filson should be given credit for a consummate performance of feigned enthusiasm. So perfect that even Byron adored it.

We might last mention that the *Heitman Register of Officers of the Continental Army* (1914 edition), on p.226, lists a John Filson from Pennsylvania who was "Ensign of Montgomery's Pennsylvania Battalion of the Flying Camp," and "taken prisoner at Fort Washington, 16th November, 1776."<sup>215</sup> Is this Filson the same as our author? Only heaven knows.

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<sup>214</sup> "Reading Boone's Writing: Issues in Backcountry Literacy" by Hope Hodges, *Journal of Backcountry Studies*, Vol. 6, No. 2 (Autumn/Winter 2011). <http://libjournal.uncg.edu/ojs/index.php/jbc/article/view/376>

<sup>215</sup> Many of which captives ended up in the Sugar House or the Jersey.



Here is then the Filson/Boone narrative in its entirety; as it appears in Filson's *The Discovery, Settlement and Present State of Kentucke* (1784).

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The Adventures of Col. DANIEL BOON, containing a
Narrative of the Wars of Kentucky.

CURIOSITY is natural to the soul of man, and interesting objects have a powerful influence on our affections. Let these influencing powers actuate, by the permission or disposal of Providence, from selfish or social views, yet in time the mysterious will of Heaven is unfolded, and we behold our conduct, from whatsoever motives excited, operating to answer the important designs of Heaven. Thus we behold Kentucky, lately an howling wilderness, the habitation of savages and wild beasts, become a fruitful field; this region, so favourably distinguished by nature, now become the habitation of civilization, at a period unparalleled in history, in the midst of a raging war, and under all the disadvantages of emigration to a country so remote from the inhabited parts of the continent. Here, where the hand of violence shed the blood of the innocent; where the horrid yells of savages, and the groans of the distressed, founded in our ears, we now hear the praises and adorations of our Creator; where wretched wigwams stood, the miserable abodes of savages, we behold the foundations of cities laid, that, in all probability, will rival the glory of the greatest upon earth; and we view Kentucky, situated on the fertile banks of the great Ohio, rising from obscurity to shine with splendor, equal to any other of the stars of the American hemisphere.

The settling of this region well deserves a place in history; most of the memorable events I have myself been exercised in: and for the satisfaction of the public, will briefly relate the circumstances of my adventures, and scenes of life, from my first movement to this country until this day.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and lest my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool. We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following, we found ourselves on Red river, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. Here let me observe, that for some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather as a pre[-]libation of our future sufferings. At this place we encamped, and made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found every where abundance of wild beasts of all forts through this vast forest; the buffaloes were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest (the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America) we practised hunting with great success until the twenty-second day of December following.

This day John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had passed through a great forest on which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders, and a fund of delight; here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully coloured, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake upon us, and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene sully opened; the Indians plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with common savage usage. During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us; but in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when steep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently awoke him. We improved this favourable opportunity and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course towards our old camp, but' found it plundered, and the company dispersed and gone home. About this time my brother, 'Squire Boon, with another adventurer,

who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, determined to find me, if possible, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances of our company, and our dangerous situation, as surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting so fortunately in the wilderness made us reciprocally sensible of the utmost satisfaction. So much does friendship triumph over misfortune, that sorrows and sufferings vanish at the meeting not only of real friends, but of the most distant acquaintances, and substitute happiness in their room.

Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John Stewart, was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death amongst savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Thus situated, many hundred miles from our families in the howling wilderness, I believe few would have equally enjoyed the happiness we experienced. I often observed to my brother, "You see now how little nature requires to be satisfied. Felicity, the companion of content, is rather found in our own breasts than in the enjoyment of external things: and I firmly believe it requires but a little philosophy to make a man happy in whatsoever state he is. This consists in a full resignation to the will of Providence; and a resigned soul finds pleasure in a path strewn with briars and thorns."

We continued not in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to shelter us from the winter storms. We remained there undisturbed during the winter; and on the first day of May, 1770, my brother returned home to the settlement by himself, for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow creatures, or even a horse or dog. I confess I never before was under greater necessity of exercising philosophy and fortitude. A few days I passed uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety upon the account of my absence and exposed situation, made sensible impressions on my heart. A thousand dreadful apprehensions presented themselves to my view, and had undoubtedly exposed me to melancholy, if further indulged.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season, expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains, the beautiful tracts below. On the other hand, I surveyed the famous river Ohio that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. The sullen shades of night soon overspread the whole hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp at the hovering moisture. My roving excursions this day had fatigued my body, and diverted my imagination. I laid me down to sleep, and I awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first. I returned again to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes, to avoid the savages, who, I believe, often visited my camp, but, fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does, only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be affected. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings; and the various species of animals in this vast forest, in the day time, were continually in my view.

Thus I was surrounded with plenty in the midst of want. I was happy in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such a diversity it was impossible I should be disposed to melancholy. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind, as the beauties of nature I found here.

Thus, through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, I spent the time until the 27th day of July following, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me, according to appointment, at our old camp;

shortly after, we left this place, not thinking it safe to stay there longer, and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitring that part of the country until March, 1771, and giving names to the different waters.

Soon after, I returned home to my family with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune.

I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances. I fold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us: and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky. This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for upon the tenth day of October, the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one man; of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we defended ourselves, and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company, that we retreated forty miles, to the settlement on Clench river. We had passed over two mountains, viz. Powel's and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland mountain when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, as we pass from the old settlements in Virginia to Kentucky, are ranged in a southwest and north-east direction, are of great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over these, nature hath formed passes, that are less difficult than might be expected from a view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs is so wild and horrid, that it is impossible to behold them without terror. The spectator is apt to imagine that nature had formerly suffered some violent convulsion; and that these are the dismembered remains of the dreadful shock; the ruins, not of Persepolis or Palmyra, but of the world!

I remained with my family on Clench until the sixth of June, 1774, when I and one Michael Stoner were solicited by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to go to the Falls of the Ohio, to conduct into the settlement a number of surveyors that had been sent thither by him some months before; this country having about this time drawn the attention of many adventurers. We immediately complied with the governor's request, and conducted in the surveyors, completing a tour of eight hundred miles, through many difficulties, in sixty-two days.

Soon after I returned home, I was ordered to take the command of three garrisons during the campaign, which Governor Dunmore carried on against the Shawanese Indians: after the conclusion of which, the militia was discharged from each garrison, and I being relieved from my post, was solicited by a number of North Carolina gentlemen, that were about purchasing the lands lying on the south side of Kentucky river from the Cherokee Indians, to attend their treaty at Watag[u]a, in March, 1775, to negotiate with them, and mention the boundaries of the purchase. This I accepted, and, at the request of the same gentlemen, undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlement through the wilderness to Kentucky, with such assistance as I thought necessary to employ for such an important undertaking.

I soon began this work, having collected a number of enterprising men well armed. We proceeded with all possible expedition until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands, and where we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two, and wounded two of our number; yet, although surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on the twentieth of March, 1775. Three days after, we were fired upon again, and had two men killed, and three wounded. Afterwards we proceeded on to Kentucky river without opposition; and on the first day of April began to erect the fort of Boonsborough at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the river, on the south side.

On the fourth day the Indians killed one of our men. We were busily employed in building this fort, until the fourteenth day of June following, without any farther opposition from the Indians: and having finished the works, I returned to my family, on Clench.

In a short time I proceeded to remove my family from Clench to this garrison; where we arrived safe without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage, my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river.

On the twenty-fourth day of December following we had one man killed, and one wounded, by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the fourteenth day of July, 1776, two of Col. [Richard] Cal[li]away's daughters, and one of mine, were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party, and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made, the Indians divided themselves into different parties, and attacked several forts, winch were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down, while busy cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonsborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man, and wounded four. Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the fourth day of July following, a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonsborough, killed one man, and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours; during which time seven of them were killed, and at last, finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time, and attacked the different garrisons to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the distressed inhabitants.

On the nineteenth day of this month, Col. [Benjamin] Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two, and wounded one. The enemies loss was uncertain, from the common practice which the Indians have of carrying off their dead in time of battle. Col. [James] Harrod's fort was then defended by only sixty-five men, and Boonsborough by twenty-two, there being no more forts or white men in the country, except at the Falls, a considerable distance from these, and all taken collectively, were but a handful to the numerous warriors that were every where dispersed through the country, intent upon doing all the mischief that savage barbarity could invent. Thus we palled through a scene of sufferings that exceed description.

On the twenty-fifth of this month a reinforcement of forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, and about the twentieth of August following, Col. [John] Bowman arrived with one hundred men from Virginia. Now we began to strengthen, and from hence, for the space of six weeks, we had skirmishes with Indians, in one quarter or other, almost every day.

The savages now learned the superiority of the long knife, as they call the Virginians, by experience; being out-generalled almost in every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture on open war, practised secret mischief at times.

On the first day of January, 1778, I went with a party of thirty men to the Blue Licks, on Licking river, to make salt for the different garrisons in the country.

On the seventh day of February, as I was hunting to procure meat for the company, I met with a party of one hundred and two Indians, and two Frenchmen, on their march against Boonsborough, that place being particularly the object of the enemy.

They pursued and took me; and brought me on the eighth day to the Licks, where twenty-seven of my party were, three of them having previously returned home with the salt. I knowing it was impossible for them to escape, capitulated with the enemy, and, at a distance in their view, gave notice to my men of their situation, with orders not to resist, but surrender themselves captives.

The generous usage the Indians had promised before in my capitulation, was afterwards fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to old Cheliclothe, the principal Indian town, on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the eighteenth day of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the tenth day

of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived the thirtieth day, and were treated by Governor [Henry] Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity.

During our travels, the Indians entertained me well; and their affection for me was so great, that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me, on purpose to give me a parole to go home. Several English gentlemen there, being sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly supply for my wants, which I refused, with many thanks for their kindness; adding, that I never expected it would be in my power to recompence such unmerited generosity.

The Indians lest my men in captivity with the British at Detroit, and on the tenth day of April brought me towards Old Chelicothe, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth day of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march, through an exceeding fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chelicothe I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting; for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe, in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me) and, when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect, and entire friendship, often entrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented somewhat of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging was, in common, with them, not so good indeed as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully avoided their suspicions, continuing with them at Old Chelicothe until the first day of June following, and then was taken by them to the salt springs on Sciotha, and kept there making salt, ten days. During this time I hunted some for them, and found the land, for a great extent about this river, to exceed the soil of Kentucky, if possible, and remarkably well watered.

When I returned to Chelicothe, alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, of their choicest warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, ready to march against Boonsborough, I determined to escape the first opportunity.

On the sixteenth before sun-rise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonsborough on the twentieth, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles; during which I had but one meal.

I found our fortress in a bad state of defence, but we proceeded immediately to repair our flanks, strengthen our gates and posterns, and form double bastions, which we completed in ten days. In this time we daily expected the arrival of the Indian army; and at length, one of my fellow prisoners, escaping from them, arrived, informing us that the enemy had an account of my departure, and postponed their expedition three weeks. The Indians had spies out, viewing our movements, and were greatly alarmed with our increase in number and fortifications. The grand councils of the nations were held frequently, and with more deliberation than usual. They evidently saw the approaching hour when the long knife would dispossess them of their desirable habitations; and anxiously concerned for futurity, determined utterly to extirpate the whites out of Kentucky. We were not intimidated by their movements, but frequently gave them proofs of our courage.

About the first of August, I made an incursion into the Indian country, with a party of nineteen men, in order to surprise a small town up Sciotha, called Paint-creek-town. We advanced within four miles thereof, where we met a party of thirty Indians, on their march against Boonsborough, intending to join the others from Chelicothe. A smart fight ensued betwixt us for some time: at length the savages gave way, and fled. We had no loss on our side; the enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took from them three

horses, and all their baggage; and being informed, by two of our number that went to their town, that the Indians had entirely evacuated it, we proceeded no further, and returned with all possible expedition, to assist our garrison against the other party. We passed by them on the sixth day, and on the seventh we arrived safe at Boonsborough.

On the eighth, the Indian army arrived, being four hundred and forty-four in number, commanded by Capt. Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs; and marched up within view of our fort, with British and French colours flying; and having sent a summons to me in his Britannic Majesty's name, to surrender the fort, I requested two days consideration, which was granted.

It was now a critical period with us. We were a small number in the garrison: a powerful army before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death, fearfully painted, and marking their footsteps with desolation. Death was preferable to captivity; and if taken by storm, we must inevitably be devoted to destruction. In this situation we concluded to maintain our garrison, if possible. We immediately proceeded to collect what we could of our horses, and other cattle, and bring them through the posterns into the fort: and in the evening of the ninth, I returned answer, that we were determined to defend our fort while a man was living. "Now," said I, to their commander, who stood attentively hearing my sentiments, "we laugh at all your formidable preparations: but thank you for giving us notice and time to provide for our defence. Your efforts will not prevail; for our gates shall for ever deny you admittance." Whether this answer affected their courage, or not, I cannot tell; but, contrary to our expectations, they formed a scheme to deceive us, declaring it was their orders, from Governor Hamilton, to take us captives, and not to destroy us; but if nine of us would come out, and treat with them, they would immediately withdraw their forces from our walls, and return home peaceably. This sounded grateful in our ears; and we agreed to the proposal.

We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, on purpose to divert them from a breach of honour, as we could not avoid suspicions of the savages. In this situation the articles were formally agreed to, and signed; and the Indians told us it was customary with them, on such occasions, for two Indians to shake hands with every white-man in the treaty, as an evidence of entire friendship. We agreed to this also, but were soon convinced their policy was to take us prisoners. They immediately grappled us; but although surrounded by hundreds of savages, we extricated ourselves from them, and escaped all safe into the garrison, except one that was wounded, through a heavy fire from their army. They immediately attacked us on every side, and a constant heavy fire ensued between us day and night for the space of nine days.

In this time the enemy began to undermine our fort, which was situated sixty yards from Kentucky river. They began at the water-mark, and proceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood by their making the water muddy with the clay; and we immediately proceeded to disappoint their design, by cutting a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy discovered our counter-mine, by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem: and experience now fully convinced them that neither their power nor policy could effect their purpose, on the twentieth day of August they raised the siege and departed.

During this dreadful siege, which threatened death in every form, we had two men killed, and four wounded, besides a number of cattle. We killed of the enemy thirty-seven, and wounded a great number. After they were gone we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort; which certainly is a great proof of their industry. Soon after this, I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of a place in this account passed in my affairs for some time.

During my absence from Kentucky, Col. Bowman carried oft an expedition against the Shawanese, at Old Chelicothe, with one hundred and sixty men, in July, 1779. Here they arrived undiscovered, and a battle ensued, which lasted until ten o'clock, A. M. when Col. Bowman, finding he could not succeed at this time, retreated about thirty miles. The Indians in the mean time, collecting all their forces, pursued and overtook him, when a smart fight continued near two hours, not to the advantage of Col. Bowman's party.

Col. Harrod proposed to mount a number of horse, and furiously to rush upon the savages, who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate step had a happy effect, broke their line of battle, and the savages fled on all sides. In these two battles we had nine killed, and one wounded. The enemy's loss uncertain, only two scalps being taken.

On the twenty-second day of June, 1780, a large party of Indians and Canadians, about six hundred in number, commanded by Col. Bird, attacked Riddle's and Martin's stations, at the forks of Licking river, with six pieces of artillery. They carried this expedition so secretly, that the unwary inhabitants did not discover them, until they fired upon the forts; and not being prepared to oppose them, were obliged to surrender themselves miserable captives to barbarous savages, who immediately after tomahawked one man and two women, and loaded all the others with heavy baggage, forcing them along toward their towns, able or unable to march. Such as were weak and saint by the way, they tomahawked. The tender women and helpless children fell victims to their cruelty. This, and the savage treatment they received afterwards, is shocking to humanity, and too barbarous to relate.

The hostile disposition of the savages, and their allies, caused General [George Rogers] Clark, the commandant of the Falls of the Ohio, immediately to begin an expedition with his own regiment, and the armed force of the country, against Pecaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of Great Miami, which he finished with great success, took seventeen scalps, and burnt the town to ashes, with the loss of seventeen men.

About this time I returned to Kentucky with my family; and here, to avoid an inquiry into my conduct, the reader being before informed of my bringing my family to Kentucky, I am tender the necessity of informing him that, during my captivity with the Indians, my wife, who despaired of ever seeing me again, expecting the Indians had put a period to my life, oppressed with the distresses of the country, and bereaved of me, her only happiness, had, before I returned, transported my family and goods, on horses, through the wilderness, amidst a multitude of dangers, to her father's house, in North-Carolina.

Shortly after the troubles at Boonsborough, I went to them, and lived there peaceably until this time. The history of my going home, and returning with my family, forms a series of difficulties, an account of which would swell a volume, and being foreign to my purpose, I shall purposely omit them.

I settled my family in Boonsborough once more, and shortly after, on the sixth day of October, 1780, I went in company with my brother to the Blue Licks, and, on our return home, we were fired upon by a party of Indians; they shot him, and pursued me, by the scent of their dog, three miles, but I killed the dog, and escaped. The winter soon came on, and was very severe, which confined the Indians to their wigwams.

The severity of this winter caused great difficulties in Kentucky. The enemy had destroyed most of the corn the summer before; this necessary article was scarce and dear, and the inhabitants lived chiefly on the flesh of buffaloes. The circumstances of many were lamentable; however, being a hardy race of people, and accustomed to difficulties and necessities, they were wonderfully supported through all their sufferings, until the ensuing fall, when we received abundance from the fertile foil.

Towards spring we were frequently harrassed by Indians, and in May, 1782, a party assaulted Ashton's station, killed one man, and took a negro prisoner. Captain Ashton, with twenty-five men, pursued, and overtook the savages, and a smart fight ensued, which lasted two hours; but they being superior in number, obliged Captain Ashton's party to retreat, with the loss of eight killed, and four mortally wounded; their brave commander himself being numbered among the dead.

The Indians continued their hostilities, and about the 10th of August following, two boys were taken from Major Hoy's station. This party was pursued by Capt. Holder and seventeen men, who were also defeated, with the loss of four men killed and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming; several stations which had lately been erected in the country were continually infested with savages, stealing their horses and killing the men at every opportunity. In a field near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy.

Every day we experienced recent mischiefs. The barbarous savage nations of Shawanese, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares, and several others near Detroit, united in a war against us, and assembled their choicest warriors at old Chelicothe, to go on the expedition, in order to destroy us, and entirely depopulate the country. Their savage minds were inflamed to mischief by two abandoned men, Captains [Alexander] M'Kee and [Simon] Girty. These led them to execute every diabolical scheme; and on the 5th day of August, commanded a party of Indians and Canadians, of about five hundred in number, against Briant's station, five miles from Lexington. Without demanding a surrender, they furiously assaulted the garrison, which was happily prepared to oppose them; and after they had expended much ammunition in vain, and killed the cattle round the fort, not being likely to make themselves masters of this place, they raised the siege, and departed in the morning of the third day after they came, with the loss of about thirty killed, and the number of wounded uncertain. Of the garrison four men were killed, and three Wounded.

On the 18th day, Col. [John] Todd, Col. [Stephen] Trigg, Major Harland, and myself, speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking river, about forty-three miles from Lexington, as it is particularly represented in the map, where we overtook them on the 19th day. The savages observing us, gave way, and we being ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When the enemy saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage of us in situation, they formed the line of battle, as represented in the map, from one bend of Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. An exceeding fierce battle immediately began, for about fifteen minutes, when we, being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much-lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son, were among the dead. We were informed that the Indians, numbering their dead, found they had slain more than we; and therefore four of the prisoners they had taken were by general consent ordered to be killed in a most barbarous manner by the young warriors, in order to train them up to cruelty, and then they proceeded to their towns.

On our retreat we were met by Col. Logan, hastening to join us, with a number of well-armed men. This powerful assistance we unfortunately wanted in the battle; for notwithstanding the enemy's superiority in numbers, they acknowledged that if they had received one more fire from us, they should undoubtedly have given way. So violently did our small party fight, that to the memory of those who unfortunately fell in battle, enough of honour cannot be paid. Had Colonel Logan and his party been with us, it is highly probable we should have given the savages a total defeat.

I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene but sorrow fills my heart; a zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men, to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing, in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed every where, in a few hours brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding any thing that I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewn every where, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled: some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrefied condition, that no one could be distinguished from another.

As soon as General Clark, then at the Falls of the Ohio, who was ever our ready friend, and merits the love and gratitude of all his countrymen, understood the circumstances of this unfortunate action, he ordered an expedition with all possible haste to pursue the savages, which was so expeditiously effected, that we overtook them within two miles of their towns, and probably might have obtained a great victory, had not two of their number met us about two hundred poles before we came up. These returned quick as lightning to their camp with the alarming news of a mighty army in view. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, evacuated their towns, and reluctantly lest their territory to our mercy. We immediately took possession of Old Chelicothe without opposition, being deserted by its inhabitants; we continued our

pursuit through five towns on the Miami rivers, Old Chelicothe, Pecaway, New Chelicothe, Will's towns, and Chelicothe; burnt them all to ashes, entirely destroyed their corn, and other fruits, and every where spread a scene of desolation in the country. In this expedition we took seven prisoners and five scalps, with the loss of only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by our own army.

This campaign in some measure damped the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connections were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practise mischief secretly upon the inhabitants in the exposed parts of the country.

In October following, a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard, and one of them being advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered the house of a poor defenceless family, in which was only a negro man, a woman, and her children, terrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savages perceiving their defenceless situation, without offering violence to the family, attempted to captivate the negro, who happily proved an overmatch for him, threw him oil the ground, and in the struggle, the mother of the children drew an axe from a corner of the cottage, and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old rusty gun barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages perceiving it, fled. In the mean time, the alarm spread through the neighbourhood, the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the ravagers into the wilderness. Thus Providence, by the means of this negro, saved the whole of the poor family from destruction. From that time, until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Finding the great king beyond the water disappointed in his expectations, and conscious of the importance of the long knife, and their own wretchedness, some of the nations immediately desired peace, to which, at present, they seem universally disposed, and are sending ambassadors to General Clark, at the Falls of the Ohio, with the minutes of their councils; a specimen of which, in the minutes of the Piankashaw council, is subjoined.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Col. [Richard] Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand at the delivery thereof, Brother, says he, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it. My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses, and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness; but now the scene is changed; peace crowns the sylvan shade.

What thanks, what ardent and ceaseless thanks are due to that all-superintending Providence which has turned a cruel war into peace, brought order out of confusion, made the fierce savages placid, and turned away their hostile weapons from our country! May the same Almighty Goodness banish the accursed monster, war, from all lands, with her hated associates, rapine and insatiable ambition. Let peace, descending from her native heaven, bid her olives spring amidst the joyful nations; and plenty, in league with commerce, scatter blessings from her copious hand.

This account of my adventures will inform the reader of the most remarkable events of this country. I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty, and the bounties of Providence, with my once fellow-sufferers in this delightful country, which I have seen purchased with a vast expence of blood and treasure, delighting in the prospect of its being in a short time one of the most opulent and powerful states on the continent of North America; which, with the love and gratitude of my countrymen, I esteem a sufficient reward for all my toil and danger.

DANIEL BOON.

Fayette county, Kentucky.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY'S *OTHER* VERSE.

*"Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then Conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust;' ..."*
~ "The Star-Spangled Banner," 4th stanza.

It easier for us to be good and well-behaved under certain circumstances than in others; and it is usually easier to be moral when the morals in question are the inbred and or standard convention of the day. Let's face it, some today who do or would view with contempt and scorn Americans who held slaves back in the 18th and early 19th century, might, had they lived back then, been unapologetic slave holders themselves. This is not to excuse slavery, or for that matter other greater or lesser moral lapses, but to observe merely how as often (if not more often) as not people are prompted in their conduct less by heart felt precept than by current societal attitudes and living conditions.

And so it is we must preface our remarks on Francis Scott Key, Maryland attorney and author of the "Star Spangled Banner;" who was not only a slave holder; but who later in life as acting U.S. District for Washington, D.C. was employed in that office to prosecute abolitionists. In his defense, it might be pointed out that the preponderance of the first twelve U.S. Presidents owned slaves; and that of itself made it not unrespectable to some. Key did on a number of occasions exhibit kindness and charity to individual slaves, and was actively involved in efforts to assist American blacks, and who agreed and wanted to do so, to remove to and resettle in Monrovia, Liberia on the northwest coast of Africa. But, needless to say, such remarks and measures will not condone or palliate for us now his blindness on the issue. Nonetheless, it is impossible to imagine that had the otherwise compassionate and sensitive Key been born after the Civil War, he still would have been pro-slavery. Such are a vicissitudes of fate and such often is the irony of history; indeed, when all is said and done, for probably for the vast majority of us. "Let him without sin cast the first stone."

It was Christian and religious people who were predominant among, commenced, and spear-headed the abolitionist movement, not soulless materialists, positivists, pagans, or agnostics. How commonly is *this* understood and appreciated? Since religion has so fallen out of fashion, obviously not altogether much. And yet it is not unusual to hear, not less among academics and the educated than among the boorish and unlettered, to hear religion calumniated and racial equality championed. So much for enlightened consistency and intellectual hindsight.

In spite of his fatuity on the subject of slavery, Key was himself else a good, vocal, in fact eloquent Christian; and a prominent member of the American Bible Society from 1818 up till his passing in 1843. It is only to be regretted that his brand of faith and devotion did not endow him, and others like him, with more wisdom when it came to the slavery question. But perhaps others now can learn from his mistake and example.

Of additional biographical odds and ends we might mention before proceeding, Key's father was John Ross Key; who was lieutenant in the Maryland Rifle Company, in which Otho Williams also was an officer, and that was taken prisoner at Fort Washington, N.Y. in Nov. 1776. What service Key Sr. did during the war after that is not, to my knowledge, known. "The Star Spangled Banner" was initially titled "The Defence of Fort McHenry," and was penned with John Stafford Smith's melody "To Anacreon in Heaven" (or "Anacreonic Ode") very much in Key's mind when he wrote it. Indeed, as likely as not, he was in some wise humming the tune as he penned his lines.

Although rarely published in his lifetime, Key wrote a number of other songs and poems, but which were collected after his death and put out in the volume *Poems of the Late Francis Scott Key, Esq.* (1857). True, Key was undeniably an amateur verse writer. But he made no pretensions to be anything else; as is shown by most of his poems only surviving in the hands of his friends. If he is not a brilliant poet, he is at times at least an effective one. Like Samuel Woodworth, he was endowed with a musical ear and a

sometimes deep sense of emotion. The early 19th century was a time when the ordinary mortality was high, and people lost loved ones at a rate that most of us at present would find incomprehensible. In pieces dedicated to several departed friends, Key touches on this topic, including appeals to religion, and convincingly conveys his own love of and sadness at their loss; in a manner that I think many will still find moving. The overall portrait of his time that comes out in these poems is also quite sobering in retrospect; thus lending them a transcendent and eternal quality that surmounts what otherwise would strike a shallow and imperceptive reader as merely dated sentimentalism. Time will not pause. But life at minimum gives us leave to pause and reflect on Time.

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**SONG.**<sup>216</sup>

WHEN the warrior returns, from the battle afar,  
To the home and the country he nobly defended,  
O! warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,  
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended:  
In the full tide of song let his fame roll along,  
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,  
Where, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Columbians! a band of your brothers behold,  
Who claim the reward of your hearts' warm emotion,  
When your cause, when your honor, urged onward the bold,  
In vain frowned the desert, in vain raged the ocean:  
To a far distant shore, to the battle's wild roar,  
They rushed, your fair fame and your rights to secure:  
Then, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

In the conflict resistless, each toil they endured,  
'Till their foes fled dismayed from the war's desolation:  
And pale beamed the Crescent, its splendor obscured  
By the light of the Star Spangled flag of our nation.  
Where each radiant star gleamed a meteor of war,  
And the turbaned heads bowed to its terrible glare,  
Now, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Our fathers, who stand on the summit of fame,  
Shall exultingly hear of their sons the proud story:  
How their young bosoms glow'd with the patriot flame,  
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory.  
How triumphant they rode o'er the wondering flood,  
And stained the blue waters with infidel blood;  
How, mixed with the olive, the laurel did wave,  
And formed a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Then welcome the warrior returned from afar  
To the home and the country he nobly defended:  
Let the thanks due to valor now gladden his ear,

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<sup>216</sup> [Edit. Note. Also sung to the tune "Anacreon in Heaven." This was written in 1805 in tribute to the veterans of the first War with Tripoli and the Barbary States (1801-1805).] *Poems of the Late Francis Scott Key, Esq.* (1857), pp. 34-36. See: <https://archive.org/details/poems00keyf/page/n7> ]

And loud be the joy that his perils are ended.  
In the full tide of song let his fame roll along,  
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,  
Where, mixed with the olive, the laurel shall wave,  
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

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TO DELIA

Let others heap on heaps their useless ore,
And view with sparkling eyes th' increasing store;
Let others toil, with ceaseless care, to gain
The rich productions of the boundless plain,
And own, each night passed sleepless by their fears,
That wealth has for its joys a thousand cares;
For Fortune's fickle smiles let others pine;
Delia, thy smile, thy witching smile, be mine.
Content, though poor, each easy idle day,
Cheered by that smile, steals unperceived away.
With thy fond arm in mine, when Spring's soft power
First bursts the bud of every blushing flower,
Then let me guide thy light steps o'er the green,
And show thee all the beauties of the scene;
Or when the sultry suns of Summer pour
A warmer ray, then many a rapturous hour
Awaits us, where the beech-tree's arching shade
Has formed a secret bower for lovers made:
That beech, whose tender rind didst first impart
To Delia the soft secret of my heart –
Carved on whose trunk the faithful vows appear
Which Delia heard not with disdainful ear;
There, by the riv'let's side, we'll careless lay,
And think how transient is a lover's day;
There, will thy swain with fondest zeal prepare
A flowery garland for thy tangled hair;
And thou, with playful hand, a wreath shall join,
And round thy poet's brow thy gift entwine.
With Autumn's ripened fruit when every tree
And shrub hangs loaded, Delia, then for thee
Up to each tall tree's topmost bough I'll spring,
And the full basket to our cottage bring.²¹⁷

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## ON READING FAWCETT'S LINES

ON REVISITING SCENES OF EARLY LIFE.

So sings the world's fond slave! so flies the dream  
Of life's gay morn; so sinks the meteor ray  
Of fancy into darkness; and no beam  
Of purer light shines on the wanderer's way.

So sings not he who soars on other wings

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<sup>217</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 83-84.

Than fancy lends him; whom a cheering faith  
Warms and sustains, and whose freed spirit springs  
To joys that bloom beyond the reach of death.

And thou would'st live again! again dream o'er  
The wild and feverish visions of thy youth  
Again to wake in sorrow, and deplore  
Thy wanderings from the peaceful paths of truth!

Yet yield not to despair! be born again,  
And thou shalt live a life of joy and peace,  
Shall die a death of triumph, and thy strain  
Be changed to notes of rapture ne'er to cease.<sup>218</sup>

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STANZAS.

Farewell, ye once delightful scenes! farewell!
No more your charms can soothe my aching heart;
These long-drawn sighs, these flowing tears, can tell
How much I grieve, sweet scenes! from you to part.

For once these glassy streams, these smiling plains,
The little sorrows of my soul could ease,
But now each long-known spot augments my pains,
From sad remembrance how it once could please.

Oft in the glistening dew that gemmed yon mead,
Blithesome I've bathed my tiny, truant feet,
When some wild gambol lured my jocund tread,
To seek from tyrant eyes some lone retreat.

Here sported I, when, on swift pinions borne,
The airy minutes of my childhood flew;
And here arose my youth's effulgent morn,
And not a threatening cloud appeared in view.

But soon, ah soon! Misfortune's blackest gloom
The radiance of the opening dawn o'ercast,
Nor left one ray of comfort to illumine
The horrors of the melancholy waste.

Here first -- incautious fool to bless the day --
I saw my Delia bounding o'er the plains:
I saw, and gave my soul a willing prey
To Love's soft bondage, and embraced my chains.

On her the potent queen of love bestowed
Her own sweet smile, her own soul-stealing grace;
Her warm heart with its soft emotion glowed,
And shone in every feature of her face.

²¹⁸ *Ibid.* pp. 87-88.

A vivid rose-bud opening to the view
Then did she shine, in life's and beauty's morn.
With the rash hand of eager youth I flew,
Snatched at the flower, regardless of the thorn.

But ah! too late I felt the bitter smart,
Too deep I feel it in each throbbing vein;
Far hence, alas! I bear a bleeding heart,
Nor hope to find a solace for my pain.

For nature cursed me not with soul so cool
That time or absence can its griefs remove;
No -- reason's cold and unimpassioned rule
Sways not a bosom fired with luckless love.

No, Delia! by those soft and tender sighs
Which pity drew from that soft breast of thine,
By that fair hand which wiped my streaming eyes,
And by those eyes which mixed their tears with mine --

By these I swear thy image from my breast
No time, no absence, ever shall remove;
Where'er I rove, with thy remembrance blest,
I'll doat upon the agonies of love.²¹⁹

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**ISABELLA W. STEELE,**  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN 1825.

Why must the grave hide one whose light would shine  
To bless the world? Why friends and kindred mourn?  
And, this cold, stone -- why must it vainly strive  
To tell a mother's love, a mother's grief?

The grave must hide the young, the fair, the good,  
To prove the grave to be the gate of life  
Through which they pass to joys that bloom not here.  
Kindred and friends must mourn, that they may long

To meet again, where they shall part no more.  
A mother's heart must bleed that He who wounds  
Only to heal, may call its hopes from earth  
To fix them with a sainted child in heaven.  
When graves give up their dead, O! then may all  
Weep o'er this, reap blessings from their tears.<sup>220</sup>

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WRITTEN FOR THE BETHEL CHURCH AT HABRE. [in Maryland]

To thee, O God! whose awful voice

²¹⁹ *Ibid.* pp. 116-119.

²²⁰ *Ibid.* pp. 127-128.

Earth, sea, and air obey,
This humble house of prayer we raise,
And here our homage pay.

Its Bethel flag floats in the breeze,
Its stars on the ocean shine,
And the weary mariner's heart is cheered,
As he hails the holy sign.

The ship at rest, their perils past,
The joyous seamen come
Where the Bethel flag its welcome waves --
The flag of their distant home.

O God! if the heart's warm thanks to thee
A grateful offering prove,
If prayer and praise can rise on wings
Of gratitude and love,

Here in this house high hymns of joy
Thy rescued sons shall raise,
And glowing hearts and ready tongues
Their great Protector praise.

They've seen thy works upon the sea,
Thy wonders in the deep,
When thou didst loose the stormy winds
O'er the raging waves to sweep.

They sunk to the ocean's lowest depths,
They rose on the mountain wave,
They hung on the brink of the dread abyss,
That yawned as an open grave.

They called on thee, and the raging sea
Sunk down at thy command,
And the angry rush of the winds was hushed
In the grasp of thy mighty hand.

O! let them come, and this holy flag
Shall float in sainted air,
As high they raise the hymn of praise,
And the heart's ascending prayer.

And the breath of heaven shall fill their sails
Wherever a breeze shall blow,
And they shall bear the gospel's light
Wherever a wave shall flow.

And thus, O God! the boundless sea
Thy glory shall proclaim,
And its distant isles' lone shores resound
With the Redeemer's name.²²¹

²²¹ *Ibid.* pp. 146-148.

March, 1841.

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**“ALL THINGS ARE YOURS.”**

1 Corinthians iii. 21.

Behold the grant the King of kings  
Hath to his subjects given:  
“All things are yours,” it saith; all things  
That are in earth and heaven.

The saints are yours, to guide you home,  
And bless you with their prayers;  
The world is yours, to overcome  
Its pleasures and its cares;

And life is yours, to give it all  
To works of faith and love;  
And death is yours, a welcome call  
To higher joys above;

All present things are yours: whate’er  
God’s providence decreed,  
Is from his treasures culled with care,  
And sent to suit thy need;

And things to come are yours; and all  
Shall ever ordered be,  
To keep thee safe, whate’er befall,  
And work for good to thee;

And Christ is yours -- his sacrifice,  
To speak your sins forgiven;  
His righteousness the only price  
That thou canst pay for heaven.

Thus God is yours -- thus reconciled,  
His love your bliss secures,  
The Father looks upon the child  
And saith, “All things are yours.”<sup>222</sup>

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“OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.”

Father in heaven! does God who made
And rules this universal frame --
Say, does he own a father’s love,
And answer to a father’s name?

Saviour divine! cleanser of guilt,

²²² *Ibid.* pp. 165-166.

Redeemer of a ruined race!
These are thy cheering words, and this
The kind assurance of thy grace.

My God! my Father! may I dare --
I, all debased, with sin defiled --
These awful, soothing, names to join;
Am I thy creature and thy child?

Art thou my Father? then no more
My sins shall tempt me to despair;
A father pities and forgives,
And hears a child's repentant prayer.

Art thou my Father? let me strive
With all my powers to do thy will,
To make thy service all my care,
And all thy kind commands fulfil.

Art thou my Father? teach my heart
Compassion for another's woe,
And ever, to each child of thine,
A brother's tenderness to show.

Art thou my Father? then I know
When pain, or want, or griefs oppress,
They come but from a father's hand,
Which wounds to heal, afflicts to bless.

Art thou my Father? then in doubt
And darkness when I grope my way,
Thy light shall shine upon my path,
And make my darkness like thy day.

Art thou my Father? then no more
Tremble, my soul, at death's alarms:
He comes a messenger of love,
To bear me to a Father's arms.

My God! my Father! I am vile,
Prone to forget thee, weak, and blind:
Be thou my help, my strength, my trust,
Hope of my heart! light of my mind!²²³

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#### MAN.

*"The days of man are but as grass;  
for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.  
"For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone,  
and the place thereof shall know it no more.  
"But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth  
forever and ever upon them that fear him,*

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<sup>223</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 177-179.

*and his righteousness upon children's children;  
"Even upon such as keep his covenant  
and think upon his commandments to do them.  
"The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven,  
and his kingdom ruleth over all." -- Psalm ciii.*

Such are thy days -- so shall they pass away --  
As flowers that bloom at morn, at eve decay;  
But then, there comes a life that knows no end --  
Rich in unfading joys that far transcend  
Thy highest thoughts or warmest wishes -- given  
To those whose days on earth have fitted them for heaven.

There is a covenant -- it is sealed with blood;  
A risen Saviour -- a forgiving God:  
These all are thine; may these thy thoughts employ,  
Thy days all pass in peace, and end in joy.

July 20th, 1842.<sup>224</sup>

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<sup>224</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 181-182.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF COMMODORE CHARLES MORRIS, USN.

For anyone with a penchant for early United States history, particularly that aspect which pertains to the Navy, the autobiography of Commodore Charles Morris (1784–1856), a Connecticut native, cannot fail to be of engrossing interest. Only three of the prominent American naval commanders of the War of 1812 wrote memoirs: Morris, David Porter, and Thomas MacDonough. Porter's *Journal of a Cruise*, etc. (1815), while one of the foremost, and in parts enthralling, naval stories of all time is concerned exclusively with the voyage of the frigate *Essex* in 1812-1814. MacDonough's, though broader in coverage and indubitably of value, spans a mere 12 pages. (It can be found, by the way, in *The Life of Commodore Thomas MacDonough, U.S. Navy* (1909) by Rodney MacDonough, pp. 20-32.<sup>225</sup>) Morris' autobiography on the other hand, like MacDonough's, commences with the start of his career as Midshipman in 1799 and extends up to the early 1840's; when Morris was, by then, one of the Navy's most distinguished senior officers. It runs 130 plus pages; only, again like MacDonough, it's a pity it isn't longer than it is.

The work was ostensibly intended alone for his family. But in late 1879 or early 1880, two of Morris' daughters turned a copy over to the United State Naval Institute who then first published it in their *Proceedings* issue of April 1880, vol. VI, no. 12. It has since been re-printed in 2002 by the Institute, and is now readily available as a hard-bound volume.

*The Autobiography of Commodore Charles Morris, USN* abounds in unusual trivia and anecdotes, a few action filled episodes, and wise reflections on both life and the navy. Leaving aside the matter contained in the excerpts we've selected for this article, the following are some of these worth noting in our preface. When some of Commodore Edward Preble's midshipmen went visiting the towns and locales in Sicily in the Spring of 1805; accompanying them was the young Washington Irving; at the time taking a tour of western Europe. Morris on several occasions points out and gives examples of British naval officers treating the American navy with scorn and contempt prior to the War of 1812; yet not all British naval officers were so, and some were, as he himself records, actually helpful and accommodating. As Isaac Hull's First Lieutenant on the *Constitution*, it was Morris who recommended warping or kedging to escape the overwhelming British squadron that pursued her. Subsequent to the action with the *Guerriere*, and in which he was grievously wounded, Morris was promoted to Captain's rank; much to the ire of those his senior on the list waiting for the same honor; bypassing that of Master Commandant. Morris notes that the reason Madison's Secretary of War John Armstrong did not fortify Washington, D.C. was that it "offered no sufficient motive for such an enterprise" (i.e., a serious attempt to take the city).<sup>226</sup> Other topics and events addressed or covered at length, and again these are but *some* of them, are the final war with the Barbary pirates in 1815; various ship building projects in the navy; the Stephen Decatur and James Barron duel; war and political turmoil among Toussaint L'Ouverture's successors on the island of Haiti; the South American war for Independence; and the preliminaries that culminated in the Charles Wilkes' world (including the Antarctic) exploring expedition of 1838-1842. *Not* mentioned is that Morris was one of the officers called upon to discipline the wild Philip Spencer, of *Somers* "mutiny" fame (Nov.-Dec. 1842); when Morris commanded the U.S. Naval Station at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil in May 1842.<sup>227</sup>

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<sup>225</sup> See: <http://archive.org/details/lifeofcommodoret00macd>

<sup>226</sup> Henry Adams, in chapter 10 of volume 6 of his *The History of the United States of America during the Administrations of James Madison: 1809-1817*, observes that it was the engineering skills of West Point graduates that made the defenses at New York, Norfolk, Fort Erie, Fort Meigs, and Plattsburg impregnable or near impregnable. And had the same skills utilized and measures been taken at Washington, D.C., the nation's capital could easily have been saved.

<sup>227</sup> See "Some Reminiscences of Philip Spencer and the Brig 'Somers'," *The United Service: A Monthly Review of Military and Naval Affairs*, vol. IV, July 1890, pp. 23-36, by Robert C. Rogers; quote: "In the quality of personal activity he [Morris] was indomitable, an unclouded, superior brain, frugal in regimen; so reverent a Christian that, like Milton, he removed his hat when the awful name of God was mentioned; equal and just in his administration of his important duties; abundant in esprit de corps, without which professional excellence is impossible, and it was only occasion he lacked to be a Nelson militantly as he was a Collingwood morally. Not singular the influence of such an example upon the whole squadron, -- reformatory to a great extent, not from fear, but that respect which every gentleman feels for one better than himself. At no period in the history of the navy has there been a more efficient and a more creditably-representative squadron than that under Charles Morris at the period we speak of."

In choosing what extracts to include here, I decided to leave out his accounts of the chase for the *Constitution*: Fenimore Cooper's version (in his history of the navy) is much more tension filled and exhilarating; the fight between *Constitution* versus *Guerriere*, well enough covered elsewhere, and the defense and loss of the sloop *Adams* on the Penobscot. This last I omitted as too lengthy. Otherwise I would have added it as well. The burning of the *Philadelphia* might have been elided also as too familiar and well known, but that Morris' account of the same is singularly detailed *and* colorful.

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...So short a time had then elapsed since the commencement of our Navy, that almost all the commissioned officers [i.e., in 1799-1800] had been appointed from the merchant service. Chronometers were unknown in the Navy; sextants were very rare, and their use still more so. The navigators who could ascertain the longitude by lunar observations were few in number, and the process of the calculations a mystery beyond ordinary attainments. It may be easily conceived that in such a school, even under the most favorable circumstances, little theoretical knowledge could be acquired by the midshipmen when embarked. That any should have been sought could hardly be expected, where no aid was given, and where the want of that knowledge was considered as no cause for reproach...²²⁸

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...For the greater part of this cruise I was stationed in the maintop, with Henry Wadsworth, from the other watch, as my associate. The duties which were then required of midshipmen were calculated to make them sooner and better acquainted with the details of a seaman's duty than the more relaxed system of later days.\*<sup>229</sup> Besides being obliged to take an active personal share in the ordinary duties, they were frequently exercised collectively in managing the sails and yards of the mizzenmast. By this training I learned something of practical duties, and by application, when leisure offered, I was able to keep up an ordinary journal, construct a chart, and mark upon it the ship's track.

The ship returned to Boston in March, 1801. Peace having been restored between the United States and France, the ships were recalled home, and preparations commenced for discharging their crews, placing them in ordinary, and reducing the officers to the numbers which had been designated for a peace establishment. While the ship was waiting for orders, leave was granted to me for an absence of a fortnight, of which I availed myself to visit my mother. I was recalled at the end of a week, as the ship had been ordered to Washington and would sail soon.

The ship was delayed by head-winds so that we did not reach Washington till late in May. We passed the frigate *United States* in the lower part of the Potomac. About 10 o'clock in the morning of a beautifully serene day, we passed Mount Vernon. Every one was on deck to look upon the dwelling where Washington had made his home. Mrs. Washington and others of the family could be distinguished in the portico which fronts the river. When opposite to the house, by order of Captain [James] Sever, the sails were lowered, the colors displayed half-masted, and a mourning salute of thirteen guns was fired as a mark of respect to the memory of Washington, whose life had so recently been closed, and whose tomb was in our view. The general silence on board the ship and around us, except when broken by the cannon's sound, the echo and re-echo of that sound from the near and distant hills, as it died away in the distance, the whole ship's company uncovered and motionless, and the associations connected with the ceremony, seemed to make a deep impression upon all, as they certainly did upon me. When the salute was finished the sails were again set, the colors hoisted, and we proceeded up the river. The frigate *New York* had preceded us, without saluting, but we found her grounded on the bar at the entrance of the eastern branch of the Potomac, and the *Congress*, passing her, was the first ship of war that reached what has since become the Navy yard at Washington. The frigates *New York* and *United States* joined us a few days afterwards.

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<sup>228</sup> *The Autobiography of Commodore Charles Morris, USN* (2002, U.S. Naval Institute Press edition), p. 8.

<sup>229</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version (and also found in the 2002 U.S. Naval Institute Press edition.)] \* It must be remembered that this was written about 1840.

After a visit to the ships by President Jefferson and the members of his cabinet, the crews were paid off and the ships dismantled. There was only one house at that time standing in the quarter of the city near the Navy yard. Tents were pitched and shanties erected among the bushes which covered the slope of the hill, by persons from Baltimore who came to supply the wants of the sailors. The "Six" and the "Seven" buildings, the shell of what was intended for a hotel, where the General Post-Office now stands, a low tavern on Pennsylvania Avenue, the President's House and its yard, enclosed with a rail fence, and the south wing of the Capitol, surrounded by building rubbish, were then the principal if not the only buildings in the city of Washington.<sup>230</sup>

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My father was retained till the following November, during which time he was employed in settling his accounts with the officers of the Treasury. Hitherto I had received the benefit of his supervision since I had joined the Navy. I was now to be separated from him and left to my own guidance. With a tolerable wardrobe and one hundred and fifty dollars, I was given to understand that I must thenceforward depend on my pay for support, unless misfortunes not occasioned by my own misconduct should render further assistance necessary. The full pay of a midshipman was then about two hundred and thirty dollars a year, and the furlough pay half that amount. Under the most favorable circumstances, rigid economy and abstinence from all pleasures which depended on expense were indispensable; and when on furlough, as I then was, the difficulties of preserving a decent appearance were of course greatly increased. Freedom from debt and the feeling of pecuniary independence consequent on such freedom, was a very early and a very strong desire with me, and has continued through life; and it has always been difficult for me to imagine a sufficient motive for any one to sacrifice that independence for any personal gratification not indispensable or health. This feeling naturally deprived me of many amusements in which my associates frequently indulged. I do not think, however, that my non-participation operated to my injury, even in their opinions, whilst in a manner it compelled me to seek other amusements attended with little or no expense. These I found in reading, for which I had retained my fondness, or when opportunity offered, in the society of families with whom I had formed an acquaintance, and thus slightly increased my too small store of knowledge, and acquired a little familiarity with the usages of society. Subsequent observation tended to confirm me in these courses. It was sufficiently apparent that those who wasted their time and money in the grosser gratifications of sense, or the idle display of vanity, neither acquired the confidence of their superiors, nor the respect of the generality of their acquaintances. Those, on the contrary, who sought to improve their minds, and to increase their professional and general knowledge; who showed a preference for respectable and intelligent, and especially for domestic society, -- hardly failed to inspire esteem, and to gain an interest with the worthy, which was not only a source of great present gratification, but at the same time strengthened all their better feelings and principles, and gave new and strong securities for their future good conduct. When I recur to the sad fate of many young men whom I have known to enter the Navy with bright hopes, fine talents, and without any marked vices, but who have been insensibly and gradually led by the example and persuasions of others into habits of expense, idle amusements, sensual indulgence, and eventual intemperance, to public disgrace and a miserable death, I cannot feel sufficiently grateful to that kind Providence which preserved me through the temptations of youth.²³¹

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On our passage from Gibraltar toward Malta, we met a British frigate, from which we learned the loss of the frigate *Philadelphia*, and the capture of her officers and crew by the Tripolines. This was a severe blow. The really efficient force of the squadron for all offensive operations against the city was diminished nearly one half, and the capture of so many of our people strengthened the means of the enemy to insist on terms of peace that would be more in his favor than he could otherwise have expected. When we arrived off Malta letters were sent out to the commodore [Edward Preble] from Captain [William]

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<sup>230</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 11-13.

<sup>231</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 14-15.

Bainbridge, which gave all the particulars of this sad disaster.\*<sup>232</sup> The ship proceeded to Syracuse, accompanied by the *Enterprise*, Lieutenant [Stephen] Decatur, which we had met near that place.

Arrangements were made for landing spare stores and provisions at this place, as the port of rendezvous for the squadron. Another midshipman and myself were placed in charge of these stores, and resided on shore. This employment was very agreeable, but not very advantageous. With no knowledge of the language or of the people, the pleasure as well as the improvement to be gained from social intercourse was very limited, whilst my separation from the ship diminished my opportunities for professional improvement. I endeavored to learn the language, but I was soon after recalled on board, under circumstances that again seemed to destroy my hopes of favor from the commodore. In the attendance to our shore duties, my companion and myself had agreed to take alternate days, during the absence of the squadron, which had proceeded off Tripoli. The commodore returned on a day when my companion should have been on the lookout; but he happened to neglect an early visit to the harbor, and the morning was well advanced when I accidentally discovered the arrival of the ship, and proceeded to receive orders. It so happened that the receipt of articles had been delayed in consequence of our neglect, and having first presented myself, the commodore neither asked nor waited for any excuses, but publicly ordered me to rejoin the ship immediately, as a punishment for my negligence. As my companion escaped all censure and was continued in his duties, I thought myself treated with injustice, and my feelings strongly prompted me to ask permission to leave the squadron; and if it could not be otherwise obtained, to leave the service. The better judgment of my uncle [shipboard secretary to Preble] and his persuasions induced me, however, to continue, and to hope for more favorable consideration; and I resumed my ordinary duties. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of this decision, and showed that the circumstances which, at the time, seemed most adverse to my interest were to contribute most essentially to my advantage...

A ketch which had been recently captured from the enemy, when on her way to Constantinople with a present of slaves and other articles for the Grand Vizier, was fitted to receive the persons who were specially selected for the enterprise. She was about sixty tons burden and was manned by sixty-four persons, of whom Lieutenant Stephen Decatur "had the command."\*<sup>233</sup> The brig *Siren*, Lieutenant [Charles] Stewart, was to accompany us, to assist with her boats and to receive the crew of the ketch (which had been named the *Intrepid*), in case of her destruction, which was considered probable. The officers were told to take only a single change of linen, and no time was allowed to prepare stores, as we embarked within an hour after receiving notice, and sailed immediately, on the evening of the 3rd of February, 1804. Combustibles had been previously prepared and placed in the vessel, with ship's provisions for two or three weeks' supply. A Maltese had also been obtained to accompany us as a pilot into the harbor, with which he was well acquainted. We arrived in sight of Tripoli about the 10th, but the wind was fresh from the westward, with strong indications of an approaching gale. After some consultation between the commanders, the vessels anchored under cover of the night near the entrance, and a boat was sent with the pilot to determine by observation if the entrance was practicable and safe, of which he had expressed strong doubts. To my surprise I was ordered to go with him. We went quite close to the entrance, where we found the surf breaking entirely across it; and my own opinion concurred with that of the pilot that no attempt ought to be made. It was, however, a severe trial to make such a report. I had heard many of the officers treat the doubts of the pilot as the offspring of apprehension, and the weather was not yet so decidedly boisterous as to render it certain that an attempt might not be made, notwithstanding our report. Should such be the case and should it succeed, the imputations upon the pilot might be repeated upon me, and, unknown as I was, might be the cause of my ruin in the estimation of my brother officers. My sense of duty and propriety, however, prevailed over these apprehensions, and my report was decidedly against any attempt to enter the harbor at that time, and sustained all the ejections of the pilot. These opinions were evidently received with much dissatisfaction by a majority, and with some murmurs, but the attempt was abandoned for the time, and the vessels weighed again to get beyond the view from the town before

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<sup>232</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version] \* The *Philadelphia* was maintaining alone the blockade of Tripoli, and on the 31st of October, while chasing a blockade-runner, she grounded on a shoal. In this situation she was attacked by a division of Tripolitan gunboats, and surrendered, being unable to offer any resistance.

<sup>233</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version] \* The officers of the *Intrepid* were Lieutenant Decatur, commanding; Lieutenants Lawrence, Joseph Bainbridge, and Thorn; Midshipmen McDonough, Izard, G. Morris, Laws, Davis, and Rowe; and Surgeon Heerman. The Maltese pilot, Salvatore Catalano, afterwards became a sailing-master in the Navy.

daylight. This was not done without some difficulty, as the gale increased rapidly. It continued for four or five days with great violence, and drove us considerably to the eastward, and at one time nearer the coast than was agreeable.

Our situation on board was far from comfortable. The commander, three lieutenants, and the surgeon occupied the very small cabin. Six midshipmen and the pilot had a platform laid on the water casks, whose surface they covered when they lay down for sleep, and at so small a distance below the deck that their heads would reach it when seated on the platform. The marines had corresponding accommodations on the opposite side, and the sailors had only the surface of the casks in the hold. To these inconveniences were added the want of any room on the deck for exercise, and the attacks of innumerable vermin, which our predecessors the slaves had left behind them. The provisions proved to be decayed and offensive. Fortunately our confinement did not continue long enough to affect our health or vigor.

On the morning of the 16th we again obtained sight of Tripoli, with light winds, pleasant weather, and a smooth sea, and stood in for the town. By arrangement the *Siren* kept far without us during the day, and her appearance had been so changed as to lull all suspicion of her being a vessel of war. The lightness of the wind allowed us to keep up all appearance of an anxious desire to reach the harbor before night, without bringing us too near to require any other change than the use of drags, which could not be seen from the city. All the crew were also kept below, excepting six or eight persons at a time, that suspicion might not be awakened by unusual numbers; and such as were visible were dressed as Maltese.

As the evening advanced our drags were taken in, so that we were within two miles of the eastern entrance at dark, the *Siren* being some three miles without us. The concerted arrangements were for the ketch to wait for the boats of the *Siren* to join us after dark, that they might accompany us to the attack; but as the sun descended the wind grew fainter, and there was good reason to apprehend that any delay in waiting for the boats might render it very difficult for the ketch to reach the ship. Decatur, therefore, determined to proceed without waiting, and accompanied his decision with the remark, "The fewer the number the greater the honor." One boat from the *Siren*, with six men, had joined us a few days before, and was still with us.

The final arrangements were now made, and the respective duties of the several officers, which had been previously allotted, were again specified and explained. The presumed number of our enemy was stated, and the necessity for our utmost exertions enjoined upon us. The watchword "Philadelphia" was issued, to be used as a means of recognition; and as we advanced into the harbor strict silence was enjoined and observed. The injunction, however, appeared to be unnecessary. No one seemed disposed to enter into conversation, but to be absorbed by his own reflections. My own thoughts were busy, now reverting to friends at home, now to the perils we were about to meet. Should I be able to justify the expectations of the former by meeting properly the dangers of the latter? How was I prepared for the death which might possibly be my fate? These, with others of a somber character, mixed with calculations to secure a prominent position when boarding, passed rapidly through my mind; and the minds of others were no doubt employed on similar subjects. The officers and crew were directed to conceal themselves as much as possible, excepting some six or eight. Most of the officers could be distinguished by their dress, and they required concealment more than the sailors. Fortunately, owing to the loss of some articles, which had been replaced by loan from the crew, my own dress corresponded to theirs, which enabled me to keep near Decatur, who I supposed would naturally be among the first to leave the ketch. The wind wafted us slowly into the harbor, the water was smooth, and the young moon gave light enough to distinguish prominent objects. One battery was passed, the *Philadelphia* was in view near several smaller vessels, and the white walls of the city and its batteries were before us. We steered directly for the frigate, and at last the anxious silence was broken by a hail from her, demanding our character and object. Then might be seen the eager movements of the heads of the officers and crew who were stretched on the deck, ready to leap forward at the word of their commander, but still resting in silence. A conversation was kept up between the frigate and the ketch through our pilot, acting under the dictation of Decatur. We alleged the loss of our anchors during the last gale, which was true, as a reason for wishing to make fast to the frigate till morning, and permission was obtained; but just as the ketch was about coming in contact with the frigate the wind shifted, blowing lightly directly from the frigate, and it left us at rest abeam and about twenty yards from

her.

This was a moment of great anxiety. We were directly under her guns, motionless and powerless, except by exertions which might betray our character. The *Siren's* boat was, however, in tow, and was leisurely manned, and took a rope to make fast to the ship. She was met by a boat with another rope, when both were united, and each boat returned to its vessel. This rope was passed along the deck and hauled upon by the crew as they lay stretched upon it, and the vessels gradually brought nearer each other. When nearly in contact the suspicions of the enemy appeared to be aroused, and the cry of "Americanos!" resounded through the ship. In a moment we were near enough, and the order "Board!" was given; and with this cry our men were soon on the decks of the frigate. The surprise had been complete; there was no time for any preparation, and the enemy made scarcely a show of resistance. A few were killed, one was made prisoner, and the remainder leaped overboard and probably reached their cruisers which were anchored near the ship. In less than twenty minutes the ship had been carried, the combustibles distributed and set on fire, and all our party again on board the ketch.

[The<sup>234</sup> plan of attack prescribed by our commander was for united action to obtain possession of the ship, with the exception of a boat to intercept communication to the shore, and for the surgeon and a few men to secure the ketch to the ship. When possession was secured, each lieutenant, with a midshipman and specified men, was to receive a portion of the prepared combustibles, and distribute them in designated parts of the berth-deck and in the forward store-rooms, and a smaller party under a midshipman to do the same in the cockpit, and there await orders to set fire, that all might be done at the same time and give all a chance for safe retreat. The party for the cockpit was assigned to my charge. My object in keeping near Lieutenant Decatur, when we were approaching the ship, was that by watching his actions, I could be governed by these rather than by his orders when the boarding should take place. It was well that this course was taken, for Decatur had leaped to the main chain plates of the frigate, before the order to board was given. I had leaped with him, and, probably more favored by circumstances, was able to reach the deck by the time he had gained the rail. The enemy were already leaping over the opposite side and made no resistance; but Decatur, under the supposition that he was first on board, was about to strike me, when I accidentally turned and stayed his uplifted arm by the watchword and mutual recognition. On my way to my station, after examining the cabin, and when passing forward, we met again under similar circumstances. Passing through the wardroom, which I found deserted, I awaited in the cockpit the men who had gone for the combustibles. These were so delayed that we had none when the order was given to set fire; but, as they came a moment after, they were distributed, and fire communicated before we left our station. In the mean time the fire on the deck above us had communicated, so rapidly that it was with no small difficulty and danger that our party reached the spar-deck by the forward hatchways. All the others had already rejoined the ketch, except Decatur, who remained on the rail till all others were on board; and the bow of the ketch had already swung off from the ship when he joined us by leaping into the rigging of the ketch.]

By great exertions, the two vessels were separated before the fire, which was pouring from the ports of the ship, enveloped the ketch also. Up to this time the ships and batteries of the enemy had remained silent, but they were now prepared to act: and when the crew of the ketch gave three cheers in exultation of their success, they received the return of a general discharge from the enemy. The confusion of the moment probably prevented much care in their direction, and, though under the fire of nearly a hundred pieces for half an hour, the only shot which struck the ketch was one through the topgallant sail. We were in greater danger from the ship, whose broadside commanded the passage by which we were retreating, and whose guns were loaded and were discharged as they became heated. We escaped these also, and while urging the ketch onwards with sweeps, the crew were commenting upon the beauty of the spray thrown up by the shot between us and the brilliant light of the ship, rather than calculating any danger that might be apprehended from the contact. The appearance of the ship was indeed magnificent. The flames in the interior illuminated her ports and, ascending her rigging and masts, formed columns of fire, which, meeting the tops, were reflected into beautiful capitals; whilst the occasional discharge of her guns gave an idea of some directing spirit within her. The walls of the city and its batteries, and the masts and

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<sup>234</sup> [Editor note. This paragraph, in the original, actually *follows* the next one. I transpose it here from that location, however, for purposes, in my opinion, of improved continuity to the story; also adding brackets to bring attention to this change.]



rigging of cruisers at anchor, brilliantly illuminated, and animated by the discharge of artillery, formed worthy adjuncts and an appropriate background to the picture. Favored by a light breeze our exertions soon carried us beyond the range of their shot, and at the entrance of the harbor we met the boats of the Siren, which had been intended to cooperate with us, whose crews rejoiced at our success, whilst they grieved at not having been able to participate in it.<sup>235</sup>

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The winter of 1810-11 was passed with the *President* and *Congress* in the harbor of New London. Captain Hull was absent a considerable part of the time, which devolved some additional duties upon me, but as we had but little other employment than the usual gun exercises, I found time to make a tolerable survey and chart of the harbor with the imperfect instruments at my command. After a short cruise on the eastern part of the coast and a visit to Boston, the ship proceeded to Chesapeake bay, in May 1811, and anchored off Annapolis, ready to receive on board Mr. Barlow and convey him as our envoy and minister to France.²³⁶ August arrived before we were joined by Mr. Barlow and his family, composed of Mrs. Barlow and her sister, Mrs. Baldwin.

A pleasant passage enabled us to land them at Cherbourg in September. The ship soon proceeded off the Texel, where we landed specie as payment of part of the public debt due in Holland. On our return a few days were passed in the Downs, where the British naval officers were civil. After another short detention at Cherbourg the ship took [American ambassador] Mr. [Jonathan] Russell to England as Chargé d'affaires...²³⁷

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Paris at that period contained many of the masterpieces of art which had formerly been the pride of different nations, and which were soon to be restored by the same chances of war that had enabled Napoleon to collect them. The examination of these occupied many of the hours at my disposal. Mr. Barlow had many acquaintances among the distinguished residents of the city, besides those who visited him in consequence of his official situation. Through his kindness his house was always open to me, and I met many persons there who were no less interesting from their personal character than from the distinguished position they had formerly held in society. It was there that I first met La Fayette, who frequently passed a quiet evening at the house, referring with Mr. and Mrs. Barlow to scenes and persons connected with our own revolution and that of France, which excited deep interest in those who had the good fortune to be present. Here also, among many others, were assembled the "Belle et Bonne" of Voltaire, Madame Villette,<sup>238</sup> the Archbishop of Paris, Grégoire, Marbois, and General Kosciusko, the soldier and advocate of liberty in both hemispheres. Kosciusko, like La Fayette, was then residing in the country near Paris, in great retirement, out of favor with the government, if not under surveillance, and entered very little into society, where there were few who sympathized with him in their feelings and opinions, or where any expression of them could be made without danger. At Mr. Barlow's they found safety and sympathy, and other inducements which frequently brought them to his domestic circle. My introduction to Kosciusko was unexpected, and his manner made a strong impression on me. Mrs. Barlow and myself were sitting in the parlor on a dark, stormy day, when the servant announced a person whose name was not distinctly heard. He was followed into the room by a small man, in an old brown overcoat,

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<sup>235</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 23-30.

<sup>236</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version] \* Joel Barlow, the well-known author of the *Columbiad* and the *Vision of Columbus*. Barlow had served as a chaplain during the Revolution. From 1788 to 1805 he was in France and in England, occupied with various political and financial schemes, in the latter of which he made a large fortune. Part of the time he was Consul of the United States at Algiers and Tripoli. He was appointed Minister to France in 1811, and gained a reputation for considerable diplomatic ability. He died in December, 1812, in Poland, having been sent for by the Emperor, then on his Russian campaign.

<sup>237</sup> *Ibid.* p. 46.

<sup>238</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version] \* Reine Philibert de Varicourt, Marquise de Villette, born 1757, died at Paris in 1822. She was the adopted daughter of Mme. Denis, and lived at Ferney, in Voltaire's household, until her marriage in 1777 to Charles, Marquis de Villette. Her husband was an active member of the Girondin party, and only his ill health saved him from proscription. He died in 1793. Madame Villette passed more than a year in prison, and after her liberation devoted the rest of her life to works of benevolence. [Edit. Note. -- Remaining footnotes in this particular section pertaining to other persons enumerated on this list are here omitted.]

who immediately rushed to Mrs. Barlow and gave her an embrace which was cordially returned. Both seemed to be greatly excited, and for some time I stood an unnoticed spectator. At last Mrs. Barlow presented me to the general, as an American officer, which gained me also an embrace, and the expression of his gratification at having once more met with one. Then laying both hands upon my head, he invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon me, with great fervor and solemnity, to my no small astonishment and confusion.

Although I had seen Napoleon tolerably near when he occasionally reviewed troops in the Carrousel, my desire was great to see him more nearly still. This desire was at last gratified under very favorable circumstances. The Emperor and the imperial family received all the foreign diplomatic corps and the great officers of the Empire, on the 1st of January, 1812. The foreign ministers had the privilege of presenting their countrymen on this occasion, and with several other Americans I accompanied Mr. Barlow. The diplomatic corps and their countrymen assembled about 11 A.M., in a large hall on the lower floor of the palace of the Tuileries, where coffee and other slight refreshments were served. About noon they were notified to proceed to the hall of the throne. Ascending the grand staircase between the line of the guards, every step having one at each end, we were conducted through a hall in which the city authorities were assembled, another containing the general officers of the Army and Navy and civil officers of corresponding ranks, and a third containing the Marshals and other superior dignitaries of the Empire and high officers of the household; this opened to the hall of the throne. The throne was at the farthest extremity. The Emperor stood near it, and at a short distance his grand chamberlain and one or two others. Our procession entered slowly and ranged itself rather on one side of the hall, the ambassador entitled to precedence near the head of the hall, and the others in succession, each having his suite near him, and a small space between each suite to keep them distinct. A few minutes after the arrangement was completed, the Emperor advanced to the ambassador highest in rank, Prince Schwartzberg from Austria, and addressed a few remarks to him, after which the strangers of that embassy were presented. The same course was pursued with each separate legation, and occupied from three to five minutes with each. When the Emperor had thus received all, he returned slowly along the line, returning the salutations of the different legations as he passed, but without conversing with any excepting with the Americans. When opposite to Mr. Barlow, he observed, "I perceive the English government has returned the seamen formerly taken from one of your ships of war," (news of which had been received a few days before); to which Mr. Barlow replied, "Yes, Sire, and in a manner honorable to our country." With a peculiar smile and a slight toss of the head, he rejoined, "So long as you do not injure the commerce or the revenue of England, you may do whatever besides that you may choose with her," and passed on. Having resumed his station near the throne, he bowed low to the assemblage, upon which they retired, keeping their faces towards him till they had reached the door of exit, when they returned to the hall where they had assembled...

...The great object of interest in this varied and brilliant scene was Napoleon himself; but it is difficult to describe his appearance and the expression of his countenance, or the impression which they made upon my mind. In height he was about five feet, eight inches. He had already exchanged the slight and slender figure of the conqueror of Italy for a ful[li]ness which verged closely upon corpulency. His movements were slow, but easy and dignified: the expression of his face generally grave and composed, the upper portion indicating deep thought, and the mouth and lower part, firmness and decision. His eyes were dark, clear, and penetrating, but without much brilliancy; and their motion was slow when passing from one object to another. His smile gave an agreeable and amiable expression to his face, which could hardly have been expected from its generally cold and fixed character; but a smile seemed to be of rare occurrence, as it only appeared for the moment when he last addressed Mr. Barlow. On this occasion he was not, as usual, in uniform, but dressed in velvet coat and breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, shoes, and white cravat of lace, and carried a hat in his hand, with one side turned up, secured by a loop which supported a drooping white ostrich feather, and ornamented by a single diamond of great size and brilliancy.

The hilt of his small sword and the buttons of his coat, and the knee and shoe buckles were set with diamonds. The general character of his dress was in good taste, expensive but free from all gaudiness, and, compared with that of the officers of the court, appeared remarkable for its simplicity.<sup>239</sup>

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<sup>239</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 49-52, 53.

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The remote cause [of the United States naval victories in the war of 1812], as it appeared to me, was to be found in the confidence of our enemy and in the [i.e., their perceived] distrust of ourselves to contend successfully against them: in the neglect of careful exercise, which resulted from the enemy's confidence, resting on former success; and, on our part, in the unwearied attention of our officers to devise and bring into daily exercise every improvement which might increase the chances of success against a Navy, to which we might soon be opposed as an enemy, and upon which there were so many injuries and insults to be avenged for the honor of our country. This expectation and feeling were of general, almost of universal, prevalence among our officers, and led them to a unity of purpose and action which could not fail of producing important results.

Their number was so small that each knew almost every other, and there was scarcely a feeling of unworthy jealousy, though much of generous emulation, among those of corresponding ranks. To these advantages may be added the greater resources of our seamen than is usual with those of other nations. Many of our seamen have acquired trades before they begin their maritime pursuits, and, in case of necessity, carpenters, smiths, and others, are to be found in numbers among our crews, who can render most valuable aid in repairing damages; which could only be done in other services by the few who are usually specially provided for such purposes.

But the great source of our success was undoubtedly the superior management and direction of our guns; and that the English and other governments were satisfied of this is sufficiently evident by the careful attention they have since continued to give to this branch of the naval service.²⁴⁰

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Mr. S. L. Southard succeeded Mr. Thompson as Secretary of the Navy, in December, 1823. In the summer of 1824 the Secretary and the Board of Navy Commissioners made an official visit to Erie, Sackett's Harbor, and Whitehall, at which places the vessels on lakes Erie, Ontario, and Champlain had been collected and left, after the peace of 1815. The vessels were found to be much decayed, many of them sunk in shallow water, and the perishable articles of stores no longer of much value. The journey was extended down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and from Whitehall to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and thence to Boston and New York and Philadelphia, on our return towards Washington.

The sale of all the vessels and perishable stores was recommended, excepting the ships-of-the-line, which had been begun and were still on the stocks, at and near Sackett's Harbor. This was soon after authorized and carried into effect and the ordnance sent to the Navy yard at New York. The further employment of officers on the lake stations was discontinued. Recommendations were made by the Board for an extension of the Navy yards at New York and Norfolk, and it was advised that plans for the future improvement of all the yards should be proposed and approved, after which no deviations from them should be permitted, without the executive sanction. Information was collected and reported to Congress, and published by their order, in order to disseminate [sic] knowledge in regard to water-rotting hemp and flax, in the hope of rendering ourselves independent of the foreign "articles. The form and arrangement of the annual estimates were changed so as to show separately the expense of the shore establishments, and of the ships and active force of the Navy. This arrangement diminished the heads of appropriation and still exhibited the expenditures fully and clearly. By much exertion the Board succeeded in preventing any further advances to contractors, which had hitherto been clone, in a few cases, by the order of the Executive, from some of which danger of loss had occurred.

When it was determined to return La Fayette to France in a public ship the President [John Quincy Adams] thought proper to select me for the command. It was his desire that I should perform this duty without resigning my situation as a Navy Commissioner, to which, in his opinion, there was no legal objection. The designation for this duty, under the circumstances of the time, could not be otherwise than flattering to me, and was accepted with pleasure. I believed, however, that the exercise of the military

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<sup>240</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 65-66.

duties of a captain, whilst holding a district commission of a civil character, would be exceedingly disagreeable to the feelings of the officers, even if legal. This belief was made known to the President and it was stated that I should feel bound to resign the commissionership, as soon as orders should be given to command the ship, to which he made no further objection.\*<sup>241</sup>

The *Brandywine* had been named, launched and equipped for this special service, the officers had been selected, so that there should be at least one from each state, and, when practicable, descendants of persons distinguished in the Revolution. The preparations were made by the first lieutenant and the officers of the yard, and I only took command on the first of September, two days before the general, his son, and his suite embarked at the mouth of the Potomac. He was accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy, and many other public officers from Washington, and met by a large party from Baltimore. A collation was prepared on board for our numerous guests, at which many speeches appropriate to the occasion were made, and the parting wishes of the general and guests were reciprocated. The next morning we stood down the bay, and to sea with a favorable wind. A few hours after the pilot had left us, it was found that the ship was leaking rapidly. This was not more unexpected than unpleasant. To take the general back to any of our ports after he had taken a formal leave of the country would place every one in an awkward position, but to expose him and others to any serious hazard by continuing our course was a serious responsibility. It was impossible at the moment to ascertain the precise cause of the leak, but from some experiments it was evidently effected by the greater or less velocity of the ship's motion. As it was under control by the pumps it was determined to proceed, especially as La Fayette was unwilling to return except from actual necessity. It soon became evident that the leak was caused by the oakum working out of the seams of the ship's sides. The weather and sea, for nearly the whole passage, caused the ship to roll so deep, that it was exceedingly difficult to apply any remedy, but as the planks gradually swelled from immersion, the leak gradually diminished.

Our passage was from these and other causes rendered very uncomfortable, and it was only on two days that the general was able to join us at dinner, or to visit the deck. In the early part of the passage he suffered from sea-sickness, and the gout affected him considerably afterwards. This was much regretted, for, besides the discomforts, we were deprived of most of the pleasure which had been anticipated from the society of the general, and the hope of listening to his reminiscences of some of the interesting scenes and persons connected with his eventful life. My own health, which had never been perfectly restored since 1818, had become seriously impaired by a chronic affection of the liver, and consequent irritability of the stomach, which rendered me unable to do much towards the entertainment of our guest, or to become acquainted with the officers. We arrived off Havre in October, and, upon communicating with our consul, found that no objection existed to the landing of La Fayette. This had been supposed possible, as it was known that he was even more obnoxious to the Bourbon than to the Imperial government. The éclat of his reception and treatment in the United States, it was thought, might render the government unwilling to receive him again, lest his influence should excite movements dangerous to the monarchy. Should such have been the case, and permission for him to land have been refused, I was authorized to use the ship to convey him to any other part of the world that he might select.

The morning after our arrival, the wife and children of George La Fayette, M. Lasteyrie, the son-in-law of La Fayette, and his children, came on board to meet the general and his son, and, after passing a few hours, they all returned together to the shore. Before leaving the ship the general was requested to ask for anything he might desire to take with him, when he requested the flag of the ship, under which he was received on board, and which he was about to leave. To this he subsequently added a few articles, that lie might give an American dinner to the inmates of La Grange. He left the ship under a major-general's salute, and three hearty cheers from the ship's company. As the object of my command was merely to see the general to France, the command was relinquished to the first lieutenant, and I accompanied La Fayette

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<sup>241</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version] \* The following entry appears in the diary of President J. Q. Adams, under date of July 9, 1825; "Southard, S. N., again with Captain Morris, who is willing to command the frigate to take General La Fayette to France, and there give the ship to the next officer, to proceed with her to the Mediterranean, to be there commanded by Captain Patterson. But Morris thinks he ought to resign his seat at the Navy Board, and he wishes to have a term of six months allowed him to visit the naval establishments of France and England and to witness the latest improvements in naval architecture. I advised him at all events to go, and said we would consider further with regard to his resignation."

to the shore, and for a short time became his guest, as he had been mine. Captain Read, of the Navy, who was a passenger in the ship, was also of the party.

The party dined that day with a liberal deputy to the Chambers from the city, and on the following morning partook of a déjeuner, with a large party, at the residence of the United States consul, on the heights above the town. About noon the family of General La Fayette, Captain Read, and myself, left the city for Paris, and on passing the gates we found a large party, in carriages and on horseback, who had assembled to compliment La Fayette, by escorting him for some distance on his way. At the end of a league, the escort halted, and the gentlemen composing it dismounted, as did La Fayette and his suite. An address was made in behalf of the citizens, to which he responded in his usual felicitous manner, and the parties separated after the general's carriage had been nearly filled with bouquets of flowers and immortelles, by the ladies who had joined the cavalcade in carriages.

A late dinner was taken in a small village on the way to Rouen, at which the landlord contrived a compliment to La Fayette. The dessert plates had upon them representations of scenes in our revolutionary struggle, and he placed for the general that having for its subject the storming of the English redoubts at Yorktown. The next clay was passed at Rouen, where another deputy of the liberal party assembled a number of the political friends of La Fayette to meet him. Though all proper precautions were taken to avoid producing any public excitement, the street near the house where we dined was thronged with people during the evening, who at last began to cheer La Fayette, as a call for his presence in the balcony. This was delayed for some time, but finally acceded to for the purpose of thanking them and recommending their immediate separation to prevent any excuse for the interference of the police. The effect, however, was unfavorable. The cheers increased, and the mounted police, who had been prepared, and stationed near, moved down the street in a body, and compelled all to retire before them. A few persons were injured, and much excitement created, but with no other consequences. The party separated immediately as all pleasure had been destroyed.

At Saint Germain we separated. George La Fayette went to Paris, with Captain Read and myself, and the general and his family proceeded directly to La Grange, at which place we joined him about a week later.

The residence of La Fayette was a part of the estates which formerly belonged to the family of Madame La Fayette, and contains about seven hundred acres. The dwelling is an ancient structure, forming three sides of a square, with a round tower at each corner, of which about one half projects beyond the sides of the building. Although one side is open, and the entrance to the dwelling is on the inner side of one of the wings, the passage to the entrance is through the side opposite to it, and would lead to the supposition that the building formerly had all its sides closed. The walls of the building were five or six feet thick, and its whole appearance and character plain and strong, without airy attempt at ornament.

The family and guests numbered about twenty-five while we were there. They assembled at breakfast at about ten, at which nearly an hour passed. They then separated, each making such arrangements as might be most agreeable till dinner, which was served at five. About an hour was passed at table, from which all went to the drawing-room, and passed the evening in conversation. At ten tea was served, after which the guests retired at pleasure, and by eleven the rooms were vacant. At the request of La Fayette, I sat to [Ary] Scheffer for a portrait, of which a copy was also made by him, and sent by the general to my wife. The likeness was completed at a single sitting of about four hours.\*<sup>242</sup>

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<sup>242</sup> [Footnote in the Naval Institute 1880 *Proceedings* version] \* The heliotype which appears as the frontispiece of this book is from the original portrait by Ary Scheffer, presented by La Fayette to Mrs. Morris. The following passage, which occurs in a letter of La Fayette, found among the Morris papers, may be of interest in this connection.

Lagrange, January 1, 1827.

"I hope, my dear friend, your portrait sent so long ago is at last arrived at its destination. The copy at La Grange has been in the hands of Scheffer to give it that share of color and counterpoint which you had brought from your coasting journey, so as to become similar to that in possession of Mrs. Morris. It faces the Brandywine flag.

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Let me hear from you, my dear Commodore, and believe me forever your affectionate obliged friend,  
LA FAYETTE.

After a visit of three days, which was rendered very agreeable by the kindness of the family and the society of other interesting persons, we returned to Paris.

My instructions required me, after having seen La Fayette safely landed, to visit the dockyards of France and England, for the purpose of collecting any information that might be deemed useful, in forming plans for the permanent improvement of our Navy yards, or for any other branch of the naval establishment.

A few weeks were spent in Paris, visiting some of the many objects of interest which are collected there, and in forming acquaintances with, and obtaining information from, some of the officers connected with the central administration of the Navy...<sup>243</sup>

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<sup>243</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 106-111.

# THE GLORY OF COLUMBIA, *HER YEOMANRY* (1803) by William Dunlap

"General Washington. Those redoubts must be carried this day. By agreement with general Rochambeau, one shall be attacked by the troops under his command, while at the same moment the other must be carried by my americans. I say carried, for to doubt the event would be treason to my country."

~ "The Glory of Columbia," Act V, scene 1.

Painter, playwright, biographer, historian, and more, William Dunlap (1766-1839), originally hailing from New Jersey and son of a Loyalist and former British army officer, easily ranks as the pinnacle of artistic and literary versatility in the time of the early Republic. And no history of either the painting, *or* theater, *or* literature of that period can be taken as thorough and complete without due consideration of his contributions in these diverse fields. One might, for example, relate the story of early American stage drama in an informed way and with frequent reference to him without being obliged to relate, or even knowing, what he achieved elsewhere as, say, a painter or biographer. Yet, paradoxically and despite the broad scope of his talent and brilliance, outside professional scholars and specialists he is a relatively obscure figure to just about everyone else.

The reasons for this are not too hard to determine, however. There were more famous and better American painters of his era. His chronicle and encyclopedia of American painters and sculptors, *A History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States* (1834), and his *A History of the American Theater* (1832)<sup>244</sup> are likely to only attract researchers in those two particular areas of study. Similarly, his biography of intimate friend Charles Brockden Brown most usually will draw only the attention of those interested in its subject. Meanwhile, though marvelously varied in his abilities, naturally gifted, inspired, imaginative, and perspicacious, he was not a consummate master in any of his projects; perhaps, indeed, because he did and tried to do *so* much. But to his credit, he was energetic, ever growing, ever learning, just like the new nation itself.

As well, he was, and is, diverting and enjoyable if we don't insist on unqualified perfection. Our present topic concerns his stage play and musical "The Glory of Columbia" (1803), and that serves as an excellent illustration of what I mean. In the first part of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, it was among the top most popular American theater productions, and today it is not hard to see why. It overflows with variety – pathos, comedy, songs, action and stage spectacle. And yet beneath the loud and brash surface, the play has a visionary subtlety, and in its shades and delineations of characters and events it manages to touches on feelings and ideas that sound profoundly and deeply. Occurrences and dialogue sometimes have the uncanny subliminal effect and resonance that we later recall with striking vibrancy; much akin to how we might remember vivid portions of a yet overall foggy dream we had in our sleep. That such only take place in parts, rather than in also the work as a whole, is one explanation of why Dunlap fell short of coming to be known as a *full fledged* genius. Yet, this allowed, true genius is nonetheless clearly there in its germ and inception.

"Glory" is built over and around Dunlap's 1798 "André: a Tragedy," and in fact contains whole and extended excerpts from the latter play. Because "André" was *too* sympathetic to its subject and at the expense of domestic patriotism, it met with much disapproval in American audiences. Among other things in it, Dunlap is a bit unreasonable to the Americans. It is made to seem as if the onus of André's demise fell solely on Gen. Washington's decision to have him executed. Yet absolutely no reference is made in the play to Sir Henry Clinton's refusal to exchange Arnold for André. In other words, Clinton might have saved André just as well as Washington; had he wanted enough to do so. Also, it is a trifle absurd and more than naïve to think André wasn't courting the kind of danger he ended up finding himself in by trafficking with Arnold.

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<sup>244</sup> Chapter 21 of this work includes Dunlap's own biography of himself as playwright and stage producer; while chapters 13, 14, and 15 of his art history, though repeating much of what is said in the one on the theater, has his autobiography as painter.

In any event, it was clear that for American audiences of the time “André” simply would not do. Today, however, it is usually presented as Dunlap’s greatest stage work; while the far more popular “Glory” is relegated to a more trivial status. This, I believe, is a mistake and much to be regretted. For “Glory” is more effective as all around entertainment than “André” is credible as a tragedy. The former, with its color and diversity, has something for most everyone; while the latter suffers a lack of realism that at times risks the drama’s becoming maudlin and melodramatic. This last is not the fault of the actual André, whose death was genuinely lamented, at the time, by some American as well as British officers, but rather in the inauthentic, highly stylized, and to some degree fictitious portrayal of him. True, there is some fine poetry and interesting psychological characterizations in the tragedy, but “Glory” still is by far the superior *show*.

What follows here is the *complete* text of “The Glory of Columbia” as found in the 1817 printing.<sup>245</sup> For to present it otherwise and only in excerpts simply does and will not do the play the justice it deserves.

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THE GLORY OF COLUMBIA

HER YEOMANRY

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP, ESQ.

WITH SONGS, DUETS, &C.

NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,
At the Dramatic Repository,
Shakespeare-Gallery.

May-1817.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

General Washington  
Arnold  
Andre  
Bland  
Melville  
Williams  
Paulding  
Van Vert<sup>246</sup>  
Dennis O’Bogg  
British officer  
1<sup>st</sup> english soldier  
2d do.  
3d do.  
1<sup>st</sup> american soldier

<sup>245</sup> Transcribed and copied virtually verbatim, including sometimes odd spellings, un-uniform abbreviations, and irregular capitalizations for many beginning of sentences and proper names.

<sup>246</sup> The historical person in question’s name was actually written “Van Wert,” but in Dunlap’s re-spelling the correct pronunciation is maintained.



Two children.

Mrs. Bland  
Honora  
Sally Williams

ACT I.

SCENE I. – *a wild landscape near West Point, with a distant view of the Hudson – a british ship lying at anchor – moonlight.*

*enter general Arnold.*

*Arn.* What is the conflict of contending hosts, the din of battle, or the smart of wounds, to this internal war? this raging contest of opposing thoughts, discordant interests, tumultuous passions striving to o'er power the voice of struggling conscience. Avaunt tormenting phantoms! I must fly from real evil. The pressing creditor whose clamors will not cease at sight of scars received in honor's field – the prison where forgotten lies the soldier whose valor made the coward free who holds him as a slave. Gold! I must have thee! idol of mankind! I must have gold – else will my well earned name and gallant service nought avail me. Perish the public good! My private welfare henceforth be my aim! (*a boat is seen putting off from the ship and landing, afterwards returning*) see where the tempter comes! I am resolved – Andre, you shall not come in vain.

*enter David Williams*

*Wil.* A packet sir; the captain of the guard is waiting at your quarters and with him the messenger who brought those letters.

*Arn. (reads)* From the commander in chief!

*Wil.* I may as well break my mind to him by moonshine as sunshine: as my mother used to say “of all the four-and-twenty hours *now* is the best hour for business.”

*Arnold.* So soon! why then we must be quick! Fate urges me on. In two days Washington arrives. I am superseded in command and the power of doing this stupendous good, or ill, is wrested from me. Tis well Andre will soon be here.

*Will.* General! I have been sometime back waiting to break my mind to you.

*Arnold.* Speak freely, honest Williams.

*Will.* Why I always does that, you know, because I take it, it's what a man has a right to do, always saving respect to one's officers. And so, I'm not satisfied.

*Arnold.* Are you dissatisfied with the service?

*Will.* Yes, if you please, sir, I am.

*Arnold.* And why – what does this fellow mean? what do you wish?

*Will.* To quit. To change again.

*Arnold.* Would you go home?

*Will.* No.

*Arnold.* Are you tired of being a soldier?

*Will.* No, sir, it's not that.

*Arnold.* Why sure you would not – (*pause*) change would you join the enemy?

*Will.* Me! *me* join the enemy! an't my name David Williams? an't I a Jersey man? an't I an american!

*Arnold.* What would the fellow say?

*Will.* The man who would give up one inch of this soil to the invader, much more join against his country-men, must have such a heart as I would never button under my jacket! What a traitor? I?

*Arnold.* Did you not say you were dissatisfied with the service?

*Will.* My *present* service. I don't like any longer being a waiter, sir; I want to go in the ranks again that's all. I hope I shall never desert my country's service come what will o' the wind, I guess I shall never be a slinker or a turncoat.

*Arnold.* What do you wish fellow?

*Will.* I hope, no offense, your honor.

*Arnold.* Offence! what is it to me? (*agitated*)

*Will.* All that I mean is, I don't relish being a waiter, for though it may be kind of a left-handed promotion to tend a general, some how or other I'd rather handle my musket in the ranks and feel more like a – like a man.

*Arnold.* You entered my service willingly.

*Will.* Yes! I saw you fight bravely; I saw you wounded; I would have died for you; I wanted to help and nurse you; but now, now, I – you can do without me, and I had rather stand among my comrades again.

*Arnold.* You shall have your wish. Leave me.

*Will.* Yes, your honor (*aside*) Yes, it's time to leave you, you don't look like the man that fought by the side of Montgomery and Gates; it's time to leave you. [*exit*]

*Arnold.* Curse on the honest clown, he gave me a foretaste of the time when every thing of upright heart will shun me! torture! – no matter – hell do thy work! Now to the rendezvous, and seal with Britain the downfall of my country. [*exit*]

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SCENE II – *the camp – morning.*

enter WILLIAMS.

Will. So I be from brushing coats and blacking boots! dang it, pretty employment for a soldier! I be nation glad to part from the general; for certain he is changed dreadfully since I took him [*sic*] to serve him. Now 'fore I turn into the ranks again, I'll go and see how old father do, and Sall, and the pigs, and the cow; and then back again and shoulder my gun till no color is seen this side the water but blue.

SONG – WILLIAMS.

When the skies are o'ercast,

And the clouds seem to brew;
We may hope it won't last,
If we spy up above,
In the regions of Jove,
But the hope-giving sight of a bit of the blue.

II

Sure the time is not far,
If my heart augurs true,
When the red clouds of war
Shall our hemisphere fly,
And nought meet the eye
But one wide-spreading canopy, all of true blue.

enter Sally, with a basket of fruit.

Sal. Young man can you tell abody, if one David Williams is in camp?

Will. Why Sal! sister Sally, is it you?

Sal. David! o, David, I'm glad to see you.

Will. (kisses her) So am I to see you, but not here. I was just a coming home to see father and all – how does he?

Sal. Pure well! See I have brought you a basket of fruit. Why didn't you write, David, to tell us all about it?

Will. Why dang it some how or other I'm no dab at a pen: my fist be made for a gun or a pitchfork, I believe. But what brought you here?

Sal. Why first, David, I wanted to see you, and then I wanted to see the parading, and soldiers, and officers and such – for you know, David –

Will. Yes! I know better nor you know and so –

Sal. But come now let's go see camp a bit brother.

Will. Stop a bit, sister.

Sal. What's the matter?

Will. You're too pretty by half. While I have any interest in a petticoat I'll keep it out of camp.

Sal. But Lord, brother, this is our own camp, you know. All friends –

Will. And nation friendly fellows you'll find 'em. No, no, all camps are alike for that. If I had twenty brothers I should wish them all here under arms; but for a sister, a cow yard is better than a camp, and a milk-pail easier borne than an ill-name. Petticoats at home, say I.

Sal. Well, well, David, you know best; being a soldier yourself, you know the tricks of them. You'll go home with me, won't you?

Will. I will. Let me just run to yon tent and fetch my sidearms, for you know what foraging and thieving parties, I may happen to have use for them, and I think a few shouldn't take you from me. [*exit*]

Sal. Well, brother must have his own way, but I have a dreadful mind to see the officers, and soldiers, and guns, and fortifications; and yet what has a woman to do with them? I don't know. I believe we have a natural propensity to be meddling with what don't belong to us.

SONG AND DUET.

Sal. When a woman hears the sound
Of the drum and fife
How her little heart will bound
With a double life.
Rub a dub, rub a dub,
And a too, too, too,
Are the merry, merry sounds that will women woo.

re-enter WILLIAMS, with belt and sword on.

Will. When a man shall hear the sound
Of the drum and fife
How his swelling heart will bound
For the coming strife
Rub a dub, rub a dub,
And a too, too, too,
Are the spirit-stirring sounds that the foe shall rue.

Both. When the sound of the drum
And the fife shall cease
And the blessing shall come
Of a glorious peace,
Rub a dub, rub a dub,
And a too, too, too,
They shall still keep in mind what to valor is due. [*exeunt*]

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SCENE III – *a chamber.*

*enter mrs. BLAND.*

*Mrs. B.* Ever be this day a festival in my domestic calendar – this morn will see my husband free. Even now, perhaps, 'ere yet Aurora flies the eastern hills shunning the sultry sun, my Bland embarks. Already on the Hudson's dancing wave, he chides the sluggish hours or supplicates the gals propitious, that his eager arms may clasp his wife, may bless his little ones. – Oh how the tide of joy makes my heart bound, glowing with high and ardent expectation!

*enter two children.*

*1<sup>st</sup> child.* Here I am, mamma, up and dressed already.

*Mrs. B.* And why were you so early?

*1<sup>st</sup> child.* Why did you not tell me that papa was to be home today?

*Mrs. B.* We have no power to speak of certainties. And tho' we oft times believe certain that which most we wish, such confidence only leads to disappointment and grief. I do not like "perhap's" more than you do.

*2<sup>nd</sup> child.* Oh, don't say so, mamma, for I'm sure I hardly ever ask you any thing, but you answer me with "may be so" – "perhaps" or "very likely" – mamma, shall I go to the camp tomorrow, and see the general? "may be so my dear!" hang "may be so" say I.

*Mrs. B.* So, so, pertness!

*1<sup>st</sup> child.* But I am sure, mamma, you said that to-day papa would have his liberty.

*Mrs. B.* So your dear father by his letters told me.

*2<sup>nd</sup> child.* Why then I'm sure without a "may be so" he will be here to-day—what would he stay among those strange foreigners, and enemies too, when he might come to us? No—no—I've often wish'd that I had wings to fly with, for then I would soon be with him.

*Mrs. B.* Dear boy! Come let us to the hill; and watch each horseman that may chance this day to travel on our road, and let imagination shape him to our wishes: or viewing where the Hudson, pours through the cleft mountain in majestic stream, spy the far distant sail, and hail each bark that hither bends this day, the happy bearer of our long-lost lord! [*exeunt*]

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SCENE III—as at first, only by daylight, and the ship under sail, moving off and quickly disappearing—enter ARNOLD and ANDRE, the latter dressed as a british officer but having a surtout over his regimentals.

Arnold. The sum here specified (holding a paper) shall be immediately paid: equal rank, command, and emolument, to that which now I hold, firmly assured me.

Andre. Such is the agreement I have signed; and in so doing I have in nothing over-stepped the power delegated to me. Now sir, I must depart, point out the way by which I shall regain the ship.

Arnold. From this eminence we can see her place of anchorage—ha! She is gone.—

Andre. Confusion!

Arnold. She has probably dropp'd further down the Hudson, and awaits you. You must remain concealed till night, then by my passport you may unquestion'd deceive our outposts.

Andre. Why wait till night? Why passports? am I not on neutral ground? am I within your lines?

Arnold. Most certainly you are.

Andre. How! Betrayed!

Arnold. Betrayed? There is no traitor, sir—(*pauses*) hell—shame!

Andre. Waste not the time in words.

Arnold. I will not—you have now no road but by our posts; no means of escaping but by disguise and my passports—remain with me till night; leave your uniform with me and assume a peasant's dress; the rest be my care.

Andre. Why doff the badge of my profession? has it come to this? Assume disguise within an enemy's lines? assume perhaps another name.

Arnold. Tis necessary—the name of the adjutant general of the british army, would not lull suspicion if inserted in the passport—

Andre. And has my zeal to serve my country led me to the necessity of deceit? Tis well! Your pardon, sir, I attend you.

Arnold. We will return to my quarters and make the necessary preparations. The papers for sir Henry Clinton are ready, and if no mishap attends the coming night—our meditated blow will fall in sure destruction on their unwary heads.

Andre. I follow, sir.

Arnold. You must be cautious, sir; upon your circumspection hangs the enterprise, perhaps our lives.

Andre. Lead on—disguise! the adjutant general of the british army teaching his tongue a feigned tale—o fallen indeed!

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SCENE IV—a wood.

*enter three english soldiers with muskets.*

*1<sup>st</sup> sol.* Do you know this part of the country?

*2<sup>nd</sup> sol.* Yes, we're not far from Tappan.

*1<sup>st</sup> sol.* Then our comrades must have gone more to the right I take it.

*2<sup>nd</sup> sol.* I wish we had not straggled from them.

*3<sup>rd</sup> sol.* Why what do you fear, white-liver? have we not shared double booty by it?

*1<sup>st</sup> sol.* Hush! soldiers!

*2<sup>nd</sup> sol.* Where? we are lost!

*3<sup>rd</sup> sol.* Pshaw! soldiers in petticoats.

*2<sup>nd</sup> sol.* One man!

*3<sup>rd</sup> sol.* And a girl. He has no fire arms—retire—let's make sure of them.

*2<sup>nd</sup> sol.* I'll shoot the rebel scoundrel. [*they retire*

*enter WILLIAMS and SALLY.*

*Sal.* Lud—lud—how tired I am.

*Will.* You needn't be tired yet, for you've got some long miles to trudge before you reach father's.

*Sal.* The thought of that don't make me less weary.

*Will.* Hang weariness! Why I'm not tired.

*Sal.* You have not walked half so much as I—if you had but let me rest myself at camp, I could have set off fresh again.

*Will.* Yes! you would awalk'd about all day gaping at the soldiers by way of resting yourself. Come let us try t'other tug. Take my arm—(*going*) if you tire down I'll take you on my back, a pretty girl is not the worst baggage in the world (*a gun is fired—they start, Sally runs to the opposite side, Williams draws*) Whiz! I like to hear a ball whistle, it's a sign it didn't hit me. That came from some rascally renegade refugee, an english soldier wouldn't a done it.

*enter 3d soldier and levels his piece at Williams.*

*3d sol.* Surrender.

*Will.* I won't.

*2d sol.* I'll fire.

*Will.* Fire and be hang'd.

*1<sup>st</sup> sol.* (*without*) Shoot him down.

*Sal.* O dont, dont, dont.

*3d sol.* Surrender! I don't want to murder you.

*Will.* Fire away! (*rushing on him wrests his musket which falls in the scuffle, the soldier draws and retreats fighting by—during this the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2d soldier level at Williams but Sally seizes the fallen musket, levels it, fires, and then sinks on the stage—the soldiers fly*)

*enter JOHN PAULDING and ISAAC VAN VERT, habited as countrymen, but with arms and cockades.*

*Pauld.* The firing was this way.

*Van V.* What! A woman?

*Pauld.* Sally Williams!

*Sal.* Run and help brother David. That way! that way!

*Pauld.* What's the matter? Who?

*Sal.* Go and see; while you're talking they'll kill him.

*enter Williams.*

*Will.* Huzza! Huzza! Yankee doodle for ever, boys. Are you hurt Sal?

*Sal.* Are you wounded, brother?

*Will.* Not a bit. Give us a kiss, my girl; you winged one of 'em. Pick up your musket—no, I'll take it. (*does so*)

*Paul.* David Williams?

*Will.* John Paulding! Isaac Van Vert! glad to see you, lads.

*Pauld.* What's been doing here?

*Will.* Sal and I ha' been skirmishing with the redcoats a little. She can pull a trigger with the best o' us. We were going as far as father's to pay *um* a visit. Come let us be jogging, Sal, we've no time to lose.

*Sal.* I'm dreadful tired—

*Pauld.* I'll show you a short cut to Tarry-town; there you may rest, get something to eat and drink and then we will go part of the way with you.

*Sal.* Ay do, brother.

*Will.* Done. I do feel as if I could take a tolerable mess of saupawn and milk or molasses; or a nice hunch of pork and rye bread. Come, Sal, cheer up, girl, let's sing a stave and go to dinner.

*Chorus.*

To your arms, boys! To your arms, boys!  
Hark! The drum beats to arms, and the enemy's nigh;  
To your ranks, boys! To your ranks, boys!  
For Washington leads us to conquer or die!

*Van V. (alone)*

For his country bravely fighting  
Conscience nerves the soldier's arm;  
Victory beckons, all inviting!  
Heaven shields his breast from every harm.

*Chorus.*

To your arms, boys, &c.

*Sally Williams. (alone)*

From the glorious fight returning,  
Proudly glad the victors move,  
Every heart with rapture burning,  
Greets the brave with peace and love.

*Chorus.*

To your arms, boys, &c. [*exeunt*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*another wood—night.*

enter ANDRE, disguised as a countryman.

Andre. The last out-post is past! thank heaven my danger is o'er. Once more on neutral ground, there lies no obstacle between me and New-York. I fly to receive the congratulations of my friends, and ensure the overthrow of my country's foes! (*going*)

enter Paulding and Van Vert.

Pauld. (comes down) Stand!

Van V. (comes down) Stand! Who goes there?

Andre. Friend!

Paul. Which way, friend? Which way at this time o' night?

Andre. Tow'rds Tarrytown.

Pauld. You are wrong. We're going to Tarrytown and will show you the way. Have you seen any rebels outside the lines?

Andre. Rebels! (*hesitating*) why are not you—

Pauld. (with emphasis) We are *not* rebels.

Andre. Ha! Refugees then? British scouts! I'm glad to meet you. I'm on my way to the English lines and will reward you for your guidance and your company.

Pauld. You mistake, sir, we are neither rebels, or britons, but freemen; independent farmers; armed to defend the property and the rights we have inherited from our fathers.

Van V. (placing himself on the opposite side) You are our prisoner!

Andre. Ha' confusion? betrayed—lost—lost!

Pauld. Betrayed! There is no traitor here—unless you know of one. If you are a briton, we are your open undisguised enemies. My name, John Paulding, his name Isaac Van Vert; — such as we seem we are; our names and persons known and not afraid to be known.

Andre. Known? disguise? am I then? confusion! how am I sunk! how does the plain honesty of these men confound and lower me in my own esteem!

Van V. You seem confused. Don't be down hearted man—tho' you are a prisoner, americans know what is due to humanity.

enter DAVID WILLIAMS.

Will. Who goes there?

Pauld. Stand!

Will. So I do, ha! Paulding and Van Vert. I've seen Sal safe home—who have you got here?

Van V. A prisoner!

Will. Oho! Then let's back to camp.

Andre. Tis true I am your prisoner; yet my friends I hope when you consider the woes attendant on a state of captivity, and the little consequence of which a simple individual like me can be, for or against your cause, you will not detain me.

Will. You don't seem so nation simple either.

Andre. By detaining me, you will involve my affairs in ruin, distress my family and relations; and what will be the gain?

Pauld. We shall have done our duty.

Andre. Even that is doubtful. You see I am unarm'd, I could not have come here with any intent of violence.

Will. Yes! but you might have come for mischief for all that.

Andre. Let me pass on. My money is freely yours. (*takes out his purse, and offers it to Van Vert, who shakes his head and draws back—he then offers it to Paulding*) Take it!

Pauld. No, no, we are soldiers, not robbers!

Andre. Tis gold, you're welcome to it. (*to Williams*)

Will. No thank'ee, keep it yourself.

Andre. Take too my watch, (*offers it*) tis likewise gold and of great value—take all but leave me pass.

Will. Why I tell you what, mister, very likely there is more in that purse than father's farm's worth stock and all: but somehow or other there is a sort of something here (*pointing to his breast*) that we yankees don't choose to truck for money.

Pauld. To be plain, sir, your words so little suited to your dress, but the more determines us. What say you, comrades? what's to be done?

Van V. Our duty!

Andre. Why this is noble! Pardon me, countrymen, I did but try you, I am of your part and am entrusted with business of great consequence to the cause, which any longer detention might altogether frustrate, as a proof see general Arnold's passport. (*produces it*)

Pauld. How's this. (*reads it*) This is our general's pass. What think you? He is called John Anderson.

Will. Why I think it may be he is so, and it may not be so.

Andre. Why do you doubt?

Will. Why I don't know how it is, but I am apt to think, when a man gives two accounts of himself, he may as well give a third. So as we are but common soldiers, we will carry you to somebody else more 'cute at these here kind o' things, and let him hear the third story.

Van V. You are right, David Williams; — at any rate let us carry him to the nearest post.

Pauld. It must be so, there are too many circumstances not to create suspicion—beside, sir, if all is right you will soon be dismissed you know, so the sooner we go on the better.

Andre. I see it is in vain, I will fully confess to you who I am.

Will. So here comes the third story.

Andre. Curse on deceit! for ever shun'd by man the arts of falsehood. My name is Andre, my employment is confidential and near the person of the british commander in chief—my rank adjutant general of the british forces in North America.

Pauld. The adjutant general of the british troops in disguise.

Andre. My motive for being thus and here, it is not my intention to speak of. I have the power, once within the british lines, to gratify the utmost wish you ever formed for riches; render me this service, and I will do it. Why are you silent? come with me to New-York, giving me by your company liberty and safety, and your desires shall not suggest a sum, for each too great for your reward.

Van V. We are soldiers, but not mercenaries.

Pauld. We have firesides to defend.

Will. We be but poorish lads, your honor, but we have such things among us as fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and sweethearts, and wives and children, and friends and our good names, now that all these things mayhap be only trifles, yet—what sum do you think a man ought to sell *um* for?

Andre. Curse on the clowns! Their honesty o'erwhelms me! resolve, my friends, one hour places you on the pinnacle of fortune. an hour which ne'er can come again.

Van. V. We have answered, we are soldiers!

Andre. So shall you still be—nay officers—and wear with high promotion my royal master's livery.

Will. Thank you kindly for myself, sir, but I don't want a master, or a livery. An american soldiers wears an uniform, to show that *he serves his country*, and never will *wear a livery* or *serve a master*.

Pauld. It is useless to waste time or multiply words. We mean no offense, sir, but *we will* do our duty. You *must* go with us.

Andre. Tis well: you have taught me to reverence an American farmer. You have given me a convincing proof, that it is not high attainments, or distinguished rank, which ensures virtue, but rather early habits, and moderate desires. You have not only captured—you have *conquered* me.

Will. Though we wouldn't take your coin, we'll take your compliments, sir, and thank you heartily.

Andre. Whatever may be my fate, you have forced from me my esteem. Lead on (*to Williams*) I am your prisoner. While I live I shall always pronounce the names of Williams, Paulding and Van Vert, with that tribute of praise which virtue forces from every heart, that cherishes her image. [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II—the encampment—day-light.

*enter general WASHINGTON, MELVILLE, and OFFICERS.*

*Wash.* Tis well. Each sentinel upon his post  
Stands firm, and meets me at the bayonet's point:  
While in his tent the wearied soldier lies,  
The sweet reward of wholesome toil enjoying.

*Melv.* They know to whom they owe their present safety.

*Wash.* I hope they know that to themselves they owe it:  
To that good discipline which they observe,  
The discipline of men to order trained  
Who know its value, and in whom tis virtue:

To that prompt hardihood to which they meet,  
Or toil or danger, poverty or death.  
Virtue alone can save thee, o my country!  
And while she hovers o'er these western shores,  
No power on earth shall crush thee.

*Melv.* At what hour does your excellency review the troops?

*Wash.* At ten. Have we any message yet from general Arnold?

*Melv.* None, sir!

*enter OFFICER, with papers, written on the back of each.*

*Off.* General Arnold is not at his quarters, nor to be found.

*Wash.* Not at his quarters!

*Off.* A prisoner has been brought by three soldiers to the camp, on whom these papers were found.

*Wash. (looking them over)* A pass to John Anderson, signed Benedict Arnold: artillery orders Sept. 5<sup>th</sup> 1780, estimate of men at West point.

*Melv.* How's this! treachery!

*Wash.* return of ordnance—remarks on the works—treachery indeed! And Arnold missing! Give orders for pursuit. [*exit officer*] Come let's away my friends, and spare no labor to find out the worst and guard against the evil. Treachery among us! Oh that cuts deep and makes the heart weep blood. [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II—the camp.

enter SALLY WILLIAMS, in boy's clothes.

Sal. So adod [sic], I've got into camp in spite of David's preachifications, for when once a girl is got a thing into her head, it never lets her brain rest, while there is any novelty in it. I wonder whether David would know me in this dress? I think I make quite a tightish little lad—adod. I'm a good mind to list for a soldier: no that wont do—I remember yesterday I was more inclined to cry out than to fight. I hope no one will ever put on the american uniform, till well assured they will never disgrace it.

SONG.

I.

He who his country's livery wears,
His country's honor proudly bears,
Inglorious fear
Must ne'er come near
The heart that battle's danger dares.

2.

He firmly stands by his country's trust,
In action brave in council just;
By victory crown'd

He lives renown'd,
Or sinks with glory to the dust. (*retires up*)

enter PAULDING, VAN VERT *and* WILLIAMS.

Van V. Now comrades we have received the only reward a soldier ought to look for; and though the general has assured us of reward from our country, yet all a soldier should wish is the tanks of his commander.

Pauld. The thanks of his commander, and the approbation of his own conscience.

Will. Dang it, what a nice warm feel a man has here about the upper part of his waistcoat, when he knows he's been doing what he ought to do. I don't think I ever felt so proud as I did just now, when our great commander, our own glorious Washington, took me by the hand and said, "thank you," ay he said, "well done my lad, thank you."

Pauld. We must always remember the moment as the most glorious of our lives. The approbation of our country is at all times precious, but when that approbation is made known by such a man, so glorious and so dignified, it becomes inestimable.

Van V. What a noble soldierly mien!

Pauld. What benevolence in his smiles!

Will. O bless his face, says I! to a lad who has not seen any thing but continentals bills for a twelvemonth, the sight of a white faced Carolus, or a yellow George Rex, moughtent be as bad as a wet sunday; yet dang me, if I hadn't rather see a Washington's head on a deal board, than all of the golden heads in the Bank of England.

Sal. (coming forward) I'll try if they'll know me. I don't believe they will. (*to Paulding*) Pray, sir, can you tell me—(*laughs*)

Pauld. What do you want my lad?

Sal. I want—I want—(*laughs*)

Pauld. (turns away) To be whipt and sent home.

Sal. (to Williams) Can you tell me, sir?

Will. Oh yes! I can tell you.

Sal. Where captain—captain what's his name lives!

Will. Oh yes!—captain—what's his name?

Sal. Yes, sir!

Will. (aside) sure it is—it is the 'tarnal baggage as sure as a gun. Comrades (*to Paulding and Van Vert*) do you see yon fellow?

Van V. What the little fellow?

Will. As great a rogue as ever lived (*aside*) it's sister Sall—a spy in the camp (*aside*) I want to scare her out of these tricks. Shall we take him prisoner and hang him, or cut him to pieces on the spot?

Sal. What wou'd the fellow be at?

Will. (*drawing his sword*) Dang it, I'll whip off his head in the first place! You are discovered, you little pop-gun you!

Sal. Don't you know me?

Will. I know you! down in your marrow-bones—say your prayers and die!

Sal. Why, David, don't you know your own sister?

Will. You! no I forbid my sister coming to camp, I told her the danger.

Sal. Yes! you told me it was dangerous for a petticoat, so you see I left them at home. —“Petticoats at home” ha, brother.

Pauld. Ha, ha—fairly answered—you must forgive her, David.

Sal. You must forgive me, David.

Will. I suppose so.

Sal. And let me see the review, and then I'll go home and never plague you any more.

Will. Well take care and stick close to me though—the general reviews the troops this morning—it won't be long before we shall march I suppose to some other part o' the continent—when I'm gone be a good girl Sal. take care of father and the cows; and the children and the pigs and the rest of the live stock—come I'll take you where you shall see the troops pass, and have your heart's delight, if you are a true woman, noise, bustle and show, till your head aches. [*exeunt*]

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SCENE IV—*distant view of the camp in perspective—distant music heard.*

*enter PAULDING, VAN VERY, WILLIAMS and SALLY—peasants, men and women—half way up the stage each side a sentinel—soldiers enter and relieve the sentinels in due form.*

CHORUS.

See they come—the heroes come!  
Hark! The hollow sounding drum!  
Gives distant note of coming war.  
And bids th' invaders keep afar,  
Or for the battles brunt prepare.

See the stately horse come prancing,  
There the musketeers advancing,  
While the cannoneers prepare their thund'ring war.  
See the standards float  
Hark the trumpets note,  
While every breath with conscious might,  
Swells ardent for the coming fight.

2.

Seize the trump, the trump of fame!  
Sound aloud each leader's name!  
Putnam see with honor grey,

Points and leads the glorious way,  
Rememb'ring many a well fought day!  
See the stately, &c.

3.

Behold Montgomery, in the north,  
Rush like the tempest furious forth!  
His virtue, truth, and courage vain,  
Like Wolfe, he sinks on Quebec's plain,  
A glorious death his only gain—  
See the stately, &c.

4.

On gallant Gates, see victory smiles  
And leads an army to his toils.  
Montgomery, Warren, Mercer, rise!  
And 'ere they reach their native skies,  
Their country's triumph meets their eyes.  
See the stately, &c.

5.

But now to crown the glorious war,  
See Washington! the battle's soul!  
His worth binds envy in her cave,  
In council sage, in battle brave!  
Great Washington, a world can save!  
See the stately, &c.

6.

See where amid the rustic bands  
On Bunker's heights great Warren stands,  
And strews with foes the plain beneath:  
Then sinking on the field of death,  
Obtains of fame the immortal wreath.  
See the stately, &c.

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ACT III.

SCENE I—a wood—star light—an encampment at a distance appearing between the trees.

enter MELVILLE.

Melv. Methinks I hear the tread of feet this way. (*draws*)
My meditating mood may work my wo,
Stand whosoe'er thou art—answer, who's there!

enter BLAND.

Bland. A Friend.

Melv. Advance and give the countersign.

Bland. Hudson.

Melv. What Bland!

Bland. Melville, my friend you here.

Melv. And *well* my brave young friend; but why do you
At this dead of night, approach the camp,
On foot and thus alone?

Bland. I have but now dismounted;
My servant and my horses, spent with toil,
Wait till the morn.

Melv. Why waited not yourself?

Bland. Anxious to know the truth of those reports
Which, from the many mouths of busy fame,
Still as I passed, struck varying on my ear,
Each making the other void, nor does delay
The color of my hasteful business suit.
I bring dispatches for our great commander:
And hasted hither with design to wait,
His rising, or awake him with the sun.

Melv. You will not need the last, for the blest sun
Ne'er rises on his slumbers; by the dawn
We see him mounted, gaily in the field,
Or find him wrapt in meditation deep,
Planning the welfare of our war-worn band.

Bland. Prosper him heaven and recompense his cares.

Melv. You're from the south If I presume a right?

Bland. I am, and Melville, I am fraught with news.
The south teems with events, convulsing:
The Briton there plays at no mimic war:
With gallant face he moves, and gallantly is met.
Brave spirits roused by glory, throng our camp;
The hardy hunter, skill'd to fell the deer,
Or start the sluggish bear from covert rude;
And not a clown that comes, but from his youth
Is train'd to pour from far the leaden death,
To climb the steep, to struggle with the stream,
To labor firmly under scorching skies,
And bears unshrinking winter's roughest blast.
This, and that heaven inspired enthusiasm,
Which ever animates the patriot's breast,
Shall far outweigh the lack of discipline.

Melv. Justice is ours, what shall prevail against her!

Bland. But as I past along, many strange tale,

And monstrous rumors, have my ears assailed:
That Arnold had proved false; but he was ta'en,
And hang'd, or to be hang'd—I know not what.
Another told, that all our army, with their
Much loved chief, sold and betray'd, were captured.
But, as I nearer drew, at yonder cot,
Twas said, that Arnold, traitor like, had fled;
And that a briton tried and proved a spy,
Was on this day, as such, to suffer death.

Melv. As you drew near plain truth advanced to meet you,
Tis even as you heard, my brave young friend.

Bland. What warded off the blow?

Melv. The brave young soldier, who this day dies was seized,
Within our bounds in rustic garb disguised.
He offer'd bribes to tempt the band that seized him.
But the rough farmer, for his country arm'd,
That sod defending which his ploughshare turn'd,
Those laws, his father chose, and he approved,
Cannot, as mercenary soldiers may,
Be bribed to sell the public weal for gold.

Bland. Tis well, just haven! To grant that thus may fall
All those who seek to bring this land to wo!
All those, who, or by open force, or dark
And secret machinations, seek to shake
The tree of liberty, or stop its growth,
In any soil where thou hast pleas'd to plant it.

Melv. Yet not a heart but pities and would save him;
For all confirm that he is brave and virtuous:
Known but till now the darling child of honor.

Bland. (*contemptuously*) And how is call'd this honorable spy?

Melv. Andre's his name.

Bland. (*much agitated*) Andre!
O no, my friend, you're sure deceived.

Melv. How might I be deceived

Bland. Pardon me, Melville. Oh, that well-known name,
So link'd with circumstances infamous!
My friend must pardon me. Thou wilt not blame
When I shall tell what cause I have to love him;
What cause to think him nothing more the pupil
Of honor stern, than sweet humanity.
Rememberest thou, when cover'd o'er with wounds,
And left upon the field, I fell the prey
Of Britain? to a loathsome prison-ship
Confin'd, soon had I sunk, victim of death,
A death of aggravated miseries,
But, by benevolence urg'd, this best of men,

This gallant youth, then favor'd, high in power,
 Sought out the pit obscene of foul disease,
 Where I, and many a suffering soldier lay,
 And, like an angel, seeking good for man,
 Restore-d us light, and partial liberty,
 Me he mark'd out his own. He nursed and cured,
 He loved and made his friend. I loved by him,
 And in my heart he lived, till, when exchanged,
 Duty and honor call'd me from my friend.
 Judge how my heart is tortured.—Gracious heaven!
 Thus, thus to meet him on the brink of death. (*kneels*)
 A death so infamous! heav'n grant my prayers
 That I may see him. O inspire my heart
 With thoughts, my tongue with words that move to pity! (*rises*)
 Quick Melville, show me where my Andre lies.

Melv. Good wishes go with you!

Bland. I'll save my friend! [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II.—*a prison—Andre discover'd in a pensive posture sitting at a table—a book by him and candles—his dress neglected, his hair dishevelled—he rises and comes forward.*

*Andre.* Kind heav'n be thank'd for that I stand alone  
 In this sad hour of life's brief pilgrimage!  
 Single in misery; no one else involving,  
 In grief, in shame, and ruin. Tis my comfort.  
 Thou, my thrice honor'd sire, in peace went'st down  
 Unto the tomb, nor knew to blush, nor knew  
 A pang for me! and thou, revered matron,  
 Couldst bless thy child, and yield thy breath in peace!  
 No wife shall weep, no child lament, my loss.  
 Thus may I consolation find in what  
 Was once my wo. I little thought to joy  
 In not possessing, as I erst possessed,  
 Thy love, Honora! Andre's death, perhaps,  
 May cause a cloud pass o'er thy lovely face;  
 The pearly tear may steal from either eye;  
 For thou mayest feel a transient pang, nor wrong  
 A husband's rights: more than a transient pang  
 O mayest thou never feel! The morn draws nigh  
 To light me to my shame. Frail nature shrinks.—  
 And *is* death then so fearful? I have braved  
 Him, fearless, in the field, and steel'd my breast  
 Against his thousand horrors; but his cool,  
 His sure approach, requires a fortitude  
 Which nought but conscious rectitude can give. (*retires, and sits leaning*)

*enter Bland unperceived by Andre.*

*Bland.* And is that Andre! Oh, how changed! alas!  
 Where is that martial fire, that generous warmth;  
 Which glow'd his manly countenance throughout,  
 And gave to every look, to every act,

The tone of high chivalrous animation?  
Andre, my friend! look up.

*Andre.* Who call'd me friend?

*Bland.* Young Arthur Bland!

*Andre. (rising)* That name sounds like a friend's. (*with emotion.*)  
I have inquir'd for thee—wish'd much to see thee,  
I prythee take no note of these fools tears—  
My heart was full—and seeing thee—

*Bland. (embracing him)* O Andre!  
I have but now arrived from the south—  
Nor heard—till now—of this—I cannot speak—  
Is this a place?—o thou, my friend!

*Andre.* Still dost thou call me friend? I, who dared act  
Against my reason, my declared opinion;  
Oft in the generous heat of glowing youth,  
Oft have I said how fully I despised  
All bribery base—all treacherous tricks in war:  
Rather my blood should bathe these hostile shores,  
And have it said, "he died a soldier,"  
Than with my country's gold encourage treason,  
And thereby purchase gratitude and fame.  
Still is my heart the same. But there has past  
A day, an hour, which ne'er can be recall'd!  
Unhappy man though all thy life pass pure;  
Mark'd by benevolence thy ev'ry deed;  
The outspread map, which shows the way thou'st trod,  
Without one devious track, or doubtful line;  
It all avails thee nought, if in one hour,  
One helpless hour, thy feet are led astray;  
Thy happy deeds, all blotted from remembrance,  
Cancel'd the record of thy former good.  
Is it not hard, my friend? Is't not unjust?

*Bland.* Not every record cancel'd—oh, there are hearts,  
Where virtue's image, when tis once engrav'd,  
Can never know erasure.

*Andre.* Generous Bland! (*takes his hand*)  
The hour draws nigh which ends my life's sad story.  
I should be firm.

*Bland.* By heaven thou shalt not die! Betray'd, perhaps  
Condemn'd without due circumstance made known?  
Thou did'st not mean to tempt our officers?  
Betray our yeoman soldiers to destruction?  
Silent—nay, then twas from a duteous wish  
To serve the cause thou wert in honor bound.

*Andre.* Kind is my Bland, who to his generous heart,  
Still finds excuses for his erring friend.  
Attentive hear and judge me.—

Pleas'd with the honors daily shower'd upon me,  
I glow'd with martial heat, my name to raise  
Above the vulgar herd, who live to die,  
And die to be forgotten. Thus I stood,  
When, avarice or ambition, Arnold tempted,  
His country, fame, and honor to betray,  
Linking his name to infamy eternal.  
In confidence it was to me propos'd,  
To plan with him the means which should ensure  
Thy country's downfall. Nothing then I saw  
But confidential favour in the service,  
My country's glory, and my mounting fame;  
I found myself involv'd in unthought dangers.  
Night came—I sought the vessel which had borne  
Me to the fatal spot; but she was gone.  
Retreat that way cut off, again I sought  
Concealment with the traitors of your army.  
Arnold now granted passes, and I doff'd  
My martial garb, and put on curse disguise!  
Thus in a peasant's form I pass'd your posts;  
And when, as I conceiv'd, my danger o'er,  
Was stopt and seiz'd by some returning scouts.  
So did ambition lead me, step by step,  
To treat with traitors, and encourage treason;  
And then, bewilder'd in the guilty scene,  
To quit my martial designating badges,  
Deny my name, and sink into the spy.

*Bland.* Thou didst no more than was a soldier's duty,  
To serve the part on which he drew his sword.  
Thou shalt not die for this. Straight will I fly;  
I surely shall prevail.

*Andre.* It is in vain;  
All has been tried, each friendly argument.

*Bland.* All has not yet been tried. The powerful voice  
Of friendship in thy cause, has not been heard.  
My general favors me, and loves my father—  
My gallant father! would that he were here!  
But he, perhaps, now wants an Andre's care,  
To cheer his hours, perhaps, now languishes  
Amidst those horrors whence thou sav'd'st his son—  
The present moment claims my thought—Andre  
I fly to save thee!—

*Andre.* Bland, it is in vain.  
But, hold—there is a service thou may'st do me.

*Bland.* Speak it.

*Andre.* Oh, think, and as a soldier think,  
How I must die—the *manner* of my death—  
Like the base ruffian, or the midnight thief,  
Ta'en in the act of stealing from the poor,  
To be turn'd off the felon's—murderer's cart,

A mid-air spectacle to gaping clowns:  
To run a short, an envied course of glory,  
And end it on a gibbet.

*Bland.* Damnation!!

*Andre.* Such is my doom. o! have the manner changed,  
And of mere death I'll think not.  
Perhaps thou canst gain that—?

*Bland. (almost in a frenzy)* Thou shalt not die!

*Andre.* Let me, o let me die a soldier's death,  
While friendly clouds of smoke shroud from all eyes,  
My last convulsive pangs, and I'm content.

*Bland. (with increasing emotion)* Thou shalt not die! curse on the laws of war!—  
If worth like thine must thus be sacrificed,  
To policy so cruel and unjust,  
I will forswear my country and her service,  
I'll hie me to the briton, and with fire,  
And sword, and every instrument of death  
Or devastation, join in the work of war!  
What, shall worth weigh for nought? I will avenge thee!

*Andre.* Hold—hold, my friend, thy country's woes are full.  
What! wouldst thou make me cause another traitor?  
No more of this; and, if I die, believe me,  
Thy country for my death incurs no blame.  
Restrain thy ardour, but ceaselessly intreat,  
That Andre may at least die as he lived,  
A soldier!

*Bland.* By heaven thou shalt not die!—

*(Bland rushes off—Andre, looks after him with an expression of love and gratitude—then retires up the stage)*

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SCENE III—the general's quarters

enter GENERAL, with papers in his hand, and BLAND.

Gen. Captain, you are noted here with honorable
Praises. Depend upon that countenance
From me, which you have prov'd yourself so richly
Meriting. Both from your father's virtues,
And your own: your country owes you honor—
The sole return the poor can make for service.

Bland. If from my country ought I've merited,
Or gain'd the approbation of her champion,
At any other time, I should not dare,
Presumptuously, to shew my sense of it;
But now, my tongue, all shameless, dares to name

The boon, the precious recompense, I wish,
Which, granted, pays all service, past or future,
O'er pays the utmost I can e'er achieve.

Gen. Brief, my young friend, briefly, your purpose.

Bland. If I have done my duty as a soldier;
If I have brav'd all dangers for my country;
If my brave father has deserved ought;
Call all to mind—and cancel all—but grant
My one request—mine, and humanity's.

Gen. Be less profuse of words, and name your wish;
If fit, its fitness is the best assurance
That not in vain you sue; but, if unjust,
Thy merits, nor the merits of thy race,
Cannot its nature alter, nor my mind,
From its determined opposition change.

Bland. You hold the fate of my most lov'd of friends!
As gallant soldier as e'er faced a foe,
Bless'd with each polish'd gift of social life,
And every virtue of humanity.
To me, a savior from the pit of death,
To me, and many more my countrymen.
Oh! could my words portray him what he is;
Bring to your mind the blessings of his deeds,
While thro' the fever, heated, loathsome holds,
Of floating hulks, dungeons obscene, where ne'er
The dewy breeze of morn, or evening's coolness,
Breath'd on our parching skins, he pass'd along,
Diffusing blessings; still his power exerting,
To alleviate the woes which ruthless war,
Perhaps, through dire necessity, heap'd on us;
Surely, the scene would move you to forget
His late intent, though only serving then,
As duty prompted, and turn the rigor
Of war's iron law from him, the best of men,
Meant only for the worst.

Gen. Captain, no more.

Bland. If Andre lives, the prisoner finds a friend,
Else helpless and forlorn—
All men will bless the act, and bless thee for it.

Gen. Think'st thou thy country would not curse the man,
Who, by a clemency ill-tim'd, ill-judged,
Encouraged treason? that pride encouraged,
Which, by denying us the rights of nations,
Hath caused those ills which thou hast now portray'd?
Our soldiers, brave and generous peasantry,
As rebels have been treated, not as men.
Tis mine, brave yeomen, to assert your rights;
Tis mine to teach the foe, that, though array'd
In rude simplicity, ye, yet are men,

And rank among the foremost—oft their scouts,
The very refuse of the english arms,
Unquestion'd, have our countrymen consign'd
To death, when captured, mocking their agonies.

Bland. Curse them! (*checking himself*) Yet let not censure fall on Andre!
Oh, there are englishmen as brave, as good,
As ever land on earth might call its own,
And gallant Andre is among the best!

Gen. Since they have hurl'd war on us, we must shew
That by the laws of war we will abide,
And have the power to bring their acts for trial,
To that tribunal, eminent 'mongst men,
Erected by the policy of nations,
To stem the flood of ills, which else fell war
Would pour, uncheck'd, upon the sickening world,
Sweeping away all trace of civil life.

Bland. To pardon him would not encourage ill.
His case is singular—his station high—
His qualities admired; his virtues lov'd.

Gen. No more, my good young friend: it is in vain.
The men entrusted with thy country's rights
Have weighed, attentive, every circumstance.
An individual's virtue is, by them,
As highly prized as it can be by thee.
I know the virtues of this man, and love them.
But the destiny of millions, millions
Yet unborn, depends upon the rigor
Of this moment. The haughty briton laughs
To scorn our armies and our councils. Mercy,
Humanity, call loudly, that we make
Our now despised power, be felt, vindictive.
Millions demand the death of this young man—
My injured country, he his forfeit life
Must yield, to shield thy lacerated breast
From torture. (*to Bland*) Thy merits are not overlook'd.
Promotion shall immediately attend thee. [*exit*]

Bland. (*after a pause*) And is it even so! o Andre
How shall I dare to see thy face again,
Without one ray of comfort? [*exit*]

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SCENE IV—a village—at a distance some tents—in front, muskets, drums, and other indications  
of soldier's quarters.

*enter mrs. BLAND, and children, attended by MELVILLE.*

*Melv.* The General's doors to you are ever open.  
But why, my worthy friend, this agitation?  
Our Colonel, your husband——

*Mrs. Bland.* (*in tears gives him the letter*) Read, Melville!

*2nd child.* Do not cry, Mama, for I'm sure if papa said he would come home to-day he will come yet, for he always does what he says he will.

*Mrs. B.* He cannot come, dear love; they will not let him.

*2nd child.* Why, then, they told him lies, o fie upon them!

*Melv. (returning the letter)* Fear nothing, madam, tis an empty threat.  
A trick of policy—they dare not do it.

*Mrs. B.* Alas! alas! what dares not power to do?  
What art of reasoning, or what magic words,  
Can still the storm of fears these lines have raised?  
The wife's—the mother's fears? poor innocents,  
Unconscious on the brink of what a perilous  
Precipice you stand, unknowing that to-day  
You are cast down the gulf, poor babe you weep  
From sympathy. Children of sorrow, nurst,  
Nurtured, midst camps and arms, unknowing man,  
But as man's fell destroyer; must you now,  
To crown your piteous fate, be fatherless?  
O, lead me, lead me to him! let me kneel,  
Let these, my children, kneel, till Andre pardon'd,  
Ensures to me a husband, them a father.

*Melv.* Madam, duty forbids further attendance.  
I am on guard to-day: But see your son;  
To him I leave your guidance. Good wishes  
Prosper you! [*exit Melville*]

*enter Bland.*

*Mrs. B.* My Arthur, oh my Arthur!

*Bland.* My mother! (*embracing her*)

*Mrs. B.* My son, I have been wishing  
For you. (*bursts into tears, unable to proceed*)

*Bland.* But whence this grief, these tears, my mother?  
Why are these little cheeks bedew'd with sorrow?  
(*he kisses the children, who exclaim*)—Brother, brother!  
Have I done ought to cause a mother's sadness?

*Mrs. B.* No, my brave boy! I oft have fear'd, but never  
Sorrow'd for thee.

*Bland.* High praise! then bless me, madam,  
For I have pass'd through many a bustling scene  
Since I have seen a father or a mother.

*Mrs. B.* Bless thee, my boy! oh bless him, bless him, heaven!  
Render him worthy to support these babes!  
So soon, perhaps, all fatherless—dependent.—



*Bland.* What mean'st thou, madam? Why these tears?

*Mrs. B.* Thy father—

*Bland.* A prisoner of war—I long have known it—  
But made so without blemish to his honor,  
And soon exchanged, returns unto his friends,  
To guard these little ones, and point and lead,  
To virtue and to glory.

*Mrs. Bland.* Never, never!  
His life, a sacrifice to Andre's manes,  
Must soon be offered. Even now, endungeon'd,  
Like a vile felon—on the earth he lies,  
His death expecting. Andre's execution  
Gives signal for the murder of thy father—  
Andre now dies!—

*Bland.* My father! and thy friend! (*despairingly*)

*Mrs. B.* There is but one on earth can save my husband—  
But one can pardon Andre—

*Bland.* Haste, my mother!  
Thou wilt prevail—take with thee in each hand  
An unoffending child of him thou weapest.  
Save—save them both! this way—haste—lean on me. (*exeunt.*)

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SCENE V—the general's quarters.

enter general with a letter, followed by MELVILLE.

Gen. Here have I intimation from the foe,
That still they deem the spy we have condemn'd,
Merely a captive; by the laws of arms
From death protected; and retaliation,
As they term it, threaten, if we our purpose hold.
Bland is the victim they have singled out,
Hoping his threaten'd death will Andre save.

Melv. If I were Bland I boldly might advise
My general how to act. Free, and in safety,
I will now suppose my counsel needless.

enter an american officer.

Off. Another flag hath from the foe arriv'd,
And craves admittance.

Gen. Conduct it hither. [*exit officer*]
Let us, unwearied hear, unbiased judge,
Whate'er against our martial court's decision,
Our enemies can bring.

enter british officer, conducted by the american officer, american officer exit

Gen. You are welcome, sir;
What further says Sir Henry?

B. Off. This from him.
He calls on you to think what weighty woes
You now are busy bringing on your country.
He bids me say, that, if your sentence reach
The prisoner's life, prisoner of arms he deems him,
And no spy, on him alone it falls not.
He bids me loud proclaim it, and declare,
If this brave officer, by cruel mockery
Of war's stern law, and justice's feign'd pretence,
Be murder'd; the sequel of our strife, bloody,
Unsparring and remorseless, you will make.
When Andre's death, unparallel'd in war,
The signal gives, then Colonel Bland must die.

Gen. Tis well, sir, bear this message in return.
Sir Henry Clinton knows the laws of arms,
He is a soldier, and, I think, a brave one.
The prisoners he retains he must account for,
Perhaps the reckoning's near. I, likewise, am
A soldier; entrusted by my country.
What I shall judge most for that country's good,
That shall I do. When doubtful, I consult
My country's friends; never her enemies.
In Andre's case there are no doubts: tis clear:
Sir Henry Clinton knows it.

B. Off. Weigh consequences.

Gen. In strict regard to consequence I act;
And much should doubt to call that action right,
However specious, whose apparent end
Was misery to man. That brave officer
Whose death you threaten, for himself drew not
His sword—his country's wrongs aroused his mind,
Her good alone his aim; and if his fall
Can further fire that country to resistance,
He will, with smiles, yield up his glorious life,
And count his death a gain; and though Columbians
Will lament his fall, they will lament in blood. *(the general walks up the stage)*

Melv. Hear this! hear this, mankind!

B. Off. Thus am I answered?

enter a sergeant with a letter.

Serg. Express from Colonel Bland. *(delivers it to general and exit)*

Gen. With your permission. *(opens it)*

B. Off. Your pleasure, sir. It may my mission further—

Gen. Tis short: I will put form aside, and read it.
(reads) "Excuse me, my commander, for having a moment doubted your virtue, but you love me—if you waver, let this confirm you—my wife and children, to you and my country—do your duty."
Report this to your General.

B. Off. I shall, sir. [*bows and exit with american officer*]

Gen. Oh Bland! my countryman! [*exit with emotion, followed by Melville*]

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#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I—a wood

*enter DENNIS O'BOGG, with arms and accoutrements and british soldier—knapsack at his back—sings without song—from Picture of Paris.*

1.

There was an irish lad,  
Who loved a cloister'd nun;  
And it made him very sad,  
For what was to be done:  
He thought it was a big shame, a most confounded sin,  
That she could not get out at all and he could not get in;  
Yet he went ev'ry day, he could do nothing more,  
Yet he went ev'ry day to the convent door,  
And he sung sweetly Smalilou,  
Gramachre! and Paddy Whack.

2.

To catch a glimpse at her,  
He play'd a thousand tricks,  
The bolts he tried to stir,  
And he gave the wall some kicks:  
He stamp'd, and raved, and sigh'd, and pray'd, and many times he swore,  
The devil burn the iron bolts—the devil take the door,  
Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule,  
He went ev'ry day and look'd like a fool,  
And he very sweetly sung Smalilou, &c.

3.

One morn she left her bed,  
Because she could not sleep,  
And to the window sped,  
To take a little peep;  
And what did she do then? I'm sure you'll think it right,  
She bade the honest lad good day, she bade the nuns good night;  
Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,  
Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away.

And they sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.

*O'Bogg.* Devil burn the fashion, but this trotting with a full knapsack on an empty stomach is apt to make a man's back ache with hunger. (*takes off the knapsack*) So, I have supported you long enough—let's see what you can do to support me. (*sits, opens his pack and takes out some cold boil'd potatoes*) What, have I nothing left but wall fruit? not a delicate piece of ration beef? or a savory rind of bacon? well, they say hunger makes sauce to a man's meat. I wonder couldn't it make meat to his sauce. (*eats*)

*enter* Paulding, Van Vert, and Williams

*Will.* Who the nation have we got there? a fish out of water!

*O'Bogg.* And he sweetly sung smalilou, &c. &c.

*Will.* No, dang it, he's a humming bird.

*Pauld.* You seize his arms. (*Williams takes possession of Dennis' musket*)

*Van V.* I'm afraid we shall spoil his singing. (*Paulding and Van Vert advance one on each side with bayonets presented towards Dennis' breast*)

*O'Bogg.* "One morn she left her bed, because she could'nt sleep." (*singing*)

*Pauld.* You're a prisoner!

*O'Bogg.* (*after looking round with great indifference*) You may put up your knives and forks, gentlemen, (*pointing to the bayonets*) the devil of any carving is there to do.

*Van V.* You are our prisoner!

*O'Bogg.* Will you ate a potatoe?

*Will.* Civil enough! have you nothing better for dinner?

*O'Bogg.* (*rises*) You may say that; for I ate all the best part of my dinner for breakfast. It's a trick my daddy learnt me. "Dennis," says he, for my name's Dennis O'Bogg, at your service; "Dennis," says he—I had just then began to nibble at the tail of a salt herring, "Dennis," says he——

*Will.* Your daddy was very fond of your name; what else did he say.

*O'Bogg.* Always ate the best *first*, my boy, and you'll ate the best last.

*Van V.* Soldier, are you alone?

*O'Bogg.* I should be sorry to say so much in your presence. But before the company came to dinner, the devil a christian soul was there here but I and the potatoes.

*Will.* Dang my buttons, this fellow has fun in him—how the nation came you here all alone like a cat in a strange garret? are you a deserter?

*O'Bogg.* You may say that—saving any imputation on my honor. The short and the long of the story is, I never could be settled in any one place, but what with whiskey and love it grew too hot for me. So finding how your general Arnold is treated by sir Henry Clinton, at York, with honor and command, I thought I might as well get rid of my *little inconveniences*, for they will be springing up round an irishman, like mushrooms round a dunghill.

*Pauld.* What do you mean by little inconveniences?

*O'Bogg.* O, debts, and children, and wives, and such like articles. So I thought I would come and take a little fresh air in the country here, join your army a bit and claim equal rank.

*Will.* Rank! ha—ha—ha!—what rank? what the deuce had you to do with rank.

*O'Bogg.* Rank! ay to be sure! rank and file too!

*Van V.* We shall be glad of a strong and well equip'd soldier; but before we take you into our mess, we should be glad to hear you give good reasons for quitting New-York?

*O'Bogg.* Oh, then you shall have more than one.—First, by mere accident I found I had two wives in the garrison.

*Will.* Two wives! You *needn't* say *no more*.

*Pauld.* How did that happen?

*O'Bogg.* Without the least intention on my part—I had but just got married, t'other day, when my widow came from Letterkenny to seek me.

*Van. V.* Your widow! how your widow?

*O'Bogg.* Fait, hadn't she lost her husband? and doesn't that make a widow any time?

*Will.* Now give us your second reason for running away.

*O'Bogg.* Becase, general sir Henry Clinton gives good encouragement for it.

*Pauld.* He encourages our soldiers to go and join him, but certainly he doesn't encourage desertion among his own troops.

*O'Bogg.* And a'n't that now the same thing? if it's as broad as tis long, won't it be square? if he invites your folks to come to him, doesn't he invite his own folks to go to you? isn't that plain now?

*Pauld.* Not plain enough for my eyes.

*O'Bogg.* Arrah then put on your spectacles. Talking of spectacles puts me in mind of my mammy.

*Will.* She wore spectacles, I guess.

*O'Bogg.* No, she couldn't; she had no nose.

*Van V.* How did spectacles remind you of her then?

*O'Bogg.* Be azy and I'll tell you. When my brother Teddy was hanging up in a hempen necklace, "oh, what a spectacle!" says my mammy. "Dont blubber and howl so, mammy." says I, "see they're just stringing brother Phelim, and then you'll have a pair of spectacles, and all of your own making."

*Will.* And how the dickens comes it they didn't hang you too?

*O'Bogg.* Becase, when my two twin brothers broke into the church, I was so drunk I couldn't go with them.

*Van V.* You're a precious fellow.

*O'Bogg.* You may say that.

*Will.* What did your brothers go into the church for, Dennis?

*O'Bogg.* And you may ax that. If they had kept in the way of their parents, as all good and dutiful children ought to do, and only have gone to the ale house, they might have been as pretty boys at this present spaking as our humble servant, Dennis O'Bogg.

*Van V.* Dennis, are you most knave or foll?

*O'Bogg.* I believe I'm *between* both. But if I was to speak the honest truth, to-day——

*Van V.* What would you say?

*O'Bogg.* Something I might be asham'd of to-morrow.

*Will.* Come, let's move on to the camp. We'll carry your arms for you, though.

*O'Bogg.* Fait and I'd thank you if you'd carry my legs too.

*Pauld.* If your good qualities on examination should sufficiently recommend you, you may perhaps be received as the comrade of an american soldier.

*O'Bogg.* So you list men for their good qualities—  
Now in my country they pick them up for their bad.

*Will.* So, so! Then your army are all *pick'd* men.

*O'Bogg.* How is it with yours?

*Will.* All chosen men! "chosen," as our chaplain told us last Sunday, "to establish an empire of free-men, as an example to the world, and a blessing to our latest posterity."

*O'Bogg.* What I see you go to church.

*Will.* Yes! to *steer clear* of the ale-house and the gallows. My family are not fond of spectacles. Shall I tell you what a true yankee boy is?

*O'Bogg.* Fait, you shall.

*Will.* Listen and learn.

#### SONG

1.

A Yankee boy is trim and tall,  
And never over fat, sir,  
At dance, or frolic, hop and ball,  
As nimble as a gnat, sir.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

2.

He's always out on training day,  
Commencement or election!

At truck and trade he knows the way,  
Of thriving to perfection.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

3.

His door is always open found,  
His cider of the best, sir,  
His board with pumpkin pye is crown'd,  
And welcome every guest, sir.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

4.

Though rough and little is his farm,  
That little is his own, sir;  
His hand is strong, his heart is warm,  
Tis truth and honor's throne, sir.  
Yankee doodle, &c.

5.

His country is his pride and boast,  
He'll ever prove true blue, sir,  
When call'd upon to give his toast,  
Tis "Yankee doodle, doo," sir!  
Yankee doodle! fire away!  
What yankee boy's afraid, sir?  
Yankee doodle was the tune  
At Lexington was play'd, sir! [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II—a prison

enter ANDRE and BLAND.

Andre. Welcome, my Bland! cheerly, a welcome hither!
I feel assurance that my last request
Will not be slighted. Safely thy father
Shall return to thee. (*holding out a paper*) See what employment
For a dying man. Take thou these verses;
And, after my decease, send them to her
Whose name is woven in them; whose image
Hath controul'd my destiny. 'Such tokens
Are rather out of date. Fashions
There are in love as in all else; they change
As variously.' A gallant Knight, erewhile,
Of Cœur de Lion's day, would, dying, send
His heart home to its mistress; degenerate
Soldier I, send but some blotted paper.

Bland. If 't would not damp thy present cheerfulness,
I would require the meaning of thy words.
I ne'er till now did hear of Andre's mistress.

Andre. Mine is a story of that common kind,
So often told, with scanty variation,
That the pall'd ear loaths the repeated tale!
Each young romancer chooses for his theme
The woes of youthful hearts, by the cold hand
Of frosty Age, arm'd with parental power,
Asunder torn. But I long since have ceased
To mourn, well satisfied that she I love,
Happy in holy union with another,
Shares not my wayward fortunes, nor would I
Now these tokens send, remembrance to awaken,
But that I know her happy: and the happy
Can think on misery and share it not.

Bland. (*agitated*) Some one approaches.

Andre. Why, tis near the time.
But tell me, Bland, say—is the manner chang'd?

Bland. I hope it; but I yet have no assurance.

Andre. Well, well!

Honora speaks without.

Hono. I must see him.

Andre. Whose voice was that?
My senses!—Do I dream—? (*leans on Bland*)

enter Honora.

Hono. Where is he?

Andre. Tis she! (*starts from Bland, and advances towards Honora—she rushes into his arms*)

Hono. It is enough! he lives, and I shall save him. (*she faints in Andre's arms*)

Andre. She sinks—assist me, Bland! o save her! save her!
(*places her in a chair, and looks tenderly on her*)
'Yet, why should she awake from that sweet sleep!
Why should she ope her eyes? (*wildly*) to see me hang'd—
What does she here? stand off, (*tenderly*) and let her die!'
How pale she looks! how worn that tender frame!
She has known sorrow! who would injure her?

Bland. She revives, Andre; 'soft, bend her forward.'
(*Andre kneels and supports her*)

Hono. Andre!

Andre. Lov'd excellence!

Hono. Yes, it is Andre! (*rises and looks at him*)
'No more deceived by visionary forms,'
By him supported. (*leans on him*)

Andre. Why is this?
Thou dost look pale, Honora—sick and wan,
'Languid thy fainting limbs.'

Hono. All will be well:
But was it kind to leave me as thou didst?
So rashly to desert thy vow-link'd wife!

Andre. When made another's both by vows and laws.

Hono. (*quitting his support*) What mean'st thou?

Andre. Didst thou not marry him?

Hono. Marry!

Andre. Didst thou not give thy hand away
From me?

Hono. O, never, never!

Andre. Not married!

Hono. To none but thee, and but in will to thee.

Andre. O blind, blind wretch! thy father told me——

Hono. Thou wast deceived: they hurried me away,
Spreading false rumors to remove thy love—
(*tenderly*) Thou didst too soon believe them.

Andre. Thy father!
How could I but believe Honora's father?
'And he did tell me so. I revered age,
Yet knew, age was not virtue. I believed
His snowy locks, and yet they did deceive me!
I have destroy'd myself and thee! alas!
Ill-fated maid! why didst thou not forget me?
Hast thou rude seas and hostile shores explored
For this? to see my death? witness my shame?

Hono. I come to bless thee, Andre; and shall do it.
I bear such offers from thy kind commander,
As must prevail to save thee. Thus the daughter
May repair the ills the cruel sire inflicted.
My father, dying, gave me cause to think
That arts were used to drive thee from thy home,
But what those arts I knew not. An heiress left,
Of years mature, with power and liberty,
I straight resolved to seek thee o'er the seas.
A long-known friend, who came to join her lord,
Yielded protection and lov'd fellowship.
Indeed, when I did hear of thy estate
It almost kill'd me: I was weak before—

Andre. Tis I have murder'd thee!—

Hono. All shall be well.

Thy general heard of me, and instant form'd
The plan of this my visit. I am strong,
Compar'd with what I was. Hope strengthens me,
Nay, even solicitude supports me now;
And when thou shalt be safe, *thou* wilt support me.

Andre. Support thee! o heaven! what! and *must* I die?—
Die! and leave her *thus*—suffering—unprotected!—

enter Melville and guard.

Melv. I am sorry that my duty should require
Service, at which my heart revolts; but, sir,
Our soldiers wait in arms, all is prepared.

Hono. To death! impossible! has my delay,
Then, murder'd him? a momentary respite.

Melv. Lady, I have no power.

Bland. Melville, my friend, (*to Melville*)

This lady bears despatches of high import,
Touching this business: should they arrive too late—

Hono. For pity's sake, and heaven's, conduct me to him;
And wait the issue of our conference.
O twould be murder of the blackest dye,
Sin, execrable not to break thy orders—
Inhuman, thou art not.

Melv. Lady, thou sayest true;
For rather would I lose my rank in arms,
And stand cashiered for lack of discipline,
Than, gain 'mongst military men all praise,
Wanting the touch of sweet humanity.

Hono. Thou grantest my request?

Melv. Lady, I do.

Retire! (*to soldiers, who go off*)

Bland. I know not what excuse, to martial men,
Thou canst advance for this, but to thy heart
Thou wilt need none, good Melville.

Andre. Oh, Honora!

Hono. Cheer up, I feel assured. Hope wings my flight,
To bring thee tidings of much joy to come. (*exit with Bland and Melville*)

Andre. Eternal blessings on thee, matchless woman!
If death now comes, he finds the veriest coward
That e'er he dealt withal. I cannot think
Of dying. Void of fortitude, each thought

Clings to the world—the world that holds Honora!— [exit

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SCENE III—the general's quarters.  
*enter* GENERAL and MELVILLE.

*Gen.* Ask her, my friend, to send by thee her packets. [*exit Melville*  
Oh, what keen struggles must I undergo!  
Unbless'd estate! to have the power to pardon;  
The court's stern sentence to remit; give life;  
Feel the strong wish to use such blessed power,  
Yet know that circumstances strong as fate  
Forbid to obey the impulse. O, I feel  
That man should never shed the blood of man.

*re-enter* MELVILLE.

*Melv.* Nought can the lovely suitor satisfy,  
But conference with thee; and much I fear  
Refusal would cause madness.

*Gen.* Yet to admit,  
To hear, be tortur'd, and refuse at last.

*Melv.* Sure never man such spectacle of sorrow  
Saw before. Motionless the rough hewn soldiers  
Silent view her, or walk aside and weep.

*Gen. (after a pause)* Admit her! (*exit Melville*) o for the art, the precious art,  
To reconcile the sufferer to his sorrows!

HONORA rushes in, and throws herself wildly on her knees before him—he endeavors to raise her.

*Hono.* Nay, nay, here is my place, or here, or lower,  
Unless thou grant'st his life. All forms away!  
Thus will I clasp thy knees, thus cling to thee.  
I am his wife—tis I have ruin'd him—  
Oh save him—give him to me! let us cross  
The mighty seas, far, far—ne'er to offend again.

(*the general turns away and hides his eyes with his hands*)

*re-enter* MELVILLE, and an officer.

*Gen.* Melville, support her, my heart is torn in twain.

(*Honora as if exhausted, suffers herself to be raised, and rests on Melville*)

*An Off.* This moment, sir, a messenger arrived  
With well confirm'd and mournful information,  
That gallant Hastings, by the lawless scouts  
Of Britain taken, after cruel mockery  
With show of trial and condemnation,  
On the next tree was hung.

*Hono. (wildly)* Oh, it is false!

*Gen.* Why, why, my country, did I hesitate! [*exit*]

*(Honora sinks, faints, and is borne off by Melville and officer)*

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SCENE IV—the prison.

enter ANDRE, *meeting* BLAND.

Andre. How speeds Honora? (*pause*) Art thou silent, Bland?
Why, then I know my task. The mind of man,
If not by vice debased, debilitated,
Or by disease of body quite unton'd,
Hath o'er its thoughts a power—energy divine!
Of fortitude the source and every virtue
A godlike power, which e'en o'er circumstance
Its sov'reignty exerts; now, from my thoughts,
Honora! Yet she is left alone expos'd—

Bland. O, Andre, spurn me, strike me to the earth;
For what a wretch am I, in Andre's mind,
That he can think he leaves his love alone,
And I retaining life!

Andre. Forgive me, Bland,
My thoughts glanced not on thee. Imagination
Pictured only, then, her orphan state, helpless;
Her weak and grief-exhausted frame. Alas!
This blow will kill her!

Bland. (kneeling) Here do I myself
Devote, my fortune consecrate, to thee,
To thy remembrance, and Honora's service!

Andre. Enough! Let me not see her more—nor think of her.
Farewell! farewell, sweet image! now for death—

Bland. Yet that you shouldst the felon's fate fulfill,
Damnation! my blood boils. Indignation
Makes the current of my life course wildly
Through its round, and maddens each emotion.

Andre. Come, come, it matters not.

Bland. I do remember,
When a boy, at school, in our allotted tasks,
We, by our puny acts, strove to portray
The giant thoughts of Otway. I was Pierre.
O, thou art Pierre's reality! a soldier,
On whose manly brow sits fortitude enamor'd!
A Mars abhorring vice, yet doom'd to die
A death of infamy; thy corse expos'd
To vulgar gaze—halter'd—distorted—oh!!

(pauses—then adds in a low, hollow voice)

Pierre had a friend to save him from such shame—
And so hast thou.

Andre. No more, as thou dost love me.

Bland. I have a sword, and arm, that never fail'd me.

Andre. Bland, such an act would justly thee involve,
And leave that helpless one thou swore'st to guard,
Expos'd to every ill. Oh! think not of it.

Bland. If thou wilt not my aid—take it thyself. *(draws and offers his sword)*

Andre. No, men will say that cowardice did urge me.
In my mind's weakness, I did wish to shun
That mode of death which error represented
Infamous, now let me rise superior;
And with a fortitude too true to start
From mere appearances, show your country,
That she, in me, destroys a man who might
Have lived to virtue.

Bland. *(sheathing his sword)* I will not think more of it;
I was again the sport of erring passion.

Andre. Go thou and guide Honora from this spot.

enter HONORA.

Hono. Who shall oppose his wife? I will have way!
They, cruel, would have kept me, Andre, from thee.
Say, am I not thy wife? wilt thou deny me?
Indeed I am not drest in bridal trim,
But I have travell'd far; rough was the road,
Rugged and rough—that must excuse my dress.
(seeing Andre's distress) Thou art not glad to see me.

Andre. Break my heart!

Hono. Indeed, I feel not much in spirits. I wept but now.

enter Melville, and guard.

Bland. *(to Melville)* Say nothing.

Andre. I am ready.

Hono. *(seeing the guard)* Are they here?
Here again! the same! but they shall not harm me—
I am with thee, my Andre, I am safe—
And thou art safe with me. Is it not so? *(clinging to him)*

enter mrs. Bland.

Mrs. Bland. Where is this lovely victim?

Bland. Thanks, my mother.

Mrs. Bland. My woes are past.
Thy father, by the foe released, already
Is in safety. This be forgotten now;
And every thought be turn'd to this sad scene.
Come, lady, home with me.

Hono. Go home with thee?
Art thou my Andre's mother? we will home
And rest, for thou art weary—very weary.
(*leans on mrs. Bland—Andre retires to the guard, and goes off with them, looking on her to the last, and with an action of extreme tenderness takes leave of her—Melville and Bland accompany him*)
Now we will go. Come, love! where is he?
All gone!—I do remember—I awake—
They have him—oh, murder! help! save him! save him!—

(*Honora attempts to follow, but falls—mrs. Bland kneels to assist her—curtain drops*)

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I—a landscape.

*enter general WASHINGTON, officers and soldiers.*

*Gen.* Now, my brave countrymen, one glorious effort more, and we shall see the termination of our martial labors. From many a check and many a dour discomfiture we've gain'd the precious jewel, dear experience. Many of those who started with us in the race have fallen; our labors done, we'll find a time to weep them. One royal army yielded in the north and crowned our arms, and Gates, with endless glory. Here in the south, Morgan and Greene, Fayette and Wayne, have nobly done their duty—one effort more, a second royal army must submit! What for the third remains?

*Melv.* Fight or submission! We are now very forward with our second parallel, and but for the two advanced redoubts, the enemy's works would be soon enfiladed in almost every part.

*Gen.* Those redoubts must be carried this day. By agreement with general Rochambeau, one shall be attacked by the troops under his command, while at the same moment the other must be carried by my americans. I say carried, for to doubt the event would be treason to my country. [*exeunt*]

*enter, in uniform, PAULDING, VAN VERT, WILLIAMS, and soldiers.*

*Will.* I do envy him. I can't help it.

*Pauld.* Envy is a paltry mean sensation.

*Will.* I know it—I should be a scoundrel if I envied the glory of our general, but when a *soldier* like myself does a clever thing, I can't help wishing *I* had done it. When I heard the general ask for the three volunteers Who had brought off all the enemy's out-sentinels—o, thought I, that had been one! When I saw corporal Compton and his companion step forth, did I not envy them: but when the general told him they were excused from storming the forts, and appointed Compton to guard his prisoners, and asked him if he was satisfied, and when Compton said “no, please your excellency, can an american soldier be satisfied to

remain an idle spectator, when his comrades are fighting the enemies of his country?"—oh, do you think I did not envy him?

*Pauld.* You should love, not envy such a man.

*Will.* And don't I love him, think you? if there ever was a hero with worsted epaulet, he's one. "My brave soldier," says the general, "you shall not be left behind; and may you be the first to enter the fort." Dang me, but I'll be the second, says I.

*Pauld.* How do you know we shall beat 'em?

*Van V.* We must beat them

*Pauld.* It is not for us to say so. We shall certainly try.

*Will.* I say we must beat 'em. Dang it, an't we ordered to carry the fort?

*Van V.* And what good soldier but obeys orders?

*Will.* Ay, sure enough. Don't you remember, lads, at the battle of Monmouth; when we marched up and found our advanced corps retreating and the british pursuing, what were the general's orders?

*Van V.* "Advance and check the enemy."

*Will.* And we did it.

*Van V.* Ay, that was a glorious day.

*Will.* We obeyed our orders.

*Pauld.* Advance!

*Will.* And we did it!

*Pauld.* Check them.

*Will.* And we did it.

*Pauld.* Beat them.

*Will.* And we did it! they run.

*All.* Huzza! huzza! huzza!

*Pauld.* It was a glorious day.

*Will.* A nation hot one. That day was hot enough without fire or gunpowder. What with the yankee sun, and the English fire, some of us were glad to get into the wood—natural you know—the shade is cooling—but when the general rode up, and ask'd us what we did there? his eye was hotter than the rays of the sun, and my cheeks burnt for shame, till I returned to the charge and heard the shout of Washington and victory! It was a hot day! give us the description of it. It will prepare us for the assault of the redoubts.

SONG—VAN VERT.

The sun his fiercest ray,  
On Monmouth's bloody day,

Shot ardent on the burning sands,  
 Where Britain's veteran bands,  
     Reluctant toil'd their slow inglorious way.  
 Lee, close upon the rear their track pursued:  
 Though oft attack'd, as oft they firmly stood,  
 And gorged the thirsty plains with valiant blood.  
 Behind, bright freedom's banner flies unfurl'd!  
     And every patriot bosom cheers  
     Where Washington himself appears,  
     The glory of the world!  
 Indignant thus to be pursued,  
 The gallant briton turns upon his foe,  
     "Sound, sound the charge," he cries,  
     And to the combat flies:  
 Like lightning rush the rapid horse!  
 Resistless in their thundering course!  
     O'erpower'd—recoiling slow,  
     Oft turning and returning on the foe,  
 Our fainting troops retreat for shelter to the wood  
     To stop the inglorious flight,  
 See where the first of men bursts glorious on the sight!  
     "Advance! advance!" the hero cries!  
     "Advance!" each echoing rank replies!  
     Admiring victory hears the word  
     Descending lights upon his sword,  
 And flashes round his head insufferable light.  
     The foe, appal'd, stops—falters—flies—  
     And shouts of triumph rend the skies.  
 The war-worn briton sullenly retires,  
     Or sinks without a wound  
     Exhausted on the ground,  
 And scorch'd with thirst and heat—in agony expires—  
     Thus veteran valor  
     Equal valor found;  
 But Washington alone  
 With victory's wreath is crown'd.

*enter DENNIS O'BOGG as an american soldier.*

*O'Bogg.* Och! that ever I should be born to see the fate of this ugly looking day!

*Will.* Why what's the matter, mister O'Bogg?

*O'Bogg.* And by my soul it *is* matter. There is a black-guard countryman of mine that has deserted from York-town—divil burn him, why couldn't he stay where he was? by and by there will be so many irish deserters among us that we shall be call'd the blue lobsters, and the grinning thieves will say, that a little boiling would turn us all red again.

*Pauld.* But, Dennis, you shouldn't find fault with him for deserting.

*Will.* I suppose he heard that you was here?

*O'Bogg.* That's it. I know the *tief*. Didn't I borrow five and two-pence of him the morning I ran away? and can't I tell what it is the spalpeen is come after? but I wouldn't mind that a pig's foot, *becase* I've got my pocket full of dollars that are good for nothing, but to pay old debts. (*takes out some pieces of brown paper*) But then the news he brings—oh, that's the thing.



*Will.* What news?

*O'Bogg.* Fait, he tells me my two wives are in Yorktown here.

*Will.* Your two widows, you mean.

*O'Bogg.* So we shall fight and take the place: and what will Dennis O'Bogg get by it?

*Will.* More than any of us, I'm sure. Two wives! An't that enough?

*O'Bogg.* Yes! I shall get out of the fire into the frying pan. A pretty day's work I shall make of it! we shall silence the redoubts, carry the lines, take the town, and then I shall have two batteries open'd upon poor Dennis alone, that the devil himself couldn't *silence*.

*Will.* Take courage, man, you've got a good chance of being kill'd in the action.

*O'Bogg.* Ah, sure enough, there's some comfort in that.

*Will.* Besides, it's ten to one but your widows are both married.

*O'Bogg.* No: that's impossible. After having had Dennis O'Bogg for a husband, they could never take up with anything else.

SONG—(*from the Picture of Paris*)

1.

The turban'd turk, who scorns the world,  
May strut about with his whiskers curl'd;  
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key  
For nobody else but himself to see;  
Yet long may he pray with his alcoran,  
Before he can love like an irishman.

2.

The frenchman gay with his *louis d'or*,  
The solemn don, and the soft signor,  
The dutch mynheer so full of pride,  
The russian, prussian, swede beside;  
They all may do whate'er they can,  
But they ne'er can love like an irishman.

*Will.* Then your only chance is being shot; for if you are so wonderful lovely, you'll have no peace this side of the grave. Huzza! to arms, boy!

*Soldiers.* Huzza! (*drums roll*)

*1<sup>st</sup> Sol.* When we carry the redoubts, let us remember New London.

*Will.* Remember humanity.

*1<sup>st</sup> Sol.* We'll not spare them! New London!

*Will.* Humanity! remember we are men, and they are our fellow men! what! when we shall have charg'd and carried their works—when we are in their redoubts, and they are at our mercy—when they kneel and cry for quarter, shall we murder them?

*Pauld.* No, fellow soldiers!

*Van V.* Never! never!

*Soldiers.* No, never, never!

*Will.* Huzza! no, never! we will raise them up, and show them what treatment americans deserve. (*drum rolls*) to arms! on, lads! Let the word be—"victory and mercy." [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II—*draws and discovers York-town—at a distance is seen the town, with the british lines and the lines of the besiegers—nearer are the advanced batteries, one more distant from the audience than the other—cannonading commences from the besiegers upon the town—explosion of a powder magazine—the french troops advance towards the most distant of the advanced batteries—the battery begins to cannonade—the troops advance, and carry it at the bayonet's point—while this is yet doing, the nearest battery begins to cannonade, and the american infantry attack and carry it with fixed bayonets, striking the english colors—shouts of victory.*

enter on one side, general WASHINGTON, MELVILLE, BLAND, officers and soldiers, drums and colors—on the other, WILLIAMS, PAULDING, VAN VERT, DENNIS O'BOGG, officers and soldiers.

Gen. Thanks, my brave countrymen! our toils are past. It now requires not the spirit of prophecy to see, we have gain'd our country's independence. May that spirit which has animated the sons of Columbia, in this glorious struggle, remain pure and unimpaired for then long will she be free and happy.

CHORUS.

The fight it done,
The battle won!
Our praise is due to him alone,
Who from his bright eternal throne,
The fate of battles and of man decides:
To him all praise be given!
And under heaven,
To great Columbia's son,
Blest Washington!
Who o'er the fight like fate presides!

(a transparency descends, and an eagle is seen suspending a crown of laurel over the commander in chief with this motto—"IMMORTALITY TO WASHINGTON.")

Chorus.
All hail Columbia's son!
Immortal Washington!
By fame renown'd,
By victory crown'd,
Hail, Washington!

THE END.

TWO TREASURIES OF COLONIAL FOLK-LORE of Note.

There is no genre so universally affecting and enduring as the folk-tale, and there is probably not a country or nation on the globe that does not have its rich store and collection of such stories. Unlike non-lyrical verse, stage plays, histories, essays, *belle lettres*, the novel, or the short-story, folk tales, along with folk humor and music, are, in their origin, a product of and chiefly intended for common people. Yet from this humble beginning, it has at times been possible for them to be developed into literary forms of a much higher level of sophistication, and, indeed, much of Babylonian, Egyptian, and Greek mythology, for example, would seem to have begun in some degree as a series of fireside tales, and that, in some instances, just happened to be sung; and from these in turn sprang the great epics and tragedies, as well as the many magnificent works of sculpture and painting. So that while Homer, and such bards as himself, presumably had opportunities to sing before kings and royalty, he was probably obliged to air and try his stories and verse beforehand among more ordinary souls. In this way, folk-tales, along with poetry and song, are both the fertile soil and raw material from which the preponderance of all subsequent literature springs and initially finds the form from which it is later shaped.²⁴⁷

It is no little fitting then that they are often the first kind of story-telling we ourselves are introduced to as children, and if we think back on it, some of the most indelible recollections of our earliest literary education will be memories of some folk story or other we read or heard recited. As well as bringing us closer to our own cultural and national heritage, folk tales make accessible those of foreign peoples arguably better, by comparison, than any other art form or literary mode. Speaking from my own experience, I typically feel a more immediate and lasting affinity to peoples of, say, China, Japan, or Russia by way of their old folk-tales than by way of any modern novel or film from these same countries, and I'm inclined to assume that, generally speaking, their own feelings are probably identical and (relative to my culture) reciprocal to my own -- so deeply rooted in our collective hearts and psyches is the folk tale tradition and its story telling method.

Characteristically and in their genesis, folk tales use the medium of the spoken word. And yet with the development of writing and then printing, it has proved not strictly necessary to adhere to this convention. In fact, in the late 18th and early 19th century folk stories, starting with Bishop Thomas Percy's ballad-based *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* (1765), became the basis of internationally famous and readily recognized book anthologies, such as those of the Brothers Grimm, and it was by means of books that the folk tale received a renewed lease on life in the midst of the increased strife, noise and crowds of modernity. Several of the most prominent pens of early United States literature used the folk-tale as one starting point of their writings; while in the process occasionally spinning out new folk stories of their own. Among these are William Austin, Irving, Paulding, Bryant, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier; so that in their stories and poems what many readers might think of as a time-honored tale or legend is, in a given instance, actually a modern creation of these authors' own devise. Conversely, a work routinely assigned to an author's invention it sometimes turns out is really formed from a yarn that long predated them. "Rip Van Winkle," for example, is a reworking to an American setting of the German folk story "Der Ziegenhirt" ("The Goatherd") that Irving first read in Otmar's (i.e., Johann Carl Christoph Nachtigal's) *Volks-Sagen* (1800) or else in Johann G. Büsching's *Märchen und Legenden* (1811), in English translation by Edward Taylor (1793-1839). Alternatively, the tale of Epimenides, related in Erasmus' *colloquies*, as well stands as a plausible candidate for Irving's character and plot model.²⁴⁸ But as Irving himself confessed with respect to his *Sketch Book*, he was less interested in telling stories than in using them as vehicles on which to display his descriptive writing and "coloring" (of subjects).²⁴⁹

²⁴⁷ In (partial) support of which contention, see Richmond Lattimore's translation of *The Odyssey*, introduction, p. 10; also, J.A.K. Thomson, *The Classical Background of English Literature* (1948), pp. 39-40.

²⁴⁸ There is in addition, we might add, the Christian "legend" of the Seven Sleepers dating to the 5th century A.D., and subsequently related in the writings of Gregory of Tours. Gibbon gives the fable's full history in *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. 3, ch. 33, pt. 2.

²⁴⁹ Irving's individual tales, and scattered and spread through diverse volumes of his, are largely and at their core of a folk-tale character. In 1998, editor Charles Neider has done readers and students a signal service by putting together a most convenient repository of them all; titled *The Complete Tales Of Washington Irving*.

It wasn't however till the late 19th century that efforts were made to attempt something like comprehensive collections of early American folklore. This is not surprising since it took the first half of the century just to revive interest and then gather tales for publication, including the concoction of "new" legends (such as by the likes of the eccentric pseudo-historian George Lippard.) This resurgence of folk stories made its initial printed appearance by way of magazines and newspapers. So that it is perhaps no coincidence that two of the best compendiums of early American folklore were put together by newspaper men. The two works in question are *A Book of New England Legends and Folklore* (1883, 1901) by Samuel Adams Drake (1833-1905) from Massachusetts and *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land* (1896) by Charles Montgomery Skinner (1852-1907) of New York. As well as journalist, Drake became a brigadier general of the Kansas militia during the Civil War, and if he had done nothing else would still be remembered otherwise as the author of a number of eminent volumes on American history and culture, including in-depth Revolutionary War studies of the Trenton-Princeton and Saratoga campaigns. Both Drake and Skinner were highly prolific writers who, along with the likes of Benson J. Lossing and Frank Moore, contributed enormously to solidifying and finalizing what Irving, et al., earlier in the century commenced. While Drake took time to include poetry as well as tales and sketches of forgotten colonial history, Skinner did not. And between the two, Drake's is indubitably and overall the higher quality and more finished work, possessing a hallowed warmth and antiquarian elegance rather lacking in Skinner. In addition, Skinner's work occasionally suffers from anachronistic racism, and, even more lamentably, he neglects to cite his sources. And yet in some regards, Skinner's effort is considerably more thorough in its coverage and number of tales, and remains to this day an inimitable source of rare and obscure folk-yarn curiosities which we might otherwise have missed; including not a few stories from Native American tradition and dating from pre-Revolutionary times.

The following are three samples each from Drake's *Book of New England Legends and Folklore* and Skinner's *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land*; reproduced here with the hope that it will encourage readers, particularly lovers of early American lore, to obtain for themselves the full collections of these truly precious and invaluable writings. Growing up, I myself sought in vain for books such as these; only instead to come upon most welcome, yes, but severely abridged children's volumes which contained a few of such stories. Had someone back then directed me to the originals from which they emanated, I've no doubt that in retrospect I would have felt myself eternally in their debt.

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**Excerpts from S. A. Drake's *A Book of New England Legends and Folklore* (1883, 1901)<sup>250</sup>**

**THE SOLITARY OF SHAWMUT.**

By J. L. MOTLEY.  
1628

A SOLITARY figure sat upon the summit of Shawmut. He was a man of about thirty years of age, somewhat above the middle height, slender in form, with a pale, thoughtful face. He wore a confused dark-colored, half-canonical dress, with a gray broad-leaved hat strung with shells, like an ancient palmer's, and slouched back from his pensive brow, around which his prematurely gray hair fell in heavy curls far down upon his neck. He had a wallet at his side, a hammer in his girdle, and a long staff in his hand. The hermit of Shawmut looked out upon a scene of winning beauty. The promontory resembled rather two islands than a peninsula, although it was anchored to the continent by a long slender thread of land which seemed hardly to restrain it from floating out to join its sister islands, which were thickly strewn about the bay. The peak upon which the hermit sat was the highest of the three cliffs of the peninsula; upon the southeast, and very near him, rose another hill of lesser height and more rounded form; and upon the other side, and toward the north, a third craggy peak presented its bold and elevated front to the ocean. Thus the whole peninsula was made up of three lofty crags. It was from this triple conformation of the promontory of Shawmut that was derived the appellation of Trimountain, or Tremont, which it soon afterwards received.

<sup>250</sup> See: <http://archive.org/details/abooknewengland03drakgoog>

The vast conical shadows were projected eastwardly, as the hermit, with his back to the declining sun, looked out upon the sea.

The bay was spread out at his feet in a broad semicircle, with its extreme headlands vanishing in the hazy distance, while beyond rolled the vast expanse of ocean, with no spot of habitable earth beyond those outermost barriers and that far distant fatherland which the exile had left forever. Not a solitary sail whitened those purple waves, and saving the wing of the sea-gull, which now and then flashed in the sunshine or gleamed across the dimness of the eastern horizon, the solitude was at the moment unbroken by a single movement of animated nature. An intense and breathless silence enwrapped the scene with a vast and mystic veil. The bay presented a spectacle of great beauty. It was not that the outlines of the coast around it were broken into those jagged and cloud-like masses, -- that picturesque and startling scenery where precipitous crag, infinite abyss, and roaring surge unite to awaken stern and sublime emotions; on the contrary, the gentle loveliness of this transatlantic scene inspired a soothing melancholy more congenial to the contemplative character of its solitary occupant. The bay, secluded within its forest-crowned hills, decorated with its necklace of emerald islands, with its dark-blue waters gilded with the rays of the western sun, and its shadowy forests of unknown antiquity expanding into infinite depths around, was an image of fresh and virgin beauty, a fitting type of a new world unadorned by art, unploughed by industry, unscathed by war, wearing none of the thousand priceless jewels of civilization, and unpolluted by its thousand crimes, -- springing, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, cool, dripping, sparkling, and fresh from the hand of its Creator.

On the left, as the pilgrim sat with his face to the east, the outlines of the coast were comparatively low, but broken into gentle and pleasing forms. Immediately at his feet lay a larger island, in extent nearly equal to the peninsula of Shawmut, covered with mighty forest-trees, and at that day untenanted by a human being, although but a short time afterwards it became the residence of a distinguished pioneer. Outside this bulwark a chain of thickly wooded islets stretched across from shore to shore, with but one or two narrow channels between, presenting a picturesque and effectual barrier to the boisterous storms of ocean. They seemed like naiads, those islets lifting above the billows their gentle heads, crowned with the budding garlands of the spring, and circling hand in hand, like protective deities, about the scene.

On the south, beyond the narrow tongue of land which bound the peninsula to the main, and which was so slender that the spray from the eastern side was often dashed across it into the calmer cove of the west, rose in the immediate distance that long, boldly broken purple-colored ridge called the Massachusetts, or Mount Arrow Head, by the natives, and by the first English discoverer baptized the Cheviot Hills. On their left, and within the deep curve of the coast, were the slightly elevated heights of Passanogessit, or Merry Mount, and on their right stretched the broad forest, hill beyond hill, away. Towards the west and northwest, the eye wandered over a vast undulating panorama of gently rolling heights, upon whose summits the gigantic pine-forests, with their towering tops piercing the clouds, were darkly shadowed upon the western sky, while in the dim distance, far above and beyond the whole, visible only through a cloudless atmosphere, rose the airy summits of the Wachusett, Watatick, and Monadnock Mountains. Upon the inland side, at the base of the hill, the Quinobequin Eiver, which Smith had already christened with the royal name of his unhappy patron, Charles, might be seen writhing in its slow and tortuous course, like a wounded serpent, till it lost itself in the blue and beautiful cove which spread around the whole western edge of the peninsula; and within the same basin, directly opposite the northern peak of Shawmut, advanced the bold and craggy promontory of Mishawum, where Walford, the solitary smith, had built his thatched and palisaded house. The blue thread of the River Mystic, which here mingled its waters with the Charles, gleamed for a moment beyond the heights of Mishawum, and then vanished into the frowning forest.

Such was the scene, upon a bright afternoon of spring, which spread before the eyes of the solitary, William Blaxton, the hermit of Shawmut. It was a simple but sublime image, that gentle exile in his silvan solitude. It was a simple but sublime thought, which placed him and sustained him in his lone retreat. In all ages there seem to exist men who have no appointed place in the world. They are before their age in their aspirations, above it in their contemplation, but behind it in their capacity for action. Keen to detect the follies and the inconsistencies which surround them, shrinking from the contact and the friction

of the rough and boisterous world without, and building within the solitude of their meditations the airy fabric of a regenerated and purified existence, they pass their nights in unproductive study, and their days in dreams. With intelligence bright and copious enough to illuminate and to warm the chill atmosphere of the surrounding world, if the scattered rays were concentrated, but with an inability or disinclination to impress themselves upon other minds, they pass their lives without obtaining a result, and their characters, dwarfed by their distance from the actual universe, acquire an apparent indistinctness and feebleness which in reality does not belong to them.

The impending revolution in Church and State which hung like a gathering thunder-cloud above England's devoted head, was exciting to the stronger spirits, whether of mischief or of virtue, who rejoiced to mingle in the elemental war and to plunge into the rolling surge of the world's events; while to the timid, the hesitating, and the languid, it rose like a dark and threatening phantom, scaring them into solitude, or urging them to seek repose and safety in obscurity. Thus there may be men whose spirits are in advance of their age, while still the current of the world flows rapidly past them.

Of such men, and of such instincts, was the solitary who sat on the cliffs of Shawmut. Forswearing the country of his birth and early manhood, where there seemed, in the present state of her affairs, no possibility that minds like his could develop or sustain themselves, -- dropping, as it were, like a premature and unripened fruit from the bough where its blossoms had first unfolded, -- he had wandered into voluntary exile with hardly a regret. Debarred from ministering at the altar to which he had consecrated his youth, because unable to comply with mummery at which his soul revolted, he had become a high priest of nature, and had reared a pure and solitary altar in the wilderness. He had dwelt in this solitude for three or four years, and had found in the contemplation of nature, in the liberty of conscience, in solitary study and self-communing, a solace for the ills he had suffered, and a recompense for the world he had turned his back upon forever.

His spirit was a prophetic spirit, and his virtues belonged not to his times. In an age which regarded toleration as a crime, he had the courage to cultivate it as a virtue. In an age in which liberty of conscience was considered fearful licentiousness, he left his fatherland to obtain it, and was as ready to rebuke the intolerant tyranny of the nonconformist of the wilderness, as he had been to resist the bigotry and persecution of the prelacy at home. In short, the soul of the gentle hermit flew upon pure white wings before its age, but it flew, like the dove, to the wilderness. Wanting both power and inclination to act upon others, he became not a reformer, but a recluse. Having enjoyed and improved a classical education at the University of Cambridge, he was a thorough and an elegant scholar. He was likewise a profound observer, and a student of nature in all her external manifestations, and loved to theorize and to dream in the various walks of science. The botanical and mineralogical wonders of the New World were to him the objects of unceasing speculation, and he loved to proceed from the known to the unknown, and to weave fine chains of thought, which to his soaring fancy served to bind the actual to the unseen and the spiritual, and upon which, as upon the celestial ladder in the patriarch's vision, he could dream that the angels of the Lord were descending to earth from heaven.

The day was fast declining as the solitary still sat upon the peak and mused. He arose as the sun was sinking below the forest-crowned hills which girt his silvan hermitage, and gazed steadfastly towards the west.

"Another day," he said, "hath shone upon my lonely path; another day hath joined the buried ages which have folded their wings beneath yon glowing west, leaving in their noiseless flight across this virgin world no trace nor relic of their passage. 'Tis strange, 'tis fearful, this eternal and unbroken silence. Upon what fitful and checkered scenes hath yonder sun looked down in other lands, even in the course of this single day's career! Events as thickly studded as the stars of heaven have clustered and shone forth beneath his rays, even as his glowing chariot-wheels performed their daily course; and here, in this mysterious and speechless world, as if a spell of enchantment lay upon it, the silence is unbroken, the whole face of nature still dewy and fresh. The step of civilization hath not adorned nor polluted the surface of this wilderness. No stately temples gleam in yonder valleys, no storied monument nor aspiring shaft pierces yonder floating clouds; no mighty cities, swarming with life, filled to bursting with the ten thousand attendants of civilized humanity, luxury and want, pampered sloth, struggling industry, disease, crime, riot, pestilence, death, all

hotly pent within their narrow precincts, encumber yon sweeping plains; no peaceful villages, clinging to ancient, ivy-mantled churches; no teeming fields, spreading their vast and nourishing bosoms to the toiling thousands, meet this wandering gaze. No cheerful chime of vesper-bell, no peaceful low of the returning kine, no watch-dog's bark, no merry shout of children's innocent voices, no floating music from the shepherd's pipe, no old familiar sounds of humanity, break on this listening ear. No snowy sail shines on yon eternal ocean, its blue expanse unruffled and unmarred as the azure heaven; and ah! no crimson banners flout the sky, and no embattled hosts shake with their martial tread this silent earth. 'Tis silence and mystery all. Shall it be ever thus? Shall this green and beautiful world, which so long hath slept invisibly at the side of its ancient sister, still weave its virgin wreath unsoiled by passion and pollution? Shall this new, vast page in the broad history of man remain unsullied, or shall it soon flutter in the storm-winds of fate, and be stamped with the same iron record, the same dreary catalogue of misery and crime, which fills the chronicle of the elder world? 'Tis passing strange, this sudden apocalypse! Lo! is it not as if the universe, the narrow universe which bounded men's thoughts in ages past, had swung open, as if by an almighty fiat, and spread wide its eastern and western wings at once, to shelter the myriads of the human race?"

The hermit arose, slowly collected a few simples which he had culled from the wilderness, a few roots of early spring flowers which he destined for his garden, and stored them in his wallet, and then, grasping his long staff, began slowly to descend the hill.

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THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THIS marvel comes to us in a letter written at New Haven, where it happened, to Cotton Mather, and printed in his "Magnalia Christi." As Wagner has confirmed to our own age the immortality of the Flying Dutchman, so have Mather and Longfellow decreed that of this wondrous sea-legend. There is no power in science to eradicate either of them. One would not have his illusions rudely dispelled by going behind the scenes while "Der fliegende Hollander" is being performed; and he does not ask if under such or such atmospheric conditions a mirage may not have deceived the good people of New Haven in the year a. d. 1647.

In that year a Rhode-Island-built ship of about one hundred and fifty tons' burden, carrying a valuable cargo, besides "a far more rich treasure of passengers," put to sea from New Haven. Among those who sailed in her were five or six of the most eminent persons in that colony. The ship was new, but so "walty," that Lamberton, her master, often said that she would prove the grave of passengers and crew. It was in the heart of winter; the harbor was frozen over, and a way was cut through the ice, through which the ship slowly passed on her voyage, while the Reverend Mr. Davenport, besides many other friends who witnessed her departure, accompanied her with their prayers and tears until she was lost to view.

An ill-omened gloom overspread the scene, to which the prayer of the pastor lent an emphasis of its own. They who were departing heard these solemn words of invocation, wafted like a prayer for the dead to their ears: "Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, take them; they are thine: save them!"

When, in the following spring, the ships arriving from England brought no tidings either of ship or company, "New Haven's heart began to fail her." This, says the narrative, "put the godly people upon much prayer, both public and private, that the Lord would -- if it was his pleasure -- let them, hear what he had done with their dear friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to his holy will."

One afternoon in June a great thunderstorm arose out of the northwest. After it had spent itself, -- after this grand overture had ceased, -- the black clouds rolled away in the distance, and the skies again became serene and bright. All at once, about an hour before sunset, the people saw a large ship, with all her sails spread and her colors flying, coming gallantly up from the harbor's mouth. But such a ship as that had never before been seen; for notwithstanding the wind was blowing dead against her from the land, she moved steadily on against it as if her sails were filled with a fresh and favorable gale. The people looked on

in wonder and in awe. The strange vessel seemed floating in air; there was no ripple at her bow, nor on her deck any of the bustle denoting preparation to anchor. All those who had assembled to witness the strange sight gazed in stupefaction. The children clapped their hands and cried out, "There's a brave ship!" while up the harbor she sailed, stemming wind and tide, and every moment looming larger and more distinct.

At length, crowding up as far as there is depth of water sufficient for such a vessel, -- in fact so near to the spectators that the figure of a man standing on her poop, with a naked sword, which he pointed seaward, was distinctly seen, -- suddenly and noiselessly, as if struck by a squall, her main- top seemed blown away, and, falling in a wreck, hung entangled in the shrouds; then her mizzen-top, and then all her masts, spars, and sails blew away from her decks, and vanished like thistledown, leaving only a dismantled hulk floating in the quiet haven. As if yielding now to an invisible but resistless force, this too began to careen dangerously more and more, until it went down before the eyes of the beholders in a mist-like cloud, which after a little time melted away, leaving the space lately occupied by the Phantom Ship, as everywhere else, clear and unobstructed.

The wonder-struck lookers-on, while this weird counterfeit of a wreck at sea was enacting before their eyes, could so far distinguish the peculiar form and rigging of the Spectre Ship as to be able to say that "This was the very mould of our ship, and thus was her tragic end." The learned and devout Mr. Davenport also declared publicly, "That God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of his sovereign disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually."

Mr. Bryant, writing to the poet Dana in 1824, says that he had formed the idea of constructing a narrative poem on this subject; but upon finding that the legend had already been made use of by Irving, he abandoned the purpose, which Longfellow subsequently carried out, with dramatic effect, as follows: --

A ship sailed from New Haven;
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

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But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty,
I fear our grave she will be!"

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And at last their prayers were answered: --
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,

And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

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### **THE CHARTER OAK.**

WERE an American schoolboy to be asked to name the most celebrated tree of history, he would undoubtedly mention the Charter Oak. Other trees are locally famous; but this tree may be said to have a national reputation.

It is now not quite thirty years since the sturdy oak itself went down before one of those terrific storms that it had for centuries refused to budge an inch to; but so firmly had it become rooted in the event of history which first drew conspicuous attention to it, that this will be as soon forgotten as oak will. Nothing illustrates like this the strength of old associations, or more clearly expresses that demand of the human mind for something that may establish a relation with the invisible through the visible. The Charter Oak is no more. Yet it is still the tree that commemorates to most minds the preservation of the Colonial Charter, more distinctly than the event itself does the tree; for it is undoubtedly true that when we cast our eyes over the field of history we instinctively seek out those objects that rise above the common level, like steeples above a city. One sees there the Charter Oak; the chapter of history then swiftly unfolds itself.

The fall of this mighty monarch of the ancient forests occurred in the year 1856. It was announced throughout the Union as a public calamity; and in Hartford, where the Charter Oak had almost become an object of veneration, the intelligence created a feeling of loss to the glory of the city which nothing in the way of monuments could make good. The smallest pieces of the tree were eagerly secured by relic-hunters, and they are still carefully treasured up, in order to perpetuate, in the thousand forms into which a piece of wood may be turned, the memory of the brave old oak from which Hartford derived its familiar sobriquet of the Charter-Oak City, of which her citizens are justly proud.

The Charter Oak stood on the slope of Wyllys's Hill, in the city of Hartford; and it had stood on the same spot for centuries. No man knew its exact age; but there is little doubt that it was an object of veneration to the Indians long before the discovery of America by Columbus. Tradition says that when the white people began to build here at Hartford, Mr. Samuel Wyllys, who was one of these pioneers, was busy clearing the forest away around his homestead, and he had marked this tree for destruction with the rest; but the savages who dwelt in the neighborhood so earnestly begged that it might be spared, because its first putting forth its leaves had been a sign to them from immemorial time when to plant their corn, that at their request the oak was left standing.

Some idea of the great age of this historic tree may, however, be formed by considering its dimensions. Thirty odd years before it fell to the ground, a wreck, it measured thirty-six feet in circumference at the base. The famous hiding-place in its trunk had then nearly closed up, although the old people could remember when it would easily admit a child into the hollow cavity of the tree. The same generation believed this to be a sign that it had fulfilled its mission. When Mr. [Benson J.] Lossing visited it in 1848 he found the trunk then having a girth of twenty-five feet around it at one foot from the ground; and the opening at the bottom was then a narrow crevice only large enough for a person's hand to go in.

This oak appeared to have lost its upper trunk during some battle with lightning or gale, so that many others of its species of more recent growth surpassed it in height; but the accident had also enormously strengthened the lower trunk, and extended the spread and thickness of the limbs, which continued to flaunt defiance in the face of the elements that were surely destroying them piecemeal. In time the tree had recovered its old symmetry of form, while its foliage was still remarkably rich and exuberant. Year by year it became more and more closely imprisoned within the walls of the growing city, until it stood a solitary, though not unregarded, survivor of its race and time.

There is another relic intimately associated with the Charter Oak for which the people of Connecticut have a great regard. Hanging up in the office of the Secretary of State, in the State Capitol, in a frame made of the Charter Oak, is the venerable original charter of the Colony, bearing not only the autograph, but the portrait of King Charles II. It is the genuine world-renowned document whose mysterious disappearance one evening, about two centuries ago, caused such a hubbub to be raised throughout the Colonies; and it is, therefore, of all the historical treasures of the State the most valued.

The story of how the Colonial charter was saved from the clutches of Sir Edmund Andros is a stirring episode of those stirring times, when Tyranny, boldly unmasking, began openly to threaten New England with the loss of all her time-honored franchises. In contempt of their chartered rights, King James II had appointed Sir Edmund governor over all the New-England Colonies. Neither the wishes, the interests, nor the happiness of the people were to be for a moment considered. It was to be a rule of iron, and a man of iron was chosen for it. The first step was to seize and declare void the old charters. Massachusetts had already been dispossessed of hers; everything there was in confusion. It was now the turn of the other colonies. With this object Sir Edmund despatched to the Connecticut authorities an order demanding in good set terms the surrender of their charter; for even the arbitrary James would have it appear that he paid some respect to the majesty of the law by observing its forms; and the charter, being a royal grant of power, could not be ignored. The people of Connecticut considered this an act of usurpation, and their representatives naturally hesitated. But the charter not being forthcoming on his demand, Sir Edmund determined to let the good people of Connecticut know with whom they had to deal. He was a man of action; and he quickly put himself at the head of his soldiers, and went to fetch the instrument at the point of the sword. Never before had a body of royal troops trodden the soil of the Land of Steady Habits. Now, their errand was to sow the seeds of rebellion and disloyalty. The Governor, nursing his wrath all the way, arrived at Hartford in no gentle frame of mind; and going at once to the House where the Colonial Assembly was sitting, he strode into the chamber and imperiously demanded, in the King's name, the immediate delivery to him of the charter, at the same time declaring the old government to be dissolved and its proceedings unlawful. The representatives of the people saw the structure that their fathers had raised falling in ruins around them. There stood the dictator. Open resistance would be treason. But certain of the members, had resolved that he should never have the charter, cost what it might. Wishing to gain time, the Assembly fell into debate over the matter, while the King's viceroy haughtily awaited its determination without leaving the chamber. The countenances of all present were anxious and pre-occupied. The debate grew warm, and Sir Edmund impatient. It became so dark that candles were lighted. The charter was then brought in and laid upon the table in full view of every one present. A hush fell upon the Assembly, every man of whom knew that the crisis had been reached. By this time the house was surrounded by the populace, in whom the feeling of resistance only wanted a spark to set it in a flame. But a better way had been found. All at once the lights in the chamber were extinguished; and when they were officiously relighted, the precious instrument was gone! The faces of that body of men when this fact dawned upon them must have been a study.

The tradition is -- for of course no official record could be made of such an act of treason -- that when the candles were put out, the box containing the royal patent was snatched from the table, hurried out of the chamber, and thrust into the hollow of the tree that has ever since borne the name of the Charter Oak. This daring act was performed by Captain Jeremiah Wadsworth; and it subsequently saved Connecticut from having imposed upon her the same humiliating terms that were granted under favor of King William to the old Mother-Colony.

But notwithstanding his main purpose had thus been thwarted, Sir Edmund took upon him on the spot the reins of government, by a formal declaration which is entered upon the record, closing with the

ominous word “finis.” So the people of Connecticut had after all to submit, until the Revolution in England tumbled King James’s rotten throne about his ears, and in its turn wrote “finis” at the end of his fatal dynasty in characters large enough to convey their warning to his successors, -- “Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.”

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Excerpts from Charles Montgomery Skinner’s *Myths and Legends of Our Own Land*
(1896)²⁵¹

POKEPSIE.

The name of this town has forty-two spellings in old records, and with singular pertinacity in ill-doing, the inhabitants have fastened on it the longest and clumsiest of all. It comes from the Mohegan words Apo-keep-sink, meaning a safe, pleasant harbor. Harbor it might be for canoes, but for nothing bigger, for it was only the little cove that was so called between Call Rock and Adder Cliff, -- the former indicating where settlers awaiting passage hailed the masters of vessels from its top, and the latter taking its name from the snakes that abounded there. Hither came a band of Delawares with Pequot captives, among them a young chief to whom had been offered not only life but leadership if he would renounce his tribe, receive the mark of the turtle on his breast, and become a Delaware. On his refusal, he was bound to a tree, and was about to undergo the torture, when a girl among the listeners sprang to his side. She, too, was a Pequot, but the turtle totem was on her bosom, and when she begged his life, because they had been betrothed, the captors paused to talk of it. She had chosen well the time to interfere, for a band of Hurons was approaching, and even as the talk went on their yell was heard in the wood. Instant measures for defence were taken, and in the fight that followed both chief and maiden were forgotten; but though she cut the cords that bound him, they were separated in the confusion, he disappearing, she falling captive to the Hurons, who, sated with blood, retired from the field. In the fantastic disguise of a wizard the young Pequot entered their camp soon after, and on being asked to try his enchantments for the cure of a young woman, he entered her tent, showing no surprise at finding her to be the maiden of his choice, who was suffering from nothing worse than nerves, due to the excitement of the battle. Left alone with his patient, he disclosed his identity, and planned a way of escape that proved effective on that very night, for, though pursued by the angry Hurons, the couple reached “safe harbor,” thence making a way to their own country in the east, where they were married.

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### THE TORY’S CONVERSION.

In his firelit parlor, in his little house at Valley Forge, old Michael Kuch sits talking with his daughter. But though it is Christmas eve the talk has little cheer in it. The hours drag on until the clock strikes twelve, and the old man is about to offer his evening prayer for the safety of his son, who is one of Washington’s troopers, when hurried steps are heard in the snow, there is a fumbling at the latch, then the door flies open and admits a haggard, panting man who hastily closes it again, falls into a seat, and shakes from head to foot. The girl goes to him. “John!” she says. But he only averts his face. “What is wrong with thee, John Blake?” asks the farmer. But he has to ask again and again ere he gets an answer. Then, in a broken voice, the trembling man confesses that he has tried to shoot Washington, but the bullet struck and killed his only attendant, a dragoon. He has come for shelter, for men are on his track already. “Thou know’st I am neutral in this war, John Blake,” answered the farmer, -- “although I have a boy down yonder in the camp. It was a cowardly thing to do, and I hate you Tories that you do not fight like men; yet, since you ask me for a hiding-place, you shall have it, though, mind you, ‘tis more on the girl’s account than yours. The men are coming. Out--this way--to the spring-house. So!”

Before old Michael has time to return to his chair the door is again thrust open, this time by men in blue and buff. They demand the assassin, whose footsteps they have tracked there through the snow.

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<sup>251</sup> See: <http://archive.org/details/mythsandlegendso06615gut>

Michael does not answer. They are about to use violence when, through the open door, comes Washington, who checks them with a word. The general bears a drooping form with a blood splash on its breast, and deposits it on the hearth as gently as a mother puts a babe into its cradle. As the firelight falls on the still face the farmer's eyes grow round and big; then he shrieks and drops upon his knees, for it is his son who is lying there. Beside him is a pistol; it was dropped by the Tory when he entered. Grasping it eagerly the farmer leaps to his feet. His years have fallen from him. With a tiger-like bound he gains the door, rushes to the spring-house where John Blake is crouching, his eyes sunk and shining, gnawing his fingers in a craze of dismay. But though hate is swift, love is swifter, and the girl is there as soon as he. She strikes his arm aside, and the bullet he has fired lodges in the wood. He draws out his knife, and the murderer, to whom has now come the calmness of despair, kneels and offers his breast to the blade. Before he can strike, the soldiers hasten up, and seizing Blake, they drag him to the house--the little room--where all had been so peaceful but a few minutes before.

The culprit is brought face to face with Washington, who asks him what harm he has ever suffered from his fellow countrymen that he should turn against them thus. Blake hangs his head and owns his willingness to die. His eyes rest on the form extended on the floor, and he shudders; but his features undergo an almost joyous change, for the figure lifts itself, and in a faint voice calls, "Father!" The young man lives. With a cry of delight both father and sister raise him in their arms. "You are not yet prepared to die," says Washington to the captive. "I will put you under guard until you are wanted. Take him into custody, my dear young lady, and try to make an American of him. See, it is one o'clock, and this is Christmas morning. May all be happy here. Come." And beckoning to his men he rides away, though Blake and his affianced would have gone on their knees before him. Revulsion of feeling, love, thankfulness and a latent patriotism wrought a quick change in Blake. When young Kuch recovered Blake joined his regiment, and no soldier served the flag more honorably.

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THE WHITE DEER OF ONOTA.

Beside quiet Onota, in the Berkshire Hills, dwelt a band of Indians, and while they lived here a white deer often came to drink. So rare was the appearance of an animal like this that its visits were held as good omens, and no hunter of the tribe ever tried to slay it. A prophet of the race had said, "So long as the white doe drinks at Onota, famine shall not blight the Indian's harvest, nor pestilence come nigh his lodge, nor foeman lay waste his country." And this prophecy held true. That summer when the deer came with a fawn as white and graceful as herself, it was a year of great abundance. On the outbreak of the French and Indian War a young officer named Montalbert was despatched to the Berkshire country to persuade the Housatonic Indians to declare hostility to the English, and it was as a guest in the village of Onota that he heard of the white deer. Sundry adventurers had made valuable friendships by returning to the French capital with riches and curiosities from the New World. Even Indians had been abducted as gifts for royalty, and this young ambassador resolved that when he returned to his own country the skin of the white deer should be one of the trophies that would win him a smile from Louis.

He offered a price for it -- a price that would have bought all their possessions and miles of the country roundabout, but their deer was sacred, and their refusal to sacrifice it was couched in such indignant terms that he wisely said no more about it in the general hearing. There was in the village a drunken fellow, named Wondo, who had come to that pass when he would almost have sold his soul for liquor, and him the officer led away and plied with rum until he promised to bring the white doe to him. The pretty beast was so familiar with men that she suffered Wondo to catch her and lead her to Montalbert. Making sure that one was near, the officer plunged his sword into her side and the innocent creature fell. The snowy skin, now splashed with red, was quickly stripped off, concealed among the effects in Montalbert's outfit, and he set out for Canada; but he had not been many days on his road before Wondo, in an access of misery and repentance, confessed to his share of the crime that had been done and was slain on the moment.

With the death of the deer came an end to good fortune. Wars, blights, emigration followed, and in a few years not a wigwam was left standing beside Onota.

There is a pendant to this legend, incident to the survival of the deer's white fawn. An English hunter, visiting the lake with dog and gun, was surprised to see on its southern bank a white doe. The animal bent to drink and at the same moment the hunter put his gun to his shoulder. Suddenly a howl was heard, so loud, so long, that the woods echoed it, and the deer, taking alarm, fled like the wind. The howl came from the dog, and, as that animal usually showed sagacity in the presence of game, the hunter was seized with a fear that its form was occupied, for the time, by a hag who lived alone in the "north woods," and who was reputed to have appeared in many shapes -- for this was not so long after witch times that their influence was forgotten.

Drawing his ramrod, the man gave his dog such a beating that the poor creature had something worth howling for, because it might be the witch that he was thrashing. Then running to the shanty of the suspected woman he flung open her door and demanded to see her back, for, if she had really changed her shape, every blow that he had given to the dog would have been scored on her skin. When he had made his meaning clear, the crone laid hold on the implement that served her for horse at night, and with the wooden end of it rained blows on him so rapidly that, if the dog had had half the meanness in his nature that some people have, the spectacle would have warmed his heart, for it was a prompt and severe revenge for his sufferings. And to the last the hunter could not decide whether the beating that he received was prompted by indignation or vengeance.

ISRAEL IN CAPTIVITY

From David Humphrey's *An Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam* (1788)

More than any other Continental Army Major-General, Israel Putnam (1718-1790) best projected the persona of the fighting New Englander, and by the time of the Revolution was already something of a regional legend due to acts of local heroism, including vanquishing a reportedly most troublesome wolf, as well as astonishing exploits in the French and Indian War. Notwithstanding he was also one of the oldest of Washington's commanding generals, he had that military doggedness and pertinacity we've come to associate with George S. Patton. Some, however, such as Henry Dearborn, have brought into question the extent of his contribution to the valorous stand at Breed's Hill; including whether he was even present during the main fighting. He was sternly censured for his performance at the battle of Long Island, and from which it was concluded he was not competent to lead large bodies of troops in a field engagement. While there was no doubt some truth to this latter criticism, the negative reaction to his conduct at Long seems overly harsh. For what other American general at that early juncture of the war could, outnumbered, have outfought the British and extricated the beleaguered Americans from Howe's all too well laid snare? The remainder of the war saw Putnam chiefly in the role of defending American posts in Connecticut from British raids and incursions, later commanding at West Point for the same purpose, and generally keeping the army together. Yet Putnam's effectiveness was most inimitable in his ever holding the esteem and confidence of the rank and file, maintaining moral, and keeping the Continental Army in besieged New England together and intact during the span of the conflict -- something those who follow the well known battles and campaigns of the Revolutionary War, perhaps understandably, tend to overlook.

In 1788, fellow Connecticut officer David Humphreys, the same famed Hartford Wit and one time aide of General Washington, wrote and published *An Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam*. Rarely will one come across this title in general surveys of early American literature, yet its impact was decisive in being the primary inspiration for James Fenimore Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*; as has been convincingly confirmed by biographer Wayne Franklin in his *James Fenimore Cooper: The Early Years* (2007). Even aside from Franklin's scholarly verification, it is with little difficulty we spot and recognize some of the character of Hawkeye in Humphrey's recounting of Putnam's adventures in the French and Indian War.

The extract here comes from pages 62-73 of Humphrey's work.

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In the month of August [1758] five hundred men were employed, under the orders of Majors [Robert] Rogers and Putnam, to watch the motions of the enemy near Ticonderoga. At South-Bay they separated the party into two equal divisions, and Rogers took a position on Wood-creek, twelve miles distant from Putnam. Being some time afterwards discovered, they formed a re-union, and concerted measures for returning to Fort Edward. Their march through the woods *was in three divisions by files*: the right commanded by Rogers, the left by Putnam, and the centre by Captain D'Ell [James Dalyell, also Dalzell].<sup>252</sup> The first night they encamped on the banks of *Clear river*, about a mile from old Fort Ann, which had been formerly built by General Nicholson. Next morning, Major Rogers, and a British officer, named Irwin, incautiously suffered themselves, from a spirit of false emulation, to be engaged in firing at a mark. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the military principles of Putnam than such conduct, or reprobated by him in more pointed terms. As soon as the heavy dew which had fallen the preceding night would permit, the detachment moved in one body, Putnam being in front, D'Ell in centre, and Rogers in the rear. The impervious growth of shrubs and under-brush that had sprung up, where the land had been partially cleared some years before, occasioned this change in the order of march. At the moment of moving, the famous French partisan Molang [his correct name was Marin], who had been sent with five hundred men to intercept our party, was not more than one mile and a half distant from them. Having heard the firing, he hastened to lay an ambuscade precisely in that part of the wood most favourable to his project.

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<sup>252</sup> ["...Captain Dalzell, the brave [British light infantry] officer who was afterwards killed by Pontiac's warriors at Detroit." Francis Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), ch. 21, p. 376. John R. Cuneo in his *Robert Rogers of the Rangers* (1987) more specifically records his name as Capt. James Dalyell: with Rogers also giving the same spelling for the last name.]

Major Putnam was just emerging from the thicket, into the common forest, when the enemy rose, and with discordant yells and whoops, commenced an attack on the right of his division. Surprised, but undismayed, Putnam halted, returned the fire, and passed the word for the other divisions to advance for his support. D'Ell came. The action, though widely scattered, and principally fought between man and man, soon grew general and intensely warm. It would be as difficult as useless to describe this irregular and ferocious mode of fighting. Rogers came not up; but, as he declared afterwards, formed a circular file between our party and Wood-Creek, to prevent their being taken in rear or enfiladed. Successful as he commonly was, his conduct did not always pass without unfavourable imputation. Notwithstanding, it was a current saying in the camp, that "Rogers always *sent*, but Putnam *led* his men to action," yet, in justice, it ought to be remarked here, that the latter has never been known, in relating the story of this day's disaster, to affix any stigma on the conduct of the former.<sup>253</sup>

Major Putnam, perceiving it would be impracticable to cross the creek, determined to maintain his ground. Inspired by his example, the officers and men behaved with great bravery: sometimes they fought aggregately in open view, and sometimes individually under cover; taking aim from behind the bodies of trees, and acting in a manner independent of each other. For himself, having discharged his fuzee several times, at length it missed fire, while the muzzle was pressed against the breast of a large and well proportioned savage. This *warrior*, availing himself of the indefensible attitude of his adversary, with a tremendous war-whoop, sprang forward, with his lifted hatchet, and compelled him to surrender; and having disarmed and bound him fast to a tree, returned to the battle.

The intrepid Captains D'Ell and Harman, who now commanded, were forced to give ground for a little distance: the savages, conceiving this to be the certain harbinger of victory, rushed impetuously on, with dreadful and redoubled cries. But our two partisans, collecting a handful of brave men, gave the pursuers so warm a reception as to oblige them, in turn, to retreat a little beyond the spot at which the action had commenced. Here they made a stand. This change of ground occasioned the tree to which Putnam was tied to be directly between the fire of the two parties. Human imagination can hardly figure to itself a more deplorable situation. The balls flew incessantly from either side, many struck the tree, while some passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. In this state of jeopardy, unable to move his body, to stir his limbs, or even to incline his head, he remained more than an hour. So equally balanced, and so obstinate was the fight! At one moment, while the battle swerved in favour of the enemy, a young savage chose an odd way of discovering his humour. He found Putnam bound. He might have despatched him at a blow. But he loved better to excite the terrors of the prisoner, by hurling a tomahawk at his head -- or rather it should seem his object was to see how near he could throw it without touching him -- the weapon struck in the tree a number of times at a hair's breadth distance from the mark. When the Indian had finished his amusement, a French Bas-officer, (a much more inveterate savage by nature, though descended from so humane and polished a nation,) perceiving Putnam, came up to him, and, levelling a fuzee within a foot of his breast, attempted to discharge it; it missed fire. Ineffectually did the intended victim solicit the treatment due to his situation, by repeating that he was a prisoner of war. The degenerate Frenchman did not understand the language of honour or of nature: deaf to their voice, and dead to sensibility, he violently, and repeatedly, pushed the muzzle of his gun against Putnam's ribs, and finally gave him a cruel blow on the jaw with the but-end of his piece. After this dastardly deed, he left him.

At length the active intrepidity of D'Ell and Harman,\*<sup>254</sup> seconded by the persevering valour of their followers, prevailed. They drove from the field the enemy, who left about ninety dead behind them.<sup>255</sup>

<sup>253</sup> ["Humphreys, the biographer of Putnam, blames Rogers severely for not coming at once to the aid of the Connecticut men; but two of their captains declare that he came with all possible speed; while a regular officer present highly praised him to Abercromby for cool and officer-like conduct. As a man his [Rogers'] deserts were small; as a bushfighter he was beyond reproach." Francis Parkman, *Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884), ch. 21, 376-377.]

<sup>254</sup> [Footnote in original] This officer is still living at Marlborough, in the state of Massachusetts.

<sup>255</sup> [Robert Rogers: "... (W)e decamped from the place where Fort Anne stood, and began our march, Major Putnam with a party of Provincials marching in the front, my Rangers in the rear, Capt. Dalyell with the regulars in the center, the other officers suitably disposed among the men, being in number 530, exclusive of officers (a number having by leave returned home the day before). After marching about three-quarters of a mile, a fire began with five hundred of the enemy in the front; I brought my people into as good order as possible, Capt. Dalyell in the center, and the Rangers on the right, with Col. Partridge's light infantry; on the left was Capt. Gidding's of the Boston troops with his people, and Major Putnam being in the front of his men when the fire began, the enemy rushing in, took him, one Lieutenant, and two others prisoners, and considerably disordered others of the party, who afterwards rallied

As they were retiring, Putnam was untied by the Indian who had made him prisoner, and whom he afterwards called master. Having been conducted for some distance from the place of action, he was stripped of his coat, vest, stockings and shoes; loaded with as many of the packs of the wounded as could be piled on him; strongly pinioned, and his wrists tied as closely together as they could be pulled with a cord. After he had marched, through no pleasant paths, in this painful manner, for many a tedious mile, the party, who were excessively fatigued, halted to breathe. His hands were now immoderately swelled from the tightness of the ligature; and the pain had become intolerable. His feet were so much scratched, that the blood dropped fast from them. Exhausted with bearing a burden above his strength, and frantic with torments exquisite beyond endurance, he entreated the Irish interpreter to implore, as the last and only grace he desired of the savages, that they would knock him on the head, and take his scalp at once, or loosen his hands. A French officer, instantly interposing, ordered his hands to be unbound, and some of the packs to be taken off. By this time the Indian, who had captured him, and had been absent with the wounded, coming up, gave him a pair of Moccasins, and expressed great indignation at the unworthy treatment his prisoner had suffered.

That Savage Chief again returned to the care of the wounded, and the Indians, about two hundred in number, went before the rest of the party to the place where the whole were that night to encamp. They took with them Major Putnam, on whom, besides innumerable other outrages, they had the barbarity to inflict a deep wound with the tomahawk in the left cheek. His sufferings were in this place to be consummated. A scene of horror, infinitely greater than had ever met his eyes before, was now preparing. It was determined to roast him alive. -- For this purpose they led him into a dark forest, stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and piled dry brush, with other fuel, at a small distance, in a circle round him. They accompanied their labours, as if for his funeral dirge, with screams and sounds inimitable but by savage voices. Then they set the piles on fire. A sudden shower damped the rising flame. Still they strove to kindle it, until, at last, the blaze ran fiercely round the circle. Major Putnam soon began to feel the scorching heat. His hands were so tied that he could move his body. He often shifted sides as the fire approached. This sight, at the very idea of which all but savages must shudder, afforded the highest diversion to his inhuman tormentors, who demonstrated the delirium of their joy by correspondent yells, dances, and gesticulations. He saw clearly that his final hour was inevitably come. He summoned all his resolution, and composed his mind, as far as the circumstances would admit, to bid an eternal farewell to all he held most dear. To quit the world would scarcely have cost a single pang but for the idea of home, but for the remembrance of domestic endearments, of the affectionate partner of his soul, and of their beloved offspring. His thought was ultimately fixed on a happier state of existence, beyond the tortures he was beginning to endure. The bitterness of death, even of that death which is accompanied with the keenest agonies, was, in a manner, past -- nature, with a feeble struggle, was quitting its last hold on sublunary things -- when a French officer rushed through the crowd, opened a way by scattering the burning brands, and unbound the victim. It was Molang himself -- to whom a savage, unwilling to see another human sacrifice immolated, had run and communicated the tidings. That commandant spurned and severely reprimanded the barbarians, whose nocturnal Powwas [or Pow wows] and hellish Orgies he suddenly ended. Putnam did not want for feeling or gratitude. The French commander, fearing to trust him alone with them, remained until he could deliver him in safety into the hands of his master.

The savage approached his prisoner kindly, and seemed to treat him with particular affection. He offered him some hard biscuit; but finding that he could not chew them, on account of the blow he had received from the Frenchman, this more humane savage soaked some of the biscuit in water, and made him suck the pulp-like part. Determined, however, not to lose his captive, he took the moccasins from his feet, and tied them to one of his wrists: then directing him to lie down on his back upon the bare ground, he

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and did good service, particularly Lieutenant Durkee, who notwithstanding wounds, one in his thigh, the other in his wrist, kept in the action the whole time, encouraging his men with great earnestness and resolution. Capt. Dalyell with Gage's light infantry and Lieut. Eyers of the 44th regiment behaved with great bravery, they being in the center where was at first the hottest fire, which afterwards fell to the right where the Rangers were, and where the enemy made four different attacks; in short, officers and soldiers throughout the detachment behaved with such vigour and resolution as in one hour's time broke the enemy and obliged them to retreat, which they did with such caution in small scattering parties as gave us no great opportunity to distress them by a pursuit; we kept the field and buried our dead. When the action was over, we had missing fifty-four men, twenty-one of which afterwards came in, being separated from us while the action continued. The enemy's loss was 119 killed on the spot, several of which were Indians. We arrived at Fort Edward on the 9<sup>th</sup> (of August)...” ~ *Journals of Major Robert Rogers* (1765), pp. 85-86.]



stretched one arm to its full length, and bound it fast to a young tree; the other arm was extended and bound in the same manner -- his legs were stretched apart and fastened to two saplings. Then a number of tall, but slender poles, were cut down, which, with some long bushes, were laid across his body from head to foot: on each side lay as many Indians as could conveniently find lodging, in order to prevent the possibility of his escape. In this disagreeable and painful posture he remained until morning. During this night, the longest and most dreary conceivable, our hero used to relate that he felt a ray of cheerfulness come casually across his mind, and could not even refrain from smiling when he reflected on this ludicrous group for a painter, of which he himself was the principal figure.

The next day he was allowed his blanket and moccasins, and permitted to march without carrying any pack, or receiving any insult. To allay his extreme hunger, a little bear's meat was given, which he sucked through his teeth. At night the party arrived at Ticonderoga, and the prisoner was placed under the care of a French guard. The savages, who had been prevented from glutting their diabolical thirst for blood, took other opportunities of manifesting their malevolence for the disappointment, by horrid grimaces and angry gestures; but they were suffered no more to offer violence or personal indignity to him.

After having been examined by the Marquis de Montcalm, Major Putnam was conducted to Montreal by a French officer, who treated him with the greatest indulgence and humanity.

At this place were several prisoners. Colonel Peter Schuyler, remarkable for his philanthropy, generosity, and friendship, was of the number. No sooner had he heard of Major Putnam's arrival, than he went to the interpreter's quarters, and inquired whether he had a Provincial major in his custody? He found Major Putnam in a comfortless condition -- without coat, waistcoat, or hose -- the remnant of his clothing miserably dirty and ragged -- his beard long and squalid -- his legs torn by thorns and briers -- his face gashed with wounds and swollen with bruises. Colonel Schuyler, irritated beyond all sufferance at such a sight, could scarcely restrain his speech within limits, consistent with the prudence of a prisoner and the meekness of a Christian. Major Putnam was immediately treated according to his rank, clothed in a decent manner, and supplied with money by that liberal and sympathetic patron of the distressed.

## JUPITER HAMMON CHOOSES THE CROSS.

*"Who will bring me to the fortified city? Who will lead me into Edom?  
Was it not you who rejected us, God? Do you no longer march with our armies?  
Give us aid against the foe; worthless is human help.  
We will triumph with the help of God, who will trample down our foes."  
~ Psalm 108: 11-14*

Naught contributed more to freeing Black people from slavery, both in the United States and around the world, than the force of Christianity; with the particular sects most influential in this regard being the Quakers and Methodists; with Calvinist Congregationalism sometimes playing a part as well. The impact of such Christians in assailing and undermining the institution of slavery was three fold: first, in that the most vocal and leading advocates of abolition were Christians; second, Christianity by its appeal to God as ultimate authority made it possible for Blacks to begin becoming dignified as human beings in the face of White prejudice, and third, Christianity by way of Bible reading became the basis of Black education and literacy; two crucial and necessary aspects to emancipation.

By being equal before God, it was a natural and logical step to say that Blacks were and ought to be entitled to be treated as equal among all other men before the law. Of course, what sounds so obvious and easy in theory was a far cry from what it actually took to bring this about in fact, and, needless to add, problems that separate races remain to be overcome even to this day. The violence, abuse, persecution, and death Blacks suffered was often so horrendous that their struggle can be likened to a literal war in which many thousands were imprisoned, wounded, maimed, and killed. This would not even need to be mentioned here except to point out that for every occasion of brutality and flagrant abuse and injustice Blacks in the United States are known to have suffered, there are countless other instances unaccounted for and unrecorded.

Coming from a past of almost utter darkness and anonymity, and in which they were accorded a status little better than outsiders, children, and non-entities, what a vivifying breath of fresh air then is it for us to learn that Blacks *first* obtained something like a modicum of social prominence and respectability in the United States with the appearance of Negro ministers and preachers in about the mid-1780's; largely within and about the Philadelphia area. Although the Quakers were the first to speak out against the evils of slavery and on behalf of abolition, it was Methodism that initially ordained Black ministers; with some Calvinist denominations gradually following.<sup>256</sup> The significance of the emergent Black ministries of such as Lemuel Haynes (1753-1833), Absalom Jones (1746-1818), and Richard Allen (1760-1831), cannot be too heavily underscored; for until that time there was no such thing as a public Black man. If Phillis Wheatley secured widespread notoriety as poet, it was chiefly as an anomaly and curiosity; her success having relatively little or no *immediate* impact on her fellows. With the advent of Black clergymen and preachers, the movement to elevate and ennoble Blacks at large became rooted in earnest. It was then in and through the Church that Booker T. Washington's phrase "up from slavery" commenced to take on any real meaning.

How did this *revolutionary* transformation come about, as it were, so suddenly? Part credit is due to the example and contributions of the Black Revolutionary War veterans, and who demonstrated to everyone that they could be the equal of Whites on the hard fought battlefield; a fact later alluded to by the Black ministers in their sermons. Furthermore, the support and encouragement of sojourning Europeans such as Lafayette and Kosciuszko for Black freedom further bolstered the cause.

And yet the one Black individual who historically and as far as we know had the single most profound influence on the dramatic change in Black status, or at the very least most symbolized it, was the Negro poet and preacher Jupiter Hammon (1711-c. 1806), from (western) Long Island, New York. As a slave, Hammon had the good fortune to belong to the wealthy merchant Lloyd family; who were progressive Methodists. When he wasn't working for them as a domestic servant, the Lloyd's sent him to school. Much of this education involved reading and studying the Bible; as well as learning how to write.

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<sup>256</sup> In fairness to the Quakers, they, of course, did not have ministers to begin with; all were "brethren."

As time went on, Hammon took to writing poetry (and a few essays); some of which was published and, as he attests, garnered praise from both Whites and Blacks, and at some point he knew and corresponded with Phillis Wheatley. Following the Revolutionary War, he and other Blacks in the New York City area formed African Societies for the help, education, and advancement of Negroes. It was for such a group that in 1786 he published his “An Address to the Negroes of the State of New York.” In it, he exhorted his Black brethren to virtue as the basis for seeking moral equality with Whites; not least of which by enjoining them to turn to the Bible as guide to better living in this life and for a hope of a future one in the next. Hammon’s views were far from radical; indeed to us today they seem far too tame and subservient. He accepts slavery while arguing that if the Blacks behave better, he says, their masters will treat them better. And yet we must remember that for a Black man in the United States in to that day just to be printed and read was itself an unheard of feat and drastic movement toward palpable change. At the same time, Hammon was wise enough to grasp that education and literacy necessarily preceded emancipation, and the by far most effective way of achieving this was to encourage Bible reading and study. And it was this attitude and outlook then that made possible the aforementioned Black ministers and preachers that sprang up in the late 18<sup>th</sup> century.

As he states himself, Hammon could have wished freedom for Blacks of his own generation, but for unavoidable practical and political reasons saw this as an impossibility. In its stead, and no little inspired by and mindful of the lesson of recently won United States independence, he looked to laying the groundwork of the liberty for future Black generations. In this and in retrospect, he acted the role of prophet.

In reading Hammon then one must be prepared *not* to be dazzled by flights of literary virtuosity, and as far as Black 18<sup>th</sup> century poets go Phillis Wheatley Peters’ writings are far more to be preferred. Yet despite the quaint prose and unremarkable, if heartfelt and sometimes (as addressed to Whites) wry, verse, it is most important to keep in mind his role as father and elementary teacher of his people, and how what he did in these capacities helped decisively to clear and open up the path for those who came after him. To miss this didactic dynamic is to miss his genius, and which we otherwise will predictably be blind from seeing and adequately appreciating.

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Extracts from “Address to the Negroes of the State of New York” (1786).²⁵⁷

...[M]y dear brethren, when I think of you, which is very often, and of the poor, despised and miserable state you are in, as to the things of this world, and when I think of your ignorance and stupidity, and the great wickedness of the most of you, I am pained to the heart. It is at times, almost too much for human nature to bear, and I am obliged to turn my thoughts from the subject or endeavour to still my mind, by considering that it is permitted thus to be, by that God who governs all things, who seteth up one and pulleth down another. While I have been thinking on this subject, I have frequently had great struggles in my own mind, and have been at a loss to know what to do. I have wanted exceedingly to say something to you, to call upon you with the tenderness of a father and friend, and to give you the last, and I may say, dying advice, of an old man, who wishes your best good in this world, and in the world to come. But while I have had such desires, a sense of my own ignorance, and unfitness to teach others, has frequently discouraged me from attempting to say any thing to you; yet when I thought of your situation, I could not rest easy.

When I was at Hartford in Connecticut, where I lived during the war, I published several pieces which were well received, not only by those of my own colour, but by a number of the white people, who thought they might do good among their servants. This is one consideration, among others, that emboldens me now to publish what I have written to you. Another is, I think you will be more likely to listen to what is said, when you know it comes from a negro, one your own nation and colour, and therefore can have no interest in deceiving you, or in saying any thing to you, but what he really thinks is your interest and duty to comply with. My age, I think, gives me some right to speak to you, and reason to expect you will hearken

²⁵⁷ For the complete text of the address, see: <http://digitalcommons.unl.edu/etas/12/>

to my advice. I am now upwards of seventy years old, and cannot expect, though I am well, and able to do almost any kind of business, to live much longer. I have passed the common bounds set for man, and must soon go the way of all the earth. I have had more experience in the world than the most of you, and I have seen a great deal of the vanity, and wickedness of it. I have great reason to be thankful that my lot has been so much better than most slaves have had. I suppose I have had more advantages and privileges than most of you, who are slaves have ever known, and I believe more than many white people have enjoyed, for which I desire to bless God, and pray that he may bless those who have given them to me. I do not, my dear friends, say these things about myself to make you think that I am wiser or better than others; but that you might hearken, without prejudice, to what I have to say to you on the following particulars.

1st. Respecting obedience to masters. Now whether it is right, and lawful, in the sight of God, for them to make slaves of us or not, I am certain that while we are slaves, it is our duty to obey our masters, in all their lawful commands, and mind them unless we are bid to do that which we know to be sin, or forbidden in God's word. The apostle Paul says, "Servants be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling in singleness in your heart as unto christ: Not with eye service, as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart: With good will doing service to the Lord, and not to men: Knowing that whatever thing a man doeth the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." -- Here is a plain command of God for us to obey our masters. It may seem hard for us, if we think our masters wrong in holding us slaves, to obey in all things, but who of us dare dispute with God! He has commanded us to obey, and we ought to do it cheerfully, and freely. This should be done by us, not only because God commands, but because our own peace and comfort depend upon it. As we depend upon our masters, for what we eat and drink and wear, and for all our comfortable things in this world, we cannot be happy, unless we please them. This we cannot do without obeying them freely, without muttering or finding fault. If a servant strives to please his master and studies and takes pains to do it, I believe there are but few masters who would use such a servant cruelly. Good servants frequently make good masters. If your master is really hard, unreasonable and cruel, there is no way so likely for you to convince him of it, as always to obey his commands, and try to serve him, and take care of his interest, and try to promote it all in your power. If you are proud and stubborn and always finding fault, your master will think the fault lies wholly on your side, but if you are humble, and meek, and bear all things patiently, your master may think he is wrong, if he does not, his neighbours will be apt to see it, and will befriend you, and try to alter his conduct. If this does not do, you must cry to him, who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and turneth them as the rivers of waters are turned.

...You certainly do not believe, that there is a God, or that there is a Heaven or Hell, or you would never trifle with them. It would make you shudder, if you heard others do it, if you believe them as much, as you believe any thing you see with your bodily eyes.

I have heard some learned and good men say, that the heathen, and all that worshiped false Gods, never spoke lightly or irreverently of their Gods, they never took their names in vain, or jested with those things which they held sacred. Now why should the true God, who made all things, be treated worse in this respect, than those false Gods, that were made of wood and stone. I believe it is because Satan tempts men to do it. He tried to make them love their false Gods, and to speak well of them, but he wishes to have men think lightly of the true God, to take his holy name in vain, and to scoff at, and make a jest of all things that are really good. You may think that Satan has not power to do so much, and have so great influence on the minds of men: But the scripture says, "*he goeth about like a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour -- That he is the prince of the power of the air -- and that he rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience, -- and that wicked men are led captive by him, to do his will.*"

All those of you who are profane, are serving the Devil. You are doing what he tempts and desires you to do. If you could see him with your bodily eyes, would you like to make an agreement with him, to serve him, and do as he bid you. I believe most of you would be shocked at this, but you may be certain that all of you who allow yourselves in this sin, are as really serving him, and to just as good purpose, as if you met him, and promised to dishonor God, and serve him with all your might. Do you believe this? It is true whether you believe it or not. Some of you to excuse yourselves, may plead the example of others, and say that you hear a great many white people, who know more, than such poor ignorant negroes, as you are, and some who are rich and great gentlemen, swear, and talk profanely, and some of you may say this of

your masters, and say no more than is true. But all this is not a sufficient excuse for you. You know that murder is wicked. If you saw your master kill a man, do you suppose this would be any excuse for you, if you should commit the same crime? You must know it would not; nor will your hearing him curse and swear, and take the name of God in vain, or any other man, be he ever so great or rich, excuse you. God is greater than all other beings, and him we are bound to obey. To him we must give an account for every *idle* word that we speak. He will bring us all, rich and poor, white and black, to his judgment seat. If we are found among those who *feared his name*, and *trembled at his word*, we shall be called good and faithful servants. Our slavery will be at an end, and though ever so mean, low, and despised in this world, we shall sit with God in his kingdom as Kings and Priests, and rejoice forever, and ever. Do not then, my dear friends, take God's holy name in vain, or speak profanely in any way. Let not the example of others lead you into the sin, but reverence and fear that great *and fearful name, the Lord our God...*

Now I acknowledge that liberty is a great thing, and worth seeking for, if we can get it honestly, and by our good conduct, prevail on our masters to set us free: Though for my own part I do not wish to be free, yet I should be glad, if others, especially the young negroes were to be free, for many of us, who are grown up slaves, and have always had masters to take care of us, should hardly know how to take care of ourselves; and it may be more for our own comfort to remain as we are. That liberty is a great thing we may know from our own feelings, and we may likewise judge so from the conduct of the white-people, in the late war. How much money has been spent, and how many lives has been lost, to defend their liberty. I must say that I have hoped that God would open their eyes, when they were so much engaged for liberty, to think of the state of the poor blacks, and to pity us. He has done it in some measure, and has raised us up many friends, for which we have reason to be thankful, and to hope in his mercy. What may be done further, he only knows, for *known unto God are all his ways from the beginning*. But this my dear brethren is by no means, the greatest thing we have to be concerned about. Getting our liberty in this world, is nothing to our having the liberty of the children of God... Those of you who can read I must beg you to read the Bible, and whenever you can get time, study the Bible, and if you can get no other time, spare some of your time from sleep, and learn what the mind and will of God is. But what shall I say to them who cannot read. This lay with great weight on my mind, when I thought of writing to my poor brethren, but I hope that those who can read will take pity on them and read what I have to say to them. In hopes of this I will beg of you to spare no pains in trying to learn to read. If you are once engaged you may learn. Let all the time you can get be spent in trying to learn to read. Get those who can read to learn you, but remember, that what you learn for, is to read the Bible. If there was no Bible, it would be no matter whether you could read or not. Reading other books would do you no good. But the Bible is the word of God, and tells you what you must do to please God; it tells you how you may escape misery, and be happy for ever. If you see most people neglect the Bible, and many that can read never look into it, let it not harden you and make you think lightly of it, and that it is a book of no worth. All those who are really good, love the Bible, and meditate on it day and night. In the Bible God has told us every thing it is necessary we should know, in order to be happy here and hereafter. The Bible is a revelation of the mind and will of God to men. Therein we may learn, what God is. That he made all things by the power of his word; and that he made all things for his own glory, and not for our glory. That he is over all, and above all his creatures, and more above them that we can think or conceive — that they can do nothing without him — that he upholds them all, and will overrule all things for his own glory. In the Bible likewise we are told what man is. That he was at first made holy, in the image of God, that he fell from that state of holiness, and became an enemy to God, and that since the fall, *all the imaginations of the thoughts of his heart, are evil and only evil, and that continually. That the carnal mind is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be*. And that all mankind, were under the wrath, and curse of God, and must have been for ever miserable, if they had been left to suffer what their sins deserved. It tells us that God, to save some of mankind, sent his Son into this world to die, in the room and stead of sinners, and that now God can save from eternal misery, all that believe in his Son, and take him for their saviour, and that all are called upon to repent, and believe in Jesus Christ. It tells us that those who do repent, and believe, and are friends to Christ, shall have many trials and sufferings in this world, but that they shall be happy forever, after death, and reign with Christ to all eternity. The Bible tells us that this world is a place of trial, and that there is no other time or place for us to alter, but in this life. If we are christians when we die, we shall awake to the resurrection of life; if not, we shall awake to the resurrection of damnation. It tells us, we must all live in Heaven or Hell, be happy or miserable, and that without end...

We live so little time in this world that it is no matter how wretched and miserable we are, if it prepares us for heaven. What is forty, fifty, or sixty years, when compared to eternity. When thousands and millions of years have rolled away, this eternity will be no nigher coming to an end. Oh how glorious is an eternal life of happiness! And how dreadful, an eternity of misery. Those of us who have had religious masters, and have been taught to read the Bible, and have been brought by their example and teaching to a sense of divine things, how happy shall we be to meet them in heaven, where we shall join them in praising God forever. But if any of us have had such masters, and yet have lived and died wicked, how will it add to our misery to think of our folly. If any of us, who have wicked and profane masters should become religious, how will our estates be changed in another world. Oh my friends, let me intreat of you to think on these things, and to live as if you believed them to be true. If you become christians you will have reason to bless God forever, that you have been brought into a land where you have heard the gospel, though you have been slaves. If we should ever get to Heaven, we shall find nobody to reproach us for being black, or for being slaves. Let me beg of you my dear African brethren, to think very little of your bondage in this life, for your thinking of it will do you no good. If God designs to set us free, he will do it, in his own time, and way; but think of your bondage to sin and Satan, and do not rest, until you are delivered from it.

We cannot be happy if we are ever so free or ever so rich, while we are servants of sin, and slaves to Satan. We must be miserable here, and to all eternity...

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**A Poem For Children With Thoughts On Death (1782)<sup>258</sup>**

*I*

O Ye young and thoughtless youth,  
Come seek the living God,  
The scriptures are a sacred truth,  
Ye must believe the word.

*II*

Tis God alone can make you wise,  
His wisdom's from above,  
He fills the soul with sweet supplies  
By his redeeming love.

*III*

Remember youth the time is short,  
Improve the present day  
And pray that God may guide your thoughts,  
and teach your lips to pray.

*IV*

To pray unto the most high God,  
and beg restraining grace,  
Then by the power of his word  
You'l see the Saviour's face.

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<sup>258</sup> *America's First Negro Poet: The Complete Works of Jupiter Hammon of Long Island* (1964, 1983), edited by Stanley Austin Ransom, Jr., pp. 54-57.

*V*

Little children they may die,  
Turn to their native dust,  
Their souls shall leap beyond the skies,  
and live among the just

*VI*

Like little worms they turn and crawl,  
and gasp for every breath,  
The blessed Jesus sends his call,  
and takes them to his rest.

*VII*

Thus the youth are born to die,  
The time is hastening on,  
The Blessed Jesus rends the sky,  
and makes his power known.

*VIII*

Then ye shall hear the angels sing  
The trumpet give a sound,  
Glory, glory to our King,  
The Saviour's coming down.

*IX*

Start ye Saints from dusty beds,  
and hear a Saviour call,  
Twas Jesus Christ that died and bled,  
and thus preserv'd thy soul.

*X*

This the portion of the just,  
Who lov'd to serve the Lord,  
Their bodies starting from the dust,  
Shall rest upon their God.

*XI*

They shall join that holy word,  
That angels constant sing,  
Glory glory to the Lord,  
Hallelujahs to our King.

*XII*

Thus the Saviour will appear,  
With guards of heavenly host,  
Those blessed Saints, shall then declare,  
Tis Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

*XIII*

Then shall ye hear the trumpet sound,  
The graves give up their dead,  
Those blessed saints shall quick awake,  
and leave their dusty beds.

*XIV*

Then shall you hear the trumpet sound,  
and rend the native sky,  
Those bodies starting from the ground,  
In the twinkling of an eye.

*XV*

There to sing the praise of God,  
and join the angelic train,  
And by the power of his word,  
Unite together again.

*XVI*

Where angels stand for to admit  
Their souls at the first word,  
Cast sceptres down at Jesus feet  
Crying holy holy Lord.

*XVII*

Now glory be unto our God  
all praise be justly given,  
Ye humble souls that love the Lord  
Come seek the joys of Heaven.

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**A Dialogue, Entitled, The Kind Master
And The Dutiful Servant** (late 1770s or early 80s)²⁵⁹

Master.

1.
Come my servant, follow me,
According to thy place;
And surely God will be with thee,
And send the heav'nly grace.

Servant.

2.
Dear Master, I will follow thee,
According to thy word,
And pray that God may be with me,

²⁵⁹ *Ibid.* pp. 59-64. The format of the numbering of this poem has been slightly altered in the transcription for this article. In the original, the numerals appear just to the left of the first line of each stanza; as that stanza begins following the given "Master" or "Servant" heading.

And save thee in the Lord.

Master.

3.
My Servant, lovely is the Lord,
And blest those servants be,
That truly love his holy word,
And thus will follow me.

Servant.

4.
Dear Master, that's my whole delight,
Thy pleasure for to do;
As far as grace and truth's in sight,
Thus far I'll surely go.

Master.

5.
My Servant, grace proceeds from God,
And truth should be with thee;
Whence e'er you find it in his word,
Thus far come follow me.

Servant.

6.
Dear Master, now without controul,
I quickly follow thee;
And pray that God would bless thy soul,
His heav'nly place to see.

Master.

7.
My Servant, Heaven is high above,
Yea, higher than the sky:
I pray that God would grant his love,
Come follow me thereby.

Servant.

8.
Dear Master, now I'll follow thee,
And trust upon the Lord;
The only safety that I see,
Is Jesus's holy word.

Master.

9.
My Servant, follow Jesus now,
Our great victorious King;
Who governs all both high and low,
And searches things within.

Servant.

10.
Dear Master I will follow thee,
When praying to our King;
It is the Lamb I plainly see,

Invites the sinner in.

Master.

11.
My Servant, we are sinners all,
But follow after grace;
I pray that God would bless thy soul,
And fill thy heart with grace.

Servant.

12.
Dear Master I shall follow then,
The voice of my great King;
As standing on some distant land,
Inviting sinners in.

Master.

13.
My Servant we must all appear,
And follow then our King;
For sure he'll stand where sinners are,
To take true converts in.

Servant.

14.
Dear Master, now if Jesus calls,
And sends his summons in;
We'll follow saints and angels all,
And come unto our King.

Master.

15.
My Servant now come pray to God
Consider well his call;
Strive to obey his holy word,
That Christ may love us all

A Line on the present war.

Servant.

16.
Dear Master, now it is a time,
A time of great distress;
We'll follow after things divine,
And pray for happiness.

Master.

17.
Then will the happy day appear,
That virtue shall increase;
Lay up the sword and drop the spear,
And nations seek for peace.

Servant.

18.
Then shall we see the happy end,

Tho' still in some distress;
That distant foes shall act like friends,
And leave their wickedness.

Master.

19.
We pray that God would give us grace,
And make us humble too;
Let ev'ry nation seek for peace,
And virtue make a show.

Servant.

20.
Then we shall see the happy day,
That virtue is in power;
Each holy act shall have its sway,
Extend from shore to shore.

Master.

21.
This is the work of God's own hand,
We see by precepts given;
To relieve distress and save the land,
Must be the pow'r of heav'n.

Servant.

22.
Now glory be unto our God,
Let ev'ry nation sing;
Strive to obey his holy word,
That Christ may take them in.

Master.

23.
Where endless joys shall never cease,
Blest Angels constant sing;
The glory of their God increase,
Hallelujahs to their King.

Servant.

24.
Thus the Dialogue shall end,
Strive to obey the word;
When ev'ry nation act like friends,
Shall be the sons of God.

25.
Believe me now my Christian friends,
Believe your friend call'd HAMMON:
You cannot to your God attend,
And serve the God of Mammon.

26.
If God is pleased by his own hand
To relieve distresses here;
And grant a peace throughout the land,

'Twill be a happy year.

27.

'Tis God alone can give us peace;
It's not the pow'r of man:
When virtuous pow'r shall increase,
'Twill beautify the land.

28.

Then shall we rejoice and sing
By pow'r of virtues word,
Come sweet Jesus, heav'nly King,
Thou art the Son of God.

29.

When virtue comes in bright array,
Discovers ev'ry sin;
We see the dangers of the day,
And fly unto our King.

30.

Now glory be unto our God,
All praise be justly given;
Let ev'ry soul obey his word,
And seek the joys of Heav'n.

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**An Address to Miss Phillis Wheatl[e]y (1778)<sup>260</sup>**

*I*

O, come you pious youth: adore  
The wisdom of thy God.  
In bringing thee from distant shore,  
To learn His holy word.

*II*

Thou mightst been left behind,  
Amidst a dark abode;  
God's tender Mercy still combin'd,  
Thou hast the holy word.

*III*

Fair wisdom's ways are paths of peace,  
And they that walk therein,  
Shall reap the joys that never cease,  
And Christ shall be their king.

*IV*

God's tender mercy brought thee here,  
tost o'er the raging main;

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<sup>260</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 49-53.

In Christian faith thou hast a share,  
Worth all the gold of Spain.

*V*

While thousands tossed by the sea,  
And others settled down,  
God's tender mercy set thee free,  
From dangers still unknown.

*VI*

That thou a pattern still might be,  
To youth of Boston town,  
The blessed Jesus thee free,  
From every sinful wound.

*VII*

The blessed Jesus, who came down,  
Unveil'd his sacred face,  
To cleanse the soul of every wound,  
And give repenting grace.

*VIII*

That we poor sinners may obtain  
The pardon of our sin;  
Dear blessed Jesus now constrain,  
And bring us flocking in.

*IX*

Come you, Phillis, now aspire,  
And seek the living God,  
So step by step thou mayst go higher,  
Till perfect in the word.

*X*

While thousands mov'd to distant shore,  
And others left behind,  
The blessed Jesus still adore,  
Implant this in thy mind.

*XI*

Thou hast left the heathen shore;  
Thro' mercy of the Lord,  
Among the heathen live no more,  
Come magnify thy God.

*XII*

I pray the living God may be,  
The sheperd of thy soul;

His tender mercies still are free,  
His mysteries to unfold.

*XIII*

Thou, Phillis, when thou hunger hast,  
Or pantest for thy God;  
Jesus Christ is thy relief,  
Thou hast the holy word.

*XIV*

The bounteous mercies of the Lord,  
Are hid beyond the sky,  
And holy souls that love His word,  
Shall taste them when they die.

*XV*

These bounteous mercies are from God,  
The merits of his Son;  
The humble soul that loves his word,  
He chooses for his own.

*XVI*

Come, dear Phillis, be advis'd,  
To drink Samaria's flood;  
There nothing is that shall suffice,  
But Christ's redeeming blood.

*XVII*

When thousands muse with earthly toys,  
And range about the street,  
Dear Phillis, seek for heaven's joys,  
Where we do hope to meet.

*XVIII*

When God shall send His summons down,  
And number saints together.  
Blest angels chant, (triumphant sound)  
Come live with me forever.

*XIX*

The humble soul shall fly to God,  
And leave the things of time,  
Start forth as 'twere at the first word,  
To taste things more divine.

*XX*

Behold! the soul shall waft away,  
Whene'er we come to die,

And leave this cottage made of clay,  
In twinkling of an eye.

XXI

Now glory be to the Most High,  
United praises given,  
By all on earth, incessantly,  
And all the host of heav'n.

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An Evening Thought.

Salvation by Christ

With Penitential Cries, 25th of December, 1760²⁶¹

Salvation comes by Jesus Christ alone,
The only Son of God;
Redemption now to every one,
That love his holy Word.
Dear Jesus we would fly to Thee,
And leave off every Sin,
Thy tender Mercy well agree;
Salvation from our King.
Salvation comes now from the Lord,
Our victorious King;
His holy Name be well ador'd,
Salvation surely bring.
Dear Jesus give thy Spirit now,
Thy Grace to every Nation,
That han't the Lord to whom we bow,
The Author of Salvation.
Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,
Give us thy Preparation;
Turn not away thy tender Eye;
We seek thy true Salvation.
Salvation comes from God we know,
The true and only One;
It's well agreed and certain true,
He gave his only Son.
Lord hear our penitential Cry:
Salvation from above;
It is the Lord that doth supply,
With his Redeeming Love.
Dear Jesus by thy precious Blood,
The World Redemption have:
Salvation comes now from the Lord,
He being thy captive Slave.
Dear Jesus let the Nations cry,
And all the People say,
Salvation comes from Christ on high,
Haste on Tribunal Day.
We cry as Sinners to the Lord,
Salvation to obtain;
It is firmly fixt his holy Word,

²⁶¹ *Ibid.* pp. 45-47

Ye shall not cry in vain.
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we cry,
 And make our Lamentation:
 O let our Prayers ascend on high;
 We felt thy Salvation.
 Lord turn our dark benighted Souls;
 Give us a true Motion,
 And let the Hearts of all the World,
 Make Christ their Salvation.
 Ten Thousand Angels cry to Thee,
 Yea louder than the Ocean.
 Thou art the Lord, we plainly see;
 Thou art the true Salvation.
 Now is the Day, excepted Time;
 The Day of Salvation;
 Increase your Faith, do not repine:
 Awake ye every Nation.
 Lord unto whom now shall we go,
 Or seek a safe Abode;
 Thou hast the Word Salvation too
 The only Son of God.
 Ho! every one that hunger hath,
 Or pineth after me,
 Salvation be thy leading Staff,
 To set the Sinner free.
 Dear Jesus unto Thee we fly;
 Depart, depart from Sin,
 Salvation doth at length supply,
 The Glory of our King.
 Come ye Blessed of the Lord,
 Salvation gently given;
 O turn your Hearts, accept the Word,
 Your Souls are fit for Heaven.
 Dear Jesus we now turn to Thee,
 Salvation to obtain;
 Our Hearts and Souls do meet again,
 To magnify thy Name.
 Come holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 The Object of our Care;
 Salvation doth increase our Love;
 Our Hearts hath felt thy fear.
 Now Glory be to God on High,
 Salvation high and low;
 And thus the Soul on Christ rely,
 To Heaven surely go.
 Come Blessed Jesus, Heavenly Dove,
 Accept Repentance here;
 Salvation give, with tender Love;
 Let us with Angels share.

AMERICA AS FOUND:

Englishman John Davis' Travels in the United States (1803)

"It was six o'clock before the rain subsided, and I was in suspense whether to return to *Alexandria*, or prosecute my journey, when the tailor informed me, that only two miles further lived a very honest farmer, who accommodated Travellers with a bed. His name was Violet.

But why, said the tailor, not go on to *Mount Vernon*?

What, friend, should I do there?

Why, Sir, a gentleman is always well received.

I made the tailor an inclination of my head; but *Mount Vernon* was as remote from my thoughts as *Mount Vesuvius*.

I pursued my journey, but, after riding two miles, instead of reaching the farm of Mr. *Violet*, my horse stopped before the door of a log-house, built on the brow of a hill. The man of the house was sitting under an awning of dried boughs, smoking in silence his pipe; and his wife occupied a chair by his side, warbling her lyrics over the circling wheel."

~ Davis, *Travels*, ch. 7

Rather unjustly, if understandably, English-American author John Davis (1774-1854) might be said to have inadvertently and unintentionally suffered the fate of Edward Everett Hale's Philip Nolan. For although he ended up making the United States his home, historians are traditionally accustomed to designate him as an Englishman. And yet it was in the United States than he composed most of his writings, and most of his writings, whether fiction or non, in subject matter are mostly germane to the United States. So that British readers, unless their interest is America, will generally not be drawn to him; there being ample great British early 19th century authors to choose from and get through as it is. Americans who encounter him will be so used to hearing him spoken of as English, that they don't readily think of him as American. But, indeed, he was *both* English (born in Hampshire) and -- *ultimately* at any rate -- American as well; and fortunately, if belatedly, there has been some effort in recent decades to rectify this misunderstanding.

Davis first aspired to be a sailor before turning to writing. As he tells it himself in his "Memoir," first published in 1825 and that sometimes appears as an appendix in his works, he hailed from comfortable middle-class circumstances, but was as a lad fascinated by the idea of a nautical life. At age 11, he served as a cabin boy in an East India merchantman, making two voyages to Bombay and the vicinity, and for a while spent some time in South Africa. He subsequently sailed in the Royal Navy as an ordinary seaman, and in 1794 was aboard the H.B.M. *Artois*, Capt. Edmund Nagle; when it fought and captured the *Révolutionnaire* on Oct 21st of that year. In the course of much of his time spent at sea, he read profusely; closely training himself in the study of English literature and, further, became proficient in French and classical Latin.

In 1798 he embarked from Bristol for New York, and in about the next succeeding five years traveled extensively through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia. As well as serving a tutor and school teacher on several occasions while first in this country, he had a number of his works published here; including a translation of *Buonaparte in Italy*, his own *The Letters of Ferdinand and Elizabeth* (1798), a romantic morality thriller; which latter we are told eclipsed Brockden Brown's *Wieland* in both sales and public interest; much to Brown's chagrin,²⁶² and *The farmer of New-Jersey; or, A picture of domestic life. A tale.* (1800). In 1802, he returned to England and in the following year published there his *Travels in the United States* (1803);²⁶³ dedicated, with permission, to President Thomas Jefferson. By the winter of 1804, however, he was back in the United States where he ended up settling. 1805 saw his *The Wooden Walls Well-Manned, or A Picture of a British Frigate* (later re-titled *The Post Captain; or The Wooden Walls Well-Manned*) that became the forerunner and precursor of Cooper, Marryat, and a host of others' subsequent naval novels; and was by far the most enthusiastically received of his writings in his own day. In addition to popularizing and reintroducing readers to the story of Pocahontas and John Smith (in his *Travels*), Davis composed a voluminous plethora of poetry; most of it competent enough and passable in quality, but otherwise and admittedly not that terribly scintillating or

²⁶² Jayne K. Kribbs, "'Reserved for my Pen': John Davis's Place in American Literature," found in *Early American Literature and Culture: Essays Honoring Harrison T. Meserole* (1992), edited by Kathryn Zabelle Derounian-Stodola, p. 215.

²⁶³ The full title is *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America; During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802* (1803).

stirring. Also, and mayhap oddly enough, Davis was a vociferous defender in print, versus such as William James, of the young United States' Navy's record in the War of 1812. Like Cooper, he saw an innate comradery and valued mutual tradition of American and British sailors, and sought to heighten their long-standing affinities and virtual brotherhood; and in truth, seaman in his day, and earlier, from both countries were commonly found serving in the other's navy and merchants ships.

Despite his prolific output, it is Davis' *Travels in the United States* that is most remembered today. This work shows undeniably influence of a number of writers, including among others Smollett, Goldsmith, and William Bartram (see, for example, chapter 3), yet it is decidedly original in its eclectic and copious variety of humor, poetry, tale telling, conversation recounting, moral reflection, and human, animal and landscape description.

One thing that perhaps is most striking to today's reader is how very modern Davis sounds in his reporting of people and places. His manner and recording of interviews very much resembles that of a tv news essayist or documentary journalist; with a style that is natural and aims at both informing and entertaining without being too judgmental or presuming toward his immediate subject. But such objectivity of outlook has its drawbacks. At times one senses that Davis is not sufficiently clear in his own philosophy to be supremely self-confident as a writer or his own spokesperson. He is, it can't be denied, something of a homeless wanderer; not quite sure where to plant himself, literally or intellectually; though amenable to common sense and insistent on moral decency. At other times he so seeks to please that it makes you doubt the fullness of his sincerity, and isn't sure of himself whether he does or not.

We must not be too ready to receive all his anecdotes as strictly or in all respects authentic. Some, it seems, are fictions or else narrative constructions; albeit based on actual facts and incidents, such as the encounter between the Quaker and the impoverished war veteran or his famous report of Jefferson's first inauguration (that Henry Adams informs us Davis was not present at), but which serve the purpose of making a helpful point or summing up otherwise correct general impressions. This said there are here wonderful and precious vignettes and interviews with such as Aaron Burr, Brockden Brown, Joseph Dennie, and Parson Weems -- to name a few.

Though occasionally brash and forthright in his criticisms, he else is careful not to offend if and where he can avoid doing so. In a word, he is a good diplomat and affable sort, but not either an artistic visionary genius or compelling philosopher or ideologue. His efforts at humor and poetry are not that of a master, and his exercises in these genres are adequate but not outstanding. Still, we admire him for the effort, and assuredly if there is one defect he is free from it is dullness.

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About this period, my friend the Doctor relinquished his house, and rented a little medicinal shop of a Major Howe, who was agreeably situated in Cherry-street. As the Major took boarders, I accompanied the Doctor to his house, determined to eat, drink, and be merry over my two hundred dollars. With some of the well stamped coin I purchased a few dozen of Madeira, and when the noontide heat had abated, I quaffed the delicious liquor with the Major and the Doctor under a tree in the garden.

Major Howe, after carrying arms through the revolutionary war, instead of reposing upon the laurels he had acquired, was compelled to open a boarding-house in *New-York*, for the maintenance of his wife and children. He was a member of the Cincinnati, and not a little proud of his Eagle. But I thought the motto to his badge of *Omnia reliquit servare Rempublicam*,<sup>264</sup> was not very appropriate; for it is notorious that few Americans had much to leave when they accepted commissions in the army. *Victor ad aratrum redit*<sup>265</sup> would have been better.

In principles, my military friend was avowedly a Deist, and by tracing the effect to the cause, I shall expose the pernicious tendency of a book which is read with avidity. The Major was once

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<sup>264</sup> [Edit. Note. "He left all to serve the Republic."]

<sup>265</sup> [Edit. Note. "The victor returns to the plow."]

commanding officer of the fortress at *West Point*, and by accident borrowed of a subaltern the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. He read the work systematically, and a diligent perusal of that part which relates to the progress of Religion, caused him to become a Sceptic, and reject all belief in revelation. Before this period the Major was a constant attendant on the Established Church, but he now enlisted himself under the banners of the Infidel *Palmer*, who delivers lectures on Deism at *New-York*, and is securing for himself and followers considerable grants of land in hell.

~ from Chapter 1.

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From *Trenton* I was conveyed over the *Delaware* in the ferry-boat, with an elderly man, clad in the garb of a Quaker. His looks beamed benignity, and his accents breathed kindness: but, as the great Master of Life observes, there is no art can find the mind's construction in the face.

We had scarce landed on the opposite bank of the river, when a poor cripple in a soldier's jacket, advanced towards the Quaker, holding both his crutches in one hand, and taking half a hat from his head with the other: -- Bestow your charity, cried the beggar, on a poor worn-out soldier, who fought for your liberty during a long war, and got wounded by a *Hessian* at the very place you have just left. Refuse not your charity to an old soldier in distress.

Alas! exclaimed the Quaker, this comes of war. Shame on our nature. Beasts live in con cord, men only disagree. Had thou taken the advice of scripture, thou wouldest have escaped thy wounds!

What, Master, is that?

Why, Friend, if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other.

And were you to take the advice of scripture, you would not refuse me your alms.

What, Friend, is that?

Why when a man wants to borrow of thee, turn not thou away.

I remember no such passage, replied the Quaker.

It is in the New Testament, said the beggar.

The text has been corrupted, cried the Quaker, hastening away through a field.

Won't you give me a copper? bawled the beggar, limping after the Quaker.

Charity begins at home, said the Quaker, accelerating his pace.

The Lord help thee, exclaimed the beggar, halting almost breathless on his crutch. But here perhaps is a gentleman who has more of the milk of human kindness.

To become acquainted with human life, the traveller must not mingle only with the sons of opulence and ease; these know no greater fatigue than the hurry of preparation for a ball, and experience no higher mortification than the disappointment of pride. Such beings who pass their days in solemn pomp and plenty, can display no examples of fortitude, of serenity, or patience; their wishes are anticipated, and their mandates obeyed. It is among the children of adversity that we must look for resignation under misfortune; it is from the indigent only we can be instructed to bear calamities without repining:

Impressed with this conviction, I entered into discourse with the cripple, whom I found to be a man not without reflection. He had seen better days, and hoped for their return. Though my present

appearance, said he, shews I am in the most wretched state of poverty, there was a time when I knew the comforts of a home and fireside. These are past, but there is a pleasure in the recollection of them; for no man who has enjoyed the comforts of life, is ever without the hope that he shall enjoy them again.

I had walked about a mile along the bank of the *Delaware*, when the coach to *Philadelphia* overtook me, and finding the road dusty I complied with the invitation of the driver to get into the vehicle. At *Bristol* we took up two young women, clad in the habit of Quakers, whom I soon, however, discovered to be girls of the town; and who, under pretence of shewing me a letter, discovered their address.

A spacious road conducted us to Philadelphia, which we entered at. Front-street. I had expected to be charmed with the animation of the American metropolis;*²⁶⁶ but a melancholy silence prevailed in the streets, the principal houses were abandoned, and none but *French* people were to be found seeking pleasure in society.

The coach stopped at the sign of the Sorrel Horse, in Second-street, where I heard only lamentations over the Yellow Fever, which had displayed itself in Water-street, and was spreading its contagion.

~ from Chapter 1.

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It was at this library [in Philadelphia] that during three successive afternoons I enjoyed that calm and pure delight which books afford. But on the fourth I found access denied, and that the librarian had fled from the yellow fever, which spread consternation through the city.

Of the fever I may say that it momentarily became more destructive. Sorrow sat on every brow, and nothing was to be seen but coffins carried through the streets unattended by mourners. Indeed it was not a time to practise modes of sorrow, or adjust the funeral rites; but the multitude thought only of escaping from the pestilence that wasted at noon-day, and walked in darkness.

This was a period to reflect on the vanity of human life, and the mutability of human affairs. *Philadelphia*, which in the spring was a scene of mirth and riot, was in the summer converted to a sepulchre for the inhabitants. The courts of law were shut, and no subtle lawyer could obtain a client; the door of the tavern was closed, and the drunkard was without strength to lift the bowl to his lips: no theatre invited the idle to behold the mimic monarch strut his hour upon the stage; the dice lay neglected on the gaming-table, nor did the dancing-room re-echo with the steps of the dancer: man was now humbled! Death was whetting his arrows, and the graves were open. All jollity was fled. The hospital-cart moved slowly on where the chariot before had rolled its rapid wheels; and the coffin-makers were either nailing up the coffins of the dead, or giving dreadful note of preparation by framing others for the dying, where lately the mind at ease had poured forth its tranquillity in songs; where the loud laugh had reverberated, and where the animating sound of music had stolen on the ear. -- In this scene of consternation, the negroes were the only people who could be prevailed on to assist the dying, and inter those who were no more. Their motive was obvious; they plundered the dead of their effects, and adorned themselves in the spoils of the camp of the King of Terrors. It was remarked to me by a lady of *Philadelphia*, that the negroes were never so well clad as after the yellow fever.

I had been a week at *Philadelphia*, without hearing any tidings of my friend the Doctor, when walking one evening past the Franklin's Head, I recognised him conversing with a stranger in the front room. The physician had arrived only that evening. He had staid six days at *Trenton*, leading a pleasant, convalescent life; from whence he had written me a letter, which I found afterwards at the post office. We were rejoiced to meet each other, and the better to exchange minds, I accompanied the Doctor into Arch-street, where taking possession of the porch of an abandoned dwelling, we sat conversing till a late hour. The most gloomy imagination cannot conceive a scene more dismal than the street before us: every house was deserted by those who had strength to seek a less baneful atmosphere; unless where parental fondness

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<sup>266</sup> [Footnote in original] \* *Philadelphia* in 1798 was the capital of the United States.

prevailed over self-love. Nothing was heard but either the groans of the dying, the lamentations of the survivors, the hammers of the coffin-makers, or the howling of the domestic animals, which those who fled from the pestilence had left behind, in the precipitancy of their flight. A poor cat came to the porch where I was sitting with the Doctor, and demonstrated her joy by the caresses of fondness. An old negro-woman was passing at the same moment with some pepper-pot\*<sup>267</sup> on her head. With this we fed the cat that was nearly reduced to a skeleton; and prompted by a desire to know the sentiments of the old negro-woman, we asked her the news. God help us, cried the poor creature, very bad news. Buckra die in heaps. By and bye nobody live to buy pepper-pot, and old black woman die too.

I would adduce this as a proof, that calamities usually move us as they regard our interest. The negro-woman lamented the ravages of the fever, because it prevented the sale of her pepper-pot.

Finding all business suspended at *Philadelphia*, and the atmosphere becoming hourly more noisome, we judged it prudent to leave the city without delay; and finding a vessel at the wharfs ready to sail for *Charleston*, in *South Carolina*, we agreed for the passage, and put our luggage on board.

~ from Chapter 1.

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Wolves were sometimes heard on the [South Carolina] plantation in the night; and, when incited by hunger, would attack a calf and devour it. One night, however, some wolves endeavouring to seize on a calf, the dam defended her offspring with such determined resolution, that the hungry assailants were compelled to retreat with the tail only of the calf, which one of them had bitten off.

Wild cats are very common and mischievous in the woods. When a sow is ready to litter, she is always enclosed with a fence or rails, for, otherwise, the wild cats would devour the pigs.

I generally accompanied my pupil into the woods in his shooting excursions, determined both to make havoc among birds and beasts of every description. Sometimes we fired in volleys at the flocks of doves that frequent the corn fields; sometimes we discharged our pieces at the wild geese, whose empty cackling betrayed them; and once we brought down some paroquets, that were directing their course over our heads to *Georgia*. Nor was it an undelightful task to fire at the squirrels on the tops of the highest trees, who, however artful, could seldom elude the shot of my eager companion.

~ from Chapter 3.

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The negroes on the plantation, including house-servants and children, amounted to a hundred; of whom the average price being respectively seventy pounds, made them aggregately worth seven thousand to their possessor.

Two families lived in one hut, and such was their unconquerable propensity to steal, that they pilfered from each other. I have heard masters lament this defect in their negroes, But what else can be expected from man in so degraded a condition, that among the ancients the same word implied both a slave and a thief.

Since the introduction of the culture of cotton in the State of *South Carolina*, the race of negroes has increased. Both men and women work in the field, and the labour of the rice-plantation formerly prevented the pregnant Negress from bringing forth a long-lived offspring. It may be established as a maxim that, on a plantation where there are many children, the work has been moderate.

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<sup>267</sup> [Footnote in original] \* Tripe seasoned with pepper.

It may be incredible to some, that the children of the most distinguished families in *Carolina*, are, suckled by negro-women. Each child has its *Momma*, whose gestures and accent it will necessarily copy, for children we all know are imitative beings. It is not unusual to hear an elegant lady say, *Richard always grieves when Quasheebaw is whipped, because she suckled him!* If *Rousseau* in his *Emile* could inveigh against the French mother, who consigned her child to a woman of her own colour to suckle, how would his indignation have been raised, to behold a smiling babe tugging with its roseate lips at a dug of a size and colour to affright a ‘Satyr’?

Of genius in negroes many instances may be recorded. It is true, that *Mr. Jefferson* has pronounced the Poems of *Phillis Wh[e]ately*, below the dignity of criticism, and it is seldom safe to differ in judgment from the Author of Notes on *Virginia*. But her conceptions are often lofty, and her versification often surprises with unexpected refinement. [Joseph Brown] *Ladd*, the *Carolina poet*, in enumerating the bards of his country, dwells with encomium on “*Whately’s* polished verse;” nor is his praise undeserved, for often it will be found to glide in the stream of melody. Her lines on Imagination have been quoted with rapture by [Gilbert] *Imlay*<sup>268</sup> of *Kentucky*, and *Steadman* the *Guiana Traveller*; but I have ever thought her happiest production, the *Goliah* of *Gath*.

Of *Ignatius Sancho*, *Mr. Jefferson* also speaks neglectingly; and remarks, that he substitutes sentiment for argumentation. But I know not that argumentation is required in a familiar Epistle; and *Sancho*, I believe, has only published his Correspondence.

~ from Chapter 3.

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It is, indeed, grating to an *Englishman* to mingle with society in *Carolina*; for the people, however well-bred in other respects, have no delicacy before a stranger in what relates to their slaves. These wretches are execrated for every involuntary offence; but negroes endure execrations without emotion, for they say, *when Mossa curse, he break no bone*. But every master does not confine himself to oaths; and I have heard a man say, By heaven, my *Negurs* talk the worst English of any in *Carolina*; that boy just now called a bason a round-something: take him to the driver! let him have a dozen!

Exposed to such wanton cruelty the negroes frequently run away; they flee into the woods, where they are wet with the rains of heaven, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter. Life must be supported; hunger incites to depredation, and the poor wretches are often shot like the beasts of prey. When taken, the men are put in irons, and the boys have their necks encircled with a “pot-hook.”

The *Charleston* papers abound with advertisements for fugitive slaves. I have a curious advertisement now before me. -- “Stop the runaway! Fifty dollars reward! Whereas my waiting fellow, *Will*, having eloped from me last Saturday, *without any provocation*, (it being known that I am a *humane* master) the above reward will be paid to any one who will lodge the aforesaid *slave* in some jail, or deliver him to me on my plantation at *Liberty Hall*. *Will may be known by the incisions of the whip on his back*; and I suspect has taken the road to *Coosohatchie*, where he has a wife and five children, whom I sold last week to *Mr. Gillespie*.”

A. Levi.

Thus are the poor negroes treated in *Carolina*. Indeed, planters usually consider their slaves as beings defective in understanding; an opinion that excites only scorn from the philosopher. The human soul possesses faculties susceptible of improvement, without any regard to the colour of the skin. It is education that makes the difference between the master and the slave. Shall the imperious planter say, that the swarthy sons of *Africa*, who now groan under his usurpation of their rights, would not equal him in virtue, knowledge and manners, had they been born free, and with the same advantages in the scale of society? It is to civilization that even *Europeans* owe their superiority over the savage; who knows only how to hunt

²⁶⁸[Edit. Note. The same quondom paramour of Mary Wollstonecraft.]

and fish, to hew out a canoe from a tree, and construct a wretched hut; and but for this, the inhabitants of *Britain* had still bent the bow, still clothed themselves in skins, and still traversed the woods.

~ from Chapter 3.

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The old lady at the boarding-house, informed me that she hardly knew what to make of Mr. *George*; sometimes he would be sociable, and chat round the parlour fire with the rest of her boarders; but that oftener he shut himself up in his chamber, and pored over an outlandish book; or, wandering alone in the woods, was overheard talking to himself. Alas! for the simplicity of the woman! She little knew the enjoyments of a cultivated mind, or the delight a poet felt in courting the silence of solitude, and *muttering his wayward fancies*, as he roved through the fields.

It, however, appeared to me, that Mr. *George* was not so enamoured of the Muses, but that he had an eye for a fair creature, who lived within a few doors of his lodgings. He manifested, I thought, strong symptoms of being in love. He delighted in the perusal of the Sorrows of *Wert[h]er*, perfumed his handkerchief with lavender, brushed his hat of a morning, and went every Sunday to church.

Mr. *George* had a supreme contempt for *American* genius and *American* literature. In a sportive mood, he would ask me whether I did not think that it was some physical cause in the air, which denied existence to a poet on American ground. No snake, said he, exists in *Ireland*, and no poet can be found in *America*.

You are too severe, said I, in your strictures. This country, as a native author observes, can furnish her quota of poets.

Name, will you, one?

Is not *Dwight*, a candidate for the epic crown? Is he, Sir, not a poet?

I think not. He wants imagination, and he also wants judgment; Sir, he makes the shield of *Joshua* to mock the rising sun?

Tis not *Barlow* a poet? Is not his *Vision of Columbus* a fine poem?

The opening is elevated; the rest is read without emotion.

What think you of *Freneau*?

*Freneau* has one good ode: *Happy the Man who safe on Shore!* But he is voluminous; and this ode may be likened to the *grain in the bushel of chaff*.

What is your opinion of *Trumbull*?

He can only claim the merit of being a skilful imitator.

Well, what think you of *Humphreys*?

Sir, his mind is neither ductile to sentiment, nor is his ear susceptible of harmony.

What opinion do you entertain of *Honeywood*?

I have read some of his wretched rhymes. The bees, as it is fabled of *Pindar*, never sucked honey from his lips.

Of the existence of an *American* poet, I perceive, Sir, your mind is rather sceptical. But, I hope, you will allow that *America* abounds with good prose.

Yes, Sir; but, then, mind me, it is imported from the shores of *Great Britain*.

Oh! monstrous! Is not *Dennie* a good prose-writer?

Sir, the pleasure that otherwise I should find in *Dennie*, is soon accompanied with satiety by his unexampled *quaintness*.

Of [Brockden] *Brown*, Sir, what is your opinion?

The style of *Brown*, Sir, is chastised, arid he is scrupulously pure. But nature has utterly disqualified him for subjects of humour. Whenever he endeavours to bring forth humour, the offspring of his throes are weakness and deformity. Whenever he attempts humour, he inspires the benevolent with pity, and fills the morose with indignation.

What think you of the style of *Johnson*, the Reviewer?

It is not *English* that he writes, Sir; it is *American*. His periods are accompanied by a yell, that is scarcely less dismal than the warhoop [sic] of a *Mohawk*.

~ from Chapter 4.

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During my visit at *George-town*, [S.C.] the melancholy tidings were brought of the death of General *Washington*. The inhabitants of the town were crowding to the ball-room, at the moment the courier arrived with the dispatch. But the death of so great a man converted their hilarity into sorrow; the eye of many a female, which, but a moment before had sparkled with pleasure, was now brimful of tears; and they all cast off their garments of gladness, and clothed themselves with sackcloth.

The following Sunday, the men, women, and children, testified their veneration for the Father of their Country, by walking in procession to the church, where Mr. *Spierin* delivered a funeral oration. Never was there a discourse more moving. Tears flowed from every eye; and lamentations burst from every lip.

Nor were the orators of *America* silent at the death of their hero. They called all their tropes and metaphors together; collected all the soldiers and statesmen of history, and made them cast their garlands at the feet of his statue.

I look back both with pleasure and satisfaction on the time I passed with my friend, at the confluence of the rivers *Waccamaw* and *Winyaw*. Our conversation was commonly on the writers of the Augustan age, and I corrected many errors I had imbibed by solitary study. The taste of Mr. *George* had been formed on the polished models of antiquity; to these he always recurred as to the standards of elegant composition. It is recorded, I believe, of *Euler*, that he could repeat the whole of the *Aeneid* by heart; but the memory of Mr. *George* had not only digested the [A]*Eneid*, but also the *Georgics* and *Ecologues*.

~ from Chapter 4.

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The salary allowed the President is only twenty-five thousand dollars a-year; that is, about £5,300 sterling; a sum that may enable him to ask a friend to dine with him *pic nic* [sic], but will not qualify him to impress a foreign Ambassador with much veneration for the first executive office of *America*.



It may be advanced, that it is not expected from a Republican Magistrate to regale his guests out of a gold cup. But for the manners of a Republican Chief to be absolutely characteristical, he ought, like *Fabricius*, to pare his own turnips, and boil them himself.

To *Franklin* must we look for the source of this sordid oeconomy. It was he who, by diffusing the maxims of poor *Richard*, made the government of the United States a miserly body-politic; tenacious of a farthing, or, in popular language, a nation penny wise, and pound foolish. *Franklin*, when a child, delighted to hawk ballads for a halfpenny; and when he became a man, to save the expence of an errand-boy, he trundled his wheelbarrow through the streets.

Notwithstanding the vaunted philosophy of *Franklin*, and his discoveries in electricity, he is certainly at best but an ambiguous character. His dereliction of religion has already done more injury to the rising generation in *America*, than his maxims will do good. Where *Franklin* has made one man frugal, he has converted a hundred men to Deism. I heard the infidel *Palmer*, at *New-York*, enjoin his hearers no longer to suffer passively the flagrant impositions of the Scripture, but catch a portion of the spirit of a *Franklin*, and avow themselves disciples of Natural Religion. And, I doubt not, but this argument of this preacher succeeded; for where a man has one vice of his own, he gets twenty by adoption.

Let me now come to the object of my journey to *Washington*. The politeness of a member from *Virginia*, procured me a convenient seat in the Capitol; and an hour after, Mr. *Jefferson* entered the House, when the august assembly of American Senators rose to receive him. He came, however, to the House without ostentation. His dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard, or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades.

Never did the Capitol wear a more animated appearance than on the fourth day of *March*, 1801. The Senate-Chamber was filled with citizens from the remotest places of the Union. The planter, the farmer, the mechanic and merchant, all seemed to catch one common transport of enthusiasm, and welcome the approach of the Man to the chair of Sovereign Authority, who had before served his country in various offices of dignity; who had sat in the famous Congress that produced the Revolution, acted as Governor to his native State, and been Minister Plenipotentiary to a foreign nation.

Mr. *Jefferson*, having taken the oaths to the Constitution, with a dignified mien, addressed the august assembly of Senators and Representatives. "*Friends and Fellow-Citizens...*"

~ from Chapter 6.

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On the north bank of the *Occoquan* [in northern Virginia] is a pile of stones, which indicates that an *Indian* warrior is interred underneath. The *Indians* from the back settlements, in travelling to the northward, never fail to leave the main road, and visit the grave of their departed hero. If a stone be thrown down, they religiously restore it to the pile; and, sitting round the rude monument, they meditate profoundly; catching, perhaps, a local emotion from the place.

A party of *Indians*, while I was at *Occoquan*, turned from the common road into the woods, to visit this grave on the bank of the river.

The party was composed of an elderly Chief, twelve young War Captains, and a couple of Squaws. Of the women, the youngest was an interesting girl of seventeen; remarkably well shaped, and possessed of a profusion of hair, which in colour was raven black. She appeared such another object as the mind images *Pocahontas* to have been. The people of *Occoquan*, with more curiosity than breeding, assembled round the party; but they appeared to be wholly indifferent to their gaze; the men amused themselves by chopping the ground with their tomahawks, and the women were busied in making a garment for the Chief.

Among the whites was a young man of gigantic stature; he was, perhaps, a head taller than any of the rest of the company. The old *Indian* could not but remark the lofty stature of the man; he seemed to eye him involuntarily; and, at length, rising from the ground, he went up to the giant stranger, and shook him by the hand. This raised a loud laugh from all the lookers on; but the *Indians* still maintained an inflexible gravity.

When I saw the squaws a second time, they were just come from their toilet. Woman throughout the world delights ever in finery; the great art is to suit the colours to the complexion.

The youngest girl would have attracted notice in any circle of *Europe*. She had fastened to her long dark hair a profusion of ribbons, which the bounty of the people of *Occoquan* had heaped upon her; and, the tresses of this *Indian* beauty, which before had been confined round her head, now rioted luxuriantly down her shoulders and back. The adjustment of her dress one would have thought she had learned from some English female of fashion; for she had left it so open before, that the most inattentive eye could not but discover the rise and fall of a bosom just beginning to fill.

The covering of this young woman's feet rivetted the eye of the stranger with its novelty and splendour. Nothing could be more delicate than her *moccasins*. They were each of them formed of a single piece of leather, having the seams ornamented with beads and porcupine quills; while a string of scarlet ribbon confined the *moccasin* round the instep, and made every other part of it sit close to the foot. The *moccasin* was of a bright yellow, and made from the skin of a deer, which had been killed by the arrow of one of the *Indian* youths. Let me be pardoned for having spoken of this lady's foot, with such minuteness of investigation. A naturalist will devote a whole chapter to the examination of a bird, count the feathers in its wings, and declaim with the highest rapture on its variegated plumage; and a Traveller may surely be forgiven a few remarks on the seducing foot of an *Indian* beauty. *Utrum horum mavis accipe?*²⁶⁹

Of these *Indians*, the men had not been inattentive to their persons. The old Chief had clad himself in a robe of furs, and the young warriors had blacked their bodies with charcoal.

The *Indians* being assembled round the grave, the old Chief rose with a solemn mien, and, knocking his war-club against the ground, pronounced an oration to the memory of the departed warrior.

"Here rests the body of a Chief of our nation, who, before his spirit took its flight to the country of souls, was the boldest in war, and the fleetest in the chase. The arm that is now mouldering beneath this pile, could once wield the tomahawk with vigour, and often caused the foe to sink beneath its weight. (A dreadful cry of *Whoo! Whoo! Whoop! from the hearers.*) It has often grasped the head of the expiring enemy, and often with the knife divested it of the scalp, (a yell of *whoo! whoo! whoop!*) It has often bound to the stake the prisoner of war, and piled the blazing faggots round the victim, singing his last song of death. (A yell of *whoo! whoop!*) The foot that is now motionless, was once fleetier than the hart that grazes on the mountain; and in danger it was ever more ready to advance than retreat. (A cry of *whoo! whoo! whoop!*) But the hero is not gone unprovided to the country of spirits. His tomahawk was buried with him to repulse the enemy in the field; and his bow to pierce the deer that flies through the woods."

No orator of antiquity ever exceeded this savage chief in the force of his emphasis, and the propriety of his gesture. Indeed, the whole scene was highly dignified. The fierceness of his countenance, the flowing robe, elevated tone, naked arm, and erect stature, with a circle of auditors seated on the ground, and in the open air, could not but impress upon the mind a lively idea of the celebrated speakers of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*.

Having ended his oration, the *Indian* struck his war-club with fury against the ground, and the whole party obeyed the signal by joining in a war-dance: -- leaping and brandishing their knives at the throats of each other, and accompanying their menacing attitudes with a whoop and a yell, which echoed with ten-fold horror from the banks of the river.

²⁶⁹ [Edit. Note. "Whether (or which) of these do you prefer to take?"]

The dance took place by moon-light, and it was scarcely finished, when the Chief produced a keg of whiskey, and having taken a draught, passed it round among his brethren. The squaws now moved the *tomahawks* into the woods, and a scene of riot ensued. The keg was soon emptied. The effects of the liquor began to display itself in the looks and motions of the *Indians*. Some rolled their eyes with distraction; others could not keep on their legs. At length, succeeded the most dismal noises. Such hoops, such shouts, such roaring, such yells, all the devils of hell seemed collected together. Each strove to do an outrage on the other. This seized the other by the throat; that kicked with raging fury at his adversary. And to complete the scene, the old warrior was uttering the most mournful lamentations over the keg he had emptied; inhaling its flavour with his lips, holding it out with his hands in a supplicating attitude, and vociferating to the bystanders *Scuttawawhah! Scuttawawhah! More strong drink! More strong drink!*

A disquisition of *Indian* manners cannot but be interesting to a speculative mind. The discovery of *America*, independent of every other circumstance, is of vast importance to mankind, from the light it has enabled us to throw upon man in his savage state; and the opportunity it has afforded us to study him in his first degrees of civilization. It has even been advanced that before the discovery of the western continent, the natural history of the human species was very imperfect. The ancient philosophers had no other resource but to study the characters of the *Scythians* and *Germans*; but in the *Indians of America*, a much wider field is opened to investigation. The moral character of the *Scythians* and *Germans* was brutish insensibility; the moral character of the *American Indians* discovers little of that quality.

The *Indians* dwell in wigwams, which are formed of mats, or bark, tied about poles, that are fastened in the earth; and a hole is made at the top to let out the smoke. Their principal diet is *Nokehick*; parched meal diluted with water; but, where the woods invite hunting, they kill, and devour the deer, the bear, the moose and racoon. Their meat and fish they do not preserve by salting but drying.

Every man is his own physician; but in dangerous cases the patient requires the co-operation of a priest. There is but one mode of cure for all disorders. The sick man descends into a heated cave, or sweating-room; from whence, after having evacuated much of the morbid matter through the pores, the patient is dragged to the river and plunged over head and ears. Should the case be desperate, a *Powaw* or Priest is summoned, who roars and howls till the patient either recovers, or his pulse ceases to beat.

They cross rivers in canoes, which are constructed sometimes of trees, which they burn and hew, till they have hollowed them; and sometimes of bark, which they can carry over-land. It will be readily credited that their astonishment was very great on first beholding a ship. They were, says a pious colonist, *scared out of their wits, to see the monster come sailing into their harbour, and spilling fire with a mighty noise out of her floating side.*

The men in domestic life are exceedingly slothful. The women perform all the household drudgery they build the wigwams, and beat the corn. The active employment of the men are war and hunting.

The division of their time is by sleeps, moons, and winters. Indeed, by lodging abroad, they have become familiar with the motions of the stars; and it is remarkable that they have called *Charles Wain*, *Paukunnawaw*, or the Bear; the name by which it is also known to the astronomers of *Europe*.

~ from Chapter 8.

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A *Virginian* church-yard on a Sunday, resembles rather a race-ground than a sepulchral ground; the ladies come to it in carriages, and the men after dismounting from their horses make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the *Virginian* churches were designed not for utility, but ornament; for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. It is also observable, that the gate to the church-yard is ever carefully locked by the sexton, who retires last; so that had [James] *Hervey* and [Thomas] *Gray* been born in *America*, the Preacher of Peace could not have indulged in his Meditations among the Tombs; nor the Poet produced the Elegy that has secured him immortality.

Wonder and ignorance are ever reciprocal. I was confounded on first entering the churchyard at *Powheek* to hear

*Steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh.*

Nor was I less stunned with the rattling of carriage-wheels, the cracking of whips, and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Parson [Mason] *We[e]ms* calmed every perturbation; for he preached the great doctrines of salvation, as one who had experienced their power. It was easy to discover that he felt what he said; and indeed so uniform was his piety, that he might have applied to himself the words of the prophet: "My mouth shall be telling of the righteousness and salvation of Christ all the day long; for I know no end thereof."

In his youth, Mr. *Wems* accompanied some young *Americans* to *London*, where he prepared himself by diligent study for the profession of the church. After being some months in the metropolis, it was remarked by his companions, that he absented himself from their society towards the close of the day; and conjecturing that the motive of his disappearing arose either from the heat of lust, or a proneness to liquor, they determined to watch his conduct. His footsteps were traced, and they found him descending into a wretched cellar that augured no good. But their suspicions were soon changed on following him into his subterranean apartment. They found him exhorting to repentance a poor wretch, who was once the gayest of the gay, and flattered by the multitude, but now languishing on a death bed, and deserted by the world. He was reproving him tenderly, privately, and with all due humility; but holding out to him the consolation of the sacred text, that his sins, red as scarlet, would become by contrition white as snow, and that there was more joy in the angels of heaven over one sinner that repented, than over ninety nine persons whose conduct had been unerring.

Of the congregation at *Powheek* church, about one half was composed of white people, and the other of negroes. Among many of the negroes were to be discovered the most satisfying evidences of sincere piety; an artless simplicity; passionate aspirations after Christ, and an earnest endeavour to know and do the will of God.

After church I made my salutations to Parson *Wems*, and having turned the discourse to divine worship, I asked him his opinion of the piety of the blacks. "Sir," said he, "no people in this country prize the sabbath more seriously than the trampled-upon negroes. They are swift to hear; they seem to hear as for their lives. They are wakeful, serious, reverent, and attentive in God's house; and gladly embrace opportunities of hearing his word. Oh I it is sweet preaching, when people are desirous of hearing! Sweet feeding the flock of Christ, when they have so good an appetite!"

How, Sir, did you like my preaching? Sir, cried I, it was a sermon to pull down the proud, and humble the haughty. I have reason to believe that many of your congregation were under spiritual and scriptural conviction of their sins. Sir, you spoke home to sinners. You knocked at the door of their hearts.

I grant that, said Parson *Wems*. But I doubt (shaking his head) whether the hearts of many were not both barred and bolted against me.

I had been three months at *Occoquan*, when I so often caught myself stretching, yawning, and exhibiting other symptoms of *Ennui*, in my chair, that I began to be of opinion it was time to change my residence. My condition was growing irksome. There was no light, airy vision of a female disciple, with expressive dark eyes, to consider my instructions oracular; but I was surrounded by a throng of oafs, who read their lessons with the same tone that Punch makes when he squeaks through a comb.

I, therefore, resigned my place to an old drunken *Irishman* of the name of *Burbridge*, who was travelling the country on foot in search of an *Academy*; and whom Friend *Ellicott* made no scruple to engage, though, when the fellow addressed him, he was so drunk that he could with difficulty stand on his legs.

I remonstrated with Friend *Ellicott* on the impropriety of employing a sot to educate his children. “Friend,” said he, “of all the school-masters I ever employed, none taught my children to write so good a hand, as a man who was constantly in a state that bordered on intoxication. They learned more of him in one month, than of any other in a quarter. I will make trial of *Burbridge*.”

~ from *Chapter 8*.

## THE MOTHER OF HER COUNTRY

If George Washington is, as undoubtedly most will agree, the *Father* of his country, his wife Martha (or “Patsy” as she was known to her husband and intimate adult acquaintances) stands as a very reasonable candidate for its *Mother*. Bold and progressive Abigail Adams or intellectual and artistic Mercy Otis Warren are pointed to, and in understandable retrospect, as the most exemplary women of their generation. And yet it was such as Martha Washington (1731-1802) who were more typical of the mothers and wives of the men who fought and founded the country. After doing some reading, among the first things one comes to learn about Martha is how extremely well cared for her husband was. Ever dutiful and hard working Martha lived the greater part her life assiduously caring for him, her children (by a prior marriage with Daniel Parke Custis), and, later, her adopted grandchildren. Had Washington, in his role as commander and chief and later President, been a bachelor or had had a less supportive and hard working spouse as he did, it seems extremely probable he would have ended up being half the man he proved to be in those roles. For as much as anything else in his own life, Washington lived for home and the happiness of home, and Martha, or so it seems, was essential to that happiness. Of course, it is perhaps easy now for some to make light of or smile at Martha and her old fashioned ways and dated deportment, and yet how abundantly rich and empowered others were made as a result of her looking out for and mothering them. And, again, when you come to learn the facts and her story, you realize, saying so is no mere platitude or exaggeration.

She could admittedly at times be temperamental, tartly opinionated, sarcastic, fussy in trifles, and an unwavering martinet with her charges. Yet what comes across as more characteristic of her personality was a deeply loving and genuinely caring disposition that made her such a uniquely effective wife and mother. She also had it in her to be funny, both intentionally and unintentionally, and this is one interesting side of her that tends to be overlooked. If then George Washington, as much as anything else, wished for a happy home, he evidently had just the right and suitable wife, for him, to make that possible, and the more we learn about Martha, the we become better acquainted with and better understand her husband. At bottom, both were in some ways childlike, even naïve, in their outlooks, joys and affections, and yet they were also natural, sincere, and possessed of uncommon wisdom, empathy, and a profound (if less than perfect) understanding of human nature; as evinced by their great and usual success in dealing with others - and *so many* of such at that.

There has been much debate over the decades, now centuries, about quite what religious faith George Washington followed. That he had one is not in dispute. The question rather is whether or not he was a Christian -- properly speaking. Two very good books on the subject I found are *George Washington the Christian* (1919) by William J. Johnson and the recent *In the Hands of a Good Providence: Religion in the Life of George Washington* (2008) by Mary V. Thompson. The former, though it has the regrettable defect of occasionally quoting Parson Weems as a source, is otherwise well-documented and presents strong evidence that Washington was indeed and *at heart* a Christian, and not a mere posturing Deist. Mary V. Thompson's is more impartial, and up to date as an exercise in scholarship, and yet she as well is inclined to support the case for Washington as a Christian. Although it is beyond the scope of this article to delve closely into the question, a few remarks are not inappropriate. Some have protested that if Washington *was* truly a Christian, why didn't he invoke the name of Jesus in his writings and speeches? For one thing, it is an indisputable fact that very few of the apostolic Fathers, the church Fathers, or later doctors of the church, such as Aquinas, rarely if ever used the name of Jesus in their writings, and instead speak more often and simply of “God.” And when they do speak of Jesus, he is referred to more in the theological abstract as “Christ” or “the Son.” In other words, to read their works, one *might* be lead to conclude that Jesus of Nazareth was and is Christ and the Son is almost a mere incidental and trivial point. I wouldn't put words in their mouths, yet rightly or wrongly, their writings give this impression. Part of the reason for this reticence, and Washington's own, may have been a desire to be diplomatic and, as well perhaps, to avoid potential controversy with unbelievers whom they wished to persuade or convert. Almost certainly and in any case, this appears to have been part of Washington's approach, and whom we otherwise find to have been a strict and impassioned moralist in his precepts; who attended church, including those of differing Christian denominations, and regularly for most of his life; who advocated and ordered days of fasting, prayer and thanksgiving, and who continually expressed faith, hope, and reliance in and on Providence and the Creator.

Yet though doubts and questions might be reasonably raised as to quite what Washington's orthodoxy consisted of, or for that matter who agrees and whose orthodoxy decides who is and who isn't a Christian, there can be no question that his wife was as pious and devout enough to please even the most skeptical on this point. So that certainly his being a mere academic Deist or theological abstractionist; when Martha who was such a dedicated and punctual church goer all her life and with whom both Washington and his domestic felicity were inseparable, seems exceedingly doubtful.

Prayer and Bible reading were a regular routine of Martha's busy life, as Washington's wife and as joint overseer of Mount Vernon and its numerous dependents and domestics. Prayer, as might be surmised, is much like physical exercise. One gets out of it what one puts into it; while taking such up lightly and or sporadically is bound to produce negligible or no worthwhile results. And just as regular, long term, and disciplined physical exercise strengthen the body and maintains its health; so too the same can be said of prayer in regard to the soul. The power and efficacy of prayer and faith in Martha's life is, one is inclined to infer, tellingly revealed in the singular endurance and vigor she demonstrated in light of the many personal tragedies and close family losses she suffered in the course of her life. When, for instance, most Americans could celebrate the victory at Yorktown and the coming of the end of the long conflict, Martha at that time was left mourning the death of her only surviving son Jacky; having earlier been made bereft of a teenager daughter and two other children, of three and four years of age respectively. In all, she had been a widow and mother of four children; all of whom passed away when they were young or else scarcely older than infants. And yet it was this same Martha who, in a letter of Dec. 1789 to Mercy Otis Warren, stated "I am still determined to be cheerful and to be happy in whatever situation I may be, for I have also learnt from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends upon our dispositions, and not upon our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds wherever we go."

Both Washington and Martha were early risers, typically getting up at four in the morning for purposes of getting a head start on the day. What with the varied and immense tasks invariably before them such was only fitting. In Martha's case, and in addition to her scheduled devotions, she was busy as a seamstress and knitter; as mother attending to and instructing her grandchildren (Jacky's son and daughter); mistress to and overseer of her household, guests, slaves; cook; bookkeeper; hostess; with time sometimes allotted for playing the spinet and harpsichord. During the war, she was frequently at camp with her husband, including sewing, darning, and knitting for soldiers in the winter at Valley Forge. Washington's own personal "Life-Guard" were sometimes detached to protect Mrs. Washington; so that at times she might be seen, along with her attendants, being escorted by a squad of dragoons.<sup>270</sup> After the war, of course, she acted as *the first* First Lady, and despite the protestations of the Jeffersonians at the too seeming regality of President Washington's convivial receptions, really, by way of Martha's presence one could hardly have found a more unpretentious and earthy hospitality and presence in such gatherings than when she was present.

In the way of presenting some miniature portraits of Martha Washington, I have selected an assortment of unusual, if sometimes quaint and domestic, scenes and moments from the middle to late period of her life; including a few extracts from letters (while retaining her sometimes odd or antiquated spelling of certain words.) Most of these come from 19<sup>th</sup> century publications, but such that are even so well done and reasonably reliable; so that in all, and by way of these gleanings, we get, a better idea of Martha and that bring to life and fill with color the hagiographic stereotype.

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If, in the few of Mrs. Washington's letters that remain, we miss the brilliancy and vivacity that distinguish those of Mrs. Adams, we find an equally keen and intelligent interest in the events of the time. In writing from Cambridge, January 31, 1776, she says:

²⁷⁰ Baylor's cavalry was at one point employed at part of the mounted arm of the Life-Guard, and at the time of their doing so were called "Lady Washington's Dragoons."

"My Dear Sister, -- I have wrote to you several times in hopes that would put you in mind of me, but I find it has not had its intended affect and I am really very uneasy at not hearing from you and have made all the excuses for you that I can think of, but it will not doe much longer, if I doe not get a letter by this night's post, I shall think myself quite forgot by all my Friends. The distance is long yet the post comes regularly every week.

The General, myself, and [son] Jack are very well Nelly Custis is I hope getting well again. ...hope noe accident will happen to her in going back, -- I have not thought much about it yet god knows where we shall be I suppose there will be a change soon, but how, I cannot pretend to say. A few days ago Gen. [Sir Henry] Clinton [Gen. Sir William Howe was actually in command of the British at that time], with several companyes sailed out of Boston Harbor, to what place distant for, we cannot find out. Some think it is to Virginia he is gon others to New York -- they have been kept in Boston so long that I suppose they will be glad to seek for a place where they may have more room, as they cannot get out any way hear but by water -- our navy²⁷¹ has been very successful in taking thair vessels two was taken last week loded with coles [coals?] and potatoes, wines & several other articles for the use of the troops -- If Gen. Clinton is gon to New York, -- Gen [Charles] Lee is there before him, and I hope will give him a very warm reception -- was sent thare some time agoe to have matters put in proper order in case any disturbance should happen, as thare are many Tories in that part of the world, or at least many are suspected there to be very unfreindly to our cause at this time --

winter [sic] here been remarkably mild. The Rivers has never been frozen hard enough to walk upon the Ice since I came heer, My dear sister, be so good as to remember me to all enquireing friends -- give my Duty to my mama, and love to my brothers and sisters Mr. Bassett, your Dear Children and self -- in which the General, Jack and Nelly, join me.

I am, my dear Nancy
Your ever effectionate sister,
Martha Washington."²⁷²

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The recollections of a veteran still living at Manchester, Massachusetts, at the age of ninety-two, bear testimony to the kindness of Mrs. Washington towards those in the humblest sphere. One little incident occurred when she came to spend the cold season with her husband in winter-quarters. There were but two frame-houses in the settlement, and neither had a finished upper story. The General was contented with his rough dwelling, but wished to prepare for his wife a more retired and comfortable apartment. He sent for the young mechanic, and desired him and one of his fellow-apprentices to fit up a room in the upper story for the accommodation of Lady Washington through the winter. She herself arrived before the work was commenced. "She came," says the narrator, "into the place -- a portly-looking, agreeable woman of forty-five, and said to us: 'Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here; and should like you to fit me up a beauffet [buffet or sideboard] on one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other.' We went to work with all our might. Every morning about eleven Mrs. Washington came up stairs with a glass of spirits for each of us; and after she and the General had dined, we were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping the crevices in the walls made by time and hard usage. Then we consulted together how we could smooth the uneven floor, and take out, or cover over some of the huge black knots. We studied to do every thing to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return in our humble way for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, put up the pegs on the wall, built the beauffet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment. As she stood looking round, I said, 'Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you.' She replied, smiling, 'I am astonished! your work would do honor to an old master, and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort.'" As the old soldier repeated these words, the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks. The thrill of delight which had seventy years before penetrated his

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<sup>271</sup> [Edit. Note. An American galley was named "Lady Washington;" which from 1776 and up to 1777 captured some dozen prizes in and around New York city and the Hudson River.]

<sup>272</sup> Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 102-103.



heart at the approving words of his General's lady, again animated his worn frame, sending back his thoughts to the very moment and scene.<sup>273</sup>

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In November, 1778, Mrs. Washington wrote from Mount Vernon to Mr. Bartholomew Dandridge:

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"Dear Brother, -- I received your kind favor by Mr. Posey and should have wrote to you long before this but have every day expected Jack would be ready to set out.

I Am very sorry to hear that my mamma has been so unwell and thank god that she has recovered again. I wish I was near enough to come to see you and her.

I am very uneasy at this time -- I have some reason to expect that I shall take another trip to the northward -- the pore Geneeral is not likely to come to see us from what I can see hear -- I expect to hear seertainly by the next post -- if I doe I shall write to you to inform you and my Friends -- if I am so happy to stay at home -- I shall hope to see you with my sisters hear as soon as you are at leasure.

Please to give little Patty a kiss for me I have sent her a pair of shoes -- there was not a doll to be got in the City of Philadelphia or I would have sent her one (the shoes are in a bundle for my mamma) I am very glad to hear that you and your family are well -- I cannot tell you more news than I can I have had no letter since he came from the camp -- by some neglect of the post master my letters does not come regularly to hand. I am with my Duty to my mamma my Love to my sister Aylett -- my sister and family and my dear Brother Your Eaver affectionate

M Washington"²⁷⁴

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When Washington turned his horses' heads homeward, he and his wife were escorted by several of his staff officers, and by the Governor of Maryland, William Paca, who accompanied them as far as the South River. The little party passed the night at Queen Anne, dined the next day at Alexandria, and on the evening of Christmas reached Mount Vernon. The delight of the servants, who came forth to meet the beloved master and mistress absent from them so much during the eight years' war, can be better imagined than described. Bishop, now old and silver-haired, came out to the roadside, leaning on his staff, to greet the commander whose youthful triumphs he had witnessed, while his pretty daughter pressed forward to make her best courtesy to Madam, who, as Bishop was proud to say, had "as good as brought up the girl." Some guests from Fredericksburg were in the Mansion House ready to receive the travellers. *A feu de joie* was kept up by the men-servants during the evening, with guns and pistols, which, with the sound of the fiddle and banjo from the negroes' quarters and the happiness of all hearts, made the evening a merry one. The next day many neighbors called to welcome the Washingtons to their home, while the servants on the estate ushered in the holiday week by appearing in their best clothes to wish them a "Merrie Christmas," and to receive their "Christmas box," from the hands of a mistress who never forgot them. One of the young ladies from Fredericksburg staying in the house wrote to a friend [a "Miss Lewis" states Lossing] of this Christmas: --

"I must tell you what a charming day I spent at Mount Vernon with Mama and Sally. The Gen'l and Madame came home on Christmas Eve, and such a racket the Servants made, for they were glad of their coming! Three handsome young Officers came with them. All Christmas afternoon people came to pay their Respects and Duty. Among them were stately Dames and gay young Women. The Gen'l seemed very happy, and Mistress Washington was from Daybrake making everything as agreeable as possible for Everybody."<sup>275</sup>

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...[W]hen the General had no serious questions under consideration, and was at leisure to enjoy the social side of life, Mrs. Washington encouraged the young people in the house to draw him into their

²⁷³ Elizabeth F. Ellet, *Women of the Revolution*, vol. 2 (1818), pp. 15-17.

²⁷⁴ Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 127-128.

²⁷⁵ Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 152-153.

pleasures. Nelly Custis, who never seems to have stood in awe of her adopted father, delighted in after life to tell her children and grandchildren how much he enjoyed the society of young people, and how heartily he would often laugh over some merry school-girl prank of hers or her companions. Another person who does not seem to have felt the restraint in the presence of Washington, which has been so much dwelt upon, was Henry Lee, a frequent and favorite guest at Mount Vernon. The General, while Lee was dining with him one day, said that he wanted a pair of carriage horses, and asked Lee if he knew where he could get them.

"I have a fine pair, General," replied Lee, "but you cannot get them."

"Why not?"

"Because you will never pay more than half price for anything; and I must have full price for my horses."

This bantering reply set Mrs. Washington to laughing, and the parrot perched beside her joined in the laugh. The General, taking this assault upon his dignity in good part, said, "Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow. See! That bird is laughing at you."²⁷⁶

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Mr. Hunter seems by some means to have won the confidence of his hostess, perhaps by assuring her of what he recorded in his diary, that the situation of Mount Vernon was the sweetest in the world, as she talked to him with great freedom especially of her army experience. "It is astonishing," he wrote, "with what raptures Mrs. Washington spoke about the discipline of the army, the excellent order they were in, -- superior to any troops, she said, upon the face of the earth towards the close of the war; even the English acknowledged it she said. What pleasure she took in the sound of the fifes and drums, preferring it to any music that was ever heard!"<sup>277</sup>

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For some reason, whether from ill health or homesickness, or in consequence of the exactions of official life, she does not seem to have been happy during the early part of her stay in New York [as First Lady]. This fact can only be gathered from Mrs. Washington's home letters, as her thorough breeding enabled her to conceal her distaste for the restraints of her life, and to perform her duties as hostess with unfailing courtesy. To Mrs. James Warren [Mercy Otis Warren] she wrote at length upon the subject; and after dwelling upon her own and the General's deep appreciation of daily recurring proofs of the nation's confidence in and devotion to him, she added:

"The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow-citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great Sacrifices which I know he has made...With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been, that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grandchildren and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that will indemnify me for the loss of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for everybody and everything conspire to make me as content as possible in it; yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life.

"I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be, for I have also learned from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds wherever we go.

"I have two of my grandchildren with me, who enjoy advantages, in point of education, and who, I trust, by the goodness of Providence, will be a great blessing to me."

This letter, which was either dictated by Mrs. Washington or carefully edited before it appeared in print, as it contains none of the homely characteristic phrases to be found in her other letters, doubtless

²⁷⁶ Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 162-163.

²⁷⁷ Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), p. 170. [Footnote in original] "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," vol. xvii. p. 76.

represents truly and fairly her feelings with regard to the life opening before her. Duty rather than inclination was its inspiring motive. To do honor to the high position occupied by her husband, to exact a proper respect toward herself as his wife, caused this simple-hearted and retiring woman to give considerable time and thought to forms and ceremonies.

Some expressions in another letter, written to her “dear Fanny,” Mrs. George Augustine Washington, soon after the President’s serious illness, when he had left New York to make his Eastern tour, have been quoted to prove that Mrs. Washington was discontented and complaining at this time. The simple little letter, full of messages to her Virginia relatives, certainly has in it a note of

homesickness, which does not seem strange when we realize that this country-bred woman was spending her first summer in town, and while her husband was away from her must often have been lonely in the midst of many people.

“New York, October the 22nd 1789.

My Dear Fanny, -- I have by Mrs. Sims sent for a watch it is one of the cargo that I have so often mentioned to you, that was expected, I hope is such a one as will please you -- it is of the newest fashion, if that has any influence on your taste [...] Mrs. Sims will give you a better account of the fashions than I can. I live a very dull life here and know nothing that passes in the town -- I never go to any public place -- indeed I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else, there is certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from -- and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal.

The President set out this day week on a tour to the eastward, Mr. Lear and Major Jackson attended him. My dear children has very bad colds but thank god they are getting better. My love and good wishes attend you and all with you. Remember me to Mr. and Mrs. L. W. How is the poor child -- kiss Maria I send her two little handkerchiefs to wipe her nose.

Adieu

I am my dear Fanny yours most affectionately

M Washington”²⁷⁸

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Many of the Revolutionary veterans were living in 1790, and, by their presence, gave a dignified tone and character to all public assemblages; and when you saw a peculiarly fine looking soldier in those old days, and would ask, “to what corps of the American army did you belong?” drawing himself up to his full height, with a martial air, and back of the hand thrown up to his forehead, the veteran would reply, “[Washington’s] Life-Guard, your honor.”

And proud and happy were these veterans in again beholding their own good *Lady Washington*. Greatly was she beloved in the army. Her many intercessions with the chief for the pardon of offenders, and her kindness to the sick and wounded, caused her annual arrival in camp to be hailed as an event that would serve to dissipate the gloom of the winter-quarters.<sup>279</sup>

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[Appearing as a footnote by Benson J. Lossing in G. W. Parke Custis’ text]

Mr. Wansey, an English traveller, who published an account of his *Excursion in the United States*, in 1795, says, that the democrats “objected to these drawing-rooms of Mrs. Washington, as tending to give her a super-eminency, and as introductory to the paraphernalia of courts.” After quoting this, Dr. Griswold, in his *Republican Court*, remarks: “With what feelings the excellent woman regarded these democrats is shown by an anecdote of the same period. She was a severe disciplinarian, and Nelly Custis was not often permitted by her to be idle, or to follow her own caprices. The young girl was compelled to practise at the harpsichord four or five hours every day, and one morning, when she should have been playing, her grandmother entered the room, remarking that she had not heard the music, and also that she had observed some person going out, whose name she would very much like to know. Nelly was silent, and suddenly her attention was arrested by a blemish on the wall, which had been newly painted a delicate cream color. ‘Ah! it was no federalist,’ she exclaimed, looking at the spot just above a settee; “none but a filthy democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner!”

²⁷⁸ Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 202-206.

²⁷⁹ George Washington Parke Custis, *Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington* (1860), edited by Benson J. Lossing, p. 403.

Samuel York Atlee, Esq. of Washington city, called the attention of Mr. [G.W. Parke] Custis to this statement, when the venerable author of these Recollections, in a letter to that gentleman, on the 29th of December, 1854, remarked :--

“As to the story of Nelly Custis, my sister, practising very long and very unwillingly at the harpsichord, that part of the *tale of Wansey* is true. The poor girl would play and cry, and cry and play, for long hours, under the immediate eye of her grandmother, a rigid disciplinarian in all things.

“As to the absurd details that chronicle a saying of Mrs. Washington, touching democrats, no one, my dear sir, who knew that venerable lady, or who had ever heard of her, will believe a word of it. As the esteemed Lady Washington of the army of Independence, or the Lady-president of later days, Mrs. Washington was remarkable for her affable and dignified manners, and her courteous and kindly demeanor to all who approached her. Again, it is notorious that the politicians and statesmen of both parties were equally well and kindly received at the president[i]al mansion, where were welcomed Mr. Gallatin, Mr. Giles, and others of the chiefs of the democratic party, as well as Mr. Ames, Mr. Sedgwick, and others of the federalists.

“I can, with great truth, aver that, in the whole period of the first presidency, I never heard Mrs. Washington engage in any political controversy, or, indeed, *touch on the subject of politics at all* [...]”²⁸⁰

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The final departure of President and Mrs. Washington from the place and power through which they had acquired so much personal honor, and conferred such lasting benefit upon their country, was distinguished by every manifestation of national and individual reverence and gratitude.

All mourned the retirement of the great and good Father of his Country, from the immediate supervision to which all might so safely and implicitly trust; and the love and blessings of a nation followed both Mrs. Washington and its honored Chief to the well-earned tranquillity of private life.

Many were the tender farewells of those who were to be forever officially separated, and many the parting tokens of remembrance and affection long preserved as the sacred mementoes of those patriarchal days.

Mrs. Washington’s part in these touching adieux will be characteristically illustrated by the following pleasing anecdote, for which we are obliged to a gentleman who personally received it from the most authentic source: --

“On leaving the Seat of Government after the inauguration of his successor [John Adams], Washington presented to all his principal officers some token of regard. When Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, the wife of one of these gentlemen, and the particular friend and correspondent of Miss Custis, called ‘to take leave,’ Mrs. Washington asked if she did not wish a memorial of the General. ‘Yes,’ replied Mrs. Wolcott, ‘I should like a lock of his hair.’ Mrs. Washington instantly took her scissors, and with a happy smile, cut a large lock from her husband’s head, added to it one from her own, and presented them to her fair-friend.”<sup>281</sup>

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“I Cannot tell you, my dear friend,” wrote Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Knox soon after her return to Mount Vernon, “how much I enjoy *home* after having been deprived of one so long, for our dwelling in New York and Philadelphia was not *home*, only a sojourning. The General and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster, and we believe that nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred roof tree again, except on private business or pleasure. We are so penurious with our enjoyment that we are loath to share it with any one but dear friends, yet almost every day some stranger claims a portion of it, and we cannot refuse. Nelly and I are companions. Washington [G. W. P. Custis] is yet at Princeton and doing well. Mrs. Law and Mrs. Peter are often with us, and my dear niece Fanny Washington, who is a widow, lives at Alexandria only a few miles from us. Our furniture and other things sent us from Philadelphia arrived safely, our plate we brought with us in the carriage. How many dear friends I have left behind! They fill my memory with sweet thoughts. Shall I ever see them again? Not likely unless they shall come to me here, for the twilight is gathering around our lives. I am again fairly settled down to the

²⁸⁰ George Washington Parke Custis, *Recollections and Private Memoirs of Washington* (1860), edited by Benson J. Lossing, pp. 408-409.

²⁸¹ Margaret C. Conkling, *Memoirs of the Mother and Wife of Washington* (1850), pp. 213-215.

pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia house-keeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket.”

This letter was evidently dictated by Mrs. Washington, or written for her by her husband, as were most of her letters at this time. Writing seems to have become more and more of a burden to her, and the General, whose pen never rested, often relieved his wife of this task, even in her correspondence with intimate friends.²⁸²

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[Tobias Lear diary, 14 Dec. 1799]

...In the course of the afternoon he [Washington] appeared to be in great pain and distress, from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his position in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed, and endeavoured to raise him, and turn him with as much care as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, & often said, I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much, and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him ease, he replied, “*Well it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it.*”

He asked when Mr. Lewis & Washington Custis would return, (they were in New Kent) I told him about the 20th. of the month.

About 5 o’clock Dr. [James] Craik came again into the room & upon going to the bed side the Genl. said to him, *Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath can not last long.*

The Doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bed side, & sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between 5 & 6 o’clk Dr. Dick & Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed; when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed? He held out his hand & I raised him up. He then said to the Physicians, “I feel myself going, I thank you for “your attentions; but I pray you to take no more “trouble about me, let me go off quietly, I can not last “long.” They found that all which had been done was without effect; he laid down again and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy & restless, but without complaining; frequently asking what hour it was. When I helped him to move at this time he did not speak, but looked at me with strong expressions of gratitude.

About 8 o’clock the Physicians came again into the room and applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat bran to his legs and feet; after which they went out (except Dr. Craik) without a ray of hope. I went out about this time and wrote a line to Mr. Law & Mr. Peter, requesting them to come with their wives (Mrs. Washington’s Granddaughters) as soon as possible to Mt. Vernon.

About ten o’clk he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it, at length he said, -- “*I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the Vault in less than three days after I am dead.*” I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, “*Do you understand me?*” I replied “Yes.” “*Tis well*” said he.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten & eleven o’clk) his breathing became easier; he lay quietly; -- he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik who sat by the fire; -- he came to the bed side. The General’s hand fell from his wrist -- I took it in mine and put it into my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh!

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the foot of the bed) asked with a firm & collected voice, Is he gone? I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. ‘*Tis well*, said she in the same voice, “*All is now over I shall soon follow him! I have no more trials to pass through!*”<sup>283</sup>

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²⁸² Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 264-265.

²⁸³ Tobias Lear, *Letters and Recollections of George Washington: Being Letters to Tobias Lear and Others Between 1790 and 1799, Showing the First American in the Management of His Estate and Domestic Affairs* (1906), originally edited by Jared Sparks, pp. 133-135.

The two years of life that remained to Martha Washington were passed at Mount Vernon, which had been the scene of the chief joys and sorrows of her eventful career. Here, surrounded by her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, she passed her days in quietness, cheerful in her sorrow and loneliness as she had been through all the varied scenes of her life, receiving with unfailing courtesy and hospitality those who came to express their sympathy for her, or to do honor to the memory of her husband. One interesting picture of Mrs. Washington in her widowhood has come to us from the pen of the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, who visited her about two years after the General's death: —

“On Friday last, Messrs. Hillhouse, Davenport, J. C. Smith, Mattoon, Perkins, Tallmadge, and Goddard, and myself, made a visit to Mount Vernon to pay our respects to Mrs. Washington. We were received in the most polite and Cordial manner, and handsomely entertained...When our coaches entered the yard, a number of servants immediately attended, and when we had all stepped out of our Carriages, a servant conducted us to Madam Washington's room, where we were introduced by Mr. Hillhouse, and received in a very cordial and obliging manner. Mrs. Washington was sitting in rather a small room, with three ladies (granddaughters), one of whom is married to a Mr. Lewis, and has two fine children; the other two are single. Mrs. Washington appears much older than when I saw her last at Philadelphia, but her countenance very little wrinkled and remarkably fair for a person of her years. She conversed with great ease and familiarity, and appeared as much rejoiced at receiving our visit as if we had been of her nearest connections. She regretted that we had not arrived sooner, for she always breakfasted at seven, but our breakfast would be ready in a few minutes. In a short time she rose, and desired us to walk into another room, where a table was elegantly spread with ham, cold corn beef, cold fowl, red herring and cold mutton, the dishes ornamented with sprigs of parsley and other vegetables from the garden.

“At the head of the table was the tea and coffee equipage, where she seated herself, and sent the tea and coffee to the company. We were all Federalists, which evidently gave her particular pleasure. Her remarks were frequently pointed and sometimes very sarcastic, on the new order of things, and the present administration...She appeared in good health, but like one who has sustained a loss that will always remain fresh in her mind. She spoke of the General with great affection, and observed that, though she had many favors and mercies, for which she desired to bless God, she felt as if she was become a stranger among her friends, and could welcome the time when she should be called to follow her deceased friend.”

A few months later, in May, 1802, the newspapers all over the country announced the death of the widow of Washington, and the nation realized that the last living link was severed that had bound it to the family of the great General. Little is known of the closing scenes of Martha Washington's life. A “Communication” to an Alexandria journal gives the following details:

“On Saturday the 22d of May, at 12 o'clock, P. M. Mrs. Washington terminated her well spent life. Composure and resignation were uniformly displayed during seventeen day's depredations of a severe fever. From the commencement she declared that she was undergoing the final trial, and had long been prepared for her dissolution. She took the sacrament from Mr. Davis, imparted her last advice and benedictions to her weeping relations, and sent for a white gown, which she had previously laid by for her last dress -- thus in the closing scene, as in all the preceding ones, nothing was omitted. The conjugal, maternal and domestic duties had all been fulfilled in an exemplary manner. She was the worthy partner of the worthiest of men, and those who witnessed their conduct could not determine which excelled in their different characters, both were so well sustained on every occasion. They lived an honor and a pattern to their country, and are taken from us to receive the rewards -- promised to the faithful and just.”²⁸⁴

²⁸⁴ Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, *Martha Washington* (1897), pp. 284-286.

**“MARRATON AND YARATILDA:
An Indian Traditional Tale” (1711)²⁸⁵
by Joseph Addison.**

~ From The *Spectator*, No. 56. Friday, May 4, 1711.

*Felices errore suo.*²⁸⁶
—Lucan i. 454.

THE [Native] *Americans* believe that, all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses: And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For this Reason they always place by the Corpse of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How absurd soever such an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Substances and Beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as intelligibly of their substantial Forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone observing that Fire will destroy its magnetick Vertues, tells us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial Form*, that is, in our *West-Indian* Phrase, the Soul of the Loadstone.

There is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a distinct Account of every thing he saw among those Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian Kings*,²⁸⁷ to inquire of them, if possible, what Tradition they have among them of this Matter: Which, as well as he could learn by those many Questions which he asked them at several times, was in Substance as follows.

The Visionary, whose Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick Forest made up of Bushes, Brambles and pointed Thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a Passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some Track or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he saw an huge Lion crouched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the same Posture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other Weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand; but to his infinite Surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great Surprize, he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walked through Briars and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air; and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was designed as a kind of Fence or quick-set Hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft Substances might

²⁸⁵ Title given to this *Spectator* piece by a 1793 republication; printed “for R. Snagg, No. 26, Brunswick street, Surey side of Black-friars’ Bridge.”

²⁸⁶ [Edit. Note. “Happy in their error.”]

²⁸⁷ [Edit. Note. In 1710, three Mohawk “kings” or chiefs, representing the Iroquois nations, and one Mahican on behalf of the Algonquians, were taken to London to meet with Queen Anne as part of a diplomatic embassy on the part of the Indians and the colony of New York; the primary purpose of which was to attempt to enlist the (then) five Iroquois nations into the cause of the English and colonists against the French in Canada. See Francis Parkman’s *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892), ch. 7. While it is possible the story Addison tells may have been based on something one of the visiting Native Americans related, he clearly and at the very least, felt himself free to add to and embellish it.]

be torn by these subtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions in Flesh and Blood. With this Thought he resolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the Thorns and Briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green Trees covered with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to those ragged Scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it inclosed, he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listned long before he saw the Apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftess. As the Man on the milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about Half a Year before, and, by reason of his great Vertues, was at that time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with such a Landskip [landscape] of flow[e]ry Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, as were not to be represented by his own Expressions, nor, as he said, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of a Horse; and Multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utensils*; for that is the Name which in the Indian Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen several of them in his own Country: But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fisherman himself stood upon the Banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest Beauties of his Country, by whom he had several Children. This Couple were so famous for their Love and Constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man joy of his Wile, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the Fisherman when he saw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her Eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her Arms were stretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the River was unpassable. Who can describe the Passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire, Astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Checks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he arose on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Endearments on both Sides, she conducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a Manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the Sword so many Thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further Account of it.

THE VERDICT OF THE HISTORIANS

“On the subject of the history of the American revolution, you ask who shall write it? who can write it? and who ever will be able to write it? nobody; except merely it’s external facts. all it’s councils, designs and discussions, having been conducted by Congress with closed doors, and no member, as far as I know, having even made notes of them. these, which are the life and soul of history must for ever be unknown.”

~ Thomas Jefferson to John Adams, Aug. 10, 1815

“As to the history of the Revolution, my Ideas may be peculiar, perhaps singular. What do We Mean by the Revolution? The war? That was no part of the Revolution; it was only an Effect and Consequence of it. The Revolution was in the Minds of the People, and this as effected from 1760 to 1775, in the course of fifteen Years, before a drop of blood was shed at Lexington. The Records of thirteen Legislatures, the Pamp[h]lets, Newspapers in all the Colonies, ought [to] be consulted during that Period, to ascertain the Steps by which the public Opinion was enlightened and informed concerning the Authority of Parliament over the Colonies.”

~ Adams to Jefferson, Aug. 24, 1815

Insofar as Adams had his own pronounced likes, dislikes, and preferences when it came to history, there was nothing in the least peculiar about having likes, dislikes, and preferences. All historians are *peculiar*; inasmuch as all history is to a large degree a matter of *chosen* material. And, yes, while we rightly value attempts at and ourselves strive for “scientific” history (or *more scientific* history), it is a delusion as fictitious as traditions of ancient gods and heroes to imagine that *any* history is wholly without its own hidden motives, agenda, and subjectivity. The historian chooses what is most useful and important to relate. Yet who is all wise and best placed to say what is truly *most* useful and *most* important? Assuredly, there are a number of things can to be assessed more or less objectively about a given history: such as the scope and breadth of the topic taken up; the historian’s vision and grasp of the same; the depth and completeness of his research; the cogency and sharpness of his analysis; and the clarity and eloquence of his writing. And yet which of these factors and criteria might be given a greater priority over another will vary from author to author, and as a result so will also the picture and image of the past that is presented. Granted Thucydides is, at large, decidedly more scientific than Herodotus. Yet it is wholly misleading to lump one into the category of true and the other into category of false. Each brings to his work signal truths and understandings about the past that are both worthwhile, penetrating, and authentic, and it is therefore an intelligent reader’s responsibility to discern such strengths and merits (where such are present); just as they must also be wary of a historian’s short-sightedness, potential misrepresentations, and factual and or philosophical lapses. The positivist and modernist notion that history can and must ever be entirely scientific is no less deceiving and mistaken as the idea that holy writ necessarily implies irreproachable or unqualified factual accuracy.²⁸⁸ Rightly selected, different dishes can often supply healthful and necessary nutriments that another lacks; so that it is by way of combinations of them that we are most able and likely to secure the most desirable and beneficial results possible. The wisdom of both the historian and reader, therefore, lies in their choice and synthesis of material; much of which and to a significant extent unavoidably involves biased value judgments. As for *truth*? That Pilate answered well enough.

As could be expected, the earliest historical treatments of the American Revolutionary War were varied in both scientific scruple and ideological bent. More surprising to us now, even so, is how often opposing British and American partisans on sundry key points concurred. For instance, both, virtually without exception, viewed Washington with deference and respect. Not only Americans, but some British and Loyalist historians characterized the conflict as revolutionary, historically decisive, and even spoke of the “American Revolution.” Both remarked on the sometimes incompetence of British generals and the sometimes ironic lack of unity and cooperation among the Americans despite the latter’s resounding great victory.

As Arthur H. Shaffer outlines in his *The Politics of History: Writing the History of the American Revolution, 1783-1815* (1975), early Revolutionary War histories took on two forms; those with a national and international emphasis and those with a state and regional focus.²⁸⁹ In giving his summation, he deems Jeremy Belknap, Samuel Williams, and David Ramsay the best American historians of the conflict, and yet

²⁸⁸ It is amusing to observe how relatively rare it is for latter day historians to attribute to 17th century and enlightenment thinkers ideas (say, for instance, with respect to the rights of man or the social contract) already introduced and well delved into by the Stoics, Cicero and some church Fathers (see, for example, Tertullian on freedom of religion in *To Scapula*, ch. 2, p. 105, or Lactantius on the social contract at *Divine Institutes*, Book VI, ch. 10); as if such ideas were exclusively modern discoveries and inventions.

²⁸⁹ We omit from consideration here strictly military histories and memoirs of the war.

of the three only Ramsay's was (formally) national in presentation. This is critical to observe because most tend to forget that, prior to the Federal Constitution, people both at home and abroad frequently had unclear and differing conceptions as to quite what the "United Colonies" or "United States" referred to. Although William Gordon's *History of the Rise, Progress and Termination of the American Revolution* (1788) was a national history of the war, he viewed the Federal Constitution with disapproval; as, at first at least, did national chronicler Mercy Otis Warren. John Marshall (and here one is reminded of Jefferson's characterization of him as "crafty") got around this political quandary by making George Washington the centerpiece of his history.

Practically all the national and international historians relied heavily or availed themselves freely of John Almon's *Remembrancer*, and the *Annual Register*'s accounts of the war; the latter written and or edited by Edmund Burke; and a praiseworthy model of thoroughness and disinterestedness -- though allowing, and as we have observed, no one can be *entirely* disinterested. Regrettably and unless we talk about reading between the lines, neither Gordon²⁹⁰ nor Marshall takes the occasion of their work to furnish a summary view and wider perspective on the war and what it meant. Five of the early British and American national/international historians, on the other hand, including also in these five Italian Carlo Botta, did so. There has been no lack of interpreters since then about what the American Revolution meant and means, and not so unusually some will foolishly imply or speak as if none among the Revolutionary War contemporaries could possibly have grasped the greater reality and significance of what had taken place. Nothing could be further from the truth. Indeed, the first historians have insights to offer as, if not more so, revealing, profound, and relevant as any of later generations. Here then is some of what they wrote and said.

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*British author John Andrews' (1736-1809) History of the War with America, France, Spain, and Holland; commencing in 1775 and ending in 1783 (1785-1786), in four volumes, was, after The Annual Register, the first complete and comprehensive account of the war. He concludes this way.*

...Nor did the United States of America appear in the eye of many sagacious observers, to have obtained any real advantages by the alteration of their political system. Whatever might be their future destiny, it was evident that years would pass before they could arrive at a permanent and satisfactory settlement of their internal affairs, and recover from the disorder into which they had been thrown by the violent state of hostilities in which they had so long continued. Their commerce, on which they founded such extensive prospects, would probably long feel the want of the sustaining hand of Britain, and afford them complete proofs that their separation from this country was not attended with those beneficial consequences that had been held out to them with so much confidence.

Britain, on the other hand, though deprived of those Colonies she had planted and reared with so much care, and protected with so much glory, still remained an object of tenor and admiration to all her enemies. With a spirit- superior to all difficulties, and with resources, though deeply tried, yet far from exhausted, she still appeared great and respectable. From their consciousness of the strength and courage she yet possessed, her opponents were no less, if not even more desirous to put an end to the quarrel than herself. They fully saw she was able and determined to continue it, sooner than submit to a degradation of her character, by accepting of such terms as they had proposed in the height of their expectations to impose upon her.

The events of the last campaign dwelt ineffaceably on their reflections. The successes obtained by Great Britain, and the valour through which they were accomplished, had fixed the attention of all Europe, and extorted the applause even of many who had hitherto appeared indifferent to her fate: France, and

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<sup>290</sup> Gordon (1728-1807) was an English Congregationalist minister who served as pastor in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and was active on behalf of the radicals prior to and during the Revolutionary War. He acted as chaplain for the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, but later was discharged from the position for being overly political. He returned to England in 1786; at which time he commenced writing his history. Though as noted, his work contains no summation, he does manifest a certain interest in matters of freedom of conscience and religion. Coit Tyler, as might be expected, helpfully covers him at some length. See *Literary History of the American Revolution*, vol. 2, pp. 423-428.

Spain in particular, were not without apprehensions, that the other European powers not immediately interested in this contest, and beyond the reach of their influence, might at length open their eyes to the danger to which they exposed themselves, by permitting the House of Bourbon to carry on its designs' against England uncontrouled.

Swayed by these considerations, nor less by the domestic distresses arising from the deranged state of their finances, they came to the resolution of desisting from the vast pretensions they had formed, and of contenting themselves with the grant of independence to the Colonists of North America; leaving to these the more arduous task of rendering, if it were possible, this scission of the British empire beneficial to them, and detrimental to Britain.

Whatever strictures may have been pasted upon the terms agreed on between Great Britain and the other belligerent powers, there was a time when it was much doubted by the generality of people, both at home and abroad, whether peace could ever be purchased without making far greater sacrifices. Though the concessions made to the enemies of this country might perhaps have been less, they were by no means considered throughout Europe as disparaging to the British nation. It was thought, on the contrary, that the confederacy, by closing so readily with them, betrayed their apprehensions of what might prove the consequence of continuing hostilities, and from that motive determined to put a conclusion to them, upon the most favourable conditions they could procure.

Such, it was judged, were the reasons that induced them to enter into negotiations for peace, under the ostensible mediation of the Emperor of Germany, and the Empress of Russia.

In this manner was terminated the most important war that had been waged since the discovery of the new world. Both hemispheres seemed intimately conscious how deeply they were concerned in its issue. In Europe, at its very commencement it was fully perceived, that were Britain to lose the sovereignty over her Colonies, a new system of politics must necessarily arise, which would probably diffuse itself in process of time to every part of the globe.

In this great revolution, the European states possessed of dominions in America, beheld an immense portion of the earth, hitherto subject to their obedience, and subservient to their designs, animated by the successful example of a numerous proportion of its inhabitants, to throw off this yoke, and claim independence. An event of this kind, by confining them to the limits of their own country, would of course produce an universal alteration of their politics and interests, and oblige them to adopt new maxims of conduct both in their domestic and foreign concerns.

Those powers, on the other hand, who had no territories in America, still would greatly participate in the effects of this mighty change, through the connexions already subsisting, and the new correspondence that would ensue in consequence of it, between the European nations, in every branch of political and commercial intercourse.

Great Britain, in the mean while, though seemingly the most liable to be affected by this immense lose of territory, would probably, through the excellence of her constitution, and the wisdom of her government, but, above all, through the genius, the industry, and the persevering disposition of her people, retain the advantages and consequence that had so long resulted from them, and still maintain the figure she had made among the European powers.

Among those truths which it most concerns mankind to know, the British nation had conspicuously proved, that the splendor and felicity of a state does by no means depend on the extent of its territorial possessions, so much as on the improvement of those opportunities which are derived from nature and situation. These were benefits of which no vicissitudes of fortune could deprive this country; and it was upon the unvarying experience of their past efficacy, the confidence of its future prosperity was founded.

This truth had at no time been so powerfully elucidated, as during this terrible contest. Dispossessed of those Colonies, upon which, it had been repeatedly affirmed, her greatness principally

depended; opposed by them with a force equal in strength and spirit to that of her most formidable enemies; assailed by these in every quarter; attacked by her ancient allies, and abandoned by all the world; in this tremendous situation, cut off from a variety of her former commercial resources, and relying wholly on herself, she still found means to confront the most powerful combination that ever was recorded in history.

She fought her foes by sea and land, wherever she expected to find them. The damages done to them far exceeded those she received. On the sea especially their trade was ruined, and their navies suffered losses incomparably superior to her own. The balance against them at the close of the war amounted to twenty-eight ships of the line, and thirty-seven frigates, carrying altogether near two thousand guns.

Having sustained this dreadful conflict with so much glory, and terminated it so honourably, without the least assistance or interference, against such an host of enemies, she came out of all her difficulties not only without the least blemish to her reputation, but with an increase of fame that raised her character to a higher degree of eminence than it had ever obtained before.<sup>291</sup>

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In a lesser known letter to Jefferson, John Adams wrote, c.3-5 July 1813, "[I] have constantly expected that a Tory History of the Rise and progress of the Revolution would appear. And wished it. I would give more for it than for Marshall, Gordon, Ramsay and all the rest." In fact, there was such a work; namely, Pennsylvanian Charles Stedman's (1753-1812) The History Of The Origins, Progress And Termination Of The American War (1794.)

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION is the grandest effect: of combination that has yet been exhibited to the world: A combination formed by popular representation and the art of printing. So vast a force as was exerted by Great Britain had never been sent to so great a distance, nor resisted by any power apparently so unequal to the contest. The military genius of Britain was unimpaired; she rose with elastic force under every blow; and seemed capable, by the immensity of her revenues, of wearying out, by perseverance, the adversity of fortune: But wisdom, vigour, and unanimity, were wanting in her public councils. The eloquence of some legislators in opposition to government; the narrow views of ministers at home; and the misconduct of certain commanders abroad, through a series of pusillanimity, procrastination, discord, and folly; brought this country, in spite of the gallant efforts of the British officers and soldiers by land and sea, the justice of their cause, the firmness of their sovereign, and the general vows of the people, to a crisis, which has not indeed been followed (so limited are our prospects into futurity) by all that calamity which was generally apprehended, but which, nevertheless, although the national character, for spirit and enterprise, was abundantly sustained by individuals, cannot be regarded otherwise than as a disgrace to the British: Since it exhibited, in our public conduct, the triumph of party over genuine patriotism, and a spirit of peculation and pleasure prevailing in too many instances over military discipline, and a sense of military honour. The British minister [Lord North] did not possess that towering genius which is alone fitted, in difficult and turbulent times, to overcome the seditious, and rouse the remiss to their duty. Though a man of fine talents, as well as an amiable disposition, he was constitutionally indolent: And, besides this, there was not that degree of cordiality and perfect unanimity that the minister was led to suppose amongst the friends of his majesty's government in America. It is, perhaps, a matter of doubt whether the loyalists were not, on the whole, too sanguine in their expectations. But it is the nature of men to cherish the hope of relief with an ardour proportioned to the greatness of their misfortunes.

On the whole, the British government did not proceed on any grand system that might control particular circumstances and events; studied to prolong their own authority by temporary expedients. They courted their adversaries at home, by a share of power and profit; and the public enemies of the state, by partial concessions. But these availed much more to the establishment of new claims, than all the declarations of parliamentary rights and royal prerogatives with which they were accompanied, did to maintain the rights of established government: For fads quickly pass into precedents; while manifesto is opposed to manifesto, and argument to argument. Had the measures adopted by Britain, been adopted in time, perhaps they would not have been adopted in vain. Their concessions, as well as their armaments,

²⁹¹ *History of the War with America, France, Spain, and Holland*, vol. 4 (1786), pp. 411-416.

were always too late. Earlier concession, or an earlier application of that mighty force which was at the disposal of the commanders in chief in 1777, might perhaps have prevented or quashed the revolution.

While the natural strength and spirit of Great Britain were embarrassed and encumbered with the disadvantages and errors now enumerated, the Americans, in spite of a thousand difficulties and wants, by the energy of liberty, the contrivance of necessity, and the great advantages arising from the possession of the country, ultimately attained their object. The Americans, indeed, were not fired with that enthusiastic ardour, which nations of a warmer temperament, in all ages, have been wont to display in the cause of freedom. But they were guided by wise councils; they were steady and persevering; and, on all great occasions, not a little animated by the courage of general Washington, who has been proverbially called a Fabius, but in whose character courage, in fact, was a feature still more predominant than prudence. The American generals, having the bulk of the people on their side, were made acquainted with every movement of the British army, and enabled, for the most part, to penetrate their designs: To obtain intelligence, on which so much depends, was to the British commanders a matter of proportionable difficulty. The Americans had neither money nor credit: But they learned to stand in need only of a few things; to be contented with the small allowance that nature requires; to suffer, as well as to act. Their councils, animated by liberty, under the most distressing circumstances, took a grand and high-spirited course, and they were finally triumphant.

The Revolution of America, though predicted by philosophy, was generally considered as a remote contingency, if not a thing wholly ideal and visionary. Its immediate causes were altogether unforeseen and improbable. It came as a surprise upon the world: And men were obliged to conclude, either that the force of Great Britain was ill-directed, or that no invading army, in the present enlightened period, can be successful, in a country where the people are tolerably united.²⁹²

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*Pennsylvania born, but later South Carolina settled, physician David Ramsay (1749-1815) in 1789 published The History of the American Revolution in two volumes. He also wrote the separate, but related, The Revolution of South Carolina (1785) and a history of the United States (1816-1817).*

...The American revolution, on the one hand, brought forth great vices; but on the other hand, it called forth many virtues, and gave occasion for the display of abilities which, but for that event, would have been lost to the world. When the war began, the Americans were a mass of husbandmen, merchants, mechanics and fishermen; but the necessities of the country gave a spring to the active powers of the inhabitants, and set them on thinking, speaking and acting, in a line far beyond that to which they had been accustomed. The difference between nations is not so much owing to nature, as to education and circumstances. While the Americans were guided by the leading strings of the mother country, they had no scope nor encouragement for exertion. All the departments of government were established and executed for them, but not by them. In the years 1775 and 1776 the country, being suddenly thrown into a situation that needed the abilities of all its sons, these generally took their places, each according to the bent of his inclination. As they severally pursued their objects with ardor, a vast expansion of the human mind speedily followed. This displayed itself in a variety of ways. It was found that the talents for great stations did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from those which were necessary for the proper discharge of the ordinary business of civil society. In the bustle that was occasioned by the war, few instances could be produced of any persons who made a figure, or who rendered essential services, but from among those who had given specimens of similar talents in their respective professions. Those who from indolence or dissipation, had been of little service to the community in time of peace, were found equally unserviceable in war. A few young men were exceptions to this general rule. Some of these, who had indulged in youthful follies, broke off from their vicious courses, and on the pressing call of their country became useful servants of the public: but the great bulk of those, who were the active instruments of carrying on the revolution, were self-made, industrious men. These who by their own exertions, had established or laid a foundation for establishing personal independence, were most generally trusted, and most successfully

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<sup>292</sup> *The History Of The Origins, Progress And Termination Of The American War* (1794), ch. 46, pp. 446-449.

employed in establishing that of their country. In these times of action, classical education was found of less service than good natural parts, guided by common sense and sound judgement.

Several names could be mentioned of individuals who, without the knowledge of any other language than their mother tongue, wrote not only accurately, but elegantly, on public business. It seemed as if the war not only required, but created talents. Men whose minds were warmed with the love of liberty, and whose abilities were improved by daily exercise, and sharpened with a laudable ambition to serve their distressed country, spoke, wrote, and acted, with an energy far surpassing all expectations which could be reasonably founded on their previous acquirements. The Americans knew but little of one another, previous to the revolution. Trade and business had brought the inhabitants of their seaports acquainted with each other, but the bulk of the people in the interior country were unacquainted with their fellow citizens. A continental army, and Congress composed of men from all the States, by freely mixing together, were assimilated into one mass. Individuals of both, mingling with the citizens, disseminated principles of union among them. Local prejudices abated. By frequent collision asperities were worn off, and a foundation was laid for the establishment of a nation, out of discordant materials. Intermarriages between men and women of different States were much more common than before the war, and became an additional cement to the union. Unreasonable jealousies had existed between the inhabitants of the eastern and of the southern States: but on becoming better acquainted with each other, these in a great measure subsided. A wiser policy prevailed. Men of liberal minds led the way in discouraging local distinctions, and the great body of the people, as soon as reason got the better of prejudice, found that their best interests would be most effectually promoted by such practices and sentiments as were favourable to union. Religious bigotry had broken in upon the peace of various sects, before the American war. This was kept up by partial establishments, and by a dread that the church of England through the power of the mother country, would be made to triumph over all other denominations. These apprehensions were done away by the revolution. The different sects, having nothing to fear from each other, dismissed all religious controversy. A proposal for introducing bishops into America before the war, had kindled a flame among the dissenters; but the revolution was no sooner accomplished, than a scheme for that purpose was perfected, with the consent and approbation of all those sects who had previously opposed it. Pulpits which had formerly been shut to worthy men, because their heads had not been consecrated by the imposition of the hands of a Bishop or of a Presbytery, have since the establishment of independence, been reciprocally opened to each other, whensoever the public convenience required it. The world will soon see the result of an experiment in politics, and be able to determine whether the happiness of society is increased by religious establishments, or diminished by the want of them.

Though schools and colleges were generally shut up during the war, yet many of the arts and sciences were promoted by it. The geography of the United States before the revolution was but little known; but the marches of armies, and the operations of war, gave birth to many geographical enquiries and discoveries, which otherwise would not have been made. A passionate fondness for studies of this kind, and the growing importance of the country, excited one of its sons, the Rev. Mr. Morse, to travel through every State of the Union, and amass a fund of topographical knowledge, far exceeding any thing heretofore communicated to the public. The necessities of the States led to the study of Tactics, Fortification, Gunnery, and a variety of other arts connected with war, and diffused a knowledge of them among a peaceable people, who would otherwise have had no inducement to study them.

The abilities of ingenious men were directed to make farther improvements in the art of destroying an enemy. Among these, David Bushnell of Connecticut invented a machine for submarine navigation, which was found to answer the purpose of rowing horizontally, at any given depth under water, and of rising or sinking at pleasure. To this was attached a magazine of powder, and the whole was contrived in such a manner, as to make it practicable to blow up vessels by machinery under them. Mr. Bushnell also contrived sundry other curious machines for the annoyance of British shipping; but from accident they only succeeded in part. He destroyed one vessel in charge of Commodore Symonds, and a second one near the shore of Long-Island.

Surgery was one of the arts which was promoted by the war. From the want of hospitals and other aids, the medical men of America, had few opportunities of perfecting themselves in this art, the thorough knowledge of which can only be acquired by practice and observation. The melancholy events of battles,

gave the American students an opportunity of seeing, and learning more in one day, than they could have acquired in years of peace. It was in the hospitals of the United States, that Dr. Rush first discovered the method of curing the lock jaw by bark and wine, added to other invigorating remedies, which has since been adopted with success in Europe, as well as in the United States.

The science of government, has been more generally diffused among the Americans by means of the revolution. The policy of Great Britain, in throwing them out of her protection, induced a necessity of establishing independent constitutions. This led to reading and reasoning on the subject. The many errors that were at first committed by unexperienced statesmen, have been a practical comment on the folly of unbalanced constitutions, and injudicious laws. The discussions concerning the new constitution, gave birth to much reasoning on the subject of government, and particularly to a series of letters signed Publius, but really the work of Alexander Hamilton, in which much political knowledge and wisdom were displayed, and which will long remain a monument of the strength and acuteness of the human understanding in investigating truth.

When Great Britain first began her encroachments on the colonies there were few natives of America who had distinguished themselves as speakers or writers, but the controversy between the two countries multiplied their number.

The stamp act, which was to have taken place in 1765, employed the pens and tongues of many of the colonists, and by repeated exercise improved their ability to serve their country. The duties imposed in 1767, called forth the pen of John Dickinson, who in a series of letters signed a Pennsylvania Farmer, may be said to have sown the seeds of the revolution. For being universally read by the colonists, they universally enlightened them on the dangerous consequences, likely to result from their being taxed by the parliament of Great Britain.

In establishing American independence, the pen and the press had merit equal to that of the sword. As the war was the people's war, and was carried on without funds, the exertions of the army would have been insufficient to effect the revolution, unless the great body of the people had been prepared for it, and also kept in a constant disposition to oppose Great Britain. To rouse and unite the inhabitants, and to persuade them to patience for several years, under present sufferings, with the hope of obtaining remote advantages for their posterity, was a work of difficulty: This was effected in a great measure by the tongues and pens of the well informed citizens, and on it depended the success of military operations.

To enumerate the names of all those who were successful labourers in this arduous business, is impossible. The following list contains in nearly alphabetical order, the names of the most distinguished writers in favour of the rights of America.

John Adams, and Samuel Adams, of Boston; Bland, of Virginia; John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania; Daniel Dulany, of Annapolis; William Henry Drayton, of South-Carolina; Dr. Franklin, of Philadelphia; John Jay, and Alexander Hamilton, of New-York; Thomas Jefferson, and Arthur Lee of Virginia; Jonathan Hyman, of Connecticut; Governor Livingston, of New-Jersey; Dr. Mayhew, and James Otis, of Boston; Thomas Paine, Dr. Rush, Charles Thompson, and James Wilson, of Philadelphia; William Tennant, of South-Carolina; Josiah Quincy, and Dr. Warren, of Boston. These and many others laboured in enlightening their countrymen, on the subject of their political interests, and in animating them to a proper line of conduct, in defence of their liberties. To these individuals may be added, the great body of the clergy, especially in New-England. The printers of news-papers, had also much merit in the same way. Particularly Eedes [Edes] and Gill, of Boston; Holt, of New-York; Bradford, of Philadelphia; and Timothy, of South-Carolina.

The early attention which had been paid to literature in New-England, was also eminently conducive to the success of the Americans in resisting Great Britain. The university of Cambridge was founded as early as 1636, and Yale college in 1700. It has been computed, that in the year the Boston port act was passed, there were in the four eastern colonies, upwards of two thousand graduates of their colleges dispersed through their several towns, who by their knowledge and abilities, were able to influence and direct the great body of the people to a proper line of conduct, for opposing the encroachments of Great

Britain on their liberties. The colleges to the southward of New-England, except that of William and Mary in Virginia, were but of modern date; but they had been of a standing sufficiently long, to have trained for public service, a considerable number of the youth of the country. The college of New-Jersey, which was incorporated about 28 years before the revolution, had in that time educated upwards of 300 persons, who, with a few exceptions, were active and useful friends of independence. From the influence which knowledge had in securing and preserving the liberties of America, the present generation may trace the wise policy of their fathers, in erecting schools and colleges. They may also learn that it is their duty to found more, and support all such institutions. Without the advantages derived from these lights of this new world, the United States would probably have fallen in their unequal contest with Great Britain. Union which was essential to the success of their resistance, could scarcely have taken place, in the measures adopted by an ignorant multitude. Much less could wisdom in council, unity in system, or perseverance in the prosecution of a long and self denying war, be expected from an uninformed people. It is a well known fact, that persons unfriendly to the revolution, were always most numerous in those parts of the United States, which had either never been illuminated, or but faintly warmed by the rays of science. The uninformed and the misinformed, constituted a great proportion of those Americans, who preferred the leading strings of the Parent State, though encroaching on their liberties, to a government of their own countrymen and fellow citizens.

As literature had in the first instance favoured the revolution, so in its turn, the revolution promoted literature. The study of eloquence and of the Belles lettres, was more successfully prosecuted in America, after the disputes between Great Britain and her colonies began to be serious, than it ever had been before. The various orations, addresses, letters, dissertations and other literary performances which the war made necessary, called forth abilities where they were, and excited the rising generation to study arts, which brought with them their own reward. Many incidents afforded materials for the favourites of the muses, to display their talents. Even burlesquing royal proclamations, by parodies and doggerel poetry, had great effects on the minds of the people. A celebrated historian has remarked, that the song of Lillibullero forwarded the revolution of 1688 in England. It may be truly affirmed, that similar productions produced similar effects in America. Francis Hopkinson rendered essential service to his country, by turning the artillery of wit and ridicule on the enemy. Philip Freneau laboured successfully in the same way. Royal proclamations and other productions which issued from royal printing presses, were by the help of a warm imagination, arrayed in such dresses as rendered them truly ridiculous. Trumbull with a vein of original Hudibrastic humour, diverted his countrymen so much with the follies of their enemies, that for a time they forgot the calamities of war. Humphries [David Humphreys] twined the literary with the military laurel, by superadding the fame of an elegant poet, to that of an accomplished officer. Barlow increased the fame of his country and of the distinguished actors in the revolution, by the bold design of an epic poem ably executed, on the idea that Columbus foresaw in vision, the great scenes that were to be translated on the theatre of that new world, which he had discovered. Dwight struck out in the same line, and at an early period of life finished, an elegant work entitled the conquest of Canaan, on a plan which has rarely been attempted. The principles of their mother tongue, were first unfolded to the Americans since the revolution, by their countryman Webster. Pursuing an unbeaten track, he has made discoveries in the genius and construction of the English language, which had escaped the researches of preceding philologists. These and a group of other literary characters have been brought into view by the revolution. It is remarkable, that of these, Connecticut has produced an unusual proportion. In that truly republican state, every thing conspires to adorn human nature with its highest honours.

From the later periods of the revolution till the present time, schools, colleges, societies and institutions for promoting literature, arts, manufactures, agriculture, and for extending human happiness, have been increased far beyond any thing that ever took place before the declaration of independence. Every state in the union, has done more or less in this way, but Pennsylvania has done the most. The following institutions have been very lately founded in that state, and most of them in the time of the war or since the peace. An university in the city of Philadelphia; a college of physicians in the same place; Dickinson college at Carlisle; Franklin college at Lancaster; the Protestant Episcopal academy in Philadelphia; academies at York-town, at Germantown, at Pittsburgh and Washington; and an academy in Philadelphia for young ladies; societies for promoting political enquiries; for the medical relief of the poor, under the title of the Philadelphia Dispensary; for promoting the abolition of slavery, and the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage; for propagating the gospel among the Indians, under the direction of



the United Brethren; for the encouragement of manufactures and the useful arts; for alleviating the miseries of prisons. Such have been some of the beneficial effects, which have resulted from that expansion of the human mind, which has been produced by the revolution, but these have not been without alloy.

To overset an established government unhinges many of those principles, which bind individuals to each other. A long time, and much prudence, will be necessary to reproduce a spirit of union and that reverence for government, without which society is a rope of sand. The right of the people to resist their rulers, when invading their liberties, forms the corner stone of the American republics. This principle, though just in itself, is not favourable to the tranquility of present establishments. The maxims and measures, which in the years 1774 and 1775 were successfully inculcated and adopted by American patriots, for oversetting the established government, will answer a similar purpose when recurrence is had to them by factious demagogues, for disturbing the freest governments that were ever devised.

War never fails to injure the morals of the people engaged in it. The American war, in particular, had an unhappy influence of this kind. Being begun without funds or regular establishments, it could not be carried on without violating private rights; and in its progress, it involved a necessity for breaking solemn promises; and plighted public faith. The failure of national justice, which was in some degree unavoidable, increased the difficulties of performing private engagements, and weakened that sensibility to the obligations of public and private honor, which is a security for the punctual performance of contracts.

In consequence of the war, the institutions of religion have been deranged, the public worship of the Deity suspended, and a great number of the inhabitants deprived of the ordinary means of obtaining that religious knowledge, which tames the fierceness, and softens the rudeness of human passions and manners. Many of the temples dedicated to the service of the most High, were destroyed, and these from a deficiency of ability and inclination, are not yet rebuilt. The clergy were left to suffer, without proper support. The depreciation of the paper currency was particularly injurious to them. It reduced their salaries to a pittance, so insufficient for their maintenance, that several of them were obliged to lay down their profession, and engage in other pursuits. Public preaching, of which many of the inhabitants were thus deprived, seldom fails of rendering essential service to society, by civilising the multitude and forming them to union. No class of citizens have contributed more to the revolution than the clergy, and none have hitherto suffered more in consequence of it. From the diminution of their number, and the penury to which they have been subjected, civil government has lost many of the advantages it formerly derived from the public instructions of that useful order of men.

On the whole, the literary, political, and military talents of the citizens of the United States have been improved by the revolution, but their moral character is inferior to what it formerly was. So great is the change for the worse, that the friends of public order are fondly called upon to exert their utmost abilities, in extirpating the vicious principles and habits, which have taken deep root during the late convulsions.<sup>293</sup>

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Notwithstanding he was well aware of her work, John Adams did not mention Mercy Otis Warren (1728-1814) in his earlier quoted letter to Jefferson of 1813; evidently, at least in part, because he took offense at her having insinuated in her 1805 history that he was a monarchist. The following of hers emanates from the same.

America has fought for the boon of liberty; she has successfully and honorably obtained it: she has now a rank among the nations: it was now the duty of the wife and patriotic characters who had by inconceivable labor and exertion obtained the prize, to guard on every side that it might not be sported away by the folly of the people, or the intrigue or deception of their rulers. They had to watch at all points, that her dignity was not endangered, nor her independence renounced, by too servilely copying either the fashionable vices or the political errors of those countries, where the inhabitants are become unfit for any character but that of master and slave.

²⁹³ *The History of the American Revolution* (1789), vol. II, Appendix no. IV, pp. 315-325.

Thus, after the dissolution of the American army, the withdrawing of the French troops, the retirement of general Washington, and the retreat of the fleets and armies of the king of Great Britain, a solemnity and stillness appeared, which was like the general pause of nature before the concussion of an earthquake. The state of men's minds seemed for a short time to be palsied by the retrospect of dangers encountered to break off the fetters, and the hazards surmounted to sweep away the claims, and cut the leading strings in which they had been held by the crown of Britain.

But though the connexion was now dissolved, and the gordian knot of union between Great Britain and America cut in sunder; though the independence of the United States was, by the treaty, clearly established on the broad basis of liberty; yet the Americans felt themselves in such a state of infancy, that as a child just learning to walk, they were afraid of their own movements. Their debts were unpaid, their governments unsettled, and the people out of breath by their long struggle for the freedom and independence of their country. They were become poor from the loss of trade, the neglect of their usual occupations, and the drains from every quarter for the support of a long and expensive war.

From the versatility of human affairs, and the encroaching spirit of man, it was yet uncertain when and how the states would be tranquillized, and the union consolidated, under wise, energetic, and free modes of government; or whether such, if established, would be administered agreeable to laws founded on the beautiful theory of republicanism, depicted in the closets of philosophers, and idolized in the imagination of most of the inhabitants of America.

It is indeed true, that from a general attention to early education, the people of the United States were better informed in many branches of literature, than the common classes of men in most other countries. Yet many of them had but a superficial knowledge of mankind; they were ignorant of the intrigues of courts, and though convinced of the necessity of government, did not fully understand its nature or origin; they had generally supposed there was little to do, but to shake off the yoke of foreign domination, and annihilate the name of *king*.

They were not generally sensible, that most established modes of strong government are usually the consequences of fraud or violence, against the systems of democratic theorists. They were not sensible, that from age to age the people are flattered, deceived, or threatened, until the hood-winked multitude set their own seals to a renunciation of their privileges, and with their own hands rivet the chains of servitude on their posterity. They were totally fearless of the intrigues or the ambition of their own countrymen, which might in time render fruitless the expense of their blood and their treasures. These they had freely lavished to secure their equality of condition, their easy modes of subsistence, and their exemption from public burdens beyond the necessary demands for the support of a free and equal government. But it was not long before they were awakened to new energies, by convulsions both at home and abroad.

New created exigencies, or more splendid modes of government that might hereafter be adopted, had not yet come within the reach of their calculations. Of these, few had yet formed any adequate ideas, and fewer indeed were sensible, that though the name of liberty delights the ear, and tickles the fond pride of man, it is a jewel much oftener the play-thing of his imagination, than a possession of real stability: it may be acquired to-day in all the triumph of independent feelings, but perhaps to-morrow the world may be convinced, that mankind know not how to make a proper use of the prize, generally bartered in a short time, as a useless bauble, to the first officious master that will take the burden from the mind, by laying another on the shoulders of ten-fold weight.

This is the usual course of human conduct, however painful the reflection may be to the patriot in retirement, and to the philosopher absorbed in theoretic disquisitions on human liberty, or the portion of natural and political freedom to which man has a claim. The game of deception is played over and over to mislead the judgment of men, and work on their enthusiasm, until by their own consent, hereditary crowns and distinctions are fixed, and some scion of royal descent is entailed upon them forever. Thus by habit they are ready to believe, that mankind in general are incapable of the enjoyment of that liberty which nature seems to prescribe, and that the mass of the people have not the capacity nor the right to choose their own masters.

The generous and disinterested of all nations must, however, wish to see the American republic fixed on such a stable basis, as to become the admiration of the world. Future generations will then look back with gratitude, on the era which wafted their ancestors from the European shores: they will never forget the energetic struggles of their fathers, to secure the natural rights of men. These are improved in society, and strengthened by civil compacts: these have been established in the United States by a race of independent spirits, who have freed their posterity from the feudal vassalage of hereditary lords. It is to be hoped, that the grim shades of despotic kings will never hover in the clouds of the American hemisphere, to bedizen the heads of the sons of Columbia, by imaginary ideas of the splendid beams of royalty.

Let it never be said of such a favored nation as America has been, as was observed by an ancient historian, on the rise, the glory, and the fall of the republic of Athens, that “the inconstancy of the people was the most striking characteristic of its history.” We have, with the historian who depicted the Athenian character, viewed with equal astonishment, the valor of our soldiers and the penetration of the statesmen of America. We wish for the duration of her virtue; we sigh at every appearance of decline; and perhaps, from a dread of deviations, we may be suspicious of their approach when none are designed.

It is a more agreeable anticipation to every humane mind, to contemplate the glory, the happiness, the freedom, and peace, which may for ages to come pervade this new-born nation, emancipated by the uncommon vigor, valor, fortitude, and patriotism of her soldiers and statesmen. They seemed to have been remarkably directed by the singer of Divine Providence, and led on from step to step beyond their own expectations, to exhibit to the view of distant nations, millions freed from the bondage of a foreign yoke, by that spirit of freedom, virtue, and perseverance, which they had generally displayed from their first emigrations to the wilderness, to the present day.

Let us here pause a few moments, and survey the vast continent of America, where the reflecting mind retrospects and realizes the beautiful description of the wide wilderness, before it became a fruitful field; before “the rivers were open in high places, and fountains in the midst of the vallies;” when He who created them pronounced, -- “I will plant the cedar, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the sir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together; that all may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done. “this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.”*²⁹⁴

Let the striking contrast, since the forest has been made to blossom as the rose, be viewed in such an impressive light, as to operate on the mind of every son and daughter of America, and lead to the uniform practice of public and private virtue.

From the education, the habits, and the general law of kindness, which has been nurtured among the children of those pious worthies who first left the pleasant and prolific shores of Europe, and took up their residence in the bosom of a wilderness, to secure the peaceful enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, it may reasonably be expected, that such a unanimity may long be preserved among their posterity, as to prevent the fatal havoc which dissension and war have brought on most nations found in the records of time.

The mind now rejoices to return from the scenes of war in which it has been immersed, and feels itself sufficiently collected to take an abstracted view of the condition of human nature. Here we might, before we leave the local circumstances of America, survey the contrasts exhibited in their conduct, by a world of beings who boast their rationality: we might indulge some moments of reflection and calm contemplation, on the infinite variety of combinations in the powers of the human mind, as well as the contrarieties that make up the character of man. But amidst the various images which present, in viewing the complex state of man, we will only add in this place, a few observations on their hostile dispositions toward each other.

It must appear among the wonders of Divine Providence, that a creature endowed with reason mould, through all ages and generations, be permitted the wanton destruction of his own species. The

²⁹⁴ [Footnote in original. * Isaiah, 41st chap.]

barbarous butchery of his fellow mortals, exhibits man an absurd and ferocious, instead of a rational and humane being. May it not be among the proofs of some general lapse from the original law of rectitude, that no age or nation since the death of Abel, has been exempt from the havoc of war? Pride, avarice, injustice, and ambition, have set every political wheel in motion, to hurry out of existence one half the species by the hands of the other.

The folly of mankind, in making war on each other, is strongly delineated on the conclusion of almost every hostile dispute; and perhaps this folly was never more clearly exhibited than in that between Great Britain and her former colonies. Each circumstance will in future be weighed, when the world will judge of the great balance of advantage to the one country or the other, on the termination of the struggle.

A full detail of the sufferings of the English nation, in consequence of the absurd war upon their colonies, may be left to more voluminous writers; while we only observe, that Great Britain lost an extensive territory containing millions of subjects, the fruits of whose genius and industry she might have reaped for ages, had she not been avaricious of a revenue by methods, which neither the much boasted constitution of Englishmen, or the laws of prudence or equity, could justify....She lost the extensive commerce of a country growing in arts and population, to an astonishing degree....She lost the friendship of thousands, and created the alienation of millions, that may last forever.... She lost a nursery for seamen, that had replenished her navy from the first settlement of America....She lost, by the best British calculations, an hundred thousand of her best soldiers, either by sickness or the sword, and a proportionate number of most gallant officers*²⁹⁵....She sunk an immensity of her treasures for the support of her armies and navies, for the execution of the chimerical project of subduing the colonies by arms, which by justice, protection, friendship, and a reciprocity of kind offices, would have been her's [sic] for ages.

And what has she gained by the contest? -- surely not an increase of honor or reputation. Corroborative evidence of these truths may be drawn from the testimony of British writers. A very sensible man*²⁹⁶ of this class has observed, that -- "Thus ended the most unfortunate war "in which England has ever been engaged; a war commenced in the very wantonness of pride and folly, which had for its object to deprive America of the rights for which our ancestors have contended; a war, the professed object of which was, to levy a tax that would not have paid the collectors; a war conducted with the same weakness and incapacity on the part of the British ministry, with which it was commenced; which might in the early stages of the dispute have been avoided by the smallest concession; and which might have been terminated with honor, but for the incorrigible obstinacy and unparalleled folly of the worst administration that ever disgraced the country. This deplorable war has ended in the dismemberment of a considerable part of the British empire, cost the nation more money than the ever memorable campaigns of Marlborough, and the still more glorious war of lord Chatham; more indeed than all the wars in which Great Britain has been engaged since the revolution, to the peace of Aix la Chapelle."

On the other hand, it may be proper here to take a survey of the United States, and to view them on every ground. They have struggled with astonishing success for the rights of mankind, and have emancipated themselves from the shackles of foreign power. America has indeed obtained incalculable advantages by the revolution; but in the innumerable list of evils attendant on a state of war, she, as well as Great Britain, has lost her thousands of brave soldiers, veteran officers, hardy seamen, and meritorious citizens, that perished in the field, or in captivity, in prison-ships, and in the wilderness, since the beginning of the conflict. She has lost an immense property by the conflagration of her cities, and the waste of wealth by various other means. She has in a great measure lost her simplicity of manners, and those ideas of mediocrity which are generally the parent of content; the Americans are already in too many instances hankering after the sudden accumulation of wealth, and the proud distinctions of fortune and title. They have too far lost that general sense of moral obligation, formerly felt by all classes in America. The people have not indeed generally lost their veneration for religion, but it is to be regretted, that in the unlicensed liberality of opinion there have been some instances, where the fundamental principles of truth have been obscured. This may in some measure have arisen from their late connexions with other nations; and this

²⁹⁵ [Footnote in original. * See British Encyclopædia, published 1792.]

²⁹⁶ [Footnote in original. * See View of the Reign of George the Third.]

circumstance may account for the readiness of many, to engraft foreign follies and crimes with their own weak propensities to imitation, and to adopt their errors and fierce ambition, instead of making themselves a national character, marked with moderation, justice, benignity, and all the mild virtues of humanity.

But when the feeds of revolution are planted, and the shoots have expanded, the various causes which contribute to their growth, and to the introduction of a change of manners, are too many to recount. The effervescence of party rage sets open the flood-gates of animosity, and renders it impossible to calculate with any degree of accuracy, on subsequent events. Not the most perspicacious human eye can foresee, amidst the imperious spirit of disunion, and the annihilation of former habits and connexions, the benefits that may result from the exertions of virtue, or the evils that may arise from problematic characters which come forward, the new-born offspring of confusion, and assume merit from the novelty of their projects, and the inscrutability of their designs. These are like hot-bed plants, started from extraneous causes; prematurely forced into existence, they are incapable of living but in the sunshine of meridian day. Such characters often hurry into irretrievable mischief, before time has ripened the systems of men of more principle and judgment.

Thus, after the conclusion of peace, and the acknowledgment of the independence of the United States by Great Britain, the situation of America appeared similar to that of a young heir, who had prematurely become possessed of a rich inheritance, while his inexperience and his new felt independence had intoxicated him so far, as to render him incapable of weighing the intrinsic value of his estate, and had left him without discretion or judgment to improve it to the best advantage of his family.

The inhabitants of the United States had much to experiment in the new rank they had taken, and the untrodden ground which they were now to explore, replete with difficulties not yet digested or apprehended by the most sagacious statesmen. They had obtained their independence by a long and perilous struggle against a powerful nation: we now view them just emancipated from a foreign yoke, the blessings of peace restored upon honorable terms, with the liberty of forming their own governments, enacting their own laws, choosing their own magistrates, and adopting manners the most favorable to freedom and happiness. Yet it is possible that their virtue is not sufficiently steady, to avail themselves of those superior advantages.

The restless nature of man is forever kindling a fire, and collecting fuel to keep the flame alive, that consumes one half the globe, without the smallest advantage to the other, either in a moral or in a political view. Men profit little by the observations, the sufferings, or the opinions of others: it is with nations as with individuals, they must try their own projects, and frequently learn wisdom only by their own mistakes. It is undoubtedly true, that all mankind learn more from experience than from intuitive wisdom: their foolish passions too generally predominate over their virtues; thus civil liberty, political and private happiness, are frequently bartered away for the gratification of vanity, or the aggrandizement of a few individuals, who have art enough to fascinate the undistinguishing multitude.

If the conduct of the United States should stand upon record, as a striking example of the truth of this observation, it must be remembered that this is not a trait peculiar to the character of America, it is the story of man; past ages bear testimony to its authenticity, and future events will convince the unbelieving. It is an unpleasing part of history, when "corruption begins to prevail, when degeneracy marks the manners of the people, and "weakens the sinews of the state." If this should ever become the deplorable situation of the United States, let some unborn historian, in a far distant day, detail the lapse, and hold up the contrast between a simple, virtuous, and -- free people, and a degenerate, servile race of beings, corrupted by wealth, effeminated by luxury, impoverished by licentiousness, and become the automatons of intoxicated ambition.²⁹⁷

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<sup>297</sup> *History of the Rise, Progress and Termination of the American Revolution* (1805), vol. III, ch. 30, pp. 322-337.

*Carlo Botta's (1766-1837) Storia della guerra dell'Indipendenza d'America ["History of the War of Independence of America"] (1809) was well known to and thought well of by both Adams and Jefferson; particularly the latter and who corresponded with the Piedmont historian. While not always reliable or else somewhat misinformed or misleading in his presentation of facts -- the deeds of Thomas Sumter and his partisans, for instance, receive peculiar highlighting in his version of the war in the South at the expense of other South Carolina fighters of equal importance -- Botta, a one time a supporter of Napoleon, is interested in applying the significance of the American Revolution to Europe; while making allusions to and comparisons with the French Revolution in the process.*

Such was the issue of a contest which during the course of eight consecutive years, chained the attention of the universe, and drew the most powerful nations of Europe to take a share in it. It is worthy of the observer to investigate the causes which have concurred to the triumph of the Americans, and baffled the efforts of their enemies. In the first place, they had the good fortune not to encounter opposition from foreign nations, and even to find among them benevolence, countenance, and succours. These favorable dispositions, while they inspired them with more confidence in the justice of their cause, redoubled also their spirit and energy. The coalition of several powerful nations, leagued against a single one, on account of some reform it wishes to establish in the frame of its government, and which threatens not only to defeat its object, but to deprive it of liberty and independence, usually causes its rulers to divest themselves of all moderation and prudence, and to have recourse to the most violent and extraordinary measures, which soon exhaust the resources of the country and excite discontent among its inhabitants; till, oppressed and harassed in every form by the officers of government, they are driven at last into civil convulsions, in which the strength of the community is consumed. And besides, these violent measures so disgust the people with the whole enterprise, that confounding the abuse of a thing with the use of it, they choose rather to retreat to the point from which they set out, or even further back, than to continue their progress towards the object originally proposed. Hence it is, that, if that object were liberty, they afterwards rush into despotism, preferring the tyranny of one to that of many. But to these fatal extremities, the Americans were not reduced, as well for the reason at first stated, the general favor of foreign states, as on account of the geographical position of their country, separated by vast seas from nations which keep on foot great standing armies, and defended on all other points by impenetrable forests, immense deserts and inaccessible mountains, and having in all this part no other enemy to fear except the Indian tribes, more capable of infesting and ravaging the frontiers, than of making any permanent encroachments. One of the most powerful causes of the success of the American revolution, should, doubtless, be sought in the little difference which existed between the form of government which they abandoned, and that which they wished to establish. It was not from absolute, but from limited monarchy, that they passed to the freedom of an elective government. Moral things, with men, are subject to the same laws as physical; *the laws of all nature*. Total and sudden changes cannot take place without causing disasters or death.

The royal authority, tempered by the very nature of the government, and still enfeebled by distance, scarcely made itself perceptible in the British colonies. When the Americans had shaken it off entirely, they experienced no considerable change. Royalty alone was effaced; the administration remained the same, and the republic found itself established without shock. Such was the advantage enjoyed by the American insurgents, whereas the people of other countries, who should undertake to pass all at once from absolute monarchy to the republican scheme, would find themselves constrained to overturn not only monarchical institutions, but all others, in order to substitute new ones in their stead. But such a subversion, cannot take place without doing violence to the opinions, usages, manners and customs of the greater number, nor even without grievously wounding their interests. Discontent propagates itself; democratic forms serve as the mere mask of royalty; the people discover that they have complained of imaginary evils; they eagerly embrace the first opportunity to measure back their steps, even to the very point which they started from.

Another material cause of the happy issue of this grand enterprise, will be seen in the circumspect and moderate conduct invariably pursued by that considerate and persevering people by whom it was achieved. Satisfied with having abolished royalty, they paused there, and discreetly continued to respect the ancient laws, which had survived the change. Thus they escaped the chagrin of having made their condition worse in attempting to improve it. They had the good sense to reflect, that versatility in counsels degrades the noblest cause, chills its partisans, and multiplies its opponents. There will always be more alacrity in a

career whose goal is fixed and apparent, than in that where it is concealed in obscurity. The Americans reared the tree, because they suffered it to grow; they gathered its fruit, because they allowed it to ripen. They were not seen to plume themselves on giving every day a new face to the state. Supporting evil with constancy, they never thought of imputing it to the defects of their institutions, nor to the incapacity or treason of those who governed them, but to the empire of circumstances. They were especially indebted for this moderation of character to the simplicity of their hereditary manners; few among them aspired to dignity and power.

They presented not the afflicting spectacle of friends dissolving their ancient intimacies, and even declaring a sudden war upon each other, because one was arrived at the helm of state without calling the other to it. With them patriotism triumphed over ambition. There existed royalists and republicans; but not republicans of different sects, rending with their dissensions the bosom of their country. There might be among them a diversity of opinions, but never did they abandon themselves to sanguinary feuds, proscriptions and confiscations. From their union resulted their victory; they immolated their enmities to the public weal, their ambition to the safety of the state, and they reaped the fruit of it; an ever memorable proof that if precipitate resolutions cause the failure of political enterprises, temper and perseverance conduct them to a glorious issue.<sup>298</sup>

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<sup>298</sup> *Storia della guerra dell'Indipendenza d'America* ["History of the War of Independence of America"] (1809), Book XIV, pp. 452-454; here translated in 1826 by George Alexander Otis.

## A NOT DISINTERESTED OBSERVER

The use of the title “Enlightenment” for the combined and various scientific, literary, and philosophical movements that sprung up in mid to late 18<sup>th</sup> century France and Europe is doubtless one of the most ill advised and foolishly chosen of catch phrases or, if you will, catch names. Unlike, say, “Renaissance,” the “Enlightenment” achieved less than its title claims, and as a name (in practical invocation and usage) usually and completely ignores the Revolutionary achievements of the 17<sup>th</sup> century that preceded it. It is also misleading to imply that intellectual advancement and understanding in the 18<sup>th</sup> century was equally valid and or uniform. While some thinkers did bring in or invite genuine progress, others ushered in new, or else reintroduced and or made worse prior falsehoods and errors, while replacing new dogmas and superstitions for old ones; seen, for instance, in the setbacks, calamities and bloodbaths of the French Revolution and its 20<sup>th</sup> century political successors; or in instances, the atheistical throwbacks to Gnosticism and early church schisms, or in materialistic thought or perspective inferior in subtlety and depth to their classical Greek originators (such as that of the Epicureans, or some of the Stoics like Chrysippus.) Moreover, “Enlightenment” suggests a mystical epiphany or revelation quite improper as applied to scientific evolution, and at the same time muddies over that what was actually admirable and worthy about “The Enlightenment;” namely a concern and interest in patient focus, an eye for minute detail, methodical classification, and simple hard work and dogged determination characteristic of true scientists and thinkers deserving of being called innovative. And yet clinical dissection is not always conducive to true benevolence. Nor were humility and piety (natural or otherwise) traits to be attributed to the *philosophes* generally; which, it could be said, argues them to have fallen that much short of healthy wisdom and reasonable maturity.

The grandson of a noted chancellor, François Jean de Beauvoir, Marquis de Chastellux (1734-1788) entered French royal military service at the age of 13, commanded a regiment at 21, and served with distinction in the Seven Years War. At 20 and as an example to others, he submitted to a small pox inoculation at a time when the practice was still feared and controversial. He possessed an avidity for knowledge, and became learned on many topics, including music, history, jurisprudence, agronomy, zoology, botany, manufacturing, trade, engineering, and of course military matters. It is well to remember that some of the most zealous advocates for liberty and rational reform in France came from among the ill-fated aristocracy, and Chastellux was one exemplary representative of such. In 1772 he garnered much fame and applause with his *De la Félicité Publique, ou Considérations Sur Le Sort des Hommes, Dans les différentes de l'histoire* (“On Public Happiness, or Considerations on The Lot of Men in diverse histories.”) Voltaire is said to have preferred the work to Montesquieu’s *Spirit of the Laws*.<sup>299</sup> And in 1775, on the basis of *Public Happiness*, Chastellux was elected a member to the Académie française. In it, and conjoined with an affinity for a free choice and laissez faire outlook, he expressed a belief in the hope of progress over notions and assumptions that the past was always happier than the present. In a passage anticipating Jeremy Bentham, he stated:

“We have searched into history, and amidst the number of years which its records have laid open to our view, have but too accurately traced the proportion of causes, to effects; and too fully are we convinced, that the people were not only strangers to real happiness, but that they had never taken the road which might have led to it. Our surprise diminished, but our concern increased, when we felt the conviction that the most esteemed governments, and the most revered legislations have never been directed to that sole end of all government, the acquisition of the greatest welfare of the greatest number of individuals: but in amends for this melancholy picture of the past, enlivening rays of hope arise, as we look forward at the future, whilst our opinion of the present abounds with comfort. If we have admired our ancestors the less, we have esteemed our contemporaries the more, and the more also do we expect from our posterity.”<sup>300</sup>

In 1780 Chastellux was a Major General with Rochambeau’s expeditionary force that landed in America. Being fluent in English, as well as urbane and erudite, he acted as the latter’s formal liaison with

<sup>299</sup> As well as Voltaire, Chastellux befriended and corresponded with Buffon, Morellet, Marmontel, and was a frequenter of the salons of Madame Necker (mother of Madame de Staël) and Julie de Lespinasse, the close confidant of d’Alembert.

<sup>300</sup> *De la Félicité Publique*, vol. 2, ch. 3. Bentham, by the way, at the time of 1776 rubbed friendly elbows with barrister John Lind, an avowed opponent of the American revolutionaries, and, as a de facto legal positivist, waxed warmly against ideas of natural rights.



Washington, and performed in this capacity in a manner generally esteemed and appreciated by American and French officers and soldiers alike.<sup>301</sup> Like Lafayette, he was pivotal in synchronizing and harmonizing the alliance, becoming a good friend and correspondent of Washington in the process. Before and up to the Yorktown campaign, in which he served as one of Rochambeau's seconds in command, he kept a journal recording numerous and sundry persons, customs, matters, and concerns he encountered in America; in part to inform curious and interested friends and associates in Europe about how and what people and things were like in the New World. In 1782 and after Yorktown when Rochambeau and his army marched to the Hudson and later Boston to prepare for their departure, Chastellux was granted leave to make trips to Virginia, the back country of Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts to further fill out his account of the country; having prior to that already written extensively on Rhode Island, Connecticut, upstate New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia and vicinity.

*Voyage dans l'Amerique Septentrionale dans les années, 1780-2, (1786)*, later published in English translation, by George Grieve, *Travels in North-America, in the Years 1780, 1781, and 1782 (1787)*, first appeared as portions and excerpts that appeared in periodicals in Europe, and Chastellux only came out with his own complete version when, to his chagrin, unauthorized compilations of these extracts were printed as single works.

It is to be expected that Chastellux would seek confirmation and vindication of his tempered republicanism while in America, and it shows in his writings, though not without an application of skepticism and learned scrutiny to offset blind enthusiasm. To his credit and although himself a noble of the *ancien régime*, he displays a support of the later Revolutionary and Napoleonic notions of advancement based on merit, and here again we see how it was possible for an aristocrat to be a friend, albeit a wary friend, of liberty and seek to further reason based equality.

The ensuing excerpts barely hint at the copious and broad extent Chastellux's sketches and observations, and which in the midst of which one will find a no little interesting mini-history and examination of some of the major battles of the revolutionary war -- though, oddly enough, he says fairly little about Yorktown. Although an acute, astute, and often meticulous observer, Chastellux on occasion is acerbic to a point that one is inclined to think that his negative remarks cannot always possibly be just.

And indeed not everyone was entirely pleased with the results of Chastellux's *Travels*. Rochambeau's chief commissary, Claude Blanchard, wrote in his journal:

"On the 7th [of Jan. 1781], melted snow and rain; on the 8th, wind from the north and sudden cold, very sharp. I saw the Chevalier de Chastellux, who was returning from his journey, with which he appeared satisfied. He told me that the Academy of Philadelphia had chosen him an associate member; that he had collected some notes respecting the American revolution, that he would not content himself with mere observations, and that he would publish a complete work."

Then a subsequent footnote to his manuscript, Blanchard added: "I do not perceive that he has kept his promise. He has had the account of his journey printed in two volumes, and some agreeable details are to be found in it, but many trifling matters, mediocre pleasantries and eulogiums, often but little deserved, of persons who had flattered him. Brissot de Warville<sup>302</sup> has sharply criticised this work."

Still, he is probably more reliable than de Crèvecoeur, and certainly far more so than Chateaubriand, as a commentator on America and Americans of that era.

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<sup>301</sup> Though at one point he became embarrassed (or so Rochambeau claimed) by incurring the dismay and disapproval of Rochambeau for misrepresenting to the French representative at Congress, Chevalier de la Luzerne, Rochambeau's views respecting the desirability of an attack on New York; a plan Washington was for, but one Rochambeau was far from enthusiastic about. See Rochambeau's memoirs; bearing in mind that Rochambeau's charge against Chastellux has been disputed by some, and who assert that it was Rochambeau rather who misrepresents Chastellux's communication to Luzerne.

<sup>302</sup> In 1788 (also 1792), Jacques Pierre Brissot de Warville (1754-1793) had published in Philadelphia *New Travels in the United States*, and which took exception to Chastellux's opinions on Quakers, Negroes, "the people, and mankind."

I got on horseback at eight o'clock on the 18th, and at the distance of a mile fell in with the river of Farmington [Connecticut], along which I rode for some time. There was nothing interesting in this part of my journey, except that having fired my pistol at a jay, to my great astonishment the bird fell. This had been for many days an object of curiosity with me, and it is really a most beautiful creature. It is quite blue, but it unites all the various shades of that colour so as to surpass the invention of art, and be very difficult of imitation. I must remark by the bye, that the Americans call it only by the name of the *blue bird*, though it is a real jay; but the Americans are far from being successful in enriching their native language. On every, thing which wanted an English name, they have bestowed only a simple descriptive one: the jay is the blue bird, the cardinal, the red bird; every water bird is a duck, from the teal to the *canard de dois* [sic], and to the large black duck which we have not in Europe. They call them, red ducks, black ducks, wood ducks. It is the same with respect to their trees; the pine, the cypresses, the firs, are all comprehended under the general name of *pine-trees*; and if the people characterize any particular tree, it is from the use to which it is applied, as the *wall-nut* from its serving to the construction of wooden houses. I could cite many other examples, but it is sufficient to observe, that this poverty of language proves how much men's attention has been employed in objects of utility, and how much at the same time it has been circumscribed by the only prevailing interest, the desire of augmenting wealth, rather by dint of labour, than by industry. But to return to my jay; I resolved to make a trophy of it, in the manner of the savages, by scalping it of its skin and feathers; and content with my victory, I pursued my journey, which soon brought me amidst the steepest and most difficult mountains I had yet seen. They are covered with woods as old as the creation, but which do not differ from ours. These hills heaped confusedly one upon another, oblige you to be continually mounting and descending, without your being able to distinguish in this wild region, the summit, which rising above the rest, announces to you a conclusion to your labours. This disorder of nature reminded me of the lessons of him whom she has chosen for her confident and interpreter. The vision of Mr. de Buffon appeared to me in these ancient deserts. He seemed to be in his proper element, and to point out to me, under a slight crust formed by the destruction of vegetables, the inequality of a globe of glass, which has cooled after a long fusion. The waters said he, have done nothing here; look around you, you will not find a single calcareous stone; every thing is quartz, granite, or flint. I made experiments on the stones with aquafortis, and I could not help concluding, what has not obtained sufficient credit in Europe, not only that he speaks well, but he is always in the right.

While I was meditating on the great process of nature, which employs fifty thousand years in rendering the earth habitable, a new spectacle, well calculated as a contrast to those which I had been contemplating, fixed my attention, and excited my curiosity: this was the work of a single man, who in the space of a year had cut down several arpents [about .85 acres] of wood, and had built himself "a house in the middle of a pretty extensive territory he had already cleared. I saw, for the first time, what I have since observed a hundred times; for in fact, whatever mountains I have climbed, whatever forests I have traversed, whatever bye-paths I have followed, I have never travelled three miles without meeting with a new settlement, either beginning to take form or already in cultivation. The following is the manner of proceeding in these improvements or new settlements. Any man who is able to procure a capital of five or six hundred livres of our money, or about twenty-five pounds sterling, and who has strength and inclination to work, may go into the woods and purchase a portion of one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres of land, which seldom costs him more than a dollar or four shillings and six-pence an acre, a small part of which only he pays in ready money. There he conducts a cow, some pigs, or a full sow, and two indifferent horses which do not cost him more than four guineas each. To these precautions he adds that of having a provision of flour and cider. Provided with this first capital, he begins by felling all the smaller trees, and some strong branches of the large ones: these he makes use of as fences to the first field he wishes to clear; he next boldly attacks those immense oaks, or pines, which one would take for the ancient lords of the territory he is usurping; he strips them of their bark, or lays them open all round with his axe. These trees mortally wounded, are the next spring robbed of their honours; their leaves no longer spring, their branches fall, and their trunk becomes a hideous skeleton. This trunk still seems to brave the efforts of the new colonist; but where there are the smallest chinks or crevices, it is surrounded by fire, and the flames consume what the iron was unable to destroy. But it is enough for the small trees to be felled, and the great ones to lose their sap. This object completed, the ground is cleared; the air and the sun begin to operate upon that earth which is wholly formed of rotten vegetables, and teems with the latent principles of

production. The grass grows rapidly; there is pasturage for the cattle the very first year; after which they are left to increase, or fresh ones are brought, and they are employed in tilling a piece of ground which yields the enormous increase of twenty or thirty fold. The next year the same course is repeated; when, at the end of two years, the planter has wherewithal to subsist, and even to send some articles to market: at the end of four or five years, he completes the payment of his land, and finds himself a comfortable planter. Then his dwelling, which at first was no better than a large hut formed by a square of the trunks of trees, placed one upon another, with the intervals filled by mud, changes into a handsome wooden house, where he contrives more convenient, and certainly much cleaner apartments than those in the greatest part of our small towns. This is the work of three weeks or a month. His first habitation, that of eight and forty hours. I shall be asked, perhaps, how one man or one family can be so quickly lodged; I answer, that in America a man is never alone, never an isolated being. The neighbours, for they are every where to be found, make it a point of hospitality to aid the new farmer. A cask of cider drank in common, and with gaiety, or a gallon of rum, are the only recompense for these services. Such are the means by which North-America, which one hundred years ago was nothing but a vast forest, is peopled with three millions of inhabitants; and such is the immense, and certain benefit of agriculture, that notwithstanding the war, it not only maintains itself where ever it has been established, but it extends to places which seem the least favourable to its introduction. Four years ago, one might have travelled ten miles in the woods I traversed, without seeing a single habitation.<sup>303</sup>

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[Maj.] General [William] Heath is so well known in our little army, that I should dispense with entering into particulars respecting him, if this Journal, in which I endeavour to recollect what little I have seen in this country, were not destined at the same time to satisfy the curiosity of others who have not crossed the sea', and to whose amusement I am desirous of contributing. This General was one of the first who took up arms, at the blockade of Boston, and having at first joined the army in the quality of Colonel, he was immediately raised to the rank of Major-General. He was at that time a substantial farmer or rich gentleman; for we must not lose sight of the distinction, that in America, *farmer* means cultivator, in opposition to *merchant*, which every man is called who is employed in commerce. Here, as in England, by *gentleman*, is understood a person possessing a considerable *freehold*, or land of his own. General Heath, then, was a farmer or gentleman, and reared, on his estate, a great number of cattle, which he sold for 'ships' provisions. But his natural taste led him to the study of war; to which he has principally applied himself since the period in which his duty has concurred with his inclination; he has read our best authors on tactics, and especially the Tactics of Mr. Guibert, which he holds in particular estimation. His fortune enabling him to continue in the service, notwithstanding the want of pay, which has compelled the less rich to quit it, he has served the whole war; but accident has prevented him from being present on the most important occasions. His countenance is noble and open; and his bald head, as well as his corpulence, give him a striking resemblance to the late Lord Granby. He writes well and with ease; has great sensibility of mind, and a frank and amiable character; in short, if he has not been in the way of displaying his talents in action, it may be at least asserted, that he is well adapted to the business of the cabinet. His estate is near Boston, and he commanded there when Burgoyne's army were brought prisoners thither, it was he who put the English General [William] Philips in arrest, for want of respect to the Congress; his conduct on this occasion was firm and noble. On our arrival at Rhode Island, he was sent there; and soon after, when Clinton was preparing to attack us, he assembled and commanded the militia, who came to our assistance. During his stay at Newport, he lived honourably, and in great friendship with all the French officers. In the month of September, General Washington, on discovering the treason of Arnold, sent for him, and gave him the command of West-Point; a mark of confidence the more honourable, as none but the most honest of men was proper to succeed, in his command, the basest of all traitors.³⁰⁴

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In returning to West-Point, we saw a redoubt that is suffered to go to ruin, as being useless, which in fact it is. It was night when we got home, but what I had to observe did not require daylight. It is a vast souterrain, formed within the fort of West-Point, where not only the powder and ammunition necessary for

<sup>303</sup> *Travels* (1827 Am. edition and based on the English one of 1787), Part I, ch. II, pp. 33-35.

<sup>304</sup> *Travels*, Part I, ch. III, pp. 48-49.

this post are kept in reserve, but the deposit of the whole army. These magazines completely filled, the numerous artillery one sees in these different fortresses, the prodigious labour necessary to transport, and pile up on steep rocks, huge trunks of trees, and enormous hewn stones, impress the mind with an idea of the Americans very different from that which the English ministry have laboured to give to Parliament. A Frenchman would be surprised that a nation, just rising into notice, should have expended in two years upwards of twelve millions (half a million sterling) in this desert. He would be still more so on learning that these fortifications cost nothing to the state, being built by the soldiers, who received not the smallest gratification, and who did not even receive their stated pay; but he would doubtless feel some satisfaction, in hearing that these beautiful and well contrived works, were planned and executed by two French Engineers, Mr. du Portail, and Mr. du Gouvion, who received no more pay than their workmen.<sup>305</sup>

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...I was in the utmost impatience to embrace M. de la Fayette, and to see General Washington, but I could not make my horses partake of it. It was proposed to me to proceed directly to head quarters, because, said they, I might perhaps arrive in time for dinner. But seeing the impossibility of that, and being in a country where I was known, I desired some oats for my horses. Whilst they were making this slight repast, I went to see the camp of the *Marquis*, it is thus they call Mr. de la Fayette; the English language being fond of abridgments, and titles uncommon in America. I found this camp placed in an excellent position; it occupied two heights separated by a small bottom, but with an easy communication between them. The river Totohaw or Second river, protects its right, and it is here that it makes a considerable elbow, and turning towards the south, falls at length into the bay of Newark [New Jersey]. The principal part of the front, and all the left flank, to a great distance, are covered by the rivulet which comes from Paramus, and falls into the same river. This position is only twenty miles from New-York island; and was accordingly occupied by the van guard, consisting of light infantry, that is to say, by the picked corps of the American army: the regiments, in fact, which compose it, have no grenadiers, but only a company of light infantry, answering to our *Chasseurs*, and of whom battalions are formed at the beginning of the campaign. This troop made a good appearance, were better clothed than the rest of the army; the uniforms both of the officers and soldiers were smart and military, and each soldier wore a helmet made of hard leather, with a crest of horse hair. The officers are armed with espontoons, or rather with half pikes, and the subalterns with fusils: but both were provided with short and light sabres brought from France, and made a present of to them by M. de la Fayette. The tents agreeably to the American custom, formed only two ranks; they were in regular lines as well as those of the officers; and as the season was advanced, they had good chimneys, but placed differently from ours; for they are all built on the outside, and conceal the entrance of the tents, which produce the double effect of keeping off the wind, and of preserving heat night and day. I saw no piles of arms, and was informed that the Americans made no use of them. When the weather is good, each company places its fusils on a wooden horse; but when it rains, they must be removed into the tents, which is undoubtedly a great inconvenience: this will be remedied when the means of doing it are more abundant, but I fear much, that this will not happen the next year.³⁰⁶

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The rain spared us no more at the camp of the *Marquis*, than at that of the main army; so that our review being finished, I saw with pleasure General Washington set off in a gallop to regain his quarters. We reached them as soon as the badness of the roads would permit us. At our return we found a good dinner ready, and about twenty guests, among whom were Generals [Robert] Howe and Sinclair [Arthur St. Clair]. The repast was in the English fashion, consisting of eight or ten large dishes of butcher's meat, and poultry, with vegetables of several sorts, followed by a second course of pastry, comprized under the two denominations of pies and puddings. After this the cloth was taken off, and apples and a great quantity of nuts were served, which General Washington usually continues eating for two hours, toasting and conversing all the time. These nuts are small and dry, and have so hard a shell, (hickory nuts) that they can only be broken by the hammer; they are served half open, and the company are never done picking and eating them. The conversation was calm and agreeable; his Excellency was pleased to enter with me into

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<sup>305</sup> *Travels*, Part I, ch. III, pp. 50-51.

<sup>306</sup> *Travels*, Part I, ch. III, pp. 58-59.

the particulars of some of the principal operations of the war, but always with a modesty and conciseness, which proved that it was from pure complaisance he mentioned it. About half past seven we rose from table, and immediately the servants came to shorten it, and convert it into a round one; for at dinner it was placed diagonally to give more room. I was surprised at this manoeuvre, and asked the reason of it; I was told they were going to lay the cloth for supper. In half an hour I retired to my chamber, fearing lest the General might have business, and that he remained in company only on my account; but at the end of another half hour, I was informed that his Excellency expected me at supper. I returned to the dining-room, protesting against this supper; but the General told me he was accustomed to take something in the evening; that if I would be seated, I should only eat some fruit, and assist in the conversation. I desired nothing better, for there were then no strangers, and nobody remained but the General's family. The supper was composed of three or four light dishes, some fruit, and above all, a great abundance of nuts, which were as well received in the evening as at dinner. The cloth being soon removed, a few bottles of good claret and madeira were placed on the table. Every sensible man will be of my opinion, that being a French officer, under the orders of General Washington, and what is more, a good whig, I could not refuse a glass of wine offered me by him; but, I confess, that I had little merit in this complaisance, and that, less accustomed to drink than any body, I accommodate myself very well to the English mode of *toasting*: you have very small glasses, you pour out yourself the quantity of wine you choose, without being pressed to take more, and the toast is only a sort of check in the conversation, to remind each individual that he forms part of the company, and that the whole form only one society. I observed that there was more solemnity in the toasts at dinner: there were several ceremonious ones; the others were suggested by the General, and given out by his aids-de-camp, who performed the honours of the table at dinner; for one of them is every day seated at the bottom of the table, near the General, to serve the company, and distribute the bottles. The toasts in the evening were given by Colonel Hamilton, without order or ceremony. After supper the guests are generally desired to give a sentiment; that is to say, a lady to whom they are attached by some sentiment, either of love, or friendship, or perhaps from preference only. This supper, or conversation, commonly lasted from nine to eleven, always free, and always agreeable.<sup>307</sup>

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We now had to visit [the fort at] Redbank [or "Red Bank;" in New Jersey]; for which purpose we had again to cross the Delaware [from Philadelphia], which in this place is a mile wide. The gentleman who was to do the honour there, was impatient to arrive. We had amused ourselves by telling him that the morning being far spent, and the tide about to turn, we should be obliged to omit Redbank, and return directly to Philadelphia. This conductor, whom we diverted ourselves in tormenting, was M. du Plessis Mauduit, who in the double capacity of engineer, and officer of artillery, had the charge of arranging and defending this post, under the orders of Colonel [Christopher] Green. On landing from our boat, he proposed conducting us to a Quaker's, whose house is half a musket shot from the fort, or rather the ruins of the fort; for it is now destroyed, and there are scarcely any *reliefs* of it remaining. "This man, said M. de Mauduit, is a little of a tory; I was obliged to knock down his barn, and fell his fruit trees; but he will be glad to see M. de la Fayette, and will receive us well." We took him at his word, but never was expectation more completely deceived. We found our Quaker seated in the chimney comer, busied in cleaning herbs: he recollected M. de Mauduit, who named M. de la Fayette, and me, to him; but he did not deign to lift his eyes, nor to answer any of our introducer's discourse, which at first was complimentary, and at length jocose. Except *Dido's* silence, I know nothing more severe, but we had no difficulty in accommodating ourselves to this bad reception, and made our way to the fort. We had not gone a hundred yards before we came to a small elevation, on which a stone was vertically placed, with this short epitaph: *here lies buried Colonel Donop*. M. de Mauduit could not refrain from expressing his regret for this brave man, who died in his arms two days after the action; he assured us that we could not make a step without treading on the remains of some Hessians; for near three hundred were buried in the front of the ditch.

The fort of Redbank was designed, as I have said above, to support the left of the chevaux de frise [an oversized contraption, constructed by engineers, and placed in a river or waterway to block the passage of vessels]. The bank of the Delaware at this place is steep; hut even this steepness allowed the enemy to approach the fort, under cover, and without being exposed to the fire of the batteries. To remedy this

³⁰⁷ *Travels*, Part I, ch. IV, pp. 67-69.

inconvenience, several galleys armed with cannon, and destined to defend the chevaux de frise, were posted the whole length of the escarpement [sic], and took it in reverse. The Americans, little practised in the art of fortifications, and always disposed to take works beyond their strength, had made those of Redbank too extensive. When M. de Mauduit obtained permission to be sent thither with Colonel Green, he immediately set about reducing the fortifications, by intersecting them from east to west, which transformed them into a sort of large redoubt nearly of a pentagonal form. A good earthen rampart, raised to the height of the cordon, a fosse, and an abattis in front of the fosse, constituted the whole strength of this post, in which were placed *three hundred men* [actually some 400], and fourteen pieces of cannon. The 22d of October [1777], in the morning, they received intelligence that a detachment of two thousand five hundred Hessians were advancing; who were soon after perceived on the edge of a wood to the north of Redbank, nearly within cannon shot. Preparations were making for the defence, when a Hessian officer advanced, preceded by a drum; he was suffered to approach, but his harangue was so insolent that it only served to irritate the garrison, and inspire them with more resolution. "*The King of England*," said he, "*orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms, and they are warned, that if they stand, the battle, no quarters whatever will be given.*" The answer was, that they accepted the challenge, and that there should be no quarter on either side. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Hessians made a very brisk fire from a battery of cannon, and soon after they opened, and marched to the first entrenchment, from which, finding it abandoned, but not destroyed, they *imagined* they had driven the Americans. They then shouted *victoria*, waved their hats in the air, and advanced towards the redoubt. The same drummer, who a few hours before had come to summon the garrison, and had appeared as insolent as his officer, was at their head beating the march; both he, and that officer were knocked on the head by the first fire. The Hessians, however, still kept advancing within the first entrenchment, leaving the river on their right: they had already leached the abattis, and were endeavouring to tear up, or cut away the branches, when they were overwhelmed with a shower of musket shot, which took them in front, and in flank; for as chance would have it, a part of the courtine of the old entrenchment, which had not been destroyed, formed a projection at this very part of the intersection. M. de Mauduit had contrived to form it into a sort of *caponiere*, (or trench with loop-holes) into which he threw some men, who flanked the enemy's left, and fired on them at close shot. Officers were seen every moment rallying their men, marching back to the abattis, and falling amidst the branches they were endeavouring to cut. Colonel [Carl von] Donop [from Hesse Cassel] was particularly distinguished by the marks of the order he wore, by his handsome figure, and by his courage; he was also seen to fall like the rest. The Hessians, repulsed by the fire of the redoubt, attempted to secure themselves from it by attacking on the side of the escarpement, but the fire from the galleys sent them back with a great loss of men. At length they relinquished the attack, and regained the wood in disorder.

While this was passing on the north side, another column made an attack on the south, and, more fortunate than the other, passed the abattis, traversed the fossé, and mounted the berm; but they were stopped by the fraises, and M. de Mauduit running to this post as soon as he saw the first assailants give way, the others were obliged to follow their example. They still did not dare however to stir out of the fort, fearing a surprise; but M. de Mauduit wishing to replace some palisades which had been torn up; he sallied out with a few men, and was surprised to find about twenty Hessians standing on the berm, and stuck up against the shelving of the parapet. These soldiers who had been bold enough to advance thus far, sensible that there was more risk in returning, and not thinking proper to expose themselves, were taken and brought into the fort. M. de Mauduit, after fixing the palisades, employed himself in repairing the abattis; he again sallied out with a detachment, and it was then he beheld the deplorable spectacle of the dead and dying, heaped one upon another. A voice arose from amidst these carcasses, and said in English, "whoever you are, draw me hence." It was the voice of Colonel Donop: M. de Mauduit made the soldiers lift him up, and carry him into the fort, where he was soon known. He had his hip broken; but whether they did not consider his wound as mortal, or that they were heated by the battle, and still irritated at the menaces thrown out against them a few hours before, the Americans could not help saying, aloud: "Well! is it determined to give no quarter?" "I am in your hands," replied the colonel, "you may revenge yourselves." M. de Mauduit had no difficulty in imposing silence, and employed himself only in taking care of the wounded officer. The latter, perceiving he spoke bad English, said to him: "you appear to me a foreigner, Sir, who are you?" "A French officer," replied the other. "*Je suis content*," said Donop, making use of our language, "*je meurs entre les mains de l'honneur meme.*" I am content; I die in the hands of honour itself. The next day he was removed to the quaker's house, where he lived three days, during which he conversed frequently with M. de Mauduit. He told him that he had been long in friendship with M. de Saint Germain, that he wished in

dying to recommend to him his vanquisher, and benefactor. He asked for paper, and wrote a letter, which he delivered to M. de Mauduit, requiring of him, as the last favour, to acquaint him when he was about to die: the latter was soon under the necessity of acquitting himself of this sad duty: "it is finishing a noble career early," said the colonel; "but I die the victim of my ambition, and of the avarice of my sovereign." Fifteen wounded officers were found, like him, upon the field of battle; M. deMauduit had the satisfaction to conduct them himself to Philadelphia, where he was very well received by General Howe. By singular accident, it happened that the English that very day received indirect intelligence of the capitulation of Burgoyne, of which he knew more than they. They pretended to give no credit to it: "you who are a Frenchman," said they, "speak freely, do you think it possible?" "I know," replied he, "that the fact is so; explain it as you think proper."³⁰⁸

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...The reader will think it time for me to throw some variety into this journal; but I am obliged to confess that this rendezvous was with Mr. Samuel Adams. We had promised ourselves, at our last interview to set an evening apart for a tranquil *tete-a-tete*, and this was the day appointed. Our conversation commenced with a topic of which he might have spared himself the discussion; the justice of the cause he was engaged in. I am clearly of opinion that the parliament of England had no right to tax America without her consent, but I am more clearly convinced that when a whole people say *we will be free*, it is difficult to demonstrate they are in the wrong. Be that as it may, Mr. Adams very satisfactorily proved to me, that New-England, comprehending the states of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island, were not peopled with any view to commerce and aggrandizement, but wholly by individuals who fled from persecution, and sought an asylum at the extremity of the world, where they might be free to live, and follow their opinions; that it was of their own accord, that those new colonists put themselves under the protection of England; that the mutual relationship, springing from this connexion, was expressed in their charters, and that the right of imposing, or exacting a revenue of any kind was not comprised in them.

From this subject we passed to a more interesting one; the form of government which should be given to each state; for it is only on account of the future, that it is necessary to take a retrospect of the past. The revolution has taken place, and the republic is beginning; it is an infant newly born, the question is how to nourish, and rear it to maturity. I expressed to Mr. Adams some anxiety for the foundations on which the new constitutions are formed, and particularly that of Massachusetts. Every citizen, said I, every man who pays taxes, has a right to vote in the election of representatives, who form the legislative body, and who may be called the sovereign power. All this is very well for the present moment, because every citizen is pretty equally at his ease, or may be so in a short time, but the success of commerce, and even of agriculture, will introduce riches among you, and riches will produce inequality of fortunes, and of property. Now, wherever this inequality exists, the real force will invariably be on the side of property; so that if the influence in government be not proportioned to that property, there will always be a contrariety, a combat between the form of government, and its natural tendency, the right will be on one side, and the power on the other; the balance then only can exist between the two equally dangerous extremes, of aristocracy and anarchy. Besides, the ideal worth of men must ever be comparative: an individual without property is a discontented citizen, when the state is poor; place a rich man near him, he dwindles into a clown. What will result then, one day, from vesting the right of election in this class of citizens? The source of civil broils, or corruption, perhaps both at the same time. The following was pretty nearly the answer of Mr. Adams. I am very sensible of the force of your objections; we are not what we should be, we should labour rather for the future, than for the present moment. I build a country house, and have infant children; I ought doubtless to construct their apartments with an eye to the time in which they shall be grown up and married: but we have not neglected this precaution. In the first place, I must inform you, that this new constitution was proposed and agreed to in the most legitimate manner of which there is any example since the days of Lycurgus [of Sparta]. A committee chosen from the members of the legislative body, then existing, and which might be considered as a provisional government, was named to prepare a new code of laws. As soon as it was prepared, each county or district was required to name a committee to examine this plan: it was recommended to them to send it back at the expiration of a certain time, with their observations. These observations having been discussed by the committee, and the necessary alterations

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<sup>308</sup> *Travels*, Part I, ch. VII, pp. 123-127.

made, the plan was sent back to each particular committee. When they had all approved it, they received orders to communicate it to the people at large, and to demand their suffrages. If two-thirds of the voters approved it, it was to have the force of law, and be regarded as the work of the people themselves; of two and twenty thousand suffrages, a much greater proportion than two-thirds was in favour of the new constitution. Now these were the principles on which it was established: a state is never free but when each citizen is bound by no law whatever that he has not approved of, either by himself, or by his representatives; but to represent another man, it is necessary to have been elected by him; every citizen therefore should have a part in elections. On the other hand, it would be in vain for the people to possess the right of electing representatives, were they restrained in the choice of them to a particular class: it is necessary therefore not to require too much property as a qualification for the *representative of the people*. Accordingly the house of representatives which form the legislative body, and the true *sovereign*, are the people themselves represented by their delegates. Thus far the government is purely democratical; but it is the permanent and enlightened will of the people which should constitute law, and not the passions and sallies to which they too are subject. It is necessary to moderate their first emotions, and bring them to the test of inquiry and reflection. This is the important business entrusted with the Governor and Senate, who represent with us the negative power, vested in England in the upper-house^ and even in the crown, with this difference only, that in our new constitution the senate has a right to reject a law, and the governor to suspend the promulgation, and return it for a reconsideration; but these forms complied with, if, after this fresh examination, the people persist in their resolution, and there is then, not as before, a mere majority, but two thirds of the suffrages in favour of the law, the governor and senate are compelled to give it their sanction. Thus this power moderates, without destroying the authority of the people, and such is the organization of our republic, as to prevent the springs from breaking by too rapid a movement, without ever stopping them entirely. Now, it is here we have given all its weight to property. A man must have a pretty considerable property to vote for a member of the senate; he must have a more considerable one to be himself eligible. Thus the democracy is pure and entire in the assembly, which represents the *sovereign*; and the aristocracy, or, if you will, the *optimacy*, is to be found only in the moderating power, where it is the more necessary, as men never watch more carefully over the state than when they have a great interest in its destiny. As to the power of commanding armies, it ought neither to be vested in a great, nor even in a small number of men: the governor alone can employ the forces by sea and land according to the necessity; but the land forces will consist only in the militia, which, as it is composed of the people themselves, can never act against the people.

Such was the idea Mr. Adams gave me of his own work, for it is he who had the greatest part in the formation of the new laws. It is said, however, that before his credit was employed to get them accepted, it was necessary to combat his private opinion, and to make him abandon systems in which he loved to stray, for less sublime, but more practicable projects. This citizen, otherwise so respectable, has been frequently reproached with consulting his library, rather than the present circumstances, and of always beginning by the Greeks and Romans, to get at the whigs and tories; if this be true, I shall only say that study has also its inconveniences, but not such as are important, since Mr. Samuel Adams, heretofore the enemy of regular troops, and the most extravagant partisan of the democracy, at present employs all his influence to maintain an army, and to establish a mixed government. Be that as it may, I departed well content with this conversation, which was only interrupted by a glass of Madeira, a dish of tea, and an old American General, now a member of Congress, who lodges with Mr. Adams.<sup>309</sup>

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...All that I could learn from the Colonel, or from the savages was, that the State gives them rations of meat, and sometimes of flour; that they possess also some land, where they sow Indian corn, and go a hunting for skins, which they exchange for rum. They are sometimes employed in war, and are commended for their bravery and fidelity. Though in subjection to the Americans, they have their chiefs, to whom application is made for justice, when an Indian has committed any crime. Mr. Glen told me, that they submitted to the punishments inflicted on them; but had no idea that it was right to punish them with death, even for homicide. Their number at present is three hundred and fifty; which is constantly diminishing, as well as that of the *five nations*. I do not believe that these five nations can produce four

³⁰⁹ *Travels*, Part I, ch. VII, pp. 127-130.

thousand men in arms. The savages of themselves therefore, would not be much to be dreaded, were they not supported by the English, and the American Tories. As an advanced guard, they are formidable, as an army they are nothing. But their cruelty seems to augment in proportion as their numbers diminish; it is such as to render it impossible for the Americans to consent to have them long for neighbours; and a necessary consequence of a peace, it favourable to the Congress, must be their total destruction, or their exclusion at least from all the country within the lakes. Those who are attached to the Americans, and live in some manner under their laws, such as the Mohawks of the environs of Schenectady, and part of the Oneidas, will ultimately become civilized and be confounded with them. This is what every feeling and reasonable man should wish, who, preferring the interests of humanity to those, of his own celebrity, disdains the little artifice so often and so successfully employed, of extolling ignorance and poverty, to extort praises in senates and academies.³¹⁰

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...The conversation continued and brought us insensibly to the foot of the mountains. On the summit of one of them we discovered the house of Mr. Jefferson, which stands pre-eminent in these retirements; it was himself who built it and preferred this situation; for although he possessed considerable property in the neighbourhood, there was nothing to prevent him from fixing his residence wherever he thought proper. But it was a debt nature owed to a philosopher and a man of taste, that in his own possessions he should find a spot where he might best study and enjoy her. He calls his house Monticello, (in Italian, Little Mountain,) a very modest title, for it is situated upon a very lofty one, but which announces the owner's attachment to the language of Italy; and above all to the fine arts, of which that country was the cradle, and is still the asylum. As I had no farther occasion for a guide, I separated from the Irishman; and after ascending by a tolerably commodious road, for more than half an hour, we arrived at Monticello. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault; it consists of one large square pavillion, the entrance of which is by two porticos ornamented with pillars. The ground floor consists chiefly of a very large lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style: above it is a library of the same form, two small wings, with only a ground floor, and attic story, are joined to this pavillion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, &c. which will form a kind of basement story over which runs a terrace. My object in this short description is only to show the difference between this, and the other houses of the country; for we may safely aver, that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather. But it is on himself alone I ought to bestow my time. Let me describe to you a man, not yet forty, tall, and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace. An American, who without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman. A senator of America, who sat for two years in that famous Congress which brought about the revolution; and which is never mentioned without respect, though unhappily not without regret : a governor of Virginia, who filled this difficult station during the invasions of Arnold, of Phillips, and of Cornwallis; a philosopher, in voluntary retirement from the world, and public business, because he loves the world, inasmuch only as he can flatter himself with being useful to mankind; and the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light, or to suffer contradiction. A mild and amiable wife, charming children, of whose education he himself takes charge, a house to embellish, great provisions to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate; these are what remain to Mr. Jefferson, after having played a principal character on the theatre of the new world, and which he preferred to the honourable commission of Minister Plenipotentiary in Europe. The visit which I made him was not unexpected, for he had long since invited me to come and pass a few days with him, in the centre of the mountains; notwithstanding which I found his first appearance serious, nay even cold; but before I had been two hours with him we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together; walking, books, but above all, a conversation always varied and interesting, always supported by that sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons, who in communicating their sentiments and opinions, are invariably in unison, and who understand each other at the first hint, made four days pass away like so many minutes.

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<sup>310</sup> *Travels*, Part I, ch. X, pp. 184-185.

This conformity of sentiments and opinions on which I insist, because it constitutes my own eulogium, (and self-love must somewhere show itself,) this conformity, I say, was so perfect, that not only our taste was similar, but our predilections also, those partialities which cold methodical minds ridicule as enthusiastic, whilst sensible and animated ones cherish and adopt, the glorious appellation. I recollect with pleasure that as we were conversing one evening over a bowl of punch, after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of Ossian.<sup>311</sup> It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other; we recollected the passages in those sublime poems, which particularly struck us, and entertained my fellow travellers, who fortunately knew English well, and were qualified to judge of their merit, though they had never read the poems. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for, and placed near the bowl, where, by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us. Sometimes natural philosophy, at others politics or the arts, were the topics of our conversation, for no object escaped Mr. Jefferson; and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he has done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe.<sup>312</sup>

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[Having departed Monticello] We walked our horses seventeen miles farther in the defiles of the western mountains, before we could find a place to bait them; at last we stopped at a little lonely house, a Mr. Mac Donnell's, an Irishman, where we found eggs, bacon, chickens, and whiskey, on which we made an excellent repast. He was an honest, obliging man; and his wife, who had a very agreeable and mild countenance, had nothing rustic either in her conversation or her manner. For in the centre of the woods, and wholly occupied in rustic business, a Virginian never resembles an European peasant: he is always a freeman, participates in the government, and has the command of a few negroes. So that uniting in himself the two distinct qualities of citizen and master, he perfectly resembles the bulk of individuals who formed what were called *the people* in the ancient republics; a people very different from that of our days, though they are very improperly confounded, in the frivolous declamations of our half philosophers, who, in comparing ancient with modern times, have invariably mistaken the word *people* for mankind in general; and believing themselves its defenders, have bestowed their praises on the oppressors of humanity. How many ideas have we still to rectify? How many words, the sense of which is yet vague and indeterminate? The dignity of man has been urged a hundred times, and the expression is universally adopted. Yet after all, the dignity of man is relative; if taken in an individual sense, it is in proportion to the inferior classes; the plebeian constitutes the dignity of the noble, the slave that of the plebeian, and the negro that of his white master. If taken in a general acceptation, it may inspire man with sentiments of tyranny and cruelty, in his relative situation with respect to other animals; destroying thus the general beneficence, by counteracting the orders and the views of nature. What then is the principle on which reason, escaped from sophists and rhetoricians, may at last rely? The equality of rights; the general interest which actuates all; private interest, connected with the general good; the order of society; as necessary as the symmetry of a beehive, &c. if all this does not furnish matter for eloquence, we must console ourselves, and prefer genuine morality to that which is fallacious. We had reason to be contented with that of Mr. MacDonnell; he presented us with the best he had, did not make us pay too dear, and gave us every instruction necessary to continue our journey; but not being able to set out until half past four o'clock, and having twelve miles to go before we passed the Blue Ridges, we were happy in meeting on the road with an honest traveller, who served us for a guide, and with whom we entered into conversation...³¹³

³¹¹ [Edit. Note. A series of supposedly ancient Scotch Gaelic epic verses by the bard "Ossian;" actually written by Scottish poet, and member of parliament, James Macpherson (1736-1796). Although later learned to be essentially or something of a hoax, they were extremely popular (Napoleon was another admirer) and influential on literature in the mid to late 18th and early 19th centuries; notably impacting such as Thomas Chatterton, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron.]

³¹² *Travels*, Part II, ch. I, pp. 227-229.

³¹³ *Travels*, Part II, ch. II, pp. 234-135.

AMERICA'S FRENCH ALLIES

"All persons coming from London, bring the most dismal accounts of the distresses of that town, occasioned by the War. In Paris, they speak of the War, as if it were between Tartary & China -- We now & then hear some complaints, but they come from those who cannot obtain permission to go to fight, & especially in America -- Eight grenadiers who were on furlough, seeing by the papers that their Regiment was going with M. de Rochambeau, & fearing of being left behind if they did not go very quick, they made a purse between them, & went post -- When they arrived at Brest, they had no more than 12 Sous left in all, & they were as happy as Kings, since they were in time to embark with their Companions. Count de Custine, having a Regiment of Dragoons 1780 of his own name, which is esteemed a great honour in this country, exchanged it for a regiment of infantry to go with M. de Rochambeau -- The King having observed it to him, when he went to ask leave, he answered, 'I know not a Service more honorable than that where one can fight the Enemies of your Majesty' -- Another Colonel, the *chevalier de Choisy*, a person of high rank, has given up his regiment, to go with M. de Rochambeau as Volunteer -- But as it would be an endless work to tell you all the anecdotes of this kind, I will conclude by informing you that this expedition is made up of the best troops in the world."

~ Philip Mazzei, from Paris on 12 May 1780, to Gov. Jefferson.³¹⁴

"We began to entertain doubts respecting the destination of the expedition. Most of the naval officers thought that we were going to St. Domingo, and that the pretext of armaments for North America had served to conceal the object of an expedition, consisting both of land and naval forces, intended to attack Jamaica. The perseverance of the admiral in steering to the south, though we had passed, several days before, the zone of the general winds, rendered this conjecture very probable. I for my part was much alarmed at it, for I perceived that so numerous an expedition would cause many difficulties, and I dreaded the intense heat of the climate: but above all, I had heartily espoused the cause of the independence of the Americans, and I should have felt extreme regret at losing the honor of combating for their liberty."

~ Guillaume-Mathieu Dumas, an aide of Rochambeau, *Memoirs*.³¹⁵

If we speak about what were the most *tangible* and *authentic* boons of the Enlightenment, that doubtless must include how its influence on and education of popular opinion, both among the middle class and nobility, helped to bring about direct French intervention in the American cause. True, there were other incentives for Louis XVI to take the part of the trans-Atlantic insurgents; such as settling an old military rivalry with Britain; expanding French trade (the British kept the markets of their empire tightly regulated and or closed both to foreigners and the colonials themselves); and adjusting the balance of power in Europe. Yet even if any and all of these were of concern to him, it was widespread public support in France for the Americans that ultimately compelled his taking action. Far from seeing themselves as bitter enemies of the British, the French -- again under the illumination of the more propitious aspects of the Enlightenment -- desired rather to emulate their more free government and institutions, particularly the institutions of trade and industry. As one author puts it, the French were pro-American instead of anti-British. And even when they declared war, the French tended, sometimes (and in retrospect) somewhat amusingly, to treat the British as erring brothers, rather than bitter foes. At the same time, they wished further to spread and encourage hopes of liberty and equality in France and for all humanity, and America seemed an opportune and ideal place to start. This is not to say the majority of the French, least of all the king and nobles, were quite ready then to openly encourage Revolution in France; only they were certainly more than willing to move for change and social progress *incrementally*, both locally *and* internationally.

Fortunate it was for the Americans that they had such a leader as Washington; because he was the closest thing the Americans had that appeared similar to a king. So that though the French monarchy and aristocrats might doubt and have skepticism about the trustworthiness and effectiveness of Congress, *there* was Washington to remind them that Americans needed and had someone at least *like* a king to give them credibility and earn French confidence. And time and time again, probably the one thing French officers in America most agreed upon was a high esteem for America's commander in chief. The majority of Americans themselves and otherwise they typically thought of, albeit with Christian sympathy, as peasants.

After two earlier unsuccessful and poorly coordinated attempts at assisting the Americans militarily, at Newport, Rhode Island in 1778 and Savannah in 1779, the French tried again in early in early 1780. On April 15th of that year, a secret expeditionary force, or as the French themselves referred to it an "auxiliary" force, left Brest in transports with some 5,000 soldiers under the command of the Comte de Rochambeau and three major generals, Baron Vioménil, Count Vioménil (brothers) and the Marquis de Chastellux; escorted by seven ships of the line, three frigates,³¹⁶ and several smaller naval vessels under

³¹⁴ *Calendar of Virginia State Papers* (1875), vol. 1, edited by Wm. P. Palmer, pp. 349-350.

³¹⁵ Guillaume-Mathieu Dumas memoirs, English translation (printed in Philadelphia) of 1839, p. 22.

³¹⁶ Including the rebuilt in our own time *L'Hermione*.

Admiral Chevalier de Ternay. No one knew their destination except for the highest in command; so that it came as somewhat of a surprise to many of them when they made preliminary landfall at Newport, Rhode Island on July 11th. En route they had suffered terribly from scurvy, lost a number of men at sea in consequence, and came very near to being intercepted and fighting a British squadron under Commodore Sir William Cornwallis (brother of Charles.)

Of those amidst the ranks of Rochambeau's army, there was Axel von Fersen, Marie Antoinette's gallant champion and an aide to Rochambeau, and a number of future Napoleonic field officers, including marshal Berthier and Peninsula war general Guillaume-Mathieu Dumas. The French army at this time, reformed under St. Germain, was at an all time high in quality of expertise, discipline, and training, and candidates for promotion were subject to extremely strict examination, and at a time when the army was extremely popular and competition fierce. Many French officers that went with Rochambeau were far more concerned with matters and preferment at home than the fate of America; since for them, as well as France itself, the war was frequently seen as a means of personal, as well as national, advancement. French officers and NCOs could be extremely sensitive to matters of pride, and while in America there was at least one murder and one suicide among them arising out of personal disputes with superiors. Not a few were free masons, and there are several accounts of French officers attending lodges during their sojourn in the United States. Both officers and men complained regularly of being made to pay exorbitant prices for food and shelter by not a few avaricious Americans all too ready to dip into their purse strings. Yet despite this, the French performed brilliantly and were highly admired in America for their self-restraint and professionalism. At Yorktown, although more Americans soldiers (if we include militia) were present than French, the latter incurred twice as many losses.

I have collected here a desultory sampling of extracts, arranged more or less in chronological order of events recounted, from some of the memoirs and journals of Rochambeau and his officers, as well as the memoirs of military adviser, diplomat, and Versailles courtier the Count de Ségur. These are, as usual, selected excerpts and only provided cursory glimpses of what is contained in each volume as a whole. As always and when it comes to memoirs and journals especially, one should not always too readily take a writer as his words, and some points claimed or raised might be taken reasonable and historical exception to. A more detailed citation of each work is contained in a small bibliography appearing at the end of this article.

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*Comte de Ségur:*

I recollect that the Americans were then styled insurgents, and Bostonians; their daring courage electrified every mind, and excited universal admiration, more particularly amongst young people, who always feel an inclination for novelties, and an eagerness for battles. In the small town of Spa, in which were collected together so many travellers, or casual and voluntary deputies, as it were, from every European monarchy, I was very much struck on observing the unanimous burst of so lively and general an interest in the rebellion of a people against a sovereign.

The American insurrection was every where applauded, and became, as it were, a fashion; the scientific English game of whist, made way, on a sudden, in every circle, for a game, equally serious, which received the name of *Boston*. This impulse of feeling, however trifling it may appear, was a remarkable forerunner of the mighty convulsions that were about to shake the whole world; and I was very far from being the only one whose heart then beat at the sound of liberty just waking from its slumbers, and struggling to throw off the yoke of arbitrary power.

Those who blamed us afterwards, ought to recollect that they then shared our enthusiasm, and felt a pleasure in bringing back the old recollections of the *ligue* and of the *fronde*; the times and the cause were widely different; but their censoring disposition was then unable to draw a distinction between them.

Besides, how could the monarchical governments of Europe wonder at the enthusiasm for liberty which was manifested by young men of ardent minds, who were every where instructed to admire the

heroes of Greece and of Rome, before whom the most enthusiastic praises were bestowed upon the release of Switzerland and Holland from thralldom, and who were taught to read and to reflect by constantly studying the works of the most celebrated republicans of antiquity?

Such was, however, the blindness of princes and of the great: they had favored the progress of knowledge, and required a passive obedience, that can only exist in a state of ignorance. They wished to enjoy all the luxuries provided for them by civilization and arts, and would not suffer learned men, artists, or enlightened plebeians, to emerge from a condition bordering upon slavery. They imagined, in short, what was quite impossible, that the light of reason could spread its brilliancy without dispelling the clouds of prejudices originating in ages of barbarism.

Every doctrine in education, or progress in philosophy, every literary success or theatrical applause, ought to have served as a warning to the ruling powers that a great epoch had arrived, that it required a different art to govern mankind, that the enjoyment of their long lost rights, which such men as the immortal Montesquieu had brought to their knowledge, could not any further be withheld from them.

On my return to Paris, I found the same agitation prevailing also there in the public mind. Nobody seemed favorable to the cause of England; all openly expressed their wishes for the success of the Bostonians.

Notwithstanding this manifestation of the love of liberty in France, inequality was still maintained by all the influence of right, of privileges and the laws; though, in reality, it was daily diminishing: the institutions were monarchical, but the manners were republican. Public situations and offices continued to be the portion of certain classes; but, beyond the exercise of these functions, equality began to prevail in every circle. It often happened, indeed, that literary titles took precedence of titles of nobility, and homages, which removed every trace of inferiority, were not alone reserved for men of genius, but literary men of the second and third order, were often greeted in the world, and received with those attentions which were not shewn to the provincial nobility.

The court alone preserved its habitual superiority; but, as courtiers in France are even much more the slaves of fashion than of the prince, they thought it becoming to descend from their rank, and came to pay their court to Marmontel, to D'Alembert, to Raynal, hoping, by this intimacy, to rise in public opinion.

This spirit of equality formed, at this time, the charm of the circles of Paris, and drew crowds of foreigners to it from every country. The enjoyments of private life, of a society free from pride or restraint, of a conversation without disguise or restriction, were unknown every where else, except in England. Elsewhere there existed an insurmountable and perpetual separation between the classes; each lived with his equals; there was no reciprocal interchange between the minds and the interests of the unconnected portions of the enlightened population.

With us, on the contrary, these frequent communications between the various divisions of society, these mutual intercourses and reciprocal attentions, this interchange of ideas augmented the rich stores of our civilization; and, by these newly established relations, the nobility acquired information and knowledge of every kind, of which they were formerly deprived, whilst enlightened men of the inferior classes, culled, from the intercourse, the light but charming flowers of a refined taste, a delicate perception of propriety and an elegant gracefulness, which are only to be found in the midst of a polished court.

It must also be confessed, that this spirit of equality, had taken deep root in the French nobility long before it extended itself to the third class of the state. The feudal hierarchy was forgotten. Henry IV had been heard to say: "That he considered as his noblest title of honor to be the first amongst French gentlemen." The peers alone, it is true, possessed the right of admission into parliament, and the honors of the Louvre. The Duchesses enjoyed the prerogative of sitting upon a *tabourel* [a seat without a back] in the Queen's apartments. But, beyond these circumstances of rare occurrence, all the nobility considered themselves on a footing of perfect equality with each other.<sup>317</sup>

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<sup>317</sup> *Memoirs and Recollections of Count Ségur*, pp. 75-79.

*Comte de Ségur:*

In England, the national institutions have been more favorable to the growth of this species of talent than those of other governments. Public affairs are there really public, they belong to all; and every one knows them and takes an interest in them. The theory is not kept distinct from the practice; cemented by liberty, the social bonds it has there established embrace all classes and all ranks; insomuch, that a solid reputation is attached to the names of the writers, statesmen and orators of that country, such as Hume, Clarendon, Littleton, Robertson, Chesterfield, and others.

When we, like them, have released ourselves from the thralldom in which we have been held by the feudal power, by arbitrary authority, by scholastic prejudices, by superstition, by the compulsory exclusion of almost all classes of society from the conduct of public affairs, and by the long established and ridiculous contempt for literature professed by our privileged classes, then will the pursuit of history and politics assume that elevated rank amongst us, which is justly their due.

It is a most singular and remarkable circumstance, that, at the court, as well as in the city, amongst the nobles and the military, as well as amongst the citizens and the financiers, in the very heart of a vast monarchy, the ancient sanctuary of privileges reserved to the nobility, the parliaments and the priesthood, and, notwithstanding our habits of long obedience to arbitrary power, the cause of the insurgent Americans should thus have attracted undivided attention, and excited universal interest.

On all sides public opinion urged a regal government to declare itself in favor of republican liberty, and even murmured at its irresolution and delay. The ministers, gradually yielding to the torrent, were, at the same time, alarmed at the prospect of a ruinous war, in case of a rupture with England, and were, moreover, restrained by the rigid probity of Louis XVI, the most moral character of his time.

That monarch considered neutrality as a duty, inasmuch as no instance of aggression had occurred on the side of the English, to justify, in his eyes, a hostile measure against the crown of Great Britain. It was no apprehension of expenditure, or even the chances of war, that deterred him, but his conscience led him to regard a violation of the treaties of peace as actual perfidy, when undertaken with the sole motive of humbling a powerful adversary.

Accordingly, the government, wavering between the will of the Prince and the general opinion, was compelled, by its weakness, to commit one of the greatest political errors; it secretly encouraged the people to assist the Americans, through commercial channels, with arms and ammunition; it gave a favorable, though mysterious reception to the American envoys; soothed with flattering hopes the warlike spirit of our young soldiers, and permitted the circulation of tracts favorable to American liberty; while, at the same time, it charged our ambassador at London to calm the alarms of the English ministry with renewed assurances, that peace would be preserved by the observation of the strictest neutrality.

By persisting in this insincere conduct, our government sacrificed alike the advantages of a pacific system, and of an avowed hostility, exposing itself to all the inconveniences of both measures, because it ventured to decide upon neither.

In the meanwhile the storm increased: the Americans had hitherto experienced reverses, but fortune was, at length, beginning to declare in their favor. Enthusiasm for liberty and the love of their native land, finally triumphed over every difficulty. The tactics and discipline of an English army no longer surprised the irregular courage of the new republicans. The Congress, strongly resembling the ancient senate of Rome, deliberated with coolness, and enacted wholesome laws in the midst of the tumult of arms.

It was in vain that an Elector of the German empire supplied the English army with auxiliaries, and entered into a disgraceful treaty, by which he established an exact tarif[f], specifying the several sums

to be paid in cases of death, mutilation or wounds, either slight or severe, that might be suffered by or inflicted upon his subjects whom he sold.

The American armies daily made a rapid progress; and, at length, we heard, that a whole English army, commanded by General Burgoyne, had been surrounded by the rebel militia, deprived of all communication, all provisions, and, that, unable either to fight or to retreat, it had been compelled to lay down its arms at Saratoga, at the feet of a poor but haughty race of agriculturists, as inexperienced as they were valiant, and whose simplicity, want of discipline, wretched appointments, and ignorance of military affairs, it had so long affected to despise.

This victory gave an inclination to the political balance; and its fame was quickly circulated throughout Europe. Good fortune is every where sure of attracting friends, and America, in a short time, boasted of her allies.

Tidings of this success, of course, redoubled our ardor and impatience. Our ministers, warmly pressed and somewhat encouraged by fortune, took less pains to conceal their object, and persuaded the King that it was practicable to consult the interest of France by forming a commercial treaty with the Americans, without breaking with the court of England.

Our ministers, in consequence, received the American commissioners more openly, entered into negotiations with them, and, in December, 1777, both parties signed the preliminary articles of a treaty of amity and commerce.

The result of this measure had not been anticipated by them, although it was one that ensued as a necessary consequence. The English ministry broke out into the most violent complaints against us, considering our new treaty with their rebellious colonists as an open declaration of war.

It was in vain that our ambassador alleged the necessity of consulting our commercial interest, and protested our earnest desire for peace. The English were resolved to go to war; and, at the same time, conceiving themselves authorized by our conduct, which they regarded as an aggression, to break through the law of nations, had dispatched secret orders to their admirals. Thus, we soon received intelligence, without any declaration of war on their part, or any act of hostility on ours, that they had seized upon several of our merchant vessels, and had commenced their attacks upon our possessions in India.

The definitive treaty with America was speedily ratified; our ambassador left London; both nations appealed to arms; and the wishes of our warlike youth were gratified, as war immediately burst forth in the two hemispheres.

This event put an end to all designs of making individual efforts, and sailing as volunteers to America; the war called each of us to his proper standard, and promised us approaching occasions of reaping honors, while we fought in the service of our country.<sup>318</sup>

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Rochambeau:

I will mention here a beginning of *tracasserie* [importunity] on the part of Washington, and of which I remarked the first symptoms originated in my correspondence with that general, but disappeared almost immediately. He replied in the most flattering terms to my first letter, but, in subsequent letters, I perceived that, on the plea of being but little familiar with our language, he alluded but distantly to our affairs; he sent Lafayette to me with full powers from him. The latter soon had an opportunity, as I have already stated, of witnessing our active preparations against the expected attack of the enemy, and of judging to what extent our troops on shore could afford protection to our flotilla against the superiority of that of our enemy. With respect to our offensive tactics, the [Admiral] Chevalier de Ternay and myself

³¹⁸ *Memoirs and Recollections of Count Ségur*, pp. 147-152.

judged it prudent to defer them for one of the three following chances, on which we founded our most sanguine hopes: -- 1st, the arrival of the second division; 2d, the sailing from France of an additional fleet to our assistance, which the Chevalier had required of M. de Guichen, in virtue of his powers; 3rd, or lastly, that the enemy, by directing their forces to the south, would so impoverish the efficiency of the garrison of New York, that our ships would have no molestation to guard against from that quarter, and that we should then be able, with the assistance of our ships, to attack vigorously the island of New York.

As soon as Lafayette returned to General Washington's headquarters, he wrote me the most pressing dispatches, reminding me of the substance of our former conversations, and concluding, by urging me, in the name of that general, to join him immediately, to attempt forthwith an attack on the island of New York; his letter finished with a species of summons, founded on the policy of the country, and implying that the campaign was the last effort of his patriotism. We were the more displeased at these dispatches, as, by the same courier, I received letters from General Washington himself, and not a single sentence of those letters alluded to the proposed plans of Lafayette; neither did they contain any reply to my request of an interview, when, in one single hour's conversation, we could have decided on more matters than could be contained in whole volumes of writing. I took an early opportunity to write on the subject to Lafayette. I reminded him that, as he himself had stated to us, it had been ascertained to be a fact, that there were fourteen thousand regular troops in the islands of New York, besides the militia force; that the French fleet was blockaded in Newport by a squadron much superior in number; I added that, if I were to leave our ships in their present predicament, the English admiral would immediately bear down upon and destroy them, and prove himself the most pusillanimous man in existence, if he did not immediately afterwards attack us in our communications, on the arm of sea which divides the continent from the New York and Long Island, allowing that we should have succeeded in taking up a position there.

I wrote at the same time to General Washington in English; I expressed myself grateful for the letters I had received from him, and begged that he would in future allow my correspondence with him, on all matters, to be direct, without the interference of a third person, and I concluded by renewing my request of an interview.

I must, however, do General Lafayette the justice to say, that he always showed himself the faithful interpreter of General Washington's sentiments, and that the latter had repeated recourse to the youthful ardour of his friend to express these sentiments with greater energy. The latter really believed at that period, and he was not perhaps altogether mistaken, that, on account of the late great decline in the finances of Congress, this campaign was the last struggle of expiring patriotism; under these circumstances, he was anxious to strike a decisive blow, by attacking the very centre of the enemy's position, whilst he could still count on the assistance of the French troops. He was fully aware, however, of the consequences, and he concurred with the principles of my letter; since I have corresponded directly with him, I had many proofs of his sound judgment; his style is peculiarly amiable, and the death of either of us, I feel confident, can alone break off our correspondence; at least, at present I can foresee no circumstances which can possibly lead to a rupture of our friendly intercourse.³¹⁹

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*Rochambeau's chief commissary Claude Blanchard:*

On the 29<sup>th</sup> [of August 1780], a score of savages arrived at Newport; part of them were Iroquois. Some others came from a village called the Fall of St. Louis (situated in the environs of Albany), which is Catholic, as they asked to hear mass, on arriving. Among them was a mulatto, who had served with the Americans; he spoke French and they called him Captain Louis. There was also a German who had lived among them since he was twelve years old. The only clothing which these savages had was a blanket in which they wrapped themselves; they had no breeches. Their complexion is olive, they have their ears gashed and their faces daubed with red. There were some handsome men among them and some tall old men of respectable appearance. We also remarked two young persons at least five feet ten inches high, and one of them with a very agreeable physiognomy; some of them, nevertheless, were small. These savages,

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<sup>319</sup> *Memoirs of Rochambeau*, Part 1, pp. 793-794.



for a long time friendly to the French and who, in speaking of the king of France, called him *our father*, complimented M. de Rochambeau, who received them very kindly and gave them some presents, among other things some red blankets which had been greatly recommended to us at our departure from Brest. He told them that many of their neighbors, deceived by the English, had made war upon the Americans, who, they had told them, were our enemies, that, on the contrary, they were our friends and that we came to defend them, and that they would pursue a course of conduct agreeable to their father if they would act in the same way and make war upon the English; he urged them to remember this discourse well and to repeat it to their neighbors. They dined that day with him at his quarters. I saw them at table for an instant, they behaved themselves well there and ate cleanly enough. In the afternoon the troops were shown to them, who manoeuvred and went through the firing exercise; they showed no surprise, but seemed to be pleased with this exhibition. On the next day they dined on board of the *Due de Bourgogne*. In the evening they were persuaded to dance; their singing is monotonous, they interrupted it with sharp and disagreeable cries. In singing, they beat time with two little bits of wood. In dancing, they content themselves with bending the hams without taking any steps; there is no jumping, no springing; they reminded me of those peasants in my province when they tread the grapes in the winepress; the movement which they then make resembles the dance of these savages. They went away on the second of September. Some other tribes of Catholic savages had asked us for a priest; we sent them a Capuchin who was chaplain of one of the vessels.<sup>320</sup>

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Rochambeau:

I should here speak of the discipline of the army; and I can safely state, and on this point I am sure the Americans will not contradict me, that it far exceeded the idea they had formed of it, and that, moreover, it contributed, in no small degree, to correct the unfavourable impression with which they had been prepossessed against the French. The different deputations of savages who came to the camp, evinced no surprise at the sight of our cannon, our troops, and their evolutions; but they could not contain their astonishment when they beheld apple trees loaded with fruit hanging over the tents which our soldiers had occupied for three months past. The discipline of the French army was always rigorously adhered to throughout the whole of its campaigns. It was due to the zealous efforts of the generals, the superior officers, and subalterns, but more particularly to the good disposition of the soldiers, which on no occasion failed them, and contributed in a great measure to the acquiescence on the part of the State of Rhode Island to the proposition which I made them, to repair at our expense the houses which had been damaged by the English, but on condition that we should be allowed to use them for winter-quarters for our soldiers, and that the inhabitants should provide separate accommodation for the officers. Twenty thousand livres were expended in the repairs of these houses, and ample tokens of the generosity of France to her allies were left in this town when we quitted it. A barrack-camp would have cost us upwards of a hundred thousand livres, on account of the immense expense in bringing the necessary timber from the continent, for our own boats were hardly sufficient to convey the fuel we required.

One of the chiefs of the above-mentioned savages made a remark to me at a public audience, which much surprised me. "My father," he said, "I wonder that the King of France, our father, should send his troops to protect the Americans in an insurrection against the King of England, their father." "Your father, the King of France," I replied, "protects the natural liberty which God has given to man. The Americans were no longer able to bear the burdens with which they were loaded, and he listened to their just complaints; we shall always be the friends of their friends and the enemies of their enemies: but I must urge you to preserve the strictest neutrality in all these quarrels." This is how I contrived to solve this question as well as I could, and which had placed me in rather an awkward predicament. Good treatment and plenty of presents went more way towards the contemplated negotiation with these savages, which was afterwards concluded and maintained to our entire satisfaction, during the three years' campaign of the French army in America.³²¹

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<sup>320</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, pp. 61-63.

<sup>321</sup> *Memoirs of Rochambeau*, Part 1, p. 797.

*Rochambeau:*

We were informed by them that they had seen sail from Brest a numerous fleet, commanded by M. de Grasse; that this fleet had orders divide as soon as it should reach the coast of Spain off Madrid, as proceed with the Bailli de Suffren to the assistance of the Cape Good Hope, and to reinforce our fleet in the East Indies; that the Count de Grasse, as soon as he had passed south of the Azores, was detach a small convoy of six hundred recruits under escort of the *Sagittaire*, as the only assistance which could be then afforded North America; and, lastly, that the money intended for the naval and land forces was conveyed partly by the *Sagittaire*, and partly by the frigate which had M. de Barras on board. My dispatches state, which was at the same time declared to Congress by his Majesty minister, that different circumstances, among others that of an English fleet, superior in number, cruising off the port of Brest, had prevented the sailing of the second division in the preceding year; but that, in order that America should not be deprived of the assistance which had been provided for her, and which France had no desire to profit by, government had come to the determination to send money in lieu of troops, and that for that purpose a sum of six millions had been voted, with which General Washington might provide for the wants of the American army. The same dispatches contained a confidential message to me alone, stating that the Comte de Grasse had received orders to proceed with his division, in July or August, relieve the squadron under M. de Barras; and that the latter, in the event of my marching into the interior of the continent to join General Washington, was to proceed back immediately to Boston. Rhode Island was considered unsafe without land forces to protect the anchorage of our ships. The government proposed that I should undertake an expedition to the Northern States, either to Penobscot, Terre Neuve [Newfoundland], or Halifax; leaving me, however, to concert with General Washington some other operation better proportioned to our force and which might be protected by the very short station which the Comte de Grasse would have to make in our seas. Of the dispatch: conveyed to me, those of the oldest date were from M. de Montbarrey and those more recent, from M. de Ségur, who had succeeded him Minister of War; the latest were from M. de Castries, who was Brest when the fleet had sailed. My private letters informed me, that if I had been in France the King would have appointed me Minister of War. My ambition had never aspired to such an important function; but I must confess, when I reflect on these scanty resources and the distressing predicament to which I was reduced, this was the only moment of my life that I regretted it. It became urgent, however that I should get out of my present embarrassing situation, and do my best for the service of the two nations. As soon, therefore, as had fully deciphered my dispatches, my first step was to request an interview of General Washington; and he accordingly appointed to meet me at Wethersfield, near Hartford, on the 20th of May [1781]. Count de Barras was prevented joining the conference, by the English fleet making its appearance near his ships on the eve of his departure. General Washington came in company of General Knox and Brigadier-General Duportail, and I with the Chevalier de Chatelus [Chastellux]. General Washington, during this conference, had scarcely another object in view but an expedition against the island of New York, and which he persisted in considering the most capable of striking a death-blow to British domination in America. He was aware of the enemy's forces having been thinned at this place by the detachments which had been drafted from its garrison, and sent to the south, and thought, on the assurance of several pilots, that our ships might easily pass the bar of the harbour without being lightened. He considered an expedition against Lord Cornwallis, in Chesapeake[e] Bay, as quite a, secondary object, to which there was no necessity of diverting our attention until we were quite certain of our inability to accomplish the former. After some slight discussion, it was settled, however, that as soon as the recruits, with the small convoy of the *Sagittaire*, should join, the French corps should proceed to unite itself to the American army opposite the island of New York, to which the combined army should then approach as near as possible, and there wait until we should hear from M. de Grasse, to whom a frigate was to be immediately dispatched.

General Washington wrote immediately wrote the result of this conference to General [John] Sullivan, a member of Congress. His letters were intercepted; it is believed, and all the papers repeated the report, that he spoke in those letters of the projected attack on the New York islands, with a view only to mislead the enemy's general and that consequently, he was very glad that the letters had fallen into the hands of the latter. There is no need of such fictions to convey the glory of this great man to posterity. His wish was really then to attack New York, and we should have carried the plan into execution if the enemy had continued to draft troops from its garrison, and if the French navy could have been brought to our

assistance. But what completely deceived the English general, was a confidential letter written by the Chevalier de Chatelus to the French representative at Congress, wherein he boasted of having artfully succeeded in bringing round my opinion to concur with that of General Washington; stating, at the same time, that the siege of the island of New York had been at length determined upon, and that our two armies were on the march for that city, and that orders had been sent off to M. de Grasse to come with his fleet and force his way over the bar of Sandyhook to the mouth of the harbour of New York. He also complained bitterly and in rather uncouth language, of the little resource left to a man of parts over the imperative disposition of a general, who was eager of command. The English office who had charge of every branch of the spying department sent me a copy of the intercepted missive, and, by so doing, his intention had been most assuredly to set my wits at ease. I sent for the Chevalier Chatelus; showed him the letter, and then threw it in the fire, left him a prey to his own remorse. Of course, I did not endeavor to undeceive him, and, in the sequel, we shall see to what extent this general officer had been made the confidant of the real project which I proposed to the Count de Grasse.

When I returned to Newport, I was much grieved to see our navy preparing to retire to Boston, as soon as the French corps should quit the island for the continent. The port of Boston, although within thirty leagues of Newport by land, is more than a hundred leagues distant by sea, on account of the immense turn that must be made to clear the Nantucket Sands. Boston lies below wind, and might have delayed for a whole month the junction of our fleet to that of M. de Grasse. I felt the inconvenience of the distance the more, as I was obliged to leave him the care of the whole of our heavy artillery, which we could not possibly encumber ourselves with on the tedious march we were about to enter upon; our field-batteries were already nearly as much as we could contrive to drag with us. I proposed to Admiral Barras to hold a council of war, composed of both naval and military general and superior officers, as our instructions implied whenever circumstances should require. M. de Barras having consented, the council assembled, and discussed whether, considering the weakness of the garrison, from the large detachments sent to the south, the French squadron would be in safety at Rhode Island, when left, after the departure of the principal body of the French troops, with a detachment of five hundred men, in command of M. Choisy, and a thousand strong of American militia, to occupy the forts erected to protect its anchorage.

I take much pleasure in relating here of Admiral Barras a noble and generous repartee, which fully characterises the patriotic sentiments of that respectable officer. M. de la Villebrune called upon me to state whether or not I thought that M. de Grasse would bring his fleet into the North American seas: "Because," said he, "if he is really to come, I am of opinion that it would be proper that we should stay here, so as, on his arrival, to be prepared to act in conjunction with him as expeditiously as possible ; but, in the contrary case, I think we are now acting in direct opposition to the instructions we have received from the council of France, and that, by so doing, we shall hereafter be obliged to abide by any fatal consequences which may arise, however unlikely this may be." Admiral Barras rose, and exclaimed, "No one, more than I, feels interested in the arrival of M. de Grasse. He was my junior in the service, he had lately been raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, but as soon as I be apprized of his arrival, I will hasten to join him, and place myself under his orders. I will serve through this campaign. but not through a second one." This sentiment, replete with such noble feelings, carried the question, which was voted unanimously in the affirmative, without the opinion of the generals on the secret of the operations being further consulted.

I immediately commenced the composition of my dispatched to M. de Grasse, which were to be conveyed to him by the *Concorde*, as soon as the latter vessel's preparations for sea should be completed. I pointed out to him the state of distress of the Southern States, and that of Virginia in particular; which, in the event of an attack on the part of Lord Cornwallis, would have but the small body of troops in command of General de Lafayette to oppose to him, and then even the defense would depend solely on able manoeuvres and the nature of the country, intercepted by wide rivers. I included the articles of the conference at Wethersfield, observed to him that he was better able than I to judge of the practicability of an attack upon New York, as, under nearly similar circumstances, M. d'Estaing, under whose orders he (M. de Grasse) had served, that officer had made the most advantageous offers of money to induce, but in vain, his pilots to guide his ships over the bar of its harbour. I then suggested, as my own opinion, the propriety of attempting an expedition to Chesapeake against the army of Lord Cornwallis, and which I considered more practicable, and less expected by the enemy, on account of the distance of our positions.

I begged of him to intercede with the governors of San Domingo to let us have the French brigade, under the orders of M. Saint-Simon, intended for an expedition against the Spaniards, but which I intimated would probably not be wanted during the campaign. I begged him also to raise a loan of twelve hundred thousand francs in our colonies, to insure the success of the expedition, and I concluded by entreating him to send the frigate back immediately, so that, on the receipt of his reply, I might take the earliest opportunity to combined our march with that of General Washington, so as to proceed by land as expeditiously as possible, and join him at any stipulated part of Chesapeake.

A packet was sent to General Washington during the conference at Wethersfield, containing dispatches from Lord George Germaine to General Clinton, and dated 7th February and 7th March, which had not been figured, and had been intercepted by an American corsair. They tended to throw much light on the plans of the English in this campaign; of which the object seemed, from their contents, to have been nothing less than the conquest of the whole of the southern states, and the reduction of General Washington to the north of the River Hudson. In these dispatches, the English minister spoke in the most opprobrious terms of the American forces, and upbraided General Clinton, stating that, if, as he had said, there were in the King's service more American royalists than there were rebels in Washington's army, it was very extraordinary that he should let that rebellion last so long. He mentioned the French corps, but only to assure the English general that no preparation were being made in France to send out the second division, and that the first would have quite enough to do to uphold and protect its little squadron at Newport. He did not forget to observe the precarious state of the finances of Congress; and in this his calculations were so near the truth, that, at Wethersfield, the paper currency, after having been reduced to as low as a thousand to one, was at length completely annulled by a resolution of Congress.<sup>322</sup>

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Blanchard:

I set out again on the 28th [of June 1781] for the American army. I passed by General Washington's quarters, but as he had changed them I did not see him, and I proceeded directly to the inn at which I had previously dismounted at Peekskill. I met M. Du Portail, a French engineer in the service of America, with whom I conversed. He was greatly esteemed by the Americans. I spent the remainder of the day in the camp and saw two regiments go through their exercise. The soldiers marched pretty well, but they handled their arms badly. There were some fine-looking men; also many who were small and thin, and even some children twelve or thirteen years old. They have no uniforms and in general are badly clad.³²³

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*Blanchard:*

On the 15<sup>th</sup> [of July 1781], I returned to the camp. In the evening M. de Rochambeau reproached me respecting the supply of bread which had failed. It was in vain for me to justify myself by telling him that I was not especially entrusted with this service; he was unwilling to listen to me. Nevertheless I had foretold that the bread would fail owing to the remoteness of the ovens. Next day the following remarks of M. de Rochambeau were related to me, that I was well pleased to see the supply fail, because I wished to have the intendant sent away and to fill his place; that as to the rest, the provisions ought to have been entrusted to me. Never were reproach and suspicion more unjust, and I felt it much. But such is M. de Rochambeau. He mistrusts every one and always believes that he sees himself surrounded by rogues and idiots. This character, combined with manners far from courteous, makes him disagreeable to everybody.\*

\* [Footnote in original] I wrote what precedes in a moment of ill-humor; and although M. de Rochambeau was unjust to me, on this occasion, and there is some truth in the portrait, which is here drawn of him, I ought to say that he also has good qualities, that he is wise, that he desires what is good, and that, if he is not an able administrator, he is generally very active, having an excellent glance, readily becoming

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<sup>322</sup> *Memoirs of Rochambeau*, Part 2 pp. 980-984.

<sup>323</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, p. 115.

acquainted with a country, and understanding war perfectly. He has served well in America and has given a favorable idea of the nation. People expected to see a French fop, and they saw a thoughtful man. "Your general is abstemious," an American alongside of whom I was dining, once said to me, and who remarked his moderation at table. This moderation and this wisdom were generally observable in the most important points.

On the 17th, I had occasion to see him again and he charged me to go and reconnoitre a site where he proposed to establish new storehouses of provisions, which I performed the same day. On the next day I wasted a whole day in running over, tediously and uselessly, the environs of the camp in a barren and desert region with which I was unacquainted, to find some employees whom I needed. Nevertheless, I succeeded in having a service of provisions established in a village called Rick's mill. On returning to camp I learnt that a captain of Lauzun's legion had been killed whilst going the rounds with the patrol. On the 21st, I saw M. de Rochambeau, to whom I gave an account of what I had done. His reception of me is usually cold. Nevertheless, I knew that he had spoken of my performances with praise. In the evening, at 9 o'clock, Lauzun's legion and the grenadiers and chasseurs of the Bourbonnois brigade started under the command of M. de Chastellux for an expedition, of the cause and object of which we are ignorant. An American corps also marched. M. de Rochambeau and Washington followed these divisions.

We learnt, on the 22d, that these troops had not accomplished anything, and they returned on this same day after having pillaged extensively and committed disorders, of which hitherto there had been no example. On the contrary, the army had behaved with a prudence which had merited the greatest praises from the Americans themselves. The latter marched in a very orderly manner to-day. I believe that they had no other object than to make a reconnoissance, the result of which was to satisfy them that they could not attack New York without very superior forces.<sup>324</sup>

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Blanchard:

August, 1781. Nothing interesting occurred during the first days of the month. I went and came, from the camp to Northcastle and from Northcastle to the camp. Pretty often we had storms and heavy rains, which cooled the air only for a moment. We had few sick men and less in proportion than in France. The retirement of M. Necker was much spoken of at this time, which seemed to concern everyone. We learnt this news through the English, who often sent trumpets and forwarded gazettes to us. We learnt from the same papers that M. de la Mothe-Piquet had captured a rich convoy. The parleys between us and the English were displeasing to the Americans, and even to General Washington; they were unaccustomed to this way of making war.

We were very quiet in our camp, foraging without being disturbed. The English contented themselves with guarding their cities and the outposts without making the least attempt against us; this made us sometimes believe in peace. On the other hand we were in daily expectation of M. de Grasses squadron.³²⁵

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*Rochambeau:*

On our return, we received intelligence of the continuation of the retreat of Lord Cornwallis; La Fayette was following him up with precautions, and had given the command of his guard to General Vain [Anthony Wayne], a brave but very ardent officer. The latter had succeeded in a first attack on Cornwallis' rear, but was repulsed in a second attempt with the loss of his cannon. Lord Cornwallis proceeded down River James as far as Portsmouth, from whence, after having reconnoitred this position, which he found

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<sup>324</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, pp. 121-123.

<sup>325</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, pp. 125-126.

unsuitable to his purpose, he proceeded up the River York, to York and Glo[u]cester, where he established himself on the right and left banks of the river, which he made serve as a port for his ships to ride in safety.

The convoy of three hundred English recruits, announced at New York, arrived there on the 11th of August, and together with the garrison of Pensacola, carried the effective of the enemy, in that island, to more than twelve thousand men, notwithstanding the numerous detachments that had been drafted to the south.

It was under these circumstances that the Count de Grasse, after having completed a cruising expedition of little import off the Antilles, and in which he had only taken the island of Tabago [Tobago], arrived at Saint Domingo: he there found the frigate with my dispatched; he immediately communicated the latter to the Commandant of San Domingo and to M. de Solano, the Spanish Admiral, who both concurred with my plan of expedition against the army of Lord Cornwallis. They contributed towards it as much as they could; the former by lending us, for three months, the corps of three thousand men, under Saint-Simon; and the latter by forwarding the twelve hundred thousand francs, which we needed for the expedition, to be taken up by the Count de Grasse, as he should pass off the Havana. M. de Grasse sent the frigate off immediately, and, on the 5th of August, I received his reply, whereby he informed me that he would be in Chesapeake Bay at the end of August, with all the means that I had requested of him. He concluded by stating that the period of his station would be up on the 15th of October; but he prolonged his stay the necessary time to complete this important expedition.

As soon as I had communicated this reply to General Washington, I concerted, with M. de Barras, the most expeditious means of effecting his junction with M. de Grasse, and of bringing to my assistance the heavy ordnance and the detachment in command of M. de Choisy. In the mean time, General Washington prevailed on two thousand troops of the Northern States to accompany him to the South, and unite with the troops of La Fayette. On hundred thousand livres, which remained in the coffers of the French corps, were divided among the two armies.

They commenced moving on the 19th of August, and we retrograded three days' march to ascend the Hudson, which we crossed at Kingsferry, and under protection of the American forts. General Washington left three thousand men on the left shore, in command of General Heats [William Heath], to cover Westpoint and the Northern States. We then proceeded down the right shore in sight of States Island in advance of Chatham, where we established ovens and commenced victualling so as to feign an attack on New York by States Island, which doubly excited the anxiety of the enemy's General. M. de Villemansy, Commissary of War, executed this operation with remarkable dexterity. But turning off on a sudden to the right, towards the reverse of the mountain which divide the interior of Jersey States from its districts on the sea shore, we led our armies to the Delaware: we were fortunate enough to find its water low, and we were able to ford it near Trenton. It was not until then that the English general could have seen clearly into our intended plans; but it was then too late to impede them, provided M. de Grasse had proceeded to Chesapeake Bay at the period he promised he would. The two armies continued their march through Philadelphia, where they filed off in presence of the Congress assembled to review them. It was at the latter place that we were informed of the arrival of Admiral Hood at New York, where he had joined Admiral Graves, and sailed with due expedition for Chesapeake Bay. This disconcerting intelligence was counterbalanced by the repor, which reached us at the same time from Baltimore, a town situated at its further extremity, of the arrival off the mouth of Chesapeake of M. de Grasse with 26 sail of the line. We hastened our march at the head of our respective van-guards; and, on arrival at the mouth of the Elk [Head of Elk, in Maryland], we found an officer bearer of dispatched from M. de Grasse, and who had reached thither about an hour before.

There were yet, however, other difficulties to surmount: the English, in their different incursions, had destroyed nearly all the American boats, so that we were scarcely able to muster a sufficient number to embark more than two thousand men, and the latter number would hardly include the two van-guards, consisting of the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the two armies. The two Vioménils proceeded onward with the army by land, following the shore of the bay as far as Baltimore and Annapolis; General Washington and myself took the advance with a small escort, and by forced marches of sixty miles a day, we reached Williamsburg on the 14th of September, and found there the La Fayette and St-Simon divisions, who had taken up a good position together to await our arrival. Lord Cornwallis was intrenching his troops at

Glocester and York, he had barred the river with his ships, born up under the protection of his out-work, and had sunken several to bar the passage of the canal.

The people at Williamsburg were much alarmed at the sight of the enemy's fleet at a naval action, which had been fought on the 5th of September, and of which the firing had been distinctly heard, and though, last not least, at the sight again of two English frigates, which had put into the bay. At length, in the night of the 14th to the 15th, we received a letter from M. de Grasse, informing us that an English fleet of twenty sail had appeared on the 15th off Cape Charles; that although fifteen hundred of his sailors were employed in disembarking the troops of M. de Saint-Simon in River James, he had not hesitated a moment in cutting his cables and bearing down upon the enemy with twenty-four ships for action; that Graves, having got to windward, the van-guard of M. de Bougainville had come up with the English fleet, which he treated rather roughly; that M. de Grasse had chased it for a short time, and then had made for the bay, where he found M. de Barras with his fleet; that the latter, having sailed from Newport with our heavy artillery, which he had convoyed with safety, had put into the bay on the 10th; that he had there encountered and captured the two British frigates; that he had immediately sent off M. de Barras' ten transports, with the two latter frigates, together with the other prizes made by his army, to take in at Annapolis the troops in command of M. de La Villebrune. The latter officer had joined Vioménil, and with combined activity, they reached James's town [Jamestown] on the 25th, and our armies landed on the next and following day.

We left Williamsburg on the 28th of September at day-break, and proceeded direct to York. I commenced investing with the French troops, from the upper part of the river down marshes near the residence of Colonel Nelson, taking the woods, the curtains, and the marshy creeks, to confine the enemy within pistol-shot of their out-works...<sup>326</sup>

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Blanchard:

...At last, after having wandered for a long time in an unknown river, we landed two leagues from Williamsburg, where M. de la Fayette was posted; at least that is what a woman told us whom we met. There was no house or place where we landed, and we were compelled to go a long way on foot. At length we arrived at a deserted house where were two persons who let us in, but neither furniture nor provisions. We lay upon the floor. The next day, having hired horses, we proceeded to Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia. It consists of only a single street, but very broad and very handsome. Two or three public buildings, pretty large, are also to be seen there. We got in at the quarters of M. de la Fayette, where I found M. de Chastellux, who had arrived the evening before, with M. de Rochambeau and M. de Washington. They had got in advance by making forced marches across Maryland and Virginia. This latter province is General Washington's birthplace; he has there a very handsome dwelling-house, where he received our two generals: he had not been in his own country since the beginning of the war. A body of Americans under the command of M. de la Fayette were encamped near Williamsburg. Three French regiments, which M. de Grasse had brought, were joined to them, forming a body of 3000 men. They were the regiments of Gatinois, d'Agenois and Touraine. I found among my acquaintances the Count d'Autichamp, who commanded one of the regiments; he spoke much to me of my uncle, settled in St. Domingo, with whom he was connected. From this day, I set to work, although without a piece of paper or an employee or a bag of flour at my disposal: I was completely overwhelmed, which I still remember now that I am copying this thirteen years afterwards. The Baron de Steuben, a German general officer in the service of America, gave a great dinner to our generals, and I went to it. The next day the French and American generals, went on board of the *Ville de Paris* to see M. de Grasse. I sent a note to M. de Rochambeau to obtain some supplies from the navy in wines, flour, &c. On the 17th and the following days I worked much with M. de la Fayette, who was pleased to assist me in providing for our troops. It is difficult to employ more order, patience and integrity in the discussion of business matters; he reminded me of Scipio Africanus in Spain; as young and as modest as he, he already had the reputation of a skilful warrior; for the last campaign

³²⁶ *Memoirs of Rochambeau*, Part 2, pp. 986-989.

which he had just made, whilst sustaining himself against Cornwallis with inferior forces, had procured him much glory, and justly so.³²⁷

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*Duc de Lauzun:*

I found M. de Custine there, and as I was giving him an account of what had taken place in his absence, General Washington and M. de Rochambeau, who were not far off on a corvette, sent me word to come on board their vessel. General Washington told me that Lord Cornwallis having sent all his cavalry and a rather large corps of troops to Gloucester, opposite York, he feared that he was trying to retreat that way, and that consequently he had sent to watch him a corps of three thousand militiamen under the continental brigadier-general Wiedon [George Weedon], a rather good commander, but hating war which he had always refused to wage, and being specially in mortal fear of gun shots. Having become a brigadier-general by chance, the respectable officer was my senior in command; General Washington regretted this more than I, for he intended to give me that command. He told me that he would write to General Wiedon that he could continue to hold the honours of his rank, but that he would forbid him to meddle with anything. I explained to him that we did not understand this manner of serving, that if General Wiedon were under my orders, I should certainly make him obey, but that being under his I should obey his every order, that I had no objection to serve under him, if he wished it, and that he might count on me to get along very well with him.

I went with my regiment to join the corps of General Wiedon. The manner in which he blockaded Gloucester was queer; he was at more than fifteen miles from the enemy's posts, was dying of fear, and dared not send a patrol a half mile from his camp. He was the best man on earth, and all that he wished was to meddle with nothing. I proposed to him to advance towards Gloucester, and to go the next day and reconnoitre along the English posts; he consented, and we started with fifty hussars. When we were within six or seven miles of the enemy, he told me that he considered it useless and very dangerous to go any further, and that we could learn no more; I pressed him so, that he did not dare refuse to follow. I forced back the enemy's posts, and approached sufficiently to get an exact idea of their position. My general was in despair; he told me he would go no further with me; that he did not wish to get killed.

I rendered an account to M. de Rochambeau of what I had seen; I informed him that the American militia was not to be counted on, and that it was indispensable to send me at least two more battalions of French infantry. I had neither artillery, supplies, nor powder. I asked for some: he sent me at once some artillery and eight hundred men drawn from the garrisons of the vessels under the orders of M. de Choisy, who, owing to his seniority, commanded General Wiedon and me.

M. de Choisy is a good and brave man, ridiculously violent, constantly in a passion, making scenes with everybody, and always without reason. He began by sending General Wiedon and all the militia packing, told them that they were poltroons, and in five minutes frightened them almost as much as the English and assuredly that was saying a great deal. The very next day he wanted to go and occupy the camp I had reconnoitred. General Wiedon preferred to come a day later and remained behind with about six hundred men of his division. A moment before entering the plain of Gloucester, the dragoons of the state of Virginia came very much frightened to tell us that they had seen English dragoons outside, and that, in fear of some accident, they had come as fast as their legs could carry them, without further investigation. I went forward to try and learn more. I perceived a very pretty woman at the door of a small house, on the main road, I questioned her, she told me that, at the very moment, Colonel Tarleton had left her house; that she did not know if many troops had come out of Gloucester; that Colonel Tarleton was very anxious "to shake hands with the French Duke." I assured her that I came expressly to give him that pleasure. She was very sorry for me, thinking, I believe, by experience, that it was impossible to resist Tarleton; the American troops were of the same opinion.

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<sup>327</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, pp. 141-142.



I had not gone a hundred paces, when I heard my advance guards firing pistols. I advanced at full gallop to look for ground on which I could arrange my troops for battle. On arriving I perceived the English cavalry three times more numerous than mine; I charged it without stopping, and we came together. Tarleton picked me out, came to me with his pistol raised. We were going to fight between our respective troops when his horse was thrown down by one of his dragoons who was being pursued by one of my lancers. I ran on him to take him prisoner, a company of English dragoons threw itself between us and protected his retreat, his horse was left to me. He charged me a second time, without breaking my ranks; I charged him a third time, upset a portion of his cavalry, and pursued him to the intrenchments of Gloucester. He lost one officer, some fifty men, and I made a rather large number of prisoners.

M. de Choisy established his camp at a mile and a half from Gloucester; our patrols continually exchanged shots with those of the English, and we did not sleep a single instant during the siege. As M. le baron de Vioménil was to attack two redoubts of the York works, M. de Choisy received the order to make a false attack on Gloucester; he thought he could make a real one, and carry the intrenchments sword in hand. He consequently had axes distributed to the American militia, to cut the stockades. At the first shot, half of the militia threw away their axes and guns to run faster. Thus abandoned, he withdrew on me with a few companies of French infantry, and lost a dozen men.

Two days after, Lord Cornwallis asked to capitulate. M. de Rochambeau intended to have me bear this great news to France, and sent for me. I did not care to go to Europe; I advised him to send M. de Charlus, which would reconcile him with M. de Castries, and would perhaps cause his army to be better treated. I was unable to induce him; he told him that I had had the first engagement, that I must carry the news; that as M. le comte Guillaume des Deux-Ponts had had the second, he should carry the details; comte de Charlus never forgave him nor me. I embarked on the King's frigate la Surveillante, and after a voyage of twenty-two days, I reached Brest, and went to Versailles without loss of time.<sup>328</sup>

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*Blanchard:*

I learnt these details on the 4th [of the skirmish between Lauzun and Tarleton at Gloucester], on going to the camp; but I was obliged to return the same evening. It was already cold and I made a fire on the 5th. I learnt that the English admiral Digby, who was expected from Europe with a strong squadron, had arrived with only three vessels, two of which were in a bad condition. We also learnt that the English had a vessel so much damaged in the last engagement with M. de Grasse, that they had been compelled to abandon it and burn it at sea. M. de Grasse, nevertheless, spoke with much modesty of this engagement, and I heard him say that it was only an encounter between two advanced guards.<sup>329</sup>

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*Comte de Deux-ponts:*

On the 14th of October, the regiments of Gatinois and of Royal Deuxponts relieved the trenches; at the assembly of the regiment of Royal Deuxponts for duty in the trenches, the Baron de Viomesnil ordered me to come to him on our arrival at the beginning of the trenches. I carried out his orders; he separated the grenadiers and chasseurs of the two regiments of the trenches, and gave me the command of the battalion that he had just formed, telling me that he thought he gave me by that a proof of his esteem and confidence. His words were not enigmatical to me; I was not mistaken as to the object for which he intended me. A moment afterwards he confirmed my opinion, telling me that I should make the attack on one of the redoubts which obstructed the continuation of our second parallel. He gave me orders to place my battalion under cover, and to wait until he should send for me to make with him a reconnoissance of the redoubt. In the course of the afternoon, he took me, with the Baron de L'Estrade, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Gatinois, whom he had given to me as second in command, and two sergeants from the

<sup>328</sup> *Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun*, pp. 323-329.

<sup>329</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, p. 146.

grenadiers and chasseurs of this regiment, men as brave as they were intelligent, and who were charged particularly to reconnoitre with the strictest exactitude the road which we should have to follow during the night. We examined with the greatest care the object of the attack, and all the details. The General explained very clearly to us his plans. M. de L'Estrade, on account of his experience, and the perfect knowledge which he has of the course to take under like circumstances, would, moreover, make up for the blunders which I might commit. The General ordered me at once to form my battalion, and to lead it to that part of the trenches nearest to which we ought to come out. I called together the captains of my battalion, and told them the duty with which we were honored. I had no occasion to excite their courage, nor that of the troops whom I commanded; but it was my duty to let them know the wishes of the General, and the exact order in which we were to attack the enemy.

We then started to go into the trenches; we passed by many troops, either of the trenches, of workmen, or of the auxiliary grenadiers and chasseurs. Everybody wished me success and glory, and expressed regrets at not being able to go with me. That moment seemed to me very sweet, and was very elevating to the soul and animating to the courage. My brother, -- especially, my brother, and I never shall forget it, -- gave me marks of a tenderness which penetrated to the bottom of my heart. I reached the place that the Baron de Vioménil [sic] had indicated to me; I there awaited nightfall; and shortly after dark, the General ordered me to leave the trenches, and to draw up my column in the order of attack. He informed me of the signal of six consecutive shells, fired from one of our batteries, at which I was to advance; and in this position I awaited the signal agreed upon.

The chasseurs of the regiment of Gatinois had the head of my column. They were in column by platoons; the first fifty carried fascines; of the other fifty there were only eight who carried ladders; after them came the grenadiers of Gatinois, ranged by files, then the grenadiers and chasseurs of the regiment of Royal Deuxponts, in column by sections. The whole was preceded by the two sergeants of the regiment of Gatinois, of whom I have already spoken, and by eight carpenters [engineers], four from the regiment of Gatinois, and four from the regiment of Royal Deuxponts. The chasseurs of the regiments of Bourbonnois and of Agenois, were a hundred paces to the rear of my battalion, and were intended to support me; and the second battalion of the regiment of Gatinois, commanded by the Count de Rostaing, completed my reserve. Before starting, I had ordered that no one should fire before reaching the crest of the parapet of the redoubt; and when established upon the parapet, that no one should jump into the works before receiving the orders to do so.

The attack of the French troops was combined with that which the American troops were making on my right, upon a redoubt which rested on the York River. This redoubt was of equal importance on account of the obstacle which it interposed to the continuation of the second parallel. The Marquis de Lafayette commanded this attack, which was to be made at the same time, and was to begin at the same signal as our attack.

The six shells were fired at last; and I advanced in the greatest silence; at a hundred and twenty or thirty paces, we were discovered; and the Hessian soldier who was stationed as a sentinel on the parapet, cried out "Werda"? [Who comes there?] to which we did not reply, but hastened our steps. The enemy opened fire the instant after the "Werda." We lost not a moment in reaching the abatis, which being strong and well preserved, at about twenty-five paces from the redoubt, cost us many men, and stopped us for some minutes, but was cleared away with brave determination; we threw ourselves into the ditch at once, and each one sought to break through the fraises, and to mount the parapet. We reached there at first in small numbers, and I gave the order to fire; the enemy kept up a sharp fire, and charged us at the point of the bayonet; but no one was driven back. The carpenters, who had worked hard on their part, had made some breaches in the palisades, which helped the main body of the troops in mounting. The parapet was becoming manned visibly. Our fire was increasing, and making terrible havoc among the enemy, who had placed themselves behind a kind of intrenchment of barrels, where they were well massed, and where all our shots told. We succeeded at the moment when I wished to give the order to leap into the redoubt and charge upon the enemy with the bayonet; then they laid down their arms, and we leaped in with more tranquillity and less risk. I shouted immediately the cry of *Vive le Roi*, which was repeated by all the grenadiers and chasseurs who were in good condition, by all the troops in the trenches, and to which the enemy replied by a general discharge of artillery and musketry. I never saw a sight more beautiful or more

majestic. I did not stop to look at it; I had to give attention to the wounded, and directions to be observed towards the prisoners. At the same time, the Baron de Viomesnil came to give me orders to be prepared for a vigorous defence, as it would be important for the enemy to attempt to retake this work. An active enemy would not have failed, and the Baron de Viomesnil judged the English general by himself. I made my dispositions to the best of my ability; the enemy showered bullets upon us. I did not doubt that the idea of the Baron de Viomesnil would be fulfilled. Finally, when all was over, a sentinel, charged with observing the movements without, called me, and said that some of the enemy were appearing. I raised my head above the parapet, and at the same time a ball, which ricocheted in the parapet, and passed very near my head, covered my face with sand and gravel. I suffered much, and was obliged to leave the place, and to be conducted to the ambulance.

Fifty-six grenadiers and chasseurs of the regiment of Gatinois, twenty-one grenadiers and chasseurs of the Royal Deuxponts,<sup>74</sup> six chasseurs of the Agenois, and nine soldiers of the second battalion of the Gatinois, have been killed or wounded, in this attack, which lasted only seven minutes. Moreover, M. de Barthelot, captain of the regiment of Gatinois, was killed; M. de Sireuil, captain of the chasseurs of this regiment, had his leg broken, and M. de Sillegue, second lieutenant of chasseurs, was shot through his thigh. The Chevalier de La Meth received two musket balls, one of which broke his knee-pan, and the other pierced his thigh. He volunteered for this attack, as also did the Count de Damas [also "Damascus"]; I endeavored to prevent their doing so; but neither of them listened to the representations that would have kept them from glory. The Count de Vauban was also at my attack, and was charged by the Count de Rochambeau to be present in order to give him an account of the affair.

With troops so good, so brave, and so disciplined as those that I have the honor to lead against the enemy, one can undertake anything, and be sure of succeeding, if the impossibility of it has not been proved. I owe them the happiest day of my life, and certainly the recollection of it will never be effaced from my mind. Would that I were able to find myself, under like circumstances, again with them; and would that I were able, especially after having again been happy through their means, to give them proofs, more real and more fit, of my zeal and my ardor to serve them.<sup>330</sup>

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Rochambeau:

On the 30th [of September 1781] we had dispatched M. de Choisy to M. de Grasse to ask for a detachment of the garrison of the ships, to reinforce M. de Lauzun in the county of Gloucester; M. de Grasse gave him eight hundred men, with which he marched on the 3d of October to invest Gloucester more closely, and take up a position nearer. Tarleton happened to be thereabouts with four hundred horse and two hundred infantry on a foraging expedition. De Lauzun's legion, backed by a corps of American militia, attacked him so vigorously that he was put to flight with his detachment and was obliged to put back with a severe loss. After this skirmish, M. de Choisy carried his advanced posts as far as within a mile of Gloucester. The trenches were opened in the two attacks, above and below York River, in the night of the 6th to the 7th of October. That on the right was cut to a length of six or seven hundred toises [sic], and was flanked with four redoutes [redoubts]. It was executed without any loss being sustained, because we commenced our works in the left trench, which, although the false attack, diverted nevertheless the whole attention of the enemy. The forces which the place contained, and the disposition of the men who commanded it, required us to conduct these attacks with much science and precaution. I cannot proceed further without passing the greatest eulogium on MM. Duportail and de Querenet, who commanded the engineers at the breach, and on M. D'Aboville and General Knox, who commanded the artillery of the two nations. The American army took charge of the trenches on the right, and the French of those in the centre and on the left.

³³⁰ *Deux-ponts Journal*, pp. 142-149.

I must render the Americans the justice to say, that they conducted themselves with that zeal, courage, and emulation, with which they were never backward, in the important part of the attack entrusted to them, and the more so as they were totally ignorant of the operations of a siege.

We set fire with our batteries to one of the enemy's men-of-war, and to three transports which had anchored with the design of attacking us in the rear.

During the night of the 14th to the 15th, the trenches were relieved by the regiments of Gatinois and Royal Deux-Ponts, in command of Baron de Vioménil; and we next resolved to attack the redoutes on the left of the enemy. General Washington entrusted to La Fayette that of the right, and I entrusted that of the left to M. de Vioménil with the French. Four hundred grenadiers came out at the head of this attack, commanded by M. Guillaume of the regiment of Deux-Ponts, and by M. de l'Estrapade, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Gatinois. M. de Vioménil and La Fayette made such a vigorous attack, that the redoutes were carried sword in hand at the same moment. The greatest part of the troops who defended them were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The lodgement was effected by the junction of these redoutes by communication practised to the right of our second parallel.

The nature of the position of these redoutes allowed of the erection of two extra batteries, by the addition of which Lord Cornwallis's army was now completely hemmed in, and from which also we were able to pour in ricochet projectiles to the body of the place, which was within such a limited range that the effect must have been most tremendous. Count Guillaume, of the regiment of Deux-Ponts, was wounded, as were also Charles de Lameth, Adjutant-General, and M. de Gimet [Gimat], aide-de-camp to La Fayette.

I will relate here a circumstance which does much honour to the bravery of the French grenadiers. The grenadier regiment of Gatinois, which had been formed of that of Auvergne, had been chosen to open the attack; as soon as it was decided upon, I said to them: "My brave fellows, if I should want you to-night, I trust you will not have forgotten that we serve together in the regiment of *Auvergne sans tache* [Auvergne without stain], an honourable appellation which it has since its creation." They replied that, if I would give its former name to their regiment, they would die to the last man of them. They kept their word, rushed to the attack like lions, and nearly one third of them died the death of the brave. M. de Sireuil, a captain in the regiment, was mortally wounded to the universal regret of his comrades. The King, on my request, immediately put his sign-manual to the royal ordinance by which the former title of Royal Auvergne was restored to this distinguished body of men.³³¹

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*Blanchard:*

On the 16th, I intended to go to the camp and to dine with General Washington, who had invited me, but many wounded men reached me, which compelled me to remain at Williamsburg. They had been in a sortie which the English had made on the night of the 15th-16th, and in which at first they had been successful. They spiked four cannons and took a captain of the regiment of Agenois prisoner, but our troops soon rallied and the English were repulsed. Our works were nevertheless continued vigorously; we fired upon the English by ricochet, which greatly annoyed them, and they might have feared being captured sword in hand. Therefore, on the 17th, at noon, they asked to capitulate and the firing ceased. M. de la Chèze had the kindness to send me word of it immediately; I greatly rejoiced at it as a citizen, and also for this especial reason, that I perceived in this capitulation the end of our uneasiness respecting the service of the hospitals. There were still some difficulties respecting the articles of the capitulation; they even recommenced firing. At last, on the next day, the 18th, at noon, everything was concluded. Cornwallis surrendered as prisoner of war with all his troops, amounting to a body of 8000 men. It was not until the next day, the 19th, that they denied in front of our troops and the Americans. Cornwallis said that he was sick and did not appear. The general who commanded in his stead wished to give up his sword to M. de Rochambeau, but he made a sign to him that he ought to address himself to General Washington. The

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<sup>331</sup> *Memoirs of Rochambeau*, Part 2, pp. 989-991.

English displayed much arrogance and ill humour during this melancholy ceremony; they particularly affected great contempt for the Americans. Being detained elsewhere by our service, I was unable to be present at this spectacle, which would have greatly interested me.

On the 21st, I went to see the city of York. I visited our works and those of the English; I perceived the effect of our bombs and balls...

The English and Hessian troops, prisoners of war, also left the camp; they were very fine-looking men. There was also a battalion of English grenadiers of great height and good appearance. The remainder of the English were small; there were some Scotch troops, strong and good soldiers. They proceeded towards Williamsburg. I went to visit their camp; I saw them make their soup, go for wood, etc. The Germans preserved order and a certain discipline; on the contrary, there was very little order among the English, who were proud and arrogant. There was no call for this; they had not even made a handsome defense, and, at this very moment, were beaten and disarmed by peasants who were almost naked, whom they pretended to despise and who, nevertheless, were their conquerors.<sup>332</sup>

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Blanchard:

On the 20th [of July 1782] we stopped at Alexandria, a city situated upon the Potomac, where ships of fifty guns can approach. This city is perfectly well situated for becoming commercial. Therefore they have built much there; it may become considerable, still it is not much. General Washington's residence, that in which he was born, is situated between Colchester and Alexandria. Mrs. Washington had arrived there the evening before. She invited M. de Custine, who commanded the division to which I was attached, to go and dine at her house with some officers. He proposed to me to go thither and we proceeded thither, to the number of ten persons. Mrs. Washington is a woman of about fifty years of age; she is small and fat, her appearance is respectable. She was dressed very plainly and her manners were simple in all respects; she had with her three other ladies, her relations. As to the house it is a country residence, the handsomest that I have yet seen in America, it is symmetrically built and has two stories, counting the false roofs, wherein some pretty chambers have been constructed. All the rooms are furnished with taste.

There are in the places around, many huts for the negroes, of whom the general owns a large number, who are necessary to him for his large possessions, which are supposed to amount to ten thousand acres of land. (The acre is very nearly of the same extent as our arpent.) Among these some of good quality is found, and I have observed some of it of this sort. A large part is woodland, where Mr. Washington, before the war, enjoyed the pleasure of the chase, which had inclined him to the military life which he has since led. The environs of his house are not fertile and the trees that we see there do not appear to be large. Even the garden is barren. What decided the general's parents to choose this dwelling place is the situation which is very handsome. The Potomac flows at the foot of the garden and the largest ships of war can anchor there. It has different branches of a kind of bays and in this place is about half a league broad. The whole make a very agreeable prospect. The opposite shore needs rather more houses and villages. Taken all together, it is a handsome residence and worthy of General Washington. In the evening, we left her respectable company after having spent a very agreeable and truly interesting day.

On the 21st, we crossed the Potomac; the camp was placed at Georgetown, a small town, wherein many German families are found. We then leave Virginia and enter Maryland.³³³

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<sup>332</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, pp. 151-153.

<sup>333</sup> *Journal of Claude Blanchard*, pp. 166-167.

*Comte de Deux Ponts:*

On the 1st of November, as the enemy had not appeared for two days, the Count de Grasse sent an ensign on board of the *Andromaque*, to wish us a pleasant voyage, and to permit our captain, M. de Kavel, to set sail. We got under way at eleven o'clock, passed Cape Henry at two o'clock, and afterwards brought it to bear east. The *Hermione* escorted us until night...

From the 2d to the 20th of November, the day of our arrival in France, we made a good run. The fresh and strong winds drove us along better than we could expect from the speed of our frigate. The passage was rough; we experienced some gales, but they favored our wishes, and accomplished our object. After a passage of nineteen days, we made the coast of France; and on the 24th of November, I enjoyed the inexpressible pleasure of embracing, at Versailles, those persons who are to me the dearest.

The life of man is mingled with pain; but one ought not to complain when he has enjoyed those delicious moments which are its compensations. A single instant makes him forget them; and that instant deeply felt makes him even desire new pains, in order to enjoy again their recompense.<sup>334</sup>

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³³⁴ *Deux-ponts Journal*, p. 155.

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A SON OF THE FOREST (1829)

One of the *very first* and most significant civil rights and racial equality activists in United States history; one of the *very first*, as well as most prolific, of published Native American authors -- William Apess (1798–1839; pronounced, or so I have heard, A-pess, with “A” as in “hay”; with “apes” in Latin, incidentally, meaning “bees”) was both of these. And yet perhaps what arguably makes Apess as much, or more, a figure of interest than these honorable titles is that he could have passed for a gifted writer and engaging personality regardless of his color or nationality. He therefore proved his own thesis; namely, that when it comes to talent or greatness, race and ethnic heritage are no proper measures, and what most and truly matters is worth founded on strength of character combined with ability. And these Apess had. True, his was not an unqualified artistic success; if at times Apess in his writings appears or sounds a bit ridiculous, it no doubt was because sometimes he indeed was and acted ridiculously. And yet even conceding this to have been an occasional fault, his better traits of indefatigable perseverance, political shrewdness, impassioned elegance, and touching eloquence are more than enough to prevent us from losing sight of his merit and where it lies.

By his own account, Apess was a descendant of King Philip of Pokanoket, or Metacomet, (c 1639-1676), the heroic and tragic Wampanoag chief, son of Massasoit; who waged a war of resistance (1675-1678) against the first new England settlers and their Indian allies; perhaps made most familiar to later generations by a piece written about him by Washington Irving in the latter’s *Sketch Book*. Even if Apess was not actually of King Philip’s progeny (we don’t really know for sure), he even so saw himself as someone ready to take up the cause and put on the mantle of Philip, and based on his subsequent achievement was deserving, certainly in spirit, of doing so.

As he relates in close detail in his 1829 autobiography, *A Son of the Forest*, Apess (originally spelled “Apes”) suffered an extremely trying and abusive youth growing up as a semi-half breed -- his paternal grandfather had been white -- in northwestern Massachusetts, and after a series of fairly astonishing adventures and run-ins with odd characters -- rivaling in wildness and pathos, and sometimes in humor, the wanderings and scrapes of Roderick Random and David Copperfield. He began his life very early as an indentured servant; subsequently ran away and became a soldier serving in the War of 1812, and ended up a traveling Methodist minister, working the preaching circuits. He later headed up the first open, non-violent, and largely successful civil rights protest in the United States on behalf of people of color in the Mashpee (or Marshpee) Revolt of 1835 in Cape Cod.

As with Samson Occom and Jupiter Hammon, we see it was religion that first opened doors to people discriminated for race and color, and it was only in certain churches -- or in the military, army and navy -- that desegregation was or ever could be tolerated. Outside the church, outside of the military, there was no effective way for native Americans, blacks, or people of color to have *any hope* of significant participation, advancement, or respect. No wonder then, as Apess himself recalls, many people went to church simply to scoff; that is because it was in some churches people were becoming free, and no doubt among some of those scoffers were such who disapproved of emancipation, real or potential.

Apess viewed America as the joint inheritance of white and Indian, and argued his point with some brilliance, both in his sermons and autobiography. He is both fair and impartial, and doesn’t hesitate or flinch at pointing out the faults and admirable characteristics of both. He strives for justice and truth, and his candor, and capacity to wisely express it, is as startling and surprising now as it must have been to early 19th century readers and audiences.

The format and manner of his autobiography harkens back to religious conversion witnessing found in innumerable 18th century tracts and pamphlets, and Apess cleverly uses the genre to get in his own sermons on race and race relations. He may also have been inspired by slave narratives like that of Olaudah Equiano (1745-1797) or Venture Smith (1729?-1805). But what is extraordinary is that his autobiography, as we alluded to, reads much like Smollett or Dickens, and even if you don’t care about race history in the United States, it holds up quite well as an amusing and rattlingly good, if every now and then disturbing and sobering, read. The extracts here come from the 1831 second edition.

WILLIAM APES [as earlier noted, later modified into the spelling "Apess"], the author of the following narrative, was born in the town Colereign [modern Colrain], [in northwestern] Massachusetts, on the thirty-first of January, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and ninety-eight. My grandfather was a white man, and married a female attached to the royal family of Philip, king of the Pequod [also "Pequot"] tribe of Indians, so well known in that part of American history, which relates to the wars between the whites and the natives. My grandmother was, if I am not misinformed, the king's granddaughter, and a fair and beautiful woman. This statement is given not with a view of appearing great, in the estimation of others -- what I would ask, is *royal* blood -- the blood of a king is no better than that of the subject -- we are in fact but one family; we are all the descendants of one great progenitor -- Adam. I would not boast of my extraction, as I consider myself nothing more than a worm of the earth.

I have given the above account of my origin with the simple view of narrating the truth as I have received it; and under the settled conviction that I must render an account at the last day, to the sovereign Judge of all men, for every word contained in this little book.

As the story of King Philip is perhaps generally known, and consequently the history of the Pequod tribe, over whom he reigned; it will suffice to say, that he was overcome by treachery, and the goodly heritage occupied by this once happy, powerful, yet peaceful people, was possessed in the process of time, by their avowed enemies the whites, who had been welcomed to their land in that spirit of kindness, so peculiar to the red-men of the woods. But the violation of their inherent rights, by those to whom they had extended the hand of friendship, was not the only act of injustice which this oppressed and afflicted nation, was called to suffer at the hands of their white neighbours -- alas! they were subject to a more intense and heart-corroding affliction, that of having their daughters claimed by the conquerors, and however much subsequent efforts were made to sooth their sorrows, in this particular, they considered the glory of their nation as having departed.

From what I have already stated, it will appear that my father was of mixed blood; his father being a white man, and his mother a native, or in other words, a red woman. -- On attaining a sufficient age to act for himself, he joined the Pequod tribe, to which he was maternally connected. He was well received, and in a short time afterwards, married a female of the tribe, in whose veins a single drop of the white man's blood never flowed. Not long after his marriage, he removed to what was then called the back settlements, directing his course first to the west, and afterwards to the north-east, where he pitched his tent in the woods of a town called Colreign, near the Connecticut river, in the state of Massachusetts. In this, the place of my birth, he continued some time, and afterwards removed to Colchester, New-London county, Connecticut. At the latter place, our little family lived for nearly three years in comparative comfort. Circumstances however changed with us, as with many other people, in consequence of which, I was taken together with my two brothers and sisters into my grandfather's family -- One of my uncles dwelt in the same hut. Now my grand parents, were not the best people in the world -- like all others, who are wedded to the beastly vice of intemperance, they would drink to excess whenever they Could procure rum, and as usual in such cases, when under the influence of liquor, they would not only quarrel and fight with each other, but would at times, turn upon their un offending grand children, and beat them in a most cruel manner. It makes me shudder even at this time, to think how frequent, and how great have been our sufferings in consequence of the introduction of this "cursed stuff" into our family -- and I could wish, in the sincerity of my soul, that it were banished from our land.

Our fare was of the poorest kind, and even of this we had not enough -- our clothing also was of the worst description: literally Speaking, we were clothed with rags, so far only as rags would suffice to cover our nakedness. We were always contented and happy to get a cold potatoe [sic] for our dinner -- of this at times we were denied, and many at night have we gone supperless to rest, if stretching our limbs on a bundle of straw, without any covering against the weather, may be called rest. Truly we were in a most deplorable condition. Too young to obtain subsistence for ourselves, by the labour of our hands, and our wants almost totally disregarded by those who should have made every exertion to supply them. Some of our white neighbours however took pity on us, and measurably administered to our wants, by bringing us frozen milk, with which we were glad to satisfy the calls of hunger. We lived in this way for some time,

suffering both from cold and hunger. Once in particular, I remember that when it rained very hard, my grandmother put us all down cellar, and when we complained of cold and hunger, she unfeelingly bid us dance and thereby warm ourselves -- but we had no food of any kind; and one of my sisters, almost died of hunger. -- Poor dear girl she was quite overcome. -- Young as I was, my very heart bled for her. I merely relate this circumstance, without any embellishment or exaggeration, to show the reader how we were treated. The intensity of our sufferings I cannot tell. Happily we did not continue in this very deplorable condition for a great length of time. Providence smiled on us, but in a particular manner.

Our parents quarrelled, parted and went off to a great distance, leaving their helpless children to the care of their grand parents. We lived at this time in an old house, divided into two apartments -- one of which was occupied by my uncle. Shortly after my father left us, my grandmother, who had been out among the whites, returned in a state of intoxication, and without any provocation whatever on my part, began to belabour me most unmercifully with a club; she asked me if I hated her, and I very innocently answered in the affirmative as I did not then know what the word meant, and thought all the while that I was answering alight; and she continued asking me the same question, and I as often answered her in the same way, whereupon she continued beating me, by which means one of my arms Was broken in three different places. I was then only four years of age, and consequently could not take care of, or defend myself -- and I was equally unable to seek safety in flight. But my uncle who lived in the other part of the house, being alarmed for my safety, came down to take me away, when my grandfather made towards him with a fire-brand, but very fortunately he succeeded in rescuing me, and thus saved my life, for had he not come at the time he did, I would most certainly have been killed. My grand parents who acted in this unfeeling and cruel manner, were by my mother's side -- those by my father's side, were christians, lived and died happy in the love of God; and if I continue faithful in improving that measure of grace, with which God hath blessed me, I expect to meet them in a world of unmingled and ceaseless joys...³³⁵

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It may not be improper to remark in this place, that a vast proportion of the misconduct of young people in church, is chargeable to their parents and guardians. It is to be feared that there are too many professing christians who feel satisfied if their children or those under their care enter on a sabbath day within the walls of the sanctuary, without reference to their conduct while there. I would have such persons seriously ask themselves whether they think they discharge the duties obligatory on them by the relation in which they stand to their Maker, as well as those committed to their care, by so much negligence on their part. The christian feels it a duty imposed on him to conduct his children to the house of God. But he rests not here. He must have an eye over them, and if they act well, approve and encourage them; if otherwise, point out to them their error, and persuade them to observe a discreet and exemplary course of conduct while in church.

After a while I became very fond of attending on the word of God -- then again I would meet the enemy of my soul, who would strive to lead me away, and in many instances he was but too successful, and to this day I remember that nothing scarcely grieved me so much, when my mind had been thus petted, than to be called by a nick name. If I was spoken to in the spirit of kindness, I would be instantly disarmed of my stubbornness, and ready to perform any thing required of me. I know of nothing so trying to a child as to be repeatedly called by an improper name. I thought it disgraceful to be called an Indian; it was considered as a slur upon an oppressed and scattered nation, and I have often been led to inquire where the Whites received this word, which they so often threw as an opprobrious epithet at the sons of the forest. I could not find it in the bible, and therefore concluded, that it was a word imported for the special purpose of degrading us. At other times I thought it was derived from the term in-gen-uity. But the proper term which ought to be applied to our nation, to distinguish it from the rest of the human family, is that of "*Natives*" -- and I humbly conceive that the natives of this country are the only people under heaven who have a just title to the name, inasmuch as we are the only people who retain the original complexion of our father Adam. Notwithstanding my thoughts on this matter, so completely was I weaned from the interests and affections of my brethren, that a mere threat of being sent away among the Indians into the dreary woods,

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<sup>335</sup> *A Son of the Forest* (1831 edition), ch. I, pp. 7-12.

had a much better effect in making me obedient to the commands of my superiors, than any corporeal punishment that they ever inflicted. I had received a lesson in the unnatural treatment of my own relations, which could not be effaced; and I thought that if those who should have loved and protected me, treated me with such unkindness, surely I had no reason to expect mercy or favour at the hands of those who knew me in no other relation than that of a cast-off member of the tribe. A threat, of the kind alluded to, invariably produced obedience on my part, so far as I understood the nature of the command.

I cannot perhaps give a better idea of the dread which pervaded my mind on seeing any of my brethren of the forest, than by relating the following occurrence [sic]. One day several of the family went into the woods to gather berries, taking me with them. We had not been out long before we fell in with a company of white females, on the same errand -- their complexion was, to say the least, as *dark* as that of the natives. This circumstance filled my mind with terror, and I broke from the party with my utmost speed, and I could not muster courage enough to look behind until I had reached home. By this time my imagination had pictured out a tale of; blood, and as soon as I regained breath sufficient to answer the questions which my master asked, I informed him that we had met a body of the natives in the woods, but what had become of the party I could not tell. Notwithstanding the manifest incredibility of my tale of terror, Mr. Furman Was agitated; my very appearance was sufficient to convince him that I had been terrified by something, and summoning the remainder of the family, he sallied out in quest of the absent party, whom he found searching for me among the bushes. The whole mystery was soon unravelled. It may be proper for me here to remark, that the great fear I entertained of my brethren, Was occasioned by the many stories I had heard of their cruelty towards the whites -- how they were in the habit of killing and scalping men, women and children. But the whites did not tell me that they were in a great majority of instances the aggressors -- that they had imbrued their hands in the life blood of my brethren, driven them from their once peaceful and happy homes -- that they introduced among them the fatal and exterminating diseases of civilized life. If the whites had told me how cruel they had been to the "poor Indian," I should have apprehended as much harm from them.<sup>336</sup>

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...In these days of young desires and youthful aspirations, I found Mrs. Furman ever ready to give me good advice. My mind was intent upon learning the lesson of righteousness, in order that I might walk in the good way, and cease to do evil. My mind for one so young was greatly drawn out to seek the Lord. This spirit was manifested in my daily walk; and the friends of Christ noticed my afflictions; they knew that I was sincere because my spirits were depressed. When I was in church I could not at times avoid giving vent to my feelings, and often have I wept sorely before the Lord and his people. They of course, observed this change in my conduct -- they knew I had been a rude child, and that efforts were made to bring me up in a proper manner, but the change in my deportment they did not ascribe to the influence of divine grace, inasmuch as they all considered me *too young* to be impressed with a sense of divine things. They were filled with unbelief. I need not describe the peculiar feelings of my soul.

I became very fond of attending meetings; so much so that Mr. Furman forbid me. He I supposed that I only went for the purpose of seeing the boys and playing with them. This thing caused me a great deal of grief; I went for many days with my head and heart bowed down. No one had any idea of the mental agony I suffered, and perhaps the mind of no untutored child of my age was ever more seriously exercised. Sometimes I was tried and tempted -- then I would be overcome by the fear of death. By day and by night I was in a continual ferment. To add to my fears about this time, death entered the family of Mr. Furman and removed his mother-in-law. I was much affected, as the old lady was the first corpse I had ever seen. She had always been so kind to me that I missed her quite as much as her children, and I had been allowed to call her mother.

Shortly after this occurrence I was taken ill. I then thought that I should surely die. The distress of body and the anxiety of mind wore me down. Now I think that the disease with which I was afflicted was a very curious one. The physician could not account for it, and how should I be able to do it; neither had

³³⁶ *Ibid.* ch. II, pp. 20-23.

those who were about me ever witnessed any disorder of the kind. I felt continually as if I was about being suffocated, and was consequently a great deal of trouble to the family, as some one had to be with me. One day Mr. Furman thought he would frighten the disease out of me. Accordingly he told me that all that ailed me was this -- that the devil had taken complete possession of me, and that he was determined to flog him out. This threat had not the desired effect. One night, however, I got up, and went out, although I was afraid to be alone, and continued out by the door until after the family had retired to bed. After a while Mr. F. got up and gave me a dreadful whipping. He really thought, I believe that the devil was in me, and supposed that the birch was the best mode of ejecting him. But the flogging was as fruitless as the preceeding threat in the accomplishment of his object, and he, poor man, found out his mistake, like many others who act without discretion.

One morning after this I went out in the yard to assist Mrs. Furman milk the cows. We had not been out long before I felt very singular, and began to make a strange noise. I believed that I was going to die, and ran up to the house; she followed me immediately, expecting me to breathe my last. Every effort to breathe was accompanied by this strange noise, which was so loud as to be heard a considerable distance. However, contrary to all expectation I began to revive, and from that very day my disorder began to abate, and I gradually regained my former health.

Soon after I recovered from my sickness, I went astray, associating again with my old school fellows, and on some occasions profaning the sabbath day. I did not do thus without warning, as conscience would speak to me when I did wrong. Nothing very extraordinary occurred until I had attained my eleventh year. At this time it was fashionable for boys to run away, and the wicked one put it into the head of the oldest boy on the farm to persuade me to follow the fashion. He told me that I could take care of myself, and get my own living. I thought it was a very pretty notion to be a man -- to *do business for myself and become rich*. Like a fool I concluded to make the experiment, and accordingly began to pack up my clothes as deliberately as could be, and in which my adviser assisted. I had been once or twice at New London, where I saw, as I thought, every thing wonderful: thither I determined to bend my course, as I expected, that on reaching the town I should be metamorphosed into a person of consequence; I had the world and every thing my little heart could desire in a string, when behold, my companion who had persuaded me to act thus, informed my master that I was going to run off. At first he would not believe the boy, but my clothing already packed up was ample evidence of my intention. On being questioned I acknowledged the fact. I did not wish to leave them -- told Mr. Furman so; he believed me, but thought best that for a while I should have another master. He accordingly agreed to transfer my indentures to Judge Hillhouse for the sum of twenty dollars. Of course after the bargain was made, my consent was to be obtained, but I was as unwilling to go now, as I had been anxious to run away before. After some persuasion, I agreed to try it for a fortnight, on condition that I should take my dog with me, and my request being granted, I was soon under the old man's roof, as he only lived about six miles off. Here every thing was done to make me contented, because they thought to promote their own interests by securing my services. They fed me with nicknacks, and soon after I went among them, I had a jack knife presented to me, which was the first one I had ever seen. Like other boys, I spent my time either in whittling or playing with my dog, and was withal very happy. But I was home sick at heart, and as soon as my fortnight had expired, I went home without ceremony. Mr. Furman's family were surprized to see me, but that surprise was mutual satisfaction in which my faithful dog appeared to participate.³³⁷

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It appeared that I had been enlisted for a musician [in the United States army; at the time of the War of 1812], as I was instructed while on the Island [military station at Governor's Island, New York] in beating a drum. In this I took much delight. While on the Island I witnessed the execution of a soldier who was shot according to the decision of a court martial. Two men had been condemned for mutiny or desertion. It is impossible for me to describe the feelings of my heart when I saw the soldiers parade and the condemned clothed in white, with bibles in their hands, come forward. The band then struck up the dead march, and the procession moved with a mournful and measured tread to the place of execution, where the poor creatures were compelled to kneel on the coffins, which were along side two newly dug

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<sup>337</sup> *Ibid.* ch. III, pp. 27-31.

graves. While in this position the chaplain went forward and conversed with them -- after he had retired a soldier went up and drew the caps over their faces; thus blindfolded he led one of them some distance from the other. An officer then advanced, and raised his handkerchief as a signal to the platoon to prepare to fire -- he then made another for them to aim at the wretch who had been left kneeling on his coffin, and at a third signal the platoon fired and the immortal essence of the offender in an instant was in the spirit-land To me this was an awful day -- my heart seemed to leap into my throat. Death never appeared so awful. But what must have been the feelings of the unhappy man, who had so narrowly escaped the grave? He was completely overcome, and wept like a child, and it was found necessary to help him back to his quarters. This spectacle made me serious; but it wore off in a few days.

Shortly after this we were ordered to Staten Island, where we remained about two months. Then we were ordered to join the army destined to conquer Canada. As the soldiers were tired of the island, this news animated them very much. They thought it a great thing to march through the country and assist in taking the enemy's land. As soon as our things were ready we embarked on board a sloop for Albany, and then went on to Greenbush, where we were quartered. In the meantime I had been transferred to the ranks. This I did not like; to carry a musket was too fatiguing, and I had a positive objection to being placed on the guard, especially at night. As I had only enlisted for a drummer, thought that this change by the officer was contrary to law, and as the bond was broken, liberty was granted me; therefore being heartily tired of a soldier's life, and having a desire to see my father once more, I went off very deliberately; I had no idea that they had a lawful claim on me, and was greatly surprised as well as alarmed, when arrested as a deserter from the army. Well, I was taken up and carried back to the camp, where the officers put me under guard. We shortly after marched for Canada, and during this dreary march the officers tormented me by telling me that it was their intention to make a fire in the woods, stick my skin full of pine splinters, and after having an Indian pow-wow over me burn me to death. Thus they tormented me day after day.

We halted for some time at Burlington [Vermont]; but resumed our march and went into winter quarters at Plattsburgh. All this time God was very good to me, as I had not a sick day. I had by this time become very bad. I had previously learned to drink rum, play cards and commit other acts of wickedness, but it was here that I first took the name of the Lord in vain, and oh, what a sting it left behind. We continued here until the ensuing fall, when we received orders to join the main army under Gen. [Wade] Hampton. Another change now took place, -- we had several pieces of heavy artillery with us, and of course horses were necessary to drag them, and I was taken from the ranks and ordered to take charge of one wain. This made my situation rather better. I now had the privilege of riding. The soldiers were badly off, as the officers were very cruel to them, and for every little offence they would have them flogged. One day the officer of our company got angry at me, and pricked my ear with the point of his sword.<sup>338</sup>

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When the spring opened, we were employed in building forts. We erected three in a very short time. We soon received orders to march, and joined the army under Gen. [James] Wilkinson, to reduce Montreal. We marched to Odletown in great splendour, "Heads up and eyes right," with a noble commander at our head, and the splendid city of Montreal in our view. The city no doubt presented a scene of the wildest uproar and confusion; the people were greatly alarmed as we moved on with all the pomp and glory of an army flushed with many victories. But when we reached Odletown, John Bull met us with a picked troop. They soon retreated, and some took refuge in an old fortified mill, which we pelted with a goodly number of cannon balls. It appeared as if we were determined to sweep every thing before us. It was really amusing to see our feminine general with his night-cap on his head, and a dishcloth tied round his precious body, crying out to his men "Come on, my brave boys, we will give John Bull a bloody nose." We did not succeed in taking the mill, and the British kept up an incessant cannonade from the fort. Some of the balls cut down the trees, so that we had frequently to spring out of their way when falling. I thought it was a hard time, and I had reason too, as I was in the front of the battle, assisting in working a twelve pounder, and the British aimed directly at us. Their balls whistled around us, and hurried a good many of the soldiers into the eternal world, while others were most horribly mangled. Indeed they were so hot upon us, that we had not time to remove the dead as they fell. The horribly disfigured bodies of the dead -- the

³³⁸ *Ibid.* ch. V, pp. 56-59.

piercing groans of the wounded and the dying -- the cries for help and succour from those who could not help themselves -- were most appalling. I can never forget it. We continued fighting till near sundown, when a retreat was sounded along our line, and instead of marching forward to Montreal, we wheeled about, and having once set our faces towards Plattsburgh, and turned our backs ingloriously on the enemy, we hurried off with all possible speed. We carried our dead and wounded with us. Oh, it was a dreadful sight to behold so many brave men sacrificed in this manner. In this way our campaign closed.³³⁹ During the whole of this time the Lord was merciful to me, as I was not suffered to be hurt. We once more reached Plattsburgh, and pitched our tents in the neighbourhood. While here, intelligence of the capture of Washington was received. Now, says the orderly sergeant, the British have burnt up all the papers at Washington, and our enlistment for the war among them, we had better give in our names as having enlisted for five years.

We were again under marching orders, as the enemy it was thought contemplated an attack on Plattsburgh. Thither we moved without delay, and were posted in one of the forts. By the time we were ready for them, the enemy made his appearance on Lake Champlain, with his vessels of war. It was a fine thing to see their noble vessels moving like things of life upon this mimic sea, with their streamers floating in the wind. This armament was intended to co-operate with the army, which numbered fourteen thousand men, under the command of the captain general of Canada [Sir George Prevost], and at that very time in view of our troops. They presented a very imposing aspect. Their red uniform, and the instruments of death which they bore in their hands, glittered in the sun beams of heaven, like so many sparkling diamonds. Very fortunately for us and for the country, a brave and noble commander [Alexander Macomb] was placed at the head of the army. It was not an easy task to frighten him. For notwithstanding his men were inferior in point of number to those of the enemy, say as one to seven, yet relying on the bravery of his men, he determined to fight to the last extremity. The enemy in all the pomp and pride of war, had sat down before the town and its slender fortifications, and commenced a cannonade, which we returned without much ceremony. Congreve rockets, bomb shells, and cannon balls, poured upon us like a hail storm. There was scarcely any intermission, and for six days and nights we did not leave our guns, and during that time the work of death paused not, as every day some shot took effect. During the engagement, I had charge of a small magazine. All this time our fleet, under the command of the gallant M'Donough [Thomas MacDonough], was lying on the peaceful waters of Champlain. But this little fleet was to be taken, or destroyed: it was necessary, in the accomplishment of their plans. Accordingly the British commander [George Downie] bore down on our vessels in gallant style. As soon as the enemy showed fight, our men flew to their guns. Then the work of death and carnage commenced. The adjacent shores resounded with the alternate shouts of the sons of liberty, and the groans of their parting spirits. A cloud of smoke mantled the heavens, shutting out the light of day -- while the continual roar of artillery, added to the sublime horrors of the scene. At length the boasted valour of the haughty Britons failed them -- they quailed before the incessant and well directed fire of our brave and hardy tars, and after a hard fought battle, surrendered to that foe they had been sent to crush. On land the battle raged pretty fiercely. On our side the Green Mountain boys [from Vermont] behaved with the greatest bravery. As soon as the British commander had seen the fleet fall into the hands of the Americans, his boasted courage forsook him, and he ordered his army of heroes, fourteen thousand strong, to retreat before a handful of militia.

³³⁹ Regarding Odletown or the battle of Lacolle Mills (30 March 1814), Henry Adams writes: "The Lacolle was a small river, or creek, emptying into the Sorel four or five miles beyond the boundary. According to the monthly return of the troops commanded by Major-General de Rottenburg, the British forces stationed about Montreal numbered, Jan. 22, 1814, eight thousand rank-and-file present for duty. Of these, eight hundred and eighty-five were at St. John's; six hundred and ninety were at Isle aux Noix, with outposts at Lacadie and Lacolle of *three hundred and thirty-two men*. [Edit. Note. My italics]

"Wilkinson knew that the British outpost at the crossing of Lacolle Creek, numbering two hundred men all told, was without support nearer than Isle aux Noix ten miles away; but it was stationed in a stone mill, with thick walls and a solid front. He took two twelve-pound field-guns to batter the mill, and crossing the boundary, March 30, with his *four thousand men*, advanced four or five miles to Lacolle Creek. The roads were obstructed and impassable, but his troops made their way in deep snow through the woods until they came within sight of the mill. The guns were then placed in position and opened fire; but Wilkinson was disconcerted to find that after two hours the mill was unharmed. He ventured neither to storm it nor flank it; and after losing more than two hundred men by the fire of the garrison, he ordered a retreat, and marched his army back to Champlain.

"With this last example of his military capacity Wilkinson disappeared from the scene of active life, where he had performed so long and extraordinary a part. Orders arrived, dated March 24, relieving him from duty under the form of granting his request for a court of inquiry. Once more he passed the ordeal of a severe investigation, and received the verdict of acquittal; but he never was again permitted to resume his command in the army." *History of the United States of America during the Administrations of James Madison: 1809-1817*, Part II, vol. II, ch. II, p. 924.

This was indeed a proud day for our country. We had met a superior force on the Lake, and “they were ours.” On land we had compelled the enemy to seek safety in flight. Our army did not lose many men, but on the lake many a brave man fell -- fell in the defence of his country’s rights. The British moved off about sundown.

We remained in Plattsburgh until the peace. As soon as it was known that the war had terminated, and the army disbanded, the soldiers were clamorous for their discharge, but it was concluded to retain our company in the service -- I, however, obtained my release. Now, according to the act of enlistment, I was entitled to forty dollars bounty money, and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The [U.S.] government also owed me for fifteen months pay. I have not seen any thing of bounty money, land, or arrearages, from that day to this. I am not, however, alone in this -- hundreds were served in the same manner. But I could never think that the government acted right towards the “*Natives*,” not merely in refusing to pay us, but in claiming our services in cases of perilous emergency, and still deny us the right of citizenship; and as long as our nation is debarred the privilege of voting for civil officers, I shall believe that the government has no claim on our services.³⁴⁰

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At Troy I found a number of good Christian friends, with whom I had several very good meetings, and the power of the Lord was made manifest. One evening as I was preaching to some coloured people, in a school house, the power of the Lord moved on the congregation, both white and coloured -- hard hearts began to melt, and inquire what they must do to be saved. We had a very *refreshing season from the presence of the Lord*.

I now went into all surrounding villages preaching the word of eternal life and exhorting sinners to repentance. Before the quarterly meeting, I took a tour to the west, as far as Utica, holding meetings by the way and I found God as precious as ever, and being absent three weeks, I returned in order to attend the conference, which was to be held on the 11th of April.

I can truly say that the spirit of prejudice is no longer an inmate of my bosom; the sun of consolation has warmed my heart, and by the grace of God assisting me, I am determined to sound the trump of the gospel -- to call upon men to turn and live. Look brethren, at the natives of the forest -- they come, notwithstanding you call them “*savage*,” from the “east and from the West, the north, and the south,” and will occupy seats in the kingdom of heaven before you. Let us one and all “contend” valiantly “for that faith once delivered to the saints”; and if we are contented, and love God with all our hearts, and desire the enjoyment of his peaceful presence, we shall be able to say with the poet,

“Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore;  
Grant me the visits of his grace,  
And I desire no more.”<sup>341</sup>

Now, my dear reader, I have endeavoured to give you a short but correct statement of the leading features of my life. When I think of what I am, and how wonderfully the Lord has led me, I am dumb before him. When I contrast my situation with that of the rest of my family, and many of my tribe, I am led to adore the goodness of God. When I reflect upon my many misdeeds and wanderings, and the dangers to which I was consequently exposed, I am lost in astonishment at the long forbearance, and the unmerited mercy of God. I stand before you as a monument of his unfailing goodness -- may that same mercy which has upheld me, still be my portion -- and may author and reader be preserved until the perfect day, and dwell forever in the paradise of God.

[signed] WILLIAM APES.<sup>342</sup>

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<sup>340</sup> *Ibid.* ch. V, pp. 61-66.

<sup>341</sup> [Edit. Note. Quoted from the hymn “My God, My Portion” by Isaac Watts.]

<sup>342</sup> *Ibid.* ch. IX, pp. 108-110.

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Other works by Apess

- * *The Increase of the Kingdom of Christ: A Sermon* (1831)
- * *The Experiences of Five Christian Indians of the Pequod Tribe* (1833), and which contains the particularly notable essay “An Indian’s Looking-Glass for the White Man”
- * *Indian Nullification of the Unconstitutional Laws of Massachusetts, Relative to the Marshpee Tribe; or, The Pretended Riot Explained* (1835)
- * *Eulogy on King Philip, as Pronounced at the Odeon, in Federal Street, Boston* (1836)



THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION (1848, 1850) by Mrs. Ellet.

Are 19th century American histories always, or do they at least tend to be, overly sentimental, or superficial, or outright fallacious (as not infrequently is casually claimed or assumed of them?) It depends. Some indeed are, and except perhaps as peculiar curiosities or mementos of the era in which they were writ, can safely be passed up. Others, on the other hand, while they suffer from sundry defects, including even their being of dubious accuracy, may still contain enough in them of value to make them worth turning to. Works like that of Alexander Garden, Lyman Draper, and Benson J. Lossing, for instance and to name a few of the more credible chroniclers, cannot always be taken at their word and their patriotic bias will remind us to be careful in using them without reservation or a degree of circumspect skepticism. And yet as long as we are careful to double check and research what they assert (and where we can do so), they often are rich mines of scarce and valuable information not to be found, or at least readily found, anywhere else, and it is the short-sighted scholar, rather than the wise and savvy one, who out of hand dismisses them as unreliable or wholly without merit. Sometimes we simply don't know whether something stated or claimed is in fact true and correct. Even so, it usually won't hurt to generally give a 19th century historian the benefit of the doubt; that is, when there is any doubt; as long as do so cautiously and with qualified approbation. Moreover, and where there is a question as to accuracy, they may still provide us with a useful hint or suggestion that may lead us to something worth following up on; so that, for example, what we might end up discovering is that they were right, but only partly so, and had we denied them all credence regarding some rare or unheard of matter, we will or might find ourselves (did we know better) all the poorer for having done so.

Elizabeth F. Ellet's three volume *The Women of the American Revolution* (vols. I and II from 1848, and vol. 3 from 1850) is a particularly good case in point of this phenomena. So much of what she records we may rightly wonder at the exact truth of; despite her own insisting that she has carefully striven for historical precision. Nevertheless much of what she relates we will find nowhere else, and it would be foolish to assume it wrong merely because we can't confirm what she says elsewhere. At the same time, and even if we in a given case might reasonably doubt what is claimed and that derives from someone's reminiscences, we do get a sense of what mattered to people, both in Revolutionary and 19th century America, and this of itself is helpful and not without benefit to a deeper understanding of the people and era which she covers.

Leaving aside that Ellet's is essentially, albeit understandably for its time, a *whites only* history, her work is actually quite ground breaking and progressive in bringing special attention to the vital and regularly overlooked role of women in the Revolutionary War, and doing so no less as a serious, or at any rate would-be serious, historian. While hardly a *great* writer, her style being not unusually affected and overly mannered of a sort typical of 19th century female prose, she was a hard working and zealous reporter, correspondent, interviewer, and researcher. It was only fairly recently that I myself became acquainted with her work; only to been much gratified in finding that there is much it contains that, as

supplementary material, would (in parts) make interesting and valuable additions to my own history of the Revolutionary War in the South 1780-1781, and that I had, despite *many* years of readings and research, hitherto never heard of or was acquainted with.

In 1850, Ellet also put out *Domestic History of the American Revolution* and which transmutes into a single narrative the biographical sketches presented in *Women of the American Revolution*.

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#### CATHARINE GREENE.

Catharine Littlefield, the eldest daughter of John Littlefield and Phebe Ray, was born in New Shoreham, on Block Island, 1753. When very young, she came with her sister to reside in the family of Governor Greene, of Warwick, a lineal descendant of the founder of the family, whose wife was her aunt. The house in which they lived, twelve or fourteen miles south of Providence, is still standing. It is situated on a hill, which commands a view of the whole of Narragansett Bay, with its islands. Mount Hope, associated with King Philip, and the Indian traditions, fills the back-ground, rising slightly above the line of the horizon. It was here that Miss Littlefield's happy girlhood was passed; and it was here also that she first knew Nathanael Greene. She often went on a visit to her family at Block Island. Nathanael would come there to see her; and the time was spent by the young people in amusements, particularly in riding and dancing, of which the future general was remarkably fond, notwithstanding his father's efforts to whip out of him such idle propensities. He was not discouraged by the example of his fair companion from any of these outbreaks of youthful gaiety; for the tradition of the country around, and the recollections of all who knew her, testify that there never lived a more joyous, frolicsome creature than "Kate Littlefield." In person, she was singularly lovely. Her figure was of the medium height, and light and graceful at this period, though in after years she was inclined to *embonpoint*. Her eyes were gray, and her complexion fair; her features regular and animated. The facilities for female education being very limited at that period, Miss Littlefield enjoyed few advantages of early cultivation. She was not particularly fond of study, though she read the books that came in her way, and profited by what she read. She possessed, moreover, a marvellous quickness of perception, and the faculty of comprehending a subject with surprising readiness. Thus in conversation, she seemed to appreciate every thing said on almost any topic; and frequently would astonish others by the ease with which her mind took hold of the ideas presented. She was at all times an intelligent listener...

How, when, or by what course of wooing, the youthful lover [Greene] won the bright, volatile, coquettish maiden, cannot be ascertained; but it is probable their attachment grew in the approving eyes of their relatives, and met with no obstacle till sealed by the matrimonial vow. The marriage took place July 20th, 1774, and the young couple removed to Coventry. Little, it is likely, did the fair Catharine dream of her future destiny as a soldier's wife; or that the broad-brimmed hat of her young husband covered brows that should one day be wreathed with the living laurels won by genius and patriotism. We have no means of knowing with how much interest she watched the over-clouding of the political horizon, or the dire advance of the necessity that drove the Colonies to armed resistance. But when her husband's decision was made, and he stood forth a determined patriot, separating himself from the community in which he had been born and reared, by embracing a military profession, his spirited wife did her part to aid and encourage him. The papers of the day frequently notice her presence, among other ladies, at headquarters. Like Mrs. Washington, she passed the active season of the campaign at home. Hers was a new establishment at Coventry, a village in Rhode Island, where her husband had erected a forge, and built himself what then passed for a princely house on the banks of one of those small streams which form so beautiful a feature in Rhode Island scenery. When the army before Boston was inoculated for the small pox, she gave up her house for a hospital. She was there during the attack on Rhode Island; and every cannon on the hard fought day which closed that memorable enterprise, must have awakened the echoes of those quiet hills. When the army went into winter quarters, she always set out to rejoin her husband, sharing cheerfully the narrow quarters and hard fare of a camp. She partook of the privations of the dreary winter at Valley Forge, in that "darkest hour of the Revolution;" and it appears that, as at home, her gay spirit shed light around her even in such scenes, softening and enlivening the gloom which might have weighed many a bold heart into

despondency. There are extant some interesting little notes of Kosciusko, in very imperfect English, which show her kindness to her husband's friends, and the pleasure she took in alleviating their sufferings.

....Mrs. Greene joined her husband in the South after the close of the active campaign of 1781, and remained with him till the end of the war, residing on the islands during the heats of summer, and the rest of the time at head-quarters. In the spring of 1783, she returned to the North where she remained till the General had completed his arrangements for removing to the South. They then established themselves at Mulberry Grove, on a plantation which had been presented to Greene by the State of Georgia...

It was while on a visit to Savannah with his wife, that General Greene was seized with the disease which in a few days closed his brilliant career. They were then preparing to return and pass the summer at the North. The weight of care that fell on Mrs. Greene in consequence of this event, would have crushed an ordinary mind; but she struggled nobly through it all. Some years afterwards, thinking that some lands she owned on Cumberland Island offered greater advantages than Mulberry Grove, she removed there with her family; dividing her time between her household duties and the cares of an extensive hospitality; occasionally visiting the North in the summer, but continuing to look upon the South as her home. It was while she lived at Mulberry Grove, that she became instrumental in introducing to the world an invention [Eli Whitney's cotton gin] which has covered with wealth the fields of the South...

...Mr. Phineas Miller entered into an agreement with Whitney, to bear the expense of maturing the invention, and to divide the future profits. He was a man of remarkably active and cultivated mind. Mrs. Greene married him some time after the death of General Greene. She survived him several years—dying just before the close of the late war with England. Her remains rest in the family burial-ground at Cumberland Island, where but a few years afterwards, the body of one of her husband's best officers and warmest friends -- the gallant [Henry] Lee -- was brought to moulder by her side.<sup>343</sup> She left four children by her first marriage -- three daughters and one son -- of whom the son and second daughter are still living.

Mrs. Miller related to a lady residing in New York, the incident of Colonel Aaron Burr's requesting permission to stop at her house, when he came South, after his fatal duel with General Hamilton. She would not refuse the demand upon her hospitality, but his victim had been her friend; and she could not receive as a guest, one whose hands were crimsoned with his blood. She gave Burr permission to remain; but at the same time ordered her carriage, and quitted her house; returning as soon as he had taken his departure. This little anecdote is strongly illustrative of her impulsive and generous character. The lady who mentioned it to me had herself experienced, in time of the illness of one dear to her, Mrs. Miller's sympathy and active kindness; and described her manners as gentle, frank and winning. Her praise, were I at liberty to mention her name, would do the highest honor to its object.

The descendants of Mrs. Greene regard her with affectionate reverence. She was a loved and honored wife, and a tender yet judicious mother. Her discipline was remarkably strict, and none of her children ever thought of disobeying her. Yet she would sometimes join with child-like merriment in their sports. A lady now living in Providence states, that one day, after the close of the war, passing General Greene's house in Newport, she saw both him and his wife playing "puss in the corner," with the children.

She loved a jest, and sometimes too, a hearty laugh upon her friends. On one occasion, while living at Newport after the close of the war, she disguised herself like an old beggar-woman, so effectually that she was not recognized even by her brother-in-law. In this dress she went round to the houses of her friends to ask charity -- telling a piteous tale of losses and sufferings. At one house they were at the card-table; and one of her most intimate friends, as she ordered her off, desired the servant to look well as she went out and see that she did not steal something from the entry. At another, the master of the house was just sitting down to supper; and though an old acquaintance and a shrewd man, was not only deceived, but so moved by her story, that he gave her the loaf he was on the point of cutting for himself. When she had sufficiently amused herself with this practical test of her friends' charity, she took off her disguise, and

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<sup>343</sup> [Edit. Note. After a stay in Barbados and nearby islands to recuperate from bad health, in large part a result of the injuries he had suffered in the Baltimore riot of late July 1812, Lee in early 1818 finally returned home by way of Georgia, and the Greene plantation; where he died before being able to reach Virginia.]

indulged her merriment at their expense; reminding them that with the exception of the loaf, she had been turned away without any experience of their liberality...<sup>344</sup>

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REBECCA FRANKS.

"The celebrated Miss Franks" -- so distinguished for intelligence and high accomplishment, in Revolutionary times, could not properly be passed over in a series of notices of remarkable women of that period. In the brilliant position she occupied in fashionable society, she exerted, as may well be believed, no slight influence; for wit and beauty are potent champions in any cause for which they choose to arm themselves. That her talents were generally employed on the side of humanity and justice, -- that the pointed shafts of her wit, which spared neither friend nor foe, were aimed to chastise presumption and folly -- we may infer from the amiable disposition which it is recorded she possessed. Admired in fashionable circles, and courted for the charms of her conversation, she must have found many opportunities of exercising her feminine privilege of softening asperities and alleviating suffering -- as well as of humbling the arrogance of those whom military success rendered regardless of the feelings of others. Though a decided loyalist, her satire did not spare those whose opinions she favored. It is related of her, that at a splendid ball given by the officers of the British army to the ladies of New York, she ventured one of those jests frequently uttered, which must have been severely felt in the faint prospect that existed of a successful termination to the war. During an interval of dancing, Sir Henry Clinton, previously engaged in conversation with Miss Franks, called out to the musicians, "Give us 'Britons, strike home.'" "The commander-in-chief," exclaimed she, "has made a mistake; he meant to say, 'Britons -- go home.'"

The keenness of her irony, and her readiness at repartee, were not less promptly shown in sharp tilting with the American officers. At the festival of the *Mischianza*, where even whig ladies were present, Miss Franks had appeared as one of the princesses. She remained in Philadelphia after its evacuation by the British troops. Lieutenant-Colonel Jack Steward of Maryland, dressed in a fine suit of scarlet, took an early occasion to pay his compliments; and gallantly said -- "I have adopted your colors, my princess, the better to secure a courteous reception. Deign to smile on a true knight." To this covert taunt Miss Franks made no reply: but turning to the company who surrounded her, exclaimed -- "How the ass glories in the lion's skin!" The same officer met with another equally severe rebuff, while playing with the same weapons. The conversation of the company was interrupted by a loud clamor from the street, which caused them to hasten to the windows. High head dresses were then the reigning fashion among the English belles. A female appeared in the street, surrounded by a crowd of idlers, ragged in her apparel, and barefoot; but adorned with a towering head-dress in the extreme of the mode. Miss Franks readily perceived the intent of this pageant; and on the lieutenant-colonel's observing that the woman was equipped in the English fashion, replied, "Not altogether, colonel; for though the style of her head is British, her shoes and stockings are in the genuine continental fashion!"

Many anecdotes of her quick and brilliant wit are extant in the memory of individuals, and many sarcastic speeches attributed to her have been repeated. It is represented that her information was extensive, and that few were qualified to enter the lists with her. General Charles Lee, in the humorous letter he addressed to her -- a *jeu d'esprit* she is said to have received with serious anger -- calls her "a lady who has had every human and divine advantage."

Rebecca Franks was the daughter and youngest child of David Franks,³⁴⁵ a Jewish merchant, who emigrated to this country about a century since. He married an Englishwoman before coming to America, and had three sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter married Andrew Hamilton, brother to the well-

³⁴⁴ *The Women of the American Revolution*, vol. I (1856, sixth edition), pp. 62-73.

³⁴⁵ [Edit. Note. Rebecca was the cousin and her father was the uncle of Maj. David Salisbury Franks (c.1740-1793), a one time aide to Benedict Arnold. He and Lieut. Col. Richard Varick, another aide of Arnold's, and despite their both previously honorable and distinguished conduct, were court martialed on charges of treason; owing to their connection with the turncoat. The two officers were, notwithstanding, completely exonerated, and which included the endorsement and trust of Washington. In the last year of and after the war, Franks served as a diplomat for Congress in France, and in 1786 participated in the negotiations with Morocco. Not long after in 1793, he died in Philadelphia during the Yellow Fever epidemic.]

known proprietor of "The Woodlands." After the termination of the war, Rebecca married General Henry Johnson, a British officer of great merit, and accompanied him to England. He distinguished himself by some act of gallantry in one of the outbreaks of rebellion in Ireland, and received the honor of knighthood. Their residence was at Bath, where their only surviving son still lives. The other son was killed at the battle of Waterloo.

The lady who furnished the above details, informed me that her brother was entertained in 1810, at Lady Johnson's house in Bath, where she was living in elegant style, and exercising with characteristic grace the duties of hospitality, and the virtues that adorn social life. He described her person as of the middle height, rather inclining to embonpoint; and her expression of countenance as very agreeable, with fine eyes. Her manners were frank and cheerful, and she appeared happy in contributing to the happiness of others. Sir Henry was at that time living.

It is said that Lady Johnson, not long after this period, expressed to a young American officer her penitence for her former toryism, and her pride and pleasure in the victories of her countrymen on the Niagara frontier, in the war of 1812. It has been remarked that favorable sentiments towards the Americans are general among loyalists residing in England; while, on the other hand, the political animosity of Revolutionary times is still extant in the British American Colonies. A loyal spinster of four-score residing in one of these, when on a visit to one of her friends, some two years since, saw on the walls, among several portraits of distinguished men, a print of "the traitor Washington." She was so much troubled at the sight, that her friend, to appease her, ordered it to be taken down and put away during her visit. A story is told also of a gentleman high in office in the same colony, on whom an agent of the "New York Albion" called to deliver the portrait of Washington which the publisher that year presented to his subscribers. The gentleman, highly insulted, ordered the astonished agent to take "the -- thing" out of his sight, and to strike his name instantly from the list...³⁴⁶

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#### ELIZABETH, GRACE, AND RACHEL MARTIN.

The daring exploit of two women in Ninety-Six District, furnishes an instance of courage as striking as any remembered among the traditions of South Carolina. During the sieges of Augusta and Cambridge, the patriotic enthusiasm that prevailed among the people prompted to numerous acts of personal risk and sacrifice. This spirit, encouraged by the successes of Sumter and others over the British arms, was earnestly fostered by General Greene, whose directions marked at least the outline of every undertaking. In the efforts made to strike a blow at the invader's power, the sons of the Martin family were among the most distinguished for active service rendered, and for injuries sustained at the enemy's hands. The wives of the two eldest, during their absence, remained at home with their mother-in-law. One evening intelligence came to them that a courier, conveying important despatches to one of the upper stations, was to pass that night along the road, guarded by two British officers. They determined to waylay the party, and at the risk of their lives, to obtain possession of the papers. For this purpose the two young women disguised themselves in their husbands' clothes, and being well provided with arms, took their station at a point on the road which they knew the escort must pass. It was already late, and they had not waited long before the tramp of horses was heard in the distance. It may be imagined with what anxious expectation the heroines awaited the approach of the critical moment on which so much depended. The forest solitude around them, the silence of night, and the darkness, must have added to the terrors conjured up by busy fancy. Presently the courier appeared, with his attendant guards. As they came close to the spot, the disguised women leaped from their covert in the bushes, presented their pistols at the officers, and demanded the instant surrender of the party and their despatches. The men were completely taken by surprise, and in their alarm at the sudden attack, yielded a prompt submission. The seeming soldiers put them on their parole, and having taken possession of the papers, hastened home by a short cut through the woods. No time was lost in sending the important documents by a trusty messenger to General Greene. The adventure had a singular termination. The paroled officers, thus thwarted in their mission, returned by the

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<sup>346</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 178-182.

road they had taken, and stopping at the house of Mrs. Martin, asked accommodation as weary travellers, for the night. The hostess inquired the reason of their returning so soon after they had passed. They replied by showing their paroles, saying they had been taken prisoners by two rebel lads. The ladies rallied them upon their want of intrepidity, "Had you no arms?" was asked. The officers answered that they had arms, but had been suddenly taken off their guard, and were allowed no time to use their weapons. They departed the next morning, having no suspicion that they owed their capture to the very women whose hospitality they had claimed...<sup>347</sup>

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MARY SLOCUMB.

The first expedition into North Carolina projected by Lord Cornwallis, was baffled by the fall of Colonel Ferguson at King's Mountain. The disaster at the Cowpens forbade perseverance in the second attempt and was followed by the memorable retreat of Greene. The battle of Guilford took place in March, 1781; and towards the end of April, while Lord Rawdon encountered Greene at Hobkirk's Hill, Cornwallis set out on his march from Wilmington, bent on his avowed purpose of achieving the conquest of Virginia. On his march towards Halifax, he encamped for several days on the river Neuse, in what is now called Wayne County, North Carolina. His head-quarters were at Springbank, while Colonel Tarleton, with his renowned legion, encamped on the plantation of Lieutenant Slocumb. This consisted of level and extensive fields, which at that season presented a most inviting view of fresh verdure from the mansion-house. Lord Cornwallis himself gave it the name of "Pleasant Green," which it ever afterwards retained. The owner of this fine estate held a subaltern's commission in the State line under Colonel Washington, and was in command of a troop of light horse, raised in his own neighborhood, whose general duty it was to act as Rangers, scouring the country for many miles around, watching the movements of the enemy, and punishing the loyalists when detected in their vocation of pillage and murder. These excursions had been frequent for two or three years, and were often of several weeks' duration. At the present time Slocumb had returned to the vicinity, and had been sent with twelve or fifteen recruits to act as scouts in the neighborhood of the British General. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was near Springbank, and reconnoitered the encampment of Cornwallis, which he supposed to be his whole force. He then, with his party, pursued his way slowly along the south bank of the Neuse, in the direction of his own house, little dreaming that his beautiful and peaceful home, where, some time before, he had left his wife and child, was then in the possession of the terrible Tarleton.

During these frequent excursions of the Rangers, and the necessary absence of her husband, the superintendence of the plantation had always devolved upon Mrs. Slocumb. She depended for protection upon her slaves, whose fidelity she had proved, and upon her own fearless and intrepid spirit. The scene of the occupation of her house, and Tarleton's residence with her, remained through life indelibly impressed on her memory, and were described by her to one who enjoyed the honor of her intimate friendship. I am permitted to give his account, copied almost verbatim from notes taken at the time the occurrences were related by Mrs. Slocumb.

It was about ten o'clock on a beautiful spring morning, that a splendidly-dressed officer, accompanied by two aids, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza in front of the ancient-looking mansion. Mrs. Slocumb was sitting there, with her child and a near relative, a young lady, who afterwards became the wife of Major Williams. A few house servants were also on the piazza.

The officer raised his cap, and bowing to his horse's neck, addressed the lady, with the question --

"Have I the pleasure of seeing the mistress of this house and plantation!"

"It belongs to my husband."

³⁴⁷ *Ibid.* pp. 274-276.

“Is he at home?” “He is not.” “Is he a rebel?” “No sir. He is in the army of his country, and fighting against our invaders; therefore not a rebel.” It is not a little singular, that although the people of that day gloried in their rebellion, they always took offence at being called rebels.

“I fear, madam,” said the officer, “we differ in opinion.” A friend to his country will be the friend of the king, our master.”

“Slaves only acknowledge a master in this country,” replied the lady.

A deep flush crossed the florid cheeks of Tarleton, for he was the speaker; and turning to one of his aid[s], he ordered him to pitch the tents and form the encampment in the orchard and field on their right. To the other aid his orders were to detach a quarter guard and station piquets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added: “Madam, the service of his Majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property; and if it would not be too great an inconvenience, I will take up my quarters in your house.”

The tone admitted no controversy. Mrs. Slocumb answered: “My family consists of only myself, my sister and child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners.”

From the piazza where he seated himself, Tarleton commanded a view of the ground on which his troops were arranging their camp. The mansion fronted the east, and an avenue one hundred and fifty feet wide, and about half a mile in length, stretched to the eastern side of the plantation, where was a highway, with open grounds beyond it, partly dry meadow and partly sand barren. This avenue was lined on the south side by a high fence, and a thick hedge-row of forest trees. These are now removed, and replaced by the Pride of India and other ornamental trees. On the north side extended the common rail-fence seven or eight feet high, such as is usually seen on plantations in the low country. The encampment of the British troops being on that part of the plantation lying south of the avenue, it was completely screened by the fences and hedge-row from the view of any one approaching from down the country.

While the men were busied, different officers came in at intervals, making their reports and receiving orders. Among others, a tory captain, whom Mrs. Slocumb immediately recognized -- for before joining the royal army he had lived fifteen or twenty miles below -- received orders in her hearing to take his troop and scour the country for two or three miles round.

In an hour every thing was quiet, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment of some ten or eleven hundred of the choicest cavalry of the British monarch.

Mrs. Slocumb now addressed herself to the duty of preparing for her uninvited guests. The dinner set before the king's officers was, in her own words to her friend, “as a good dinner as you have now before you, and of much the same materials.” A description of what then constituted a good dinner in that region may not be inappropriate. “The first dish, was, of course, the boiled ham, flanked with the plate of greens. Opposite was the turkey, supported by the laughing baked sweet potatoes; a plate of boiled beef, another of sausages, and a third with a pair of baked fowls, formed a line across the centre of the table; half a dozen dishes of different pickles, stewed fruit, and other condiments filled up the interstices of the board.” The dessert, too, was abundant and various. Such a dinner, it may well be supposed, met the particular approbation of the royal officers, especially as the fashion of that day introduced stimulating drinks to the table, and the peach brandy prepared under Lieutenant Slocumb's own supervision, was of the most excellent sort. It received the unqualified praise of the party; and its merits were freely discussed. A Scotch officer, praising it by the name of whiskey, protested that he had never drunk as good out of Scotland. An officer speaking with a slight brogue, insisted it was not whiskey, and that no Scotch drink ever equalled it. “To my mind,” said he, “it tastes as yonder orchard smells.”

“Allow me, madam,” said Colonel Tarleton, to inquire where the spirits we are drinking is procured.”

“From the orchard where your tents stand,” answered Mrs. Slocumb.

“Colonel,” said the Irish captain, “when we conquer this country, is it not to be divided out among us?”

“The officers of this army,” replied the Colonel, “will undoubtedly receive large possessions of the conquered American provinces.”

Mrs. Slocumb here interposed. “Allow me to observe and prophesy,” said she, “the only land in these United States which will ever remain in possession of a British officer, will measure but six feet by two.”

“Excuse me, madam,” remarked Tarleton. “For your sake I regret to say -- this beautiful plantation will be the ducal seat of some of us.”

“Don’t trouble yourself about me,” retorted the spirited lady. “My husband is not a man who would allow a duke, or even a king, to have a quiet seat upon his ground.”

At this point the conversation was interrupted by rapid volleys of fire-arms, appearing to proceed from the wood a short distance to the eastward. One of the aids pronounced it some straggling scout, running from the picket-guard; but the experience of Colonel Tarleton could not be easily deceived.

“There are rifles and muskets,” said he, “as well as pistols; and too many to pass unnoticed. Order boots and saddles, and you -- Captain, take your troop in the direction of the firing.”

The officer rushed out to execute his orders, while the Colonel walked into the piazza, whither he was immediately followed by the anxious ladies. Mrs. Slocumb’s agitation and alarm may be imagined; for she guessed but too well the cause of the interruption. On the first arrival of the officers she had been importuned, even with harsh threats -- not, however, by Tarleton -- tell where her husband, when absent on duty, was likely to be found; but after her repeated and peremptory refusals, had escaped further molestation on the subject. She feared now that he had returned unexpectedly, and might fall into the enemy’s hands before he was aware of their presence.

Her sole hope was in a precaution she had adopted soon after the coming of her unwelcome guests. Having heard Tarleton give the order to the tory captain as before-mentioned, to patrol the country, she immediately sent for an old negro, and gave him directions to take a bag of corn to the mill about four miles distant, on the road she knew her husband must travel if he returned that day. “Big George” was instructed to warn his master of the danger of approaching his home. With the indolence and curiosity natural to his race, however, the old fellow remained loitering about the premises, and was at this time lurking under the hedge-row, admiring the red coats, dashing plumes, and shining helmets of the British troopers.

The Colonel and the ladies continued on the look-out from the piazza. “May I be allowed, madam,” at length said Tarleton, “without offence, to inquire if any part of Washington’s army is in this neighborhood.”

“I presume it is known to you,” replied Mrs. Slocumb, “that the Marquis and Greene are in this State. And you would not of course,” she added, after a slight pause, “be surprised at a call from Lee, or your old friend Colonel Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said shook your hand (pointing to the scar left by Washington’s sabre) very rudely, when you last met.”**348

This spirited answer inspired Tarleton with apprehensions that the skirmish in the woods was only the prelude to a concerted attack on his camp. His only reply was a loud order to form the troops on the

³⁴⁸ * [Footnote in the original] As I cannot distrust the authority on which I have received this anecdote, it proves that on more than one occasion the British colonel was made to feel the shaft of female wit, in allusion to the unfortunate battle of the Cowpens. It is said that in a close encounter between Washington and Tarleton during that action, the latter was wounded by a sabre cut on the hand. Colonel Washington, as is well known, figured in some of the skirmishes in North Carolina.

right; and springing on his charger, he dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet, to a breach in the hedge-row, leaped the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment, which was already in line.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Slocumb, with John Howell, a private in his band, Henry Williams, and the brother of Mrs. Slocumb, Charles Hooks, a boy of about thirteen years of age, was leading a hot pursuit of the tory captain who had been sent to reconnoitre the country, and some of his routed troop. These were first discerned in the open grounds east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia; while a running fight was kept up with different weapons, in which four or five broad swords gleamed conspicuous. The foremost of the pursuing party appeared too busy with the tories to see any thing else; and they entered the avenue at the same moment with the party pursued. With what horror and consternation did Mrs. Slocumb recognize her husband, her brother, and two of her neighbors, in chase of the tory captain and four of his band, already half-way down the avenue, and unconscious that they were rushing into the enemy's midst!

About the middle of the avenue one of the tories fell; and the course of the brave and imprudent young officers was suddenly arrested by "Big George," who sprang directly in front of their horses, crying, "Hold on, massa! de debbil here! Look yon [i.e., "yonder"]!" A glance to the left showed the young men their danger: they were within pistol shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. Wheeling their horses, they discovered a troop already leaping the fence into the avenue in their rear. Quick as thought they again wheeled their horses, and dashed down the avenue directly towards the house, where stood the quarter-guard to receive them. On reaching the garden fence -- a rude structure formed of a kind of lath, and called a wattled fence -- they leaped that and the next, amid a shower of balls from the guard, cleared the canal at one tremendous leap, and scouring across the open field to the northwest, were in the shelter of the wood before their pursuers could clear the fences of the enclosure. The whole ground of this adventure may be seen as the traveller passes over the Wilmington railroad, a mile and a half south of Dudley depot.

A platoon had commenced the pursuit; but the trumpets sounded the recall before the flying Americans had crossed the canal. The presence of mind and lofty language of the heroic wife, had convinced the British Colonel that the daring men who so fearlessly dashed into his camp were supported, by a formidable force at hand. Had the truth been known, and the fugitives pursued, nothing could have prevented the destruction not only of the four who fled, but of the rest of the company on the east side of the plantation.

Tarleton had rode back to the front of the house, where he remained eagerly looking after the fugitives till they disappeared in the wood. He called for the tory captain, who presently came forward, questioned him about the attack in the woods, asked the names of the American officers, and dismissed him to have his wounds dressed, and see after his men. The last part of the order was needless; for nearly one-half of his troop had fallen. The ground is known to this day as the Dead Men's Field.

As Tarleton walked into the house he observed to Mrs. Slocumb, "Your husband made us a short visit, madam. I should have been happy to make his acquaintance, and that of his friend, Mr. Williams."

"I have little doubt," replied the wife, "that you will meet the gentlemen, and they will thank you for the polite manner in which you treat their friends."

The Colonel observed apologetically, that necessity compelled them to occupy her property; that they took only such things as were necessary to their support, for which they were instructed to offer proper remuneration; and that every thing should be done to render their stay as little disagreeable as possible. The lady expressed her thankfulness for his kindness, and withdrew to her room, while the officers returned to their peach-brandy and coffee, and closed the day with a merry night.

Slocumb and his companions passed rapidly round the plantation, and returned to the ground where the encounter had taken place, collecting on the way the stragglers of his troop. Near their bivouac he saw the tory captain's brother, who had been captured by the Americans, hanging by a bridal rein from the top of a sapling bent down for the purpose, and struggling in the agonies of death. Hastening to the spot, he severed the rein with a stroke of his sword, and with much difficulty restored him to life. Many in the

lower part of North Carolina can remember an old man whose protruded eyes and suffused countenance presented the appearance of one half strangled. He it was who thus owed his life and liberty to the humanity of his generous foe.

Mr. Slocumb, by the aid of Major Williams, raised about two hundred men in the neighborhood, and with this force continued to harass the rear of the royal army, frequently cutting off foraging parties, till they crossed the Roanoke, when they joined the army of La Fayette at Warrenton. He remained with the army till the surrender at Yorktown.

It need hardly be mentioned that "Big George" received his reward for this and other services. His life with his master was one of ease and indulgence. On the division of Colonel Slocumb's estate some years since, a considerable amount was paid to enable the faithful slave to spend the remnant of his days with his wife, who belonged to another person...³⁴⁹

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#### DEBORAH SAMSON.<sup>350</sup>

...Deborah Samson was the youngest child of poor parents, who lived in the county of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Their poverty, rendered hopeless by pernicious habits, was the least of the evils suffered by the unfortunate children. Charity interposed to rescue them from the effects of evil example; they were removed from their parents, and placed in different families, where a prospect was afforded of their receiving proper care and instruction to fit them for maintaining themselves when arrived at a suitable age. Deborah found a home in the house of a respectable farmer, whose wife, a well-disposed woman, bestowed upon her as much attention as is common in such cases. The friendless and destitute girl was kindly treated, and provided with comfortable food and clothing; but had no advantages of education. Her keen feeling of this deprivation, and the efforts she made to repair the deficiency, show her possession of a mind naturally superior, and that judicious training might have fitted her to promote in no insignificant degree the good of society. There was none to teach her; but she seized every opportunity for acquiring knowledge. She borrowed books from the children who passed the house in which she lived on their way to and from school, and persevered with untiring exertion in her private studies, till she had learned to read tolerably well; but attempted no other branch of scholarship, until, on the completion of her eighteenth year, the law released her from her indentures.

Her first arrangement on becoming the mistress of her own movements, was to secure herself the advantages of instruction. The only way in which she could do this was by engaging to work in the family of a farmer one half the time, in payment for her board and lodging, and attending the common district school in the neighborhood. Her improvement was rapid beyond example. In a few months she had acquired more knowledge than many of her schoolmates had done in years; and was by them regarded as quite a prodigy of industry and attainment.

Meantime, the Revolutionary struggle had commenced. The gloom that had accompanied the outburst of the storm, hung over the whole land; the news of the carnage on the plains of Lexington -- the sound of the cannon at Bunker's Hill, had reached every dwelling, and vibrated on the heart of every patriot in New England. The zeal which had urged the men to quit their homes for the battle-field, found its way to a female bosom; Deborah felt as if she would shrink from no effort or sacrifice in the cause which awakened all her enthusiasm. She entered with the most lively interest into every plan for the relief of the army, and bitterly regretted that as a woman she could do no more, and that she had not the privilege of a man, of shedding her blood for her country.

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<sup>349</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 304-315.

<sup>350</sup> [Edit. Note.] There is a contemporary memoir about Samson and her war experiences titled *The Female Review: Or, Memoirs of an American Lady; Whose Life and Character are Peculiarly Distinguished-Being a Continental Soldier, for nearly three years, in the Late American War. During which Time, she performed the Duties of Every Department, Into which She was Called with Punctual Exactness, Fidelity and Honor, and Preserved her Chastity Inviolable, by the most Artful Concealment of Her sex. With an Appendix, Containing Characteristic Traits, by Different Hands, Her Taste for Economy, Principles of Domestic Education, &c, By a Citizen of Massachusetts* (1797). It is available at <http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/N24494.0001.001>

There is no reason to believe that any consideration foreign to the purest patriotism, impelled her to the resolution of assuming male attire, and enlisting in the army. She could have been actuated by no desire of gaining applause; for the private manner in which she quitted her home and associates, entrusting no one with her design, subjected her to surmises of a painful nature; and the careful preservation of her secret during the period of her military service, exonerates her from the least suspicion of having been urged to the step by an imprudent attachment. It is very likely that her youthful imagination was kindled by the rumor of brave deeds, and that her visions of “the camp’s stir and crowd and ceaseless ’larum” were colored richly by the hues of fancy. Curiosity to see and partake of this varied war-life, the restlessness of “a heart unsouled and solitary” -- the consuming of energies which had no object to work upon, may have contributed to the forming of her determination. It must be borne in mind, too, that she was restrained by no consideration that could interfere with the project. Alone in the world, there were few to inquire what had become of her, and still fewer to care for her fate. She felt herself accountable to no human being.

By keeping the district school for a summer term, she had amassed the sum of twelve dollars. She purchased a quantity of coarse fustian, and working at intervals when she could be secure from observation, made up a suit of men’s clothing; each article, as it was finished, being hid in a stack of hay. Having completed her preparations, she announced her intention of going where she could obtain better wages for her labor. Her new clothes, and such articles as she wished to take with her, were tied in a bundle. The lonely girl departed; but went not far, probably only to the shelter of the nearest wood, before putting on the disguise she was so eager to assume. Although not beautiful, her features were animated and pleasing, and her figure, tall for a woman, was finely proportioned. As a man, she might have been called handsome; her general appearance was extremely prepossessing, and her manner calculated to inspire confidence.

She now pursued her way to the American army, where she presented herself, in October, 1778, as a young man anxious to join his efforts to those of his countrymen in their endeavors to oppose the common enemy. Her acquaintances, meanwhile, supposed her engaged in service at a distance. Rumors of her elopement with a British soldier, and even of her death, were afterwards current in the neighborhood where she had resided; but none were sufficiently interested to make such search for her as might have led to a discovery.

Distrusting her own constancy, and resolute to continue in the service, notwithstanding any change of her inclination, she enlisted for the whole term of the war. She was received and enrolled in the army by the name of Robert Shirliffe. She was one of the first volunteers in the company of Captain Nathan Thayer of Medway, Massachusetts; and as the young recruit appeared to have no home or connections, the Captain gave her a home in his family until his company should be full, when they were to join the main army.

We now find her performing the duties and enduring the fatigues of military life. During the seven weeks she passed in the family of Captain Thayer, she had time both for experience and reflection; but in after years her constant declaration was that she never for one moment repented or regretted the step she had taken. Accustomed to labor from childhood, upon the farm and in out-door employment; she had acquired unusual vigor of constitution; her frame was robust, and of masculine strength; and having thus gained a degree of hardihood, she was enabled to acquire great expertness and precision in the manual exercise, and to undergo what a female delicately nurtured would have found it impossible to endure. Soon after they had joined the company, the recruits were supplied with uniforms by a kind of lottery. That drawn by Robert did not fit; but taking needle and scissors, he soon altered it to suit him. To Mrs. Thayer’s expression of surprise at finding a young man so expert in using the implements of feminine industry, the answer was -- that his mother having no girl, he had been often obliged to practice the seamstress’s art.

While in the house of Captain Thayer, a young girl visiting his wife was much in the society of Deborah, or as she was then called, Robert. Coquettish by nature, and perhaps priding herself on the conquest of the “blooming soldier,” she suffered her growing partiality to be perceived. Robert on his part felt a curiosity to learn by new experience how soon a maiden’s fancy might be won; and had no scruples in paying attentions to one so volatile and fond of flirtation, with whom it was not likely the impression would be lasting. This little piece of romance gave some uneasiness to the worthy Mrs. Thayer, who could

not help observing that the liking of her fair visitor for Robert was not fully reciprocated. She took an opportunity of remonstrating with the young soldier, and showed what unhappiness might be the consequence of such folly, and how unworthy it was of a brave man to trifle with a girl's feelings. The caution was taken in good part and it is not known that the "love passage" was continued, though Robert received at parting some tokens of remembrance, which were treasured as relics in after years.

For three years our heroine appeared in the character of a soldier, being part of the time employed as a waiter in the family of Colonel Patterson. During this time, and in both situations, her exemplary conduct, and the fidelity with which her duties were performed, gained the approbation and confidence of the officers. She was a volunteer in several hazardous enterprizes, and was twice wounded, the first time by a sword cut on the left side of the head. Many were the adventures she passed through; as she herself would often say, volumes might be filled with them. Sometimes placed unavoidably in circumstances in which she feared detection, she nevertheless escaped without the least suspicion being awakened among her comrades. The soldiers were in the habit of calling her "Molly," in playful allusion to her want of a beard; but not one of them ever dreamed that the gallant youth fighting by their side was in reality a female.

About four months after her first wound she received another severe one, being shot through the shoulder. Her first emotion when the ball entered she described to be a sickening terror at the probability that her sex would be discovered. She felt that death on the battlefield were preferable to the shame that would overwhelm her, and ardently prayed that the wound might close her earthly campaign. But, strange as it may seem, she escaped this time also unsuspected; and soon recovering her strength, was able again to take her place at the post of duty, and in the deadly conflict. Her immunity was not, however, destined long to continue -- she was seized with a brain fever, then prevalent among the soldiers. For the few days that reason struggled against the disease, her sufferings were indescribable; and most terrible of all was the dread lest consciousness should desert her, and the secret she had guarded so carefully be revealed to those around her. She was carried to the hospital, and there could only ascribe her escape to the number of patients, and the negligent manner in which they were attended. Her case was considered a hopeless one, and she perhaps received less attention on this account. One day the physician of the hospital, inquiring -- "How is Robert?" received from the nurse in attendance the answer -- "Poor Bob is gone." The doctor went to the bed, and taking the hand of the youth supposed dead, found that the pulse was still feebly beating; attempting to place his hand on the heart, he perceived that a bandage was fastened tightly round the breast. This was removed, and to his utter astonishment he discovered a female patient where he had least expected one!

This gentleman was Dr. Binney, of Philadelphia. With a prudence, delicacy and generosity ever afterwards warmly appreciated by the unfortunate sufferer, he said not a word of his discovery, but paid her every attention, and provided every comfort her perilous condition required. As soon as she could be removed with safety, he had her taken to his own house, where she could receive better care. His family wondered not a little at the unusual interest manifested for the poor invalid soldier.

Here occurred another of those romances in real life which in strangeness surpass fiction. The doctor had a young and lovely niece, an heiress to considerable property, whose compassionate feelings led her to join her uncle in bestowing kindness on the friendless youth. Many censured the uncle's imprudence in permitting them to be so much in each other's society, and to take drives so frequently together. The doctor laughed to himself at the warnings and hints he received, and thought how foolish the censorious would feel when the truth should come out. His knowledge, meanwhile, was buried in his own bosom, nor shared even with the members of his family. The niece was allowed to be as much with the invalid as suited her pleasure. Her gentle heart was touched by the misfortunes she had contributed to alleviate; the pale and melancholy soldier, for whose fate no one seemed to care, who had no possession in the world save his sword, who had suffered so much in the cause of liberty, became dear to her. She saw his gratitude for the benefits and kindness received, yet knew by intuition that he would never dare aspire to the hand of one so gifted by fortune. In the confiding abandonment of woman's love, the fair girl made known her attachment, and offered to provide for the education of its object before marriage. Deborah often declared that the moment in which she learned that she had unwittingly gained the love of a being so guileless, was fraught with the keenest anguish she ever experienced. In return for the hospitality and tender care that had been lavished upon her, she had inflicted pain upon one she would have died to shield. Her former entanglement

had caused no uneasiness, but this was a heart of a different mould; no way of amends seemed open, except confession of her real character, and to that, though impelled by remorse and self-reproach, she could not bring herself. She merely said to the generous girl, that they would meet again; and though ardently desiring the possession of an education, that she could not avail herself of the noble offer. Before her departure the young lady pressed on her acceptance several articles of needful clothing, such as in those times many of the soldiers received from fair hands. All these were afterwards lost by the upsetting of a boat, except the shirt and vest Robert had on at the time, which are still preserved as relics in the family.

Her health being now nearly restored, the physician had a long conference with the commanding officer of the company in which Robert had served, and this was followed by an order to the youth to carry a letter to General Washington.

Her worst fears were now confirmed. From the time of her removal into the doctor's family, she had cherished a misgiving, which sometimes amounted almost to certainty, that he had discovered her deception. In conversation with him she anxiously watched his countenance, but not a word or look indicated suspicion, and she had again nattered herself that she was safe from detection. When the order came for her to deliver a letter into the hands of the Commander-in-chief, she could no longer deceive herself.

There remained no course but simple obedience. When she presented herself for admission at the head-quarters of Washington, she trembled as she had never done before the enemy's fire. Her heart sank her; she strove in vain to collect and compose herself, and overpowered with dread and uncertainty, was ushered into the presence of the Chief. He noticed her extreme agitation, and supposing it to proceed from diffidence, kindly endeavored to re-assure her. He then bade her retire with an attendant, who was directed to offer her some refreshment, while he read the communication of which she had been the bearer.

Within a short time she was again summoned into the presence of Washington. He said not a word, but handed her in silence a discharge from the service, putting into her hand at the same time a note containing a few brief words of advice, and a sum of money sufficient to bear her expenses to some place where she might find a home. The delicacy and forbearance thus observed affected her sensibly. "How thankful"-- she has often said, "was I to that great and good man who so kindly spared my feelings! He saw me ready to sink with shame; one word from him at that moment would have crushed me to the earth. But he spoke no word -- and I blessed him for it."

After the termination of the war, she married Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon. When Washington was President, she received a letter inviting Robert Shirliffe, or rather Mrs. Gannett, to visit the seat of government. Congress was then in session, and during her stay at the capital, a bill was passed granting her a pension in addition to certain lands, which she was to receive as an acknowledgment for her services to the country in a military capacity. She was invited to the houses of several of the officers, and to parties given in the city; attentions which manifested the high estimation in which she was there held.

In 1805 she was living in comfortable circumstances, the wife of a respectable farmer, and the mother of three fine, intelligent children, the eldest of whom was a youth of nineteen. The Dedham Register, dated December, 1820, states that during the late session of the court, Mrs. Gannett had presented for renewal her claims for services rendered the country as a *Revolutionary soldier*. She was at that time about sixty-two; and is described as possessing a clear understanding and general knowledge of passing events, as being fluent in speech, delivering her sentiments in correct language, with deliberate and measured accent; easy in her deportment, affable in her manners, and robust and masculine in her appearance. She was recognized on her appearance in court by many persons belonging to the county, who were ready to testify to her services. A brief notice added of the life of this extraordinary woman, was copied into many of the papers of the day, and appears in Niles' "Principles and Acts of the Revolution." It is but a few years since she passed from the stage of human life. The career to which her patriotism urged her, cannot be commended as an example; but her exemplary conduct after the first step will go far to plead her excuse.<sup>351</sup>

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<sup>351</sup> *The Women of the American Revolution*, vol. II (1848), pp. 124-135.

## **“ENGLAND IN BLOOD!”: The Gordon Riots, June 1780.<sup>352</sup>**

Few studies of the past make for a more witty and pleasurable historical read than Lord Mahon's (1805-1875) seven volume *History of England, 1713-1783* (1836-1853).<sup>353</sup> The early to middle-late 18th century was filled with a host of amazing and unlikely characters who ended up wielding power over Europe, including not a few mountebanks, self-made men, and adventurers, and who sometimes rose up from the ranks to guide the fates of thrones and empires -- with mistresses and paramours frequently playing strategic parts in addition.

As well for us, it is no little helpful for students of the American Revolution to better understand the Britain the colonists (largely) originated from *and* later came to fight.

Much of Mahon's account is understandably taken up with accounts of the Scottish rebellions; of which in the 18th century there were two, in 1715 and 1745; and which were brought about as a result of efforts to unseat the Hanoverians and place a Stuart king on the throne. The story of these uprisings oft verges on the comical; where the Scots sometimes came so mightily close to winning, but for the military incompetence of the some of the Pretender's generals and immediate lieutenants. Scotch support of the Stuarts tended to some extent to stem from James I of England, and successor to Queen Elizabeth I, having been earlier King of Scotland (he was also, by the way, the son of Mary Queen of Scots.) Interestingly, his great-grandson James the III, the old Pretender, could have been King of England, in place of George I (from German Hanover), if he had converted to or had acknowledged the authority of the Anglican church. As it was and like his father, James II brother of Charles II and dethroned in the Glorious Revolution of 1688, he remained a steadfast Catholic. Moreover, be it noted, the Tories *of those days* often tended to be supporters of the Pretender/Stuarts.

England's wars with Scotland were its training grounds against fighting rebels, and no doubt some of the same attitudes and practices they had and used in the Scotch rebellions was transferred to their treatment of subsequent American rebels. Ironically, when the British became representatives of the 'Tories' in the American Revolution, most Scots -- though with notable exceptions like Jonathan Witherspoon, John Paul Jones, Alexander McDougall, Arthur St. Clair, Allan McLean, William Alexander (Lord Stirling), Lachlan McIntosh, Joseph McDowell, William Campbell (to name some) -- sided with the Crown rather than the Americans.<sup>354</sup> And thus in an odd twist, the Crown, the foes of the Pretenders, had themselves become allied to the very Tories that were once their enemies; while the American 'Whigs' came to see George III as a kind of Pretender; with the Anglican church, at least in the eyes of American Protestant Dissenters, taking on the role of the hated Roman Catholics/Papists.

While Mahon's coverage of the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 are charged and full of thrills and pathos, he is arguably and perhaps at his most exciting and dramatic, however, in his treatment of the Gordon Riots, that took place in London in June 1780.

Compare English king Charles the First to Louis XVI, or the Gordon Riots of 1780 to the Paris mobs of 1789 and early 90s. Are these merely coincidences, or did Britain, as was so often the case in many matters, take the lead; only to have others follow? There had earlier in the century been riots in London before over excise taxes (during Robert Walpole's administration) and later over the imprisoning of free speech advocate and Parliamentary people pleaser John Wilkes, but none of these compared with the Gordon Riots. And when it comes to the Gordon Riots, it is easy to say "The de'il is in it" -- *somewhere* most assuredly. But where *exactly*? That, on the other hand is not so very easy to discern.

Lord George Gordon (1751-1793), member of the House of Commons for Ludgershall (a pocket Borough) and son of a Scottish Duke, was a vociferous critic of both the war against the rebelling American colonists and the administration of Lord North. Described as gentle and gracious, and practically

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<sup>352</sup> "England in Blood!" was the title of a handbill passed around at the time of the riots, and which, in effect, predicted the nation wallowing in gore if the Papist Relief Act of 1778 were not repealed.

<sup>353</sup> Mahon, we might in passing note, was a friend and at one time fellow traveling companion of Washington Irving.

<sup>354</sup> Perhaps, in retrospect, because, as Dr. Johnson alleged, "they sold [out] Charles the First."

raving and eccentric as a politician, throughout his life Gordon showed a marked empathy for the poor and down trodden. He was, although a Lord, a man of the people after the likes and model of John Wilkes, or at least such was his ostensible object. Yet although allied with the Whigs, he subsequently had a falling out with Charles Fox and Edmund Burke because of his extremism. For instance, he objected to Burke's economic reform bill of 1780 for not cutting more deeply into the sinecures and pensions of Royal favorites.

Of course, it was Gordon's opposition to the Papist Relief Act of 1778 that catapulted him into the spotlight that that hitherto eluded him. It can hardly be imagined that he did not know what volatile emotions he was tapping into by raising the cry of "no popery." And it was arguably this that was his aim, not fear of a Papist threat. As historians have time and again shown, the 1778 bill was relatively mild in its emancipation of Catholics, and that only applied to those willing to swear an oath of allegiance to King George in the first place. So that in short we might reasonably conclude that Gordon used the notion of papist threat to gain power; like a curious child playing with fire wanting to see what would happen if...(?) He was a demagogue: well meaning no doubt, but a demagogue all the same. And what started out as a movement on behalf of the defense of Protestantism overtime became transformed into a groundswell of anarchy and lawlessness.

And in what way specifically were Catholics a threat? For one, popery was seen by some as one of the surreptitious forces underlying Britain's war on the colonies. Some New England rebels, like John Trumbull the poet, had previously enunciated such a view. So perhaps Gordon, in secret, was targeting Britain's regrettable war effort. Conversely, possibly the threat was coming from France and Spain, now aligned with the Americans against Britain. For who (at some point during the tumult in London) were among those wearing the blue cockade of the Protestant Association? That would be ALL of the British Horse and Foot Guards sent to quell the mobs, and who, rest assured, were no friends to the American rebels.<sup>355</sup>

With American War not going so propitiously as first intended, with cries for reform, much of it needed, in various departments, the Gordon Riots came at the time when Britain was going through a period of very painful transition. And with thousands in London living in dire poverty, and general morals having lapsed to an all time low by the late 18<sup>th</sup> century (a point Mahon addresses in a separate portion of his work; see vol. 7, ch. LXX), there were many who felt a need to let loose and let out pent up emotions and frustrations. But there is a positive side to the shocking chaos of the riots; in that they brought Government and opposition together and afforded an occasion for some to speak out from their deepest heart and take a courageous stand for law and the British Constitution.

What follows then is Mahon's account drawn from volume seven, chapter 53, of his history.<sup>356</sup>

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...But within a few days of the close of these transactions, they were quite forgotten in a train—new and wholly unlooked for — of affairs. Then of a sudden, like a meteor rising from the foulest marshes, appeared those fearful riots, to which the most rank intolerance gave origin, and Lord George Gordon a name. Then the midnight sky of London was reddened with incendiary fires, and her streets resounded to the cry of an infuriated mob; then our best and wisest statesmen had to tremble, not only for their lives, but for their hearths and homes; then for once in our annals, the powers of Government and order seemed to quail and succumb before the populace of the capital in arms.

In a former chapter it has been already shown how the Protestant Associations, spreading from Scotland to England, and selecting Lord George Gordon as their common chief, continued, through the year 1779, to gather strength and numbers.³⁵⁷ The conduct of Lord George showed that he was well entitled to his post of pre-eminence in folly. During the Session of 1780, he made many speeches in the House of

³⁵⁵ See *King Mob: The London Riots of 1780* by Christopher Hibbert, p. 66.

³⁵⁶ For convenience of this article, all but one of Mahon's footnotes have been omitted.

³⁵⁷ * See vol vi, pp. 239. and 261.

Commons, always marked by ignorant fanaticism, and often by low buffoonery. Thus, on one occasion, we find him call Lord Nugent “the old rat of the Constitution.” Here his meaning seems not quite clear, nor is it of the least importance to discover; but it may serve for a sample of his style. Early in the year, he had obtained an audience of the King, and read out to his Majesty page after page of an Irish pamphlet, so long as the daylight lasted. He suspected, or at least he was wont to insinuate, that George the Third was a Roman Catholic at heart. His next object was to obtain popular petitions, complaining of the recent relaxation in the Penal Laws.

It had been hoped, in the course of the last year, that some indulgence to the Protestant Dissenters might be the best means to lessen or divert their rancour against the Roman Catholics, and to convince them that no exclusive favour was intended to these last. With such views nearly the same measure of Relief from Subscription, which the Lords had rejected by a largo majority in 1772, and again in 1773, passed their House in 1779, when transmitted from the Commons, and, it is said, without debate. The indulgence was accepted, but the rancour was not removed. This plainly appeared from the great popular support with which even the wildest projects of Lord George Gordon were received. The petition which he wished to obtain from London was at this time the object of his especial care. It was invited and urged on in every manner by public advertisements and by personal entreaties. It was for several weeks in circulation, and received many thousand signatures. To give it greater force and effect Lord George, towards the close of May, convened a meeting of the Protestant Association in Coachmakers’ Hall. There, after a long speech, and in a most crowded room, he gave notice that he would present the petition to the House of Commons, on the 2nd of June. Resolutions were passed that the whole body of the Association and their friends would, on that day, assemble in St. George’s Fields, with blue cockades in their hats to distinguish all true Protestants from their foes. Still further to incite them Lord George added that if the assemblage did not amount to 20,000 he would not present the petition.

Accordingly on Friday, the 2nd of June, and at ten o’clock in the morning, St. George’s Fields were thronged with blue cockades. They were computed at 50,000 or 60,000, and by some persons even at 100,000 men. The love of frolic and of staring had certainly brought many new accessions to their ranks. Appearing in the midst and welcomed by their enthusiastic cheers, Lord George Gordon, in the first place, indulged them with another of his silly speeches. Next, they were marshalled in separate bands, the main body marching over London Bridge and through Temple Bar to the Houses of Parliament. In this procession they walked six abreast, and in their van was carried their great petition, containing, it was said, no less than 120,000 signatures or marks.

London, at that period, was far from yet possessing the sturdy and disciplined police which now, on any chance of riot, or even of mere crowd and pressure, lines our streets and squares. There were only the parish beadles, and the so-called watchmen of the night, for the most part feeble old men, frequently knocked down by the revellers, and scoffed at by the playwrights, of the age. In the face of that mighty array so long previously announced, which Lord George Gordon was leading to Whitehall not one measure of precaution had been taken by the Government. They had neither sworn in any special constables nor stationed any soldiers. It must be owned, however, that the reproaches on that score came with no good grace from the lips of the Opposition chiefs, which had so lately poured forth their loudest clamours when, in the apprehension of some tumult at the Westminster meeting, a body of troops had been kept ready.

Finding no obstruction to their progress, the blue cockades advanced to Palace Yard, and took possession of the open space some time before the two Houses met, as they did later in the afternoon. Then, with only a few door-keepers and messengers between them and some of the principal objects of their fury, they were not long in learning the dangerous secret of their strength. The Lords had been summoned for that day, to hear a motion from the Duke of Richmond, in favour of annual Parliaments and unrestricted suffrage. Lord Chancellor Thurlow was ill and at Tunbridge, and the Earl of Mansfield had undertaken to preside in his place. But as it chanced Lord Mansfield was then most unpopular with the Protestant Associators, having not long since charged a jury to acquit a Roman Catholic priest, who was brought before him charged with the crime of celebrating Mass.³⁵⁸ Thus, no sooner did his carriage appear than it

³⁵⁸ It was Lord Mansfield also who by his ruling in *Somerset v Stewart* (1772) outlawed slavery in Great Britain (France had already done so in 1315); and which all the less endeared Britain to many slave holders in the American colonies. Yet though Britain

was assailed and its windows broken, while the venerable judge, the object of the fiercest execrations as “a notorious Papist,” made his way into the House with great difficulty, and on entering, could not conceal his torn robe and his disshevelled wig. He took his seat upon the woolsack pale and quivering. The Archbishop of York’s lawn sleeves were torn off and flung in his face. The Bishop of Lincoln, disliked as a brother of Lord Thurlow, fared still worse; his carriage was demolished, while the prelate, half fainting, sought refuge in an adjacent house, from which, on recovering himself, he made his escape in another dress (some said in a woman’s) along the leads. Lord Hillsborough and Lord Townshend, who came together, and the other Secretary of State, Lord Stormont, were roughly handled, and could scarcely make their way through the people. From Lord President Bathurst they pulled his wig, telling him, in contumelious terms, that he was “the Pope,” and also “an old woman;” thus, says Horace Walpole, splitting into two their notion of Pope Joan! The Duke of Northumberland, having with him in his coach a gentleman in black, a cry arose among the multitude that the person thus attired must be a Jesuit and the Duke’s confessor; a conclusion, it may fairly be owned, not at all more unreasonable than many others they had formed. On the strength of this, their discriminating judgment, His Grace was forced from his carriage, and robbed of his watch and purse.

Still, however, as the Peers by degrees came in, the business of the House in regular course proceeded. Prayers were read, some formal Bills were advanced a stage, and the Duke of Richmond then began to state his reasons for thinking that, under present circumstances, political powers might safely be entrusted to the lowest orders of the people. His Grace was still speaking when Lord Montfort burst into the House, and broke through his harangue. Lord Montfort said that he felt bound to acquaint their Lordships of the perilous situation in which, at that very moment, stood one of their own members; he meant Lord Boston, whom the mob had dragged out of his coach, and were cruelly maltreating. “At this instant,” says an eye-witness, “it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the House exhibited. Some of their Lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smutted with dirt; most of them as pale as the ghost in Hamlet; and all of them standing up in their several places, and speaking at the same instant. One Lord proposing to send for the Guards, another for the Justices or Civil Magistrates, many crying out, Adjourn! Adjourn! while the skies resounded with the huzzas, shoutings, or hootings and hissings in Palace Yard. This scene of unprecedented alarm continued for about half an hour.”

It was proposed by Lord Townshend that the Peers should go forth as a body, and attempt the rescue of Lord Boston. This proposal was still debating, rather too slowly for its object, when Lord Boston himself came in, with his hair disshevelled and his clothes covered with hair-powder. He had been exposed to especial danger, through a wholly unfounded suggestion from some persons in the crowd, that he was a Roman Catholic; upon which the multitude, with loud imprecations, had threatened to cut the sign of the Cross upon his forehead. But he had the skill to engage some of the ring-leaders in a controversy on the question whether the Pope be Antichrist; and while they were eagerly discussing that favourite point, he contrived to slip through them. After such alarms, however, the Peers did not resume the original debate. They summoned to the Bar two of the Middlesex Magistrates, who declared that they had received no orders from the Government, and that, with all their exertions since the beginning of the tumult, they had only been able to collect six constables. Finally, at eight o’clock, the House adjourned till the morrow; and the Peers, favoured by the dusk, returned home on foot, or in hackney carriages, with no further insult or obstruction.

The members of the Commons, as less conspicuous in their equipages than the Peers, were not so much molested in passing to their House. But when once assembled, their danger was far greater, since the infuriated multitude, finding no resistance, burst into and kept possession of the lobby. Here they raised loud shouts of “No Popery! No Popery!” and “Repeal! Repeal!” Meanwhile, Lord George Gordon, seconded by Alderman Bull, was presenting their great Protestant petition, and moving that the House should consider it in Committee forthwith. On the other side, it was proposed that this Committee should be deferred until Tuesday, the 6th. When, however, upon this point a division was demanded, it was found impracticable. Neither the Ayes nor the Noes could go forth, thronged as was the lobby with strangers, and unable as the Sergeant-at-Arms declared himself to clear it. During the debates Lord George endeavoured

abolished slavery throughout its entire empire in 1833, they themselves were preceded by the Revolutionary French under Robespierre in 1794. Napoleon however reinstated it in 1802 in order to strengthen France’s hand against rebellions in its colonies; only to be ousted in 1804 by the Haitians under Toussaint l’Ouverture. France then finally followed suit of Britain’s 1833 decree in 1848.

to keep up the spirit of his friends by showing himself at the top of the gallery-stairs, and making several harangues to the noisy concourse in the lobby. He exhorted them by all means to persevere; and told them, from time to time, the names of the members who were speaking against them. "There is Mr. Burke," he said, "the member for Bristol;" and, soon afterwards, "Do you know that Lord North calls you a mob?" Thus, their fury increasing, the House, at intervals, resounded with their cries of "No Popery!" and their violent knocks at the door. General Conway and Lord Frederick Campbell, that same evening at supper, said there was a moment when they thought they must have opened the doors, and fought their way out sword in hand.

Lord North, however, at this crisis showed great firmness, animating the resolution of the House by his unperturbed demeanour, but sending privately, and in all haste, for a party of the Guards. Other members made it a personal matter with Lord George. Colonel Holroyd told him that he had hitherto ascribed his conduct to insanity; but now saw that there was more of malice than of madness in it; and that, if he again attempted to address the rioters, he, Colonel Holroyd, would immediately move for his commitment to Newgate. Colonel Murray, one of Lord George's kinsmen, used still bolder language: — "My Lord George, do you really mean to bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons? If you do, the first man of them that enters I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours!" Lord George appears to have been daunted. Certainly, at least, he was silenced. Indeed, in one part of the evening, he quietly went up to the eating-room, where he threw himself into a chair and fell asleep, or nearly so, while listening to some excellent admonitions from Mr. Bowen, the Chaplain of the House.

Failing the incitements of Lord George, the crowd within the lobby grew less fierce. Out of doors, moreover, great exertions were making to allay the storm. Lord Mahon, who was known to many of the people as a recent candidate for Westminster, harangued them from the balcony of a coffee-house, and is said to have done good service to the cause of law and order. In this manner time was gained, until towards nine o'clock, when an active Middlesex Justice, Mr. Addington, appeared with a party of Horse Guards. Mr. Addington told the people in the streets, that he meant them no harm, and that the soldiers should retire if they would quietly disperse, which many hundreds of them did accordingly, first giving the Magistrate three cheers. A party of the Foot Guards was also drawn up in the Court of Requests, and the lobby was now cleared; thus, at length, enabling the House of Commons to divide. Only eight members were found willing to support Lord George in his ignominious proposal for immediate deliberation, at the bidding and in the presence of the mob. Against that proposal 194 votes, including tellers, were recorded; and the House was then adjourned until the Tuesday following.

With the adjournment of both Houses, and the dispersion of the crowd in Palace-Yard, it was imagined that the difficulties of the day had closed. The magistrates returned home, and sent away the soldiers. Unhappily, several parties of the rioters were intent on further mischief. Repairing to the two Roman Catholic chapels of the Sardinian and Bavarian Ministers in Lincoln's Inn Fields and in Warwick Street — chapels which existed by the faith of treaties, and were not at all connected with the Acts of 1778 — they set them in flames. Engines were sent for, but the mob prevented them from playing; while the benches from the Sardinian chapel, being flung into the street, afforded the materials for a bonfire, as a token of the public exultation. At length the soldiers came — too late to prevent the havoc, in time only to seize and to secure thirteen of the rioters.

Next morning the town was, to all appearance, perfectly tranquil. The House of Lords met in the forenoon, and on the motion of Earl Bathurst, agreed to an Address for prosecuting the authors and abettors of the recent outrages. The angry taunts that followed between the Government and Opposition members, may be readily conceived and need not be detailed. But it is well worthy of note, with how much of political foresight and sagacity Lord Shelburne suggested the idea of a new police. "Let their Lordships," he said, "at least those "who are in administration, recollect what the police of France is; let them examine its good, and not be blind to its evil. They would find its construction excellent; its use and direction abominable. Let them embrace the one, and shun the other."

Notwithstanding the general and confident belief that the disturbances were over, they recommenced, in a slight degree, that very evening in Moorfields. On the next afternoon, that is, on Sunday the 4th, they became far more serious in the same quarter. Unhappily Kennett, the Lord Mayor, was, as

Wilkes afterwards complained, a man wholly wanting in energy and firmness. The first outrages within his jurisdiction being unchecked and almost unnoticed, tended to give rise to many more. Again assembling in large bodies, the mob attacked both the chapels and the dwelling-houses of the Roman Catholics in and about Moorfields. The houses they stripped of the furniture, and the chapels of the altars, pulpits, pews, and benches, all which served to make bonfires in the streets.

On the ensuing afternoon, that is, on Monday the 5th of June, a Drawing Room had been appointed at St. James's, in celebration of the King's Birthday. Previous to the Drawing Room a Privy Council was held, at which the riots were discussed. But as yet they were deemed of so slight importance that no one measure was taken with regard to them, beyond a Proclamation offering a reward of 500£ for a discovery of the persons concerned in setting fire to the Sardinian and Bavarian chapels. Even Lord Mansfield, who had not only seen, but felt, the fury of the mob, fell into the same error of underrating it. When in the course of this day Mr. Strahan, the printer, who had also been insulted, called upon his Lordship to express his fears from the licentiousness of the populace, the Chief Justice, we are told, treated it as a very slight irregularity.

That delusion, however, was dispelled by the events of the same day. The blue cockades, growing bolder and bolder by indulgence, mustered in high spirits and with increasing numbers. While some parties proceeded to destroy the Romanist chapels in Wapping and East Smithfield, others broke open and plundered the shops and houses of Mr. Rainsforth and Mr. Maberly, two tradesmen who had given evidence against the rioters secured on Friday night. But the principal object of attack was the house of Sir George Savile, obnoxious as the author of the first relaxation in the Penal Code. Savile House, which stood in Leicester Fields, was accordingly carried, as it were, by storm, and given up to pillage. Some of the furniture derived from the chapels or the private dwellings, was, previously to its being burned in the adjacent fields, dragged in triumph and displayed through Welbeck Street, before the house of Lord George Gordon. That foolish young fanatic now began to shrink from the results of his own rashness. In the name of his Protestant Association he put forth a handbill, disavowing all share in the riots; but he soon found how far easier it was to raise than to allay the storm.

By this time the alarm had spread far and wide. Burke, who had most zealously supported Savile in the good work of religious toleration, found it requisite, with his family, to take refuge beneath the roof of his friend General Burgoyne. Throughout these troubles, and amidst all the anxious scenes of the next day, his demeanour was courageous and composed, and his wife showed herself not unworthy such a husband. "Jane," thus writes their brother Mr. Richard Burke, "Jane has 'the firmness and sweetness of an angel; but why do I 'say an angel ? — of a woman !'"

On Tuesday the 6th, according to adjournment both Houses met. A detachment of Foot Guards had been ranged in Westminster Hall, and in great measure overawed the mob; nevertheless, one of the Ministers, Lord Stormont, was slightly wounded, and his carriage altogether demolished. The Peers, after a short discussion, adjourned. In the Commons, notwithstanding the alarms of personal violence, there mustered about 200 members. Lord George Gordon was there as before, decked with a blue cockade. Upon this an independent member of high spirit, Colonel Herbert, soon afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Porchester, declared that he could not sit and vote in that House whilst he saw a Noble Lord in it with the ensign of riot in his hat; and he threatened that, if his Lordship would not take it out, he would walk across the House and do it for him. Lord George with rather tame submission, or only yielding, as he said, to the entreaties of his friends, put the obnoxious symbol in his pocket. Neither Savile, nor yet Burke, was absent from his place. Burke, on his way down, had been surrounded by the mob, and was for some time in their hands. He did not conceal his name, nor yet dissemble his sentiments, but remonstrated with them, and they, honouring his firmness, let him go. "I even found," he says, "friends and well-wishers among the blue cockades." Of his subsequent speech that day in Parliament, he adds: "I do not think I have ever, on any occasion, seemed to affect the House more forcibly. However, such was the confusion that they could not be kept from coming to a Resolution, which I thought unbecoming and pusillanimous; which was, that we should take that flagitious petition which came from that base gang called 'the Protestant Association, into our serious consideration. I am now glad that we did so; for if we had refused it, the subsequent ravages would have been charged upon our obstinacy.'" The Resolution to which Burke thus objects, had been

moved by General Conway. It went no further than to pledge the House to consider the petitions “as soon as the tumults subside, which are now subsisting.” With this promise the Commons adjourned.

While the Houses were still sitting, a portion of the mob attacked the official residence of Lord North in Downing Street. It was saved by the timely appearance of a party of soldiers. But during that afternoon, and the whole of Wednesday the 7th, the outrages rose to a far higher pitch than they had yet attained. It might be said, with but slight exaggeration, that for two days the rabble held dominion in the town. It might be said in the eloquent words of Gibbon, an eye-witness to these proceedings, that “forty thousand Puritans, such as they might be in the time of Cromwell, have started out of their graves.” In truth, however, within these two days the character of the mob was greatly changed. Many of the heated, but honest, zealots of the Protestant Association had withdrawn. Their places had been filled, and more than filled, by fiercer spirits; by men who thirsted for plunder, and by men who aimed at revolution. In many cases they now bore, not only blue cockades in their hats, but also oaken cudgels in their hands. Flinging aside all future reliance on their silly tool Lord George, they were, it was clear, directed by secret, but daring, leaders of their own. Still, however, “No Popery” was their cry, and in the main their motive; it was the Reformed Faith that gave a plea for some of the worst crimes which it condemns!

On the Tuesday afternoon, about six o’clock, a vast multitude appeared in front of Newgate, shouting aloud for the freedom of their brother rioters committed on the Friday night. Mr. Akerman, the keeper, firmly refused to betray his duty or deliver the prisoners; upon which his house was attacked and presently in flames. The wines and spirits in his cellar supplied, and not in vain, opportunity for most brutal drunkenness. Meanwhile, the yells of the mob without the prison, were answered by the wild cry of the felons from within; some of these in hope of liberty, others in dread of conflagration. So strong was the prison itself that it might have been defended, at least against the rabble, by a mere handful of resolute men; such men, however, were wholly wanting at that place and time. Sledge-hammers and pickaxes were plied with slight effect against the iron-studded doors; but they were set on fire by means of Mr. Akerman’s furniture, which was drawn out and piled close upon them. The flames, also, from Mr. Akerman’s house quickly spread to the chapel, and from the chapel to the cells, and made a gap for the mob to enter; thus, ere long, they were in riotous possession of the prison. All the prisoners, to the number of three hundred, comprising four under sentence of death and ordered for execution on the Thursday morning, were released. No attempts were made to check, and many to extend, the flames. Thus was Newgate, at that time the strongest, and as might have been supposed securest, of all our English gaols, which had lately been rebuilt at a charge of no less than 140,000£ lorded over that night by a frantic populace, and reduced to a smouldering ruin. Within a few hours, there was nothing left of the stately edifice, beyond some bare stone walls too thick and massy for the force of fire to bring down.

On the same Tuesday evening, other detachments of the mob in like manner broke open the new gaol at Clerkenwell, and set free the prisoners. The dwellings of three active magistrates, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Cox, and Sir John Fielding, were also attacked and gutted by the rioters. In many districts the inhabitants found themselves compelled by threats to illuminate their houses. But far fiercer was the gang, which, towards midnight, gathered before the house of Lord Mansfield in Bloomsbury Square. Loud yells were raised against the Chief Justice, who with Lady Mansfield had barely time to escape by a back-door, and take refuge in the house of a friend. Directly afterwards the mob poured in, carrying havoc and destruction through all the stately rooms. They had brought with them torches and combustibles, and kindled a fire in the street below, which they fed not only with the furniture and hangings, but with the pictures, volumes, and papers, which they tore down and threw over from the windows. Then perished an excellent library, formed by one of the most accomplished scholars of his age; books enriched by the handwriting of Pope and Bolingbroke, and of his other literary friends, or by his own notes upon the margin. Then was lost an invaluable collection of familiar letters which Lord Mansfield had been storing for well nigh half a century, as materials, it was said, for memoirs of his times. Yet amidst all this ferocious havoc well worthy of the Goths or Vandals, the leaders of the mob showed something of a higher spirit. They would not allow the valuables to be carried off as booty, declaring that they acted from principle, and not for plunder. One ragged incendiary was even seen to cast into the fire a costly piece of plate with an oath that it should never go in payment of Masses!

Unhappily, the same scruples did not apply to wine. Lord Mansfield's cellar being forced open, its contents were freely distributed, and supplied the rioters with fresh incentives to their fury. Meanwhile, the flames, extending to the mansion, reduced it long ere morning to a bare and blackened shell. Strange as it may seem, all these outrages were committed in the hearing, and almost in the sight, of a detachment of the Foot Guards, which had arrived at nearly the commencement of the fray. But they had been restrained by the doubts which then prevailed, whether the troops had any legal right to fire upon the mob, unless a magistrate were present, first to read forth at full length all the provisions of the Riot Act. When a gentleman, a friend of Lord Mansfield, went to the officer in command, requiring him to enter the house and defend it, the officer replied that the Justices of the Peace had all run away, and that consequently he could or would do nothing. When at length a magistrate was caught, and made to mumble through the clauses, the soldiers did advance and fire two volleys. It was then too late. The discharge might kill or maim some five or six poor drunken wretches, but could impress no salutary terror on the rest. They looked on without concern, some stupified and others maddened by their unwonted draughts of wine. Yet these were the very men who perhaps, a few hours before, might have slunk back in terror at the mere sight of a red coat. How forcibly do the events of that night illustrate what one of the principal sufferers by them, the Chief Justice, afterwards pronounced, that it is the highest humanity to check the infancy of tumults!

Thus did that night pass in conflagration and dismay. Next morning, Wednesday, the 7th of June, the conflagrations were arrested, but the dismay continued. The shops in most places were kept carefully closed. In many districts the householders endeavoured to secure themselves by chalking "No Popery" on their doors, or hanging blue silk from their windows. Still more effectual, perhaps, was the precaution of paying money to several of the recent rioters, who made their rounds to claim it, walking singly, and three of them mere boys; but each armed with an iron bar, torn from the railings in front of Lord Mansfield's house. One fellow, mounted on horseback, refused, it was said, to take anything but gold. Yet amidst so much of horror there were not wanting, as usual, some points of ridicule. Thus, the Jews who lived in Houndsditch and Duke's Place, sharing in the common terror, wrote upon their shutters "This house is a true Protestant." In other places the rioters, with perfect coolness and deliberation, recommenced their havoc. Dr. Johnson, who walked with a friend to see the ruins of Newgate, observed, as he went by, "the Protestants" (for so he calls them), plundering the Sessions' House, at the Old Bailey. He adds: "There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels and without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day." Not less striking are the words of another eyewitness to these scenes. "If one could in decency laugh, must not one laugh to see what I saw; a single boy, of fifteen years at most, in Queen Street, mounted on a pent-house, demolishing a house with great zeal, but much at his ease, and throwing the pieces to two boys still younger, who burnt them for their amusement, no "one daring to obstruct them? Children are plundering at noon day the city of London!"

In the course of this Wednesday two separate attempts were made upon the Bank of England. Here, however, a party of soldiers had been providently stationed; and the rioters were so far intimidated by the strength with which they beheld it guarded that their attacks were but feeble and soon desisted from. They were led on to the first by a brewer's servant, on horseback, who had decorated his horse with the chains of Newgate. Elsewhere the mob met with more success. The King's Bench, the Fleet, the Marshalsea, and several other prisons were forced open, and the prisoners released. The toll-gates on Blackfriars Bridge were attacked and plundered of the money they contained. All these, and some other buildings, were then set on fire. As the night advanced the glare of conflagration might be seen to fill the sky from many parts. "The sight was dreadful," writes Dr. Johnson; and the number of the separate fires, all blazing at the same time, is computed at thirty-six. Happily this summer night was perfectly calm and serene; since the slightest wind might have stirred the flames, and reduced a great part of London to ashes. But the principal scene that night of conflagration, as of all tumult and horror, was Holborn. There the mob had burst open and set on fire the warehouses of Mr. Langdale, a Roman Catholic and a distiller, obnoxious to their attack from his religion, and still more so perhaps from his trade. His large stores of spirits were poured forth in lavish profusion, and taken up by pailfuls; the kennel ran gin, and men, women, and children were seen upon their knees eagerly sucking up the liquor as it flowed. Many of these poor deluded wretches were stirred to the most frantic fury; many more sank down in helpless stupefaction, and, too drunk to move, perished in the flames which had been kindled by themselves.

Up to nearly this time there had been disgraceful terror in the magistracy, and as disgraceful torpor in the Government. Some men thought mainly of their own escape; others seem to have imagined that the rage of the people, like some impetuous flood, must quickly exhaust itself and pass by. Even at the outset there had been no lack of military aid; this was gradually increased by expresses sent in all directions; until by Wednesday the 7th, there could be mustered even at the lowest computation 10,000 men; besides which, several large bodies of Militia had been marched up in haste from the neighbouring counties. Yet still these numerous forces could be of no avail in restoring order, so long as the scruple remained that they had no legal right to fire till one hour after the Riot Act had been publicly read. In this dilemma the first to show energy and determination was the King. It was from him, rather than from any of his subjects, that came the measures of protection so much needed and so long postponed. Till then, such had been the craven spirit of some men in authority that, according to the Duke of Grafton, in his Memoirs, even the Secretary of State's servants had worn in their hats, as a passport, the cockades of the rioters.

No further relying upon others, His Majesty, from his own impulse, called a Council, on Wednesday the 7th, and himself presiding, laid before the assembled Ministers the difficulty respecting the Riot Act. The whole Cabinet wavered, well remembering the excitement which had followed the letter of Lord Barrington in the riots of 1768, and the readiness, at that time, of juries to find verdicts against the officers and soldiers who had only done their duty. Happily for the peace, nay even the existence of London, the Attorney-General, Wedderburn, was present as assessor. When the King turned to him for his opinion, Wedderburn answered boldly, that he was convinced the Riot Act did not bear the construction put upon it. In his judgment, neither the delay of an hour, nor any such formality, is by law required when the mob are engaged in a felony, as setting fire to a dwelling-house, and cannot be restrained by other means. The Ministers, gathering firmness from Wedderburn, concurred; and the King then said that this had been clearly his own opinion, though he would not venture to express it beforehand; but that now, as supreme magistrate, he would see it carried out. "There shall be at all events," he added, "one magistrate in the kingdom who will do his duty!"

By the King's commands a Proclamation was immediately drawn up, and issued that same afternoon, warning all householders to keep themselves, their servants, or apprentices within doors, and announcing that the King's officers were now instructed to repress the riots by an immediate exertion of their utmost force. Such instructions were sent accordingly from the Adjutant-General's office: "In obedience to an order of the King in Council, the military to act without waiting for directions from the Civil magistrates." That evening, for the first time, the rioters found themselves confronted by a determination equal to their own. Bodies of Militia, or of regular troops, were sent straight to any point where uproar and havoc most prevailed. Thus, for instance, the Northumberland Militia, which had come that day by a forced march of twenty-five miles, were led at once by Colonel Holroyd into Holborn, amidst the thickest of the flames. A detachment of the Guards drove before them the plundering party which had taken possession of Blackfriars Bridge. Here several were killed by the musketry, while others were thrown, or in their panic threw themselves, over the parapet into the Thames. Wherever the mob would not disperse, the officers gave the word, and the soldiers fired without further hesitation. Only in some cases, where the rioters had succeeded in obtaining arms, was any firing attempted in return; nor could oaken sticks and iron bars withstand, for more than a few moments, the onset of disciplined troops. Then were some of the worst plunderers in their fall both punished and detected. One young chimneysweeper who was killed, was found to have forty guineas in his pocket. Appalling were the sights and sounds of that night; sleep banished from every eye; the streets thronged with people in wonder and affright; furniture hastily removed, in apprehension of the flames; the frantic yells of the drunken, and the doleful cries of the wounded, mingling with the measured tread of the soldiers' march, and the successive volleys of their musketry; and the whole scene illumined by the fitful glare of six and thirty conflagrations.

These tumults, so culpably neglected at their outset and grown to a height that threatened "to lay waste defenced cities into ruinous heaps," could not be quelled at length without a loss of life almost as grievous as themselves. According to the Returns, sent in to Lord Amherst as Commander-in-chief, upwards of 200 persons were shot dead in the streets; and 250 were lying wounded in the hospitals, of whom seventy or eighty within a short time expired. Yet these Returns are far from conveying a full statement of the numbers that perished. They take no account of the dead or dying whom their own associates in the fray carried off and concealed. They take no account of those victims to their own

excesses, who, lying helpless beside the pailfuls or kennelfuls of gin, were smothered by the spreading flames, or overwhelmed by the falling houses. Dreadful as was the loss of life that night, it proved at least decisive. The conflagrations and the plunder were stopped; the incendiaries and the robbers were scared. On the morning of Thursday the 8th of June, no trace was to be seen of the recent tumults, beyond the smouldering ruins, the spots of blood upon the pavement, and the marks of shot upon the houses. No renewed attempt was made at riot, or even at gathering in the streets. The crowds which had been "as the stars of heaven for multitude," waned like the stars before the day; and those who, on their first appearance, had wondered whence so many came, now expressed equal wonder where they could be gone. Parties of soldiers were encamped in convenient places, as in the Parks, the Museum Gardens, and Lincoln's Inn Fields, ready to act on any fresh emergency, had any such occurred. By their exertions a great number of disorderly persons, concerned in the late riots, were secured; several, it is said, being taken in the cells of Newgate, attempting to rekindle the fire in those parts which had not been totally destroyed. Volunteer associations "for the defence of "liberty and property" were likewise formed, and joined by many of those who had suffered or had feared the most from the temporary absence of the lawful powers. Throughout this day, the shops continued shut from Tyburn to Whitechapel, and no business was transacted, except at the Bank of England. But the general tranquillity soon restored the public confidence; the shops were opened the next morning, the Courts of Law resumed their sittings, and the course of mercantile affairs returned to its customary channel.

On the same day, Friday the 9th, Lord George Gordon was apprehended at his house in Welbeck Street, by a warrant from the Secretary of State. Had that measure been taken a week before, or had the House of Commons, on Friday the 2nd, exerted its own powers of commitment, as many members wished, the arrest might have tended to the repression of the riots, instead of being only the penalty for them. Lord George made no remark on his apprehension, beyond saying to the messengers, "If you are sure it is me you want, I am ready to attend you." When brought before the Privy Council and examined, he is alleged to have shown very little either of sense or spirit; and his examination having concluded, he was duly committed to the Tower, on a charge of High Treason, and escorted by a numerous guard. At the same time other measures were adopted to calm the public mind. Thus, a rumour had been circulated, that the prisoners in the hands of Government would be subject to Martial Law. Against this rumour there was levelled a hand-bill, put forth by authority, declaring that no such purpose had ever been in the contemplation of Government, and that all persons in custody would be tried in due course, according to the usual forms. Another publication of the day attempted to counteract a far more extraordinary fear. It seems to denote a vague idea in the minds of many persons, as if there might be something in the gloves which the King wore, or in the wine which the King drank, to imbue him with the errors of Popery! Certain it is at least, that the following paragraph appears in the public prints:—"We are authorised to assure the public, that Mr. Bicknell, His Majesty's hosier, is as true and faithful a Protestant as any in His Majesty's dominions. We have likewise the best authority for saying, that His Majesty's wine-merchants, and many others, are also Protestants."

Thus ended the Gordon riots, memorable beyond most others from the proof which they afford how slender an ability suffices, under certain circumstances, to stir, if not to guide, great masses of mankind; and how the best principles and feelings, if perverted, may grow in practice equal to the worst. Bitter was the shame with which the leading statesmen, only a few days afterwards, looked back to this fatal and disgraceful week. They had seen their lives threatened, and their property destroyed, at the bidding of a foolish young fanatic, not worthy to unloose the latchet of their shoes. Such dangers might be boldly confronted, such losses might be patiently borne; but how keen the pang to find themselves objects of fierce fury and murderous attack to that people whose welfare, to the best of their judgments, they had ever striven to promote! In such words as these does Burke pour forth the anguish of his soul:—"For four nights I kept watch at Lord Rockingham's or Sir George Savile's, whose houses were garrisoned by a strong body of soldiers, together with numbers of true friends of the first rank, who were willing to share their danger. Savile House, Rockingham House, Devonshire House, to be turned into garrisons! Oh what times! We have all served the country for several years—some of us for nearly thirty—with fidelity, labour, and affection, and we are obliged to put ourselves under military protection for our houses and our persons!"

In these riots, so great had been the remissness and timidity of Kennett, the Lord Mayor, that, at a later period, he became the object of a prosecution from the Attorney-General, and was convicted. One of his coadjutors, Alderman Bull, a most zealous No Popery man, might even be said to have countenanced the insurrection, by allowing the constables of his Ward to wear the blue cockade in their hats, and by appearing publicly arm-in-arm with Lord George Gordon. But another City magistrate and Alderman, John Wilkes, unexpectedly came forth as the champion of law and order. With great courage — that indeed he never wanted — he went, in the midst of the disturbances, to apprehend the printer of a seditious hand-bill; and he did his duty throughout, undeterred by mob clamours, and regardless of mob applause.

When on the 19th, according to adjournment, the Lords and the Commons met, the business concerning the late riots was opened by the King in a Speech from the Throne. Addresses in reply, thanking His Majesty for his parental care and concern, were moved and carried in both Houses. The Peers, however, had some discussion as to the lawfulness of the military measures which had been pursued. Then, with his usual air of serene and stately dignity, Lord Mansfield rose. He touched slightly, but severely, upon the inaction, in the first instance, of the executive Government; “which,” however, he added, “it is not my part to censure. My Lords, I do not pretend to speak from any previous knowledge, for I never was present at any consultation upon the subject, or summoned to attend, or asked my opinion, or heard the reasons which induced the Government to remain passive so long and to act at last.” Here, it is said, there was wonder expressed by the bystanders, and scornful glances turned to the Treasury Bench. In another passage there was yet one more reflection upon the Civil Power, as liable to the charge either of neglect or “native imbecility.” But the main stress of Lord Mansfield’s speech was directed to the question of mere law. “I have not,” — thus he spoke at the outset — “I have not consulted books; indeed, I have no books to consult.” At this allusion, so gently and so gracefully made, to the recent outrage wreaked upon him, the assembled Peers, without breaking their reverential silence, showed all the sympathy that looks or gestures could express. Yet they had little cause to deplore his loss of books, when, as his speech proceeded, they found the loss supplied by his memory’s rich store — when they heard him, with unanswerable force, and on strictly legal grounds, vindicate the employment of the troops. “His Majesty,” thus did Lord Mansfield conclude, “and those who have advised him, I repeat it, have acted in strict conformity to the Common Law. The military have been called in, and very wisely called in, not as soldiers, but as citizens. No matter whether their coats be red or brown, they were employed, not to subvert, but to preserve, the Laws and Constitution which we all so highly prize.”

When Lord Mansfield sat down, the Address, which he supported, and which the Dukes of Richmond and Manchester had in some degree impugned, was carried, without one dissentient voice. Bishop Newton, who was present, records this speech as one of the finest ever heard in Parliament; and it has ever since been deemed a landmark in that sphere of our Constitutional law. At the time, however, its legal doctrines did not wholly escape animadversion out of doors; and some critics muttered that Lord Mansfield seemed to think all the law-books in the country burnt together with his own.

In the Commons, next day, the great Protestant petition was discussed; when the House agreed to five Resolutions, which Burke had in part prepared, and Lord North corrected. It is pleasing to find these two distinguished men, estranged on almost every other subject, combined on the great principle of religious toleration. There was, then, no shrinking from past merits, no subservience to mob-cries. The Resolutions did indeed declare that all attempts to seduce the youth of this kingdom from the Established Church to Popery, were highly criminal according to the laws in force, and might be a proper subject of further regulation. But they went on to say, in terms no less full and explicit, that all endeavours to misrepresent the Act of 1778, tended to bring dishonour on the national character, and to discredit the Protestant religion. The same spirit of bold adherence to the principles, then so far from popular, of 1778, will be found to animate the speeches that night both of Lord North and Mr. Burke. With equal courage, and on still broader grounds, was put forth the argument of Fox. “I am a friend,” he cried, “to universal toleration, and an enemy to that narrow way of thinking that makes men come to Parliament, not for the removal of some great grievances felt by them, but to desire Parliament to shackle and fetter their fellow-subjects.”

The same praise of firmness against popular clamours, can scarcely be awarded to Sir George Savile. We find him, if not recede from his opinions, at least falter in his tone. He seemed eager to explain

away his former votes, and eager also to bring in, under his own name, the Bill against Popish conversions. His Bill went to deprive the Roman Catholics of the right of keeping schools, or receiving youth to board at their houses. Music-masters, drawing-masters, and some other teachers not taking boarders, were to be exempt from penalty. But, not satisfied even with these safeguards, as they were deemed, of the Protestant faith, Sir George moved another clause in the Committee, to prevent any Roman Catholics from taking Protestant children as apprentices; a clause which Lord Beauchamp and other members opposed as a restriction upon trade. Sir George's clause being, however, carried, Burke indignantly declared that he would attend no further the progress of the measure. Finally, the Bill passed the Commons, but was lost in the Lords.

Before the end of the Session — it was closed by the Bang in person, on the 8th of July — Lord North carried an Address, that an exact account might be taken of the losses and damages in the recent riots. The claims sent in accordingly to the Board of Works by various persons, and exclusive of the cost of the demolished gaols and public buildings, amounted to 130,000£, most of which sum, as assessed, was recovered by a rate on the several parishes concerned. Both Lord Mansfield and Sir George Savile declined to send in any claim for compensation; a forbearance to their honour, considering the high office of the one and the ample fortune of the other.

Before the end of the Session, also, the measures against the rioters in custody were in active progress. It had been resolved to try the Middlesex cases at the next Old Bailey Sessions, commencing on the 28th of June; and for the cases in Surrey to issue, without delay, a Special Commission. Over this Commission the Lord Chief Justice De Grey had notice sent him that he would be required to preside. But De Grey, whose health was failing, and whose nerves were shaken, was so startled at the thought of such a task that, sooner than undertake it, he sent in his resignation. Wedderburn immediately claimed for himself the long-coveted Chief Justiceship, and he obtained it, notwithstanding Lord North's natural reluctance to forego so able a coadjutor in the House of Commons. He was further gratified with a Peerage, by the title of Lord Loughborough. His promotion was commonly approved, and drew forth warm congratulations, even from political opponents. Nor did they forbear from honourable counsels. "My Lord," wrote Burke, "I hope that, 'instead of bringing the littleness of Parliamentary politics into a Court of Justice, you will bring the squareness, the manliness, and the decision of a judicial place into the House of Parliament where you are just entering.'"

Such high anticipations, it must be owned, were not altogether fulfilled. The speech with which the new Peer opened the Special Commission, on the 10th of July, was indeed much admired for its eloquence, and much applauded as falling in with the angry temper of that time. But, on cool retrospect, it was felt that its partial overstatements, its intemperate denunciations of men upon their trial, were far from becoming in a Judge. "At present," writes one of his successors on the Bench, "no Counsel, even in opening a prosecution, 'would venture to make such a speech.'"

It so happened by good fortune for Lord George Gordon, that a legal technicality — and no law certainly so much abounded in these as ours — delayed the trial until the ensuing year, when a calmer temper in the public might be expected to prevail. But ere the month of July, 1780, had closed, all the other rioters in custody — no less than 135 — had been already tried. Of these about one half were found Guilty; and among the convicted — but he received a respite — was Edward Dennis, the common hangman. Finally, after full consideration of the cases and numerous respites, there were twenty-one persons left to undergo the extreme sentence of the law.



19th century "papoose" photograph.

GLIMPSES OF A DEPARTING WAY OF LIFE: THE LEWIS & CLARK JOURNALS (1803-1806)

Writings of explorers and first European settlers form the very the earliest body of non-native American literature; beginning with Columbus' journals, Bartolomé de las Casas' *Brevísima relación de la destrucción de las Indias* (1492), Bernal Díaz del Castillo's *Historia verdadera de la conquista de la Nueva España* (1568), Captain John Smith's *A Description of New England* (1616), and later *Plymouth Plantation* (1651) by William Bradford -- to name some of the most noted. By the 18th century, the wave of *new* exploration narratives and accounts (and which were not reproductions or summaries of past efforts) had largely died down; in part owing to the settling down of colonists; the Atlantic and Indian oceans being sufficiently mapped out, and to numerous wars being fought around the globe. By the 1780's Capt. Cook's voyages, and the published accounts that followed them, prompted interest in new expeditions, both scientific and commercial, targeting the Pacific and the west Coast of North America. Among those inspired by Cook and spurred to action was Alexander MacKenzie (1764-1820); the Scotsman who in the 1790s blazed trails through Canada to both the Arctic and the Pacific ocean, and American ambassador to France (in the late 1780s), Thomas Jefferson.

Many years before the Louisiana Purchase was even contemplated, Jefferson made several attempts to initiate and get sponsored scientifically minded exploratory attempts into North America's continental interior, all of which resulted in failure. It was not till becoming President that he had it in his power to realize and fulfill his long mediated wish and dream, and which included hopes of finding an easy Northwest passage, preferably by waterway, to the Pacific. Indeed, not only Lewis and Clark, but Jefferson also subsequently dispatched expeditions under William Dunbar and George Hunter into lower Louisiana territory (1804); Zebulon Pike into the Middle Plains and modern day Colorado (1806-1807); and another under Thomas Freeman & Peter Custis into the Southwest, towards modern New Mexico (1806).³⁵⁹ To Jefferson as much credit is due for getting European-America speedily moving westward as Lewis and Clark, or anyone else for that matter.

Though it is more than understandable that subsequent, and vehement, protest will have been voiced against white imperialistic encroachment on Indian lands, it must in fairness be remembered that the Natives themselves were frequently at odds with the other. Just as with whites, there were both the noble and the savage, with breeds spanning in between, and who could hardly be considered one happy family. As with the colonists only seriously joining together when Britain became the violent threat, it was only when the United States endangered the Natives similarly that a common Indian consciousness and political unity could begin to be contemplated. And yet by the time such *was* possible, as say under Tecumseh, it was then all too late to arrest the relentless and inexorable tide, and that included epidemics of small pox

³⁵⁹ The Dunbar-Hunter outing ended up being aborted due to conflict with the Osage tribe; while Freeman and Custis' came to a relatively abrupt end when Spanish authorities had them arrested after a few months exploring.

and measles that wiped out whole tribes. Ever wonder what happened to (such as) the Iowas, Kansas, Omahas, Missouris, whose names we are so familiar with; not to mention even more others with whom who are not, such as the Kickapoos, Ottoes, Panias and Mandans?

But Indians aside, it wasn't as if Lewis and Clark were, either unanticipated or unaided, entering into upon a complete vacuum. The Catholic majesties of France and Spain had previously made huge leaps and all-important footholds into the western continent,³⁶⁰ and without the French huntsmen and traders that accompanied Lewis and Clark, acting as foragers, pathfinders, and interpreters, it is *highly* doubtful that their and the missions of subsequent U.S. trail blazers could have succeeded as well as they did. Moreover, how far would anyone, white or Indian for that matter, have traveled without the horses originally brought in by Spanish conquistadors?

One of the most singular and striking aspects of the Lewis and Clark expedition is what a team effort it proved with whites of different ethnicities (including one black American, i.e., Clark's manservant named York), Indians of diverse tribes and temperaments, and as well animals too numerous to mention -- all of whom, whether they want to or no, contributed *decisively* to the final result.

As it happens, *a single woman*, in a cast of many thousands, was not least of those who helped tip the scales of manifest destiny. Like Cortes' La Malinche (aka "Dona Marina") and Capt. Smith's Pocahontas, 16 year old, pregnant Sacagawea, a Shoshone, and as has been abundantly demonstrated by documented evidence and scholarly attestation, who more than once saved the explorers from possible obstruction or destruction. As trail finder, interpreter, diplomat, she proved invaluable in times of real and possible emergency. It has been pointed out, for example, that but for her presence, Lewis and Clark's corps of discovery would have been assumed by the Indians to have been a *war party* (which, by the Indians' logic, it could not have been since a woman was present in its ranks.)

Yet none of these contributors, allies, and collaborators detract in the least from the exceptional achievement of Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark³⁶¹ themselves. As well as explorers, ambassadors and soldiers, their duties together included their also being chemists, geologists, naturalists, botanists, zoologists, medical doctors, surveyors, cartographers, navigators, sailors, ethnologists, hunters, taxidermists, and linguists. Even if they had made their voyage by means of modern transportation and with modern amenities, the journals and records they kept would themselves have been a phenomenal and amazing feat. How utterly extraordinary then they compiled such writings, descriptions, findings, measurements, statistics under the strains and challenges that rendered merely staying alive at times painfully difficult.

To attempt now to browse or wade through the near 5,000 pages of their, and expedition members', journals and records is, or at least can be to those willing make the effort a bracing and invigorating experience: the closest to being in the great outdoors as reading could take you.³⁶² It at times seems as if, on their trek through what are now Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, *Creation* itself is being rediscovered; with two new Adams, as it were, finding for the first time and giving names to lakes, streams, rivers, geological formations, flora, fauna, and other natural wonders that in Western culture heretofore had no name. So that we have in these a superb and priceless means of learning about what this country is blessed with and has to offer; though including also, sadly and in some instances, what it *had* to offer, but which it has no longer.

³⁶⁰ See *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892), chs. 15-16, where Parkman recounts the bold and decisive achievements of several early 18th century French explorers who directly paved the way for Lewis and Clark, Pike, and similar.

³⁶¹ Clark was the younger brother of George Rogers Clark. Yet the elder brother to both of them was Jonathan Clark (1750-1811), an officer in the Continental Army; who was at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, serving with the 8th Virginia Regiment. As a Major he was second in command to Major Henry Lee at the raid on Paulus Hook in 1779. It was with Jonathan Clark that Lee found himself in a dispute over rank that nearly caused the Paulus Hook mission to be cancelled almost immediately after it had set out. Lee, later, was compelled to apologize to the outranked and indignant Clark over the misunderstanding. Although Clark technically had seniority, Washington had conferred command of the enterprise on Lee, its principal planner and organizer. Clark afterward was among the gallant defenders taken prisoner at the Siege of Charleston, May 1780.

³⁶² The journals, incidentally, are still recommended by outdoor survivalists and modern woodsmen for their information, practical usefulness and applicability.

Lewis and Clark certainly had a clear and profound sense of their purpose, and there is very little second guessing them in retrospect when it comes to what they might have or ought to have done. However, with a frequency understandably regrettable to modern sensibility, a word used as often as just about any other is “killed;” even to a point that at times some readers will come to find it nauseating. Yes, and of course, they had to hunt for game to obtain food. Yet hunting at times served ancillary purposes of recreation, exercise, and as a way of relieving occasional monotony. Here, to give some idea of this, is one passage worth quoting.

Lewis, Sunday May 5th 1805

A fine morning I walked on shore untill 8 A M when we halted for breakfast and in the course of my walk killed a deer which I carried about a mile and a half to the river, it was in good order. soon after setting out the rudder irons of the white perogue were broken by her running fowl on a sawyer, she was however refitted in a few minutes with some tugs of raw hide and nales. as usual saw a great quantity of game today; Buffaloe Elk and goats or Antelopes feeding in every direction; we kill whatever we wish, the buffaloe furnish us with fine veal and fat beef, we also have venison and beaver tales when we wish them; the flesh of the Elk and goat are less esteemed, and certainly are inferior. we have not been able to take any fish for some time past. The country is as yesterday beatifull in the extreme.—

Yes, there can be abundance and even over population, but surely there is something to be said for moderation, conservation and ethical considerations, even back then. Take for instance in Robert Rogers play “Ponteach” (see *Continental Army Series*, vol. 1) how the *too* taking for granted and squandering of game by white hunters is decried. As for those who lamented the too great preoccupation of Americans with guns and casual shooting there was Benjamin Rush, Lewis’ medical tutor (see article on Rush in *Continental Army Series*, vol. 2). Bartram the Naturalist in his wide-ranging travels strove to strike a more human and healthy mean between survival and extravagance. So such concerns were by no stretch entirely unknown back in the early 1800s. While it may not be fair to fault what was done then by such as Lewis, Clark, and their party, least of all to somehow single them out for blame, it is fitting for us to regret that such was seen as necessary or acceptable for them. Else why should one ever weep or mourn so over the loss of life; especially when so many of the animals Lewis and Clark saw are extinct or on the verge of becoming so?

As literature otherwise, the journals have much to recommend them and were overt and unmistakable influences on a number of the works of Cooper, Irving, and even Edgar Allan Poe.

With *occasional* exception, I have endeavored to choose as selections extracts from the more rarely seen or repeated entries of the journals, and which include some from expedition members as well as Lewis and Clark themselves. Spellings are left as transcribed from the original documents. Omitted are any entries made on or with respect to Lewis and Clark’s return trip from Oregon to St. Louis; not because such are somehow less interesting, they most certainly are not, but rather for purposes of more manageable brevity.

A most special thanks is due to “The Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition Online” website; made possible by the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Center for Great Plains Studies, the University of Nebraska Center for Digital Research in the Humanities, and University of Nebraska Press, and from which these excerpts are taken, and which you can find at:

<http://lewisandclarkjournals.unl.edu/index.html>

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## **Lewis**

11th September [1803]

Set out about sunrise, passed Sunfish creek 1 mile &c &c entered the long reach, so called from the Ohio running in strait direction for 18 miles in this reach there are 5 Islands from three to 2 miles in length each— observed a number of squirrels swimming the Ohio and universally passing from the W. to the East shore they appear to be making to the south; perhaps it may be mast or food which they are in

serch of but I should reather suppose that it is climate which is their object as I find no difference in the quantity of mast on both sides of this river it being abundant on both except the beach nut which appears extreemly scarce this season, the walnuts and Hickory nuts the usual food of the squirrell appears in great abundance on either side of the river— I made my dog<sup>363</sup> take as many each day as I had occation for, they wer fat and I thought them when fryed a pleasent food— many of these squirrls wer black, they swim very light on the water and make pretty good speed— my dog was of the newfoundland breed very active strong and docile, he would take the squirel in the water kill them and swimming bring them in his mouth to the boat. we lay this night below the fifth Island in the long reach on the E. side of the river having come 26 miles

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Lewis

Novr. 16th— [1803]

Passed the Mississippi this day and went down on the other side after landing at the upper habitation on the oposite side. we found here som Shawnees and Delewars incamped; one of the Shawnees a respectable looking Indian offered me three beverskins for my dog with which he appeared much pleased, the dog was of the newfoundland breed one that I prised much for his docility and qualifications generally for my journey and of course there was no bargan, I had given 20\$ for this dogg myself— Capt Clark and myself passed own [down or over] to the lowist point in view on this the W. [*written over N*] side of the river from the point of junction of the rivers— found below it a sand bar, and a willow point forming which in low water will prevent any vessels coming too within two or three hundred yards of the main sore or bank, tho' this is the place at which a fort must be erected if one is built on that side of the mississippi within many miles of the mouth of Ohio, from this place to the uper habitation (or the point which we maid from our place of observation in measuring the river) was 28 hundred and 50 yards; from the place of observation this place bore On our return which was at 5 m after 1 Oclock we were a little surprised at the apparent size of a Catfish which the men had caught in our absence altho we had been previously accustomed to see those of from thirty to sixty pounds weight we ditermined to asscertain the weight of this fish after taking the following dementions of it—...

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## Clark

Christmas 25th Deer [1803]: I was wakened by a Christmas discharge of found that Some of the party had got Drunk 2 fought, the men frolicked and hunted all day, Snow this morning, Ice run all day, Several Turkey Killed Shields returned with a cheese & 4 lb butter, Three Indians Come to day to take Christmas with us, I gave them a bottle of whiskey and they went off after informing me that a great talk had been held and that all the nations were going to war against the Ozous [Osage?] in 3 months, one informed me that a English man 16 ms. from here told him that the Americans had the Countrey and no one was allowed to trade &c. I explained the thing Intention of Govmt to him, and the Caus of the possession, Drewyear [Drouillard, and who became the expedition's foremost hunstman] Says he will go with us, at the rate of [offered?] and will go to Massac to Settle his matters.

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Sergeant Patrick Gass

On Monday the 14th of May 1804, we left our establishment at the mouth of the river du Bois or Wood river, a small river which falls into the Mississippi, on the east-side, a mile below the Missouri, and having crossed the Mississippi proceeded up the Missouri on our intended voyage of discovery, under the command of Captain Clarke. Captain Lewis was to join us in two or three days on our passage.

³⁶³ Lewis' Newfoundland dog Seaman; also referred to as Scannon.

The corps consisted of forty-three men (including Captain Lewis and Captain Clarke, who were to command the expedition) part of the regular troops of the United States, and part engaged for this particular enterprize. The expedition was embarked on board a batteau [or keelboat] and two periogues ["piroque," a smaller, flat bottomed boats]. The day was showery and in the evening we encamped on the north bank six miles up the river. Here we had leisure to reflect on our situation, and the nature of our engagements: and, as we had all entered this service as volunteers, to consider how far we stood pledged for the success of an expedition, which the government had projected; and which had been undertaken for the benefit and at the expence of the Union: of course of much interest and high expectation.

The best authenticated accounts informed us, that we were to pass through a country possessed by numerous, powerful and warlike nations of savages, of gigantic stature, fierce, treacherous and cruel; and particularly hostile to white men. And fame had united with tradition in opposing mountains to our course, which human enterprize and exertion would attempt in vain to pass. The determined and resolute character, however, of the corps, and the confidence which pervaded all ranks dispelled every emotion of fear, and anxiety for the present; while a sense of duty, and of the honour, which would attend the completion of the object of the expedition; a wish to gratify the expectations of the government, and of our fellow citizens, with the feelings which novelty and discovery invariably inspire, seemed to insure to us ample support in our future toils, suffering and dangers.³⁶⁴

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## Lewis

Sunday May 20th 1804

The morning was fair, and the weather pleasant; at 10 oCk A M. agreeably to an appointment of the preceeding day, I was joined by Capt. Stoddard, Lieuts. Milford & Worrell together with Messrs. A. Chouteau, C. Gratiot, and many other respectable inhabitants of St. Louis, who had engaged to accompany me to the Vilage of St. Charles; accordingly at 12 Oclk after bidding an affectionate adieu to my Hostis, that excellent woman the spouse of Mr. Peter Chouteau, and some of my fair friends of St. Louis, we set forward to that village in order to join my friend companion and fellow labourer Capt. William Clark who had previously arrived at that place with the party destined for the discovery of the interior of the continent of North America the first 5 miles of our rout laid through a beatifull high leavel and fertail prarie which incircles the town of St. Louis from N. W. to S. E. the lands through which we then passed are somewhat broken up fertile the plains and woodlands are here indiscriminately interspersed untill you arrive within three miles of the vilage when the woodland commences and continues to the Missouri the latter is extreamly fertile. At half after one P. M. our progress was interrupted [hole] the near approach of a violent thunder storm from the N. W. and concluded to take shelter in a little cabbin hard by untill the rain should be over; accordingly we alighted and remained about an hour and a half and regailed ourselves with a could collation which we had taken the precaution to bring with us from St. Louis.

The clouds continued to follow each other in rapaid succession, insomuch that there was but little prospect of it's ceasing to rain this evening; as I had determined to reach St. Charles this evening and knowing that there was now no time to be lost I set forward in the rain, most of the gentlemen continued with me, we arrived at half after six and joined Capt Clark, found the party in good health and sperits. suped this evening with Charles Tayong a Spanish Ensign & late Commandant of St. Charles at an early hour I retired to rest on board the barge...

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³⁶⁴ Originally found in Gass' *A Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery, under the command of Capt. Lewis and Capt. Clarke of the Army of the United States, from the mouth of the river Missouri through the interior parts of North America to the Pacific Ocean, during the years 1804, 1805 and 1806. Containing an authentic relation of the most interesting transactions during the expedition,—A description of the country,—And an account of its inhabitants, soil, climate, curiosities, and vegetable and animal productions* (1807).

Clark

Sunday 20th May [NB: at St Charles]

A Cloudy morning rained and hard wind from the [blank] last night, The letter George lost yesterday found by a Country man, I gave the party leave to go and hear a Sermon to day delivered by Mr. [blank] a romon Carthlick Priest at 3 oClock Capt. Lewis Capt. Stoddard accompanied by the Officers & Several Gentlemen of St Louis arrived in a heavy Showr of Rain Mssr. Lutenants Minford & Werness. Mr. Choteau Grattiot, Deloney, LaberDee Ranken Dr. SoDrang rained the greater part of this evening. Suped with Mr. Charles Tayon, the late Comdt. of S: Charles a Spanish Ensign.

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## Private Joseph Whitehouse

Sunday 20th May 1804. Several of the party went to church, which the french call Mass, and Saw their way of performing &c.—

Sunday may 20th This day several of our party went to the Chapel, where Mass was said by the Priest, which was a novelty to them.—

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Whitehouse

Tusday 10 [July 1804] Got On Our way at woolf River at Sun Rise the water was Strong the Morning was Clear. On the E. S. of the River whare Stopd to take breakfast the willd. Rice was plenty Groeing on the bank of the River, Straberyes, Rosies, Red And white Roed 11 Miles Campd. at [blank] the hunters Came in brought 2 deer with them—

Tuesday July 10th This morning at Sunrise we got under way from Little Wolf River, we found the current still setting strong against us, & very hard rowing to stem it, we encamped for a while to refresh ourselves at 8 oClock A. M.; we found here wild Rice, strawberry's and Red & white Roses <and Strawberry's> growing along the bank of the River, at 10 oClock A. M. we proceeded on, and in the evening encamped on the bank of the River where our hunters came in to us, having 2 Deer with them which they had killed. We rowed this day 11 Miles.—

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## Gass

Saturday 11th. [Aug. 1804] A storm came on at three o'clock this morning and continued till nine, notwithstanding which, we kept under way till ten, when we came to a high bluff, where an Indian chief had been buried, and placed a flag upon a pole, which had been set up at his grave. His name was Blackbird, king of the Mahas;<sup>365</sup> an absolute monarch while living, and the Indians suppose can exercise the power of one though dead. We encamped in latitude 42d 1m 3s 3, as ascertained by observation.

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³⁶⁵ A "Journals of Lewis and Clark" editor notes: "Blackbird (Wazhin' gaC with cedilla lowercase symbolabe) was a notorious character along the Missouri, noted for his friendship with white traders and his strong rule over his own people. Under his leadership the Omahas rose to prominence on the eastern plains. Reports of his war deeds are mixed, but he seems to have had great authority because of his sorcery, especially in the deaths of the enemies who were likely killed by his use of poisons obtained from traders. Legend has it that he was buried seated on the back of his horse, on the hilltop where he used to watch for the coming of his friends the traders..."

Clark

14th August Tuesday 1804

a fine morning wind from the S E The men Sent to the Mahar [Omaha] Town last evening has not returned we Conclude to Send a Spye to Know the cause of Their delay at about 12 oClock the Party returned and informed. us that they Could not find the Indians nor any fresh Sign, those people have not returned from their Buffalow hunt, Those people haveing no houses no Corn or any thing more than the graves of their ancesters to attach them to the old Village, Continue in pursuite of the Buffalow longer than others who had greater attachments to their native Village— the ravages of the Small Pox [NB: *about 4 years ago*] (which Swept off 400 men & women & Children in perpotion) has reduced this Nation not exceeding 300 men and left them to the insults of their weaker neighbours which before was glad to be on friendly turns with them— I am told whin this fatal malady was among them they Carried ther franzey to verry extraordinary length, not only of burning their Village, but they put their wives & Children to D[e]ath with a view of their all going together to Some better Countrey— They burry their Dead on the tops of high hills and rais mounds on the top of them,— The cause or way those people took the Small Pox is uncertain, the most Probable from Some other Nation by means of a warparty

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## Sergeant John Ordway

*Friday 24th* [Aug. 1804]...Capt. Clark went out hunting on S. S. we proceeded on passed the upper end of the Butiful Bottom prarie. there the high butiful prarie commenced which is extensive & Smooth. Back about 2 miles we are informed that their is a verry high hill called The Hills of the little <Christian> Devils<sup>366</sup> by the natives & they amagan that it is inhabited by little people with Big heads & they are afraid to go up to them for fear they will shoot them with their Bows & arrows, we passed the mouth of White Stone River, which came in above the high prarie their is large points of land covered with Timber on boath sides of the river Such as cottenwood ash Elm & C—. Capt. Clark joined us towards evening had killed 2 Buck Elk & 1 faun. Capt. Clark & Capt. Lewis & 10 more of the party in order to fetch the meat in, they returned with the meat, which was jurked at the Same time we had a fine Shower of Rain which lasted abt. half an hour, at which place we Camped on South Side. the Musquetoos Troublesome.

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Lewis

Monday September 17th 1804

...we found the [Pronghorn] Antelope extreemly shy and watchfull insomuch that we had been unable to get a shot at them; when at rest they generally seelect the most elivated point in the neighbourhood, and as they are watchfull and extreemly quick of sight and their sense of smelling very accute it is almost impossible to approach them within gunshot; in short they will frequently discover and flee from you at the distance of three miles. I had this day an opportunity of witnessing the agility and superior fleetness of this anamal which was to me really astonishing. I had pursued and twice surprised a small herd of seven, in the first instance they did not discover me distinctly and therefore did not run at full speed, tho' they took care before they rested to gain an elivated point where it was impossible to approach them under cover except in one direction and that happened to be in the direction from which the wind blew towards them; bad as the chance to approach them was, I made the best of my way towards them, frequently peeping over the ridge with which I took care to conceal myself from their view the male, of which there was but one, frequently incircled the summit of the hill on which the females stood in a group, as if to look out for the approach of danger. I got within about 200 paces of them when they smelt me and fled; I gained the top of the eminece on which they stood, as soon as possible from whence I had an extensive view of the country the antilopes which had disappeared in a steep revezne now appeared at the distance of about three miles on the side of a ridge which passed obliquely across me and extended about four miles. so soon had these antelopes gained the distance at which they had again appeared to my view I doubted at ferst that they were the same that I

³⁶⁶ Spirit Mound, Clay County, South Dakota, eight miles north of Vermillion.

had just surprised, but my doubts soon vanished when I beheld the rapidity of their flight along the ridge before me it appeared rather the rapid flight of birds than the motion of quadrupeds. I think I can safely venture the assertion that the speed of this animal is equal if not superior to that of the finest blooded courser...

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## **Whitehouse**

Thursday 27th Sept. 1804. we Stayed here this day. Capt Lewis and Some of the party went over to See the Indians Camps [of the Teton Sioux]. their lodges are about 80 in number and contain about 10 Souls Each, the most of them women and children. the women are employed dressing buffaloe hides for to make themselves cloathing and to make their lodges &c. they are or appear as yet to be the most freendly people I ever Saw but they will Steal and plunder if they can git an oppertunity. they are verry dirty the vessels they carry their water in is the pouch of their game which they kill and in the Same manner that they take them out of the animal. they gave us different kinds of victules to eat. Some of it I never Saw the like before. about 15 days ago they had a battle with the Mahars [Omahas]. they killed 65 men and took 25 women prisoners. they took the 65 of the Mahars Sculps and had them hung on Small poles, which ther women held in their hands when they danced. we Saw them have one dance this evening. they kept it up untill one oclock dancing round a fire about 80 of them in number. they had drums and whistles for musick. they danced war dances round the fire which was curious to us. when we came on board an axedant happened by running the perogue across the bow of the boat and broke our cable and lost our anker all hands was raised and roed the barge to Shore. the Savages ran down to know what was the matter. we told them they Said that they came to our assistance we thanked them for Showing their good will but kept on our guard all night for fear they would turn our enimies themselves.—

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Clark

10th of *October Wednesday* 1804.

...the Inds. much astonished at my black Servent [named York], who made him Self more turrible in thier view than I wished him to Doe as I am told telling them that before I cought him he was wild & lived upon people, young children was verry good eating Showed them his Strength &c. &c....

[separate entry for the same day by Clark]

...Those Indians wer much astonished at my Servent, They never Saw a black man before, all flocked around him & examind. him from top to toe, he Carried on the joke and made himself more turibal than we wished him to doe. (Thos Indians were not fond of Spirits Licquer. of any kind[])...

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## **Clark**

October 12, 1804

... The Ricaras [Arikaras] are at war with the Crow Indians and Mandans—&c. &— The Ricaras, have a custom Similar to the Sioux in maney instances, they think they cannot Show a Sufficent acknowledgement without [giving?] to their guest handsom Squars and think they are despised if they are not recved The Sioux followed us with women two days we put them off. the Ricarries we put off dureing the time we were near their village— 2 were Sent by a man to follow us, and overtook us this evening, we Still procisted in a refusal— The Dress of the Ricara men is Simpally a pr. of Mockersons & Legins, a flap, and a Buffalow Robe— Their Hair is long and lais loose their arms & ears are decerated with trinkets—

The womin Dress Mockersons & Legins & Skirt of the Skin of the Cabre or Antelope, long fringed & [roab?] to the fringes & with Sleeves, verry white, and Roabes— all were Dressed to be without hare in the Summer

Those people make large Beeds of Diferrent colours, out of glass or Beeds of Dift colours, verry ingeniously<sup>367</sup>

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Clark

October 12, 1804

2nd Chief [of the] Ricaras

My Father, I am glad to See this is a fine Day to here the good Councils & talk good talk

I am glad to See you & that your intentions are to open the road for all

we See that our Grand father has Sent you to open the road we See it

Our Grand father by Sending you means to take pity on us

Our Grand father has Sent you with tobacco to make peace with all nations, we think

The first nation who has recomended the road to be clear and open.

You Come here & have Directed all nations which you have met to open & clear the road.

[If?] you come to See the water & roads to Clear them as Clear as possible

you just now Come to See us, & we wish you to tell our Grand ftar [father] that we wish the road to be kept Clear & open.

I expect the Chief in the next Town will tell you the Same to move on & open the road

I think when you Saw the nations below the[y] wish you to open the road— (or something to that amount:

when you passd. the Souex they told you the Same I expect. we See you here to day we are pore our women have no Strouds & Knives to Cut their meat take pity on us when you return.

you Come here & Derect us to Stay at home & not go to war, we Shall do So, we hope you will when you get to the *Mandins* you will tell them the Same & Cleer the road, no one Dar to Stop you, you go when you please,—

The you tell us to go Down, we will go and See our grand father & here & receve his Gifts, and think fully that our nation will be covered after our return, our people will look for us with the same impatience that our Grand father looks for your return, to Give him

If I am going to See my grand father, many bad nations on the road, I am not afraid to Die for the good of my people (all Cried around him.)

The Chief By me will go to the Mandans & hear what they will Say. (we agree'd.)

³⁶⁷ Regarding the intricate and elaborate process of making of glass beads by the Indians, see Lewis, March 16th, 1804.

The verry moment we Set out to go down we will Send out my Brother to bring all the Nation in the open prarie to See me part on this Great mission to See my Great father.

our people hunting Shall be glad to here of your being here & they will all Come to See, as you Cannot Stay they must wate for your return to See you, we are pore take pity on our wants

The road is for you all to go on, who do you think will injure a white man when they come to exchange for our Roabes & Beaver

after you Set out many nations in the open plains may Come to make war against us, we wish you to Stop their guns & provent it if possible. Finished...

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### Clark

1st of *November Thursday* 1804

the wind hard from the N W. Mr. McCrackin a Trader Set out at 7 oClock to the fort on the Ossiniboin [Assiniboin] by him Send a letter, (incloseing a Copy of the British Ministers protection) to the principal agent of the Company— at about 10 OClock the Cheifs of the Lower Village Cam and after a Short time informed us they wished they would us to call at their village & take Some Corn, that they would make peace with the *Ricares* [Arikaras] they never made war against them but after the *rees* [Crees] Killed their Chiefs they killed them like the birds, and were tired [*NB: of killing them*] and would Send a Chief and Some brave men to the *Ricares* to Smoke with that people in the evening we Set out and fell down to the lower Village where Capt. Lewis got out and continud at the Village untill after night I proceeded on & landed on the S. S. at the upper point of the 1st Timber on the Starboard Side after landing & Continuinge— <Some> all night dropped down to a proper place to build Capt Lewis Came down after night, and informed me he intended to return the next morning by the perticular Request of the Chiefs.

We passed the Villages on our Decent in veiw of Great numbers of the inhabitants

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Whitehouse

3rd of November Sat. 1804

...Nothing happened extraordinary till the 30th day of November (instant) when an Express arrived from the 2nd Mandan Village, at our Fort; who informed our Officers that a hunting party of theirs was robbed, by the Sues [Sioux] & Rees [Cree] Indians on the 27th of last Month of Eight horses, and all their meat, & that they had killed one of their Men, and wounded two others, and applied to <the> Our Officers for some assistance from the fort which the Officers readily granted to them. Twenty of our Men immediately turned out Volunteers, under the Command of Captain Clark to go against those Indians, (the Sues) and the Guard at the Fort set us across the River.— Captain Clark formed his Men on the South West side of the River Mesouri on their landing; and told them off in Sections from the right, and sent a file of Men and a Non commission'd Officer on each flank, to reconitre the Woods, at the distance of nearly 100 Yards from the head of the Company.— After we had marched about 6 Miles, we arriv'd at the first Village of the Mandan Indians, with our Two Interpreters, One for the Mandans & the other for the Grovanners [Gros Ventres or French for "Big Bellies"] Captain Clark thinking that he would be reinforced by a party, from each nation, and a detachment from the Watesoons a part of the Nation, who are neighbours to the Mandan Nation, and their friends.— On our arrival at the Village, the chiefs of both nations, concluded, not to go to fight those Indians with us, they saying the Weather was cold, and the Snow was deep, (being upwards of 18 Inches on the Ground,) and that they should put it off, 'till the next spring— The Captain halted the party two hours at this Village. he told the Chief and Warriors of the Mandan Nation; that he and his Men was on the ground and was ready to assist them, and that they should see that he and his Men could fight.—

After the Captain had some more conversation with those Indians, we all took our leave of them, and started for the Fort, we recrossed the River on the ice.— between the first and Second Villages of the Mandan Indians, and came to the Fort, where we arrived at dark. this Evening, being very cold, the Officers had some Whiskey served out to the Men that was on the March which revived them much, & they all Retired to their Huts.—

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### Ordway

*Saturday 15th Decr.* 1804. Cloudy cold and Snowey. I & 2 more of the party went up to the 1st & 2 villages of the Mandans. traded for a little corn & C. they had all their corn in holes made in the Ground close in front of their lodges. although the day was cold & Stormy we Saw Several of the chiefs and warries were out at a play which they call [blank]<sup>368</sup> they had flattish rings made out of clay Stone & two men had Sticks abt. 4 feet long with 2 Short peaces across the fore end of it, and neathing on the other end, in Such a manner that they would Slide Some distance they had a place fixed across their green from the head chiefs house across abt. 50 yds. to the 2 chiefs lodge, which was Smothe as a house flour they had a Battery fixed for the rings to Stop against. two men would run at a time with <stick> Each a Stick & one carried a ring. they run abt. half way and then Slide their Sticks after the ring. they had marks made for the Game but I do not understand how they count the game. they gave us different kinds of victules & made us eat in every lodge that we went in. they were verry friendly we returned to the fort. Capt. Clark had returned with the hunters. had not killed any Buffaloe for they are all back in the praries.

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Gass

Monday 24th. Some snow fell this morning; about 10 it cleared up, and the weather became pleasant. This evening we finished our fortification. Flour, dried apples, pepper and other articles were distributed in the different messes to enable them to celebrate Christmas in a proper and social manner.

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### Ordway

*Tuesday 25th Decr.* 1804. cloudy. we fired the Swivels at day break & each man fired one round. our officers Gave the party a drink of Taffee. we had the Best to eat that could be had, & continued firing dancing & frolicking dureing the whole day. the Savages did not Trouble us as we had requested them not to come as it was a Great medician day with us. we enjoyed a merry cristmas dureing the day & evening untill nine oClock—all in peace & quietness.

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Clark

Fort Mandan on the N E bank
of the Missouri 1600 miles up *Tuesday*
January the 1st 1805

The Day was ushered in by the Discharge of two Cannon, we Suffered 16 men [1] with their musick to visit the 1st Village for the purpose of Danceing, by as they Said the perticular request of the Chiefs of that village, about 11 oClock I with an inturpeter & two men walked up to the Village (my views were to alay Some little miss understanding which had taken place thro jelloucy and mortification as to our treatment towards them[])

³⁶⁸ Identified as a Mandan hoop and pole game.

I found them much pleased at the Danceing of our men, I ordered my black Servent to Dance which amused the Croud verry much, and Some what astonished them, that So large a man Should be active &c. &...

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## Clark

16th *January Wednesday 1805*

...This war Chief gave us a Chart in his way of the Missourie, he informed us of his intentions of going to war in the Spring against the Snake Indians we advised him to look back at the number of nations who had been distroyed by war, and reflect upon what he was about to do, observing if he wished the hapiness of his nation, he would be at peace with all, by that by being at peace and haveing plenty of goods amongst them & a free intercourse with those defenceless nations, they would get on easy terms a great Number of horses, and that nation would increas, if he went to war against those Defenceless people, he would displease his great father, and he would not receive that pertection & Care from him as other nations who listened to his word— This Chief who is a young man 26 yr. old replied that if his going to war against the Snake indians would be displeasing to us he would not go, he had horses enough.

we observed that what we had Said was the words of his Great father, and what we had Spoken to all the nations which we Saw on our passage up, they all promis to open their ears and we do not know as yet if any of them has Shut them (we are doubtfull of the Souxs) if they do not attend to what we have told them their great father will open their ears— This Chief Said that he would advise all his nation to Stay at home untill we Saw the Snake Indians & Knew if they would be friendly, he himself would attend to what we had told him—

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Lewis

Fort Mandan April 7th 1805.

Having on this day at 4 P.M. completed every arrangement necessary for our departure, we dismissed the barge and crew with orders to return without loss of time to S. Louis, a small canoe with two French hunters accompanied the barge; these men had assended the missouri with us the last year as engages...

Our vessels consisted of six small canoes, and two large perogues. This little fleet altho' not quite so respectable as those of Columbus or Capt. Cook were still viewed by us with as much pleasure as those deservedly famed adventurers ever beheld theirs; and I dare say with quite as much anxiety for their safety and preservation. we were now about to penetrate a country at least two thousand miles in width, on which the foot of civillized man had never trodden; the good or evil it had in store for us was for experiment yet to determine, and these little vessells contained every article by which we were to expect to subsist or defend ourselves. however as this the state of mind in which we are, generally gives the colouring to events, when the imagination is suffered to wander into futurity, the picture which now presented itself to me was a most pleasing one. entertaing <now> as I do, the most confident hope of succeeding in a voyage which had formed a da[r]ling project of mine for the last ten years <of my life>, I could but esteem this moment of my <our> departure as among the most happy of my life. The party are in excellent health and sperits, zealously attached to the enterprize, and anxious to proceed; not a whisper of murmur or discontent to be heard among them, but all act in unison, and with the most perfect harmony...

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## Lewis

Thursday May 2cd 1805

...every thing which is incomprehensible to the indians they call *big medicine*, and is the operation of the presnts and power of the *great sperit*. this morning one of the men shot the indian dog that had followed us for several days, he would steal their cooked provision.

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Lewis

Thursday June 27th 1805.

...some Elk came near our camp and we killed 2 of them at 1 P. M. a cloud arose to the S. W. and shortly after came on attended with violent Thunder Lightning and hail &c. (see notes on diary of the weather for June). soon after this storm was over Drewyer [Drouillard] and J. Fields returned. they were about 4 miles above us during the storm, the hail was of no uncommon size where they were. They had killed 9 Elk and three bear during their absence; one of the bear was the largest by far that we have yet seen; the skin appear to me to be as large as a common ox. while hunting they saw a thick brushey bottom on the bank of the river where from the tracks along shore they suspected that there were bare [bears] concealed; they therefore landed without making any nois and climbed a leaning tree and placed themselves on it's branches about 20 feet above the ground, when thus securely fixed they gave a hoop and this large bear instantly rushed forward to the place from whence he had heard the human voice issue, when he arrived at the tree he made a short paus and Drewyer shot him in the head. it is worthy of remark that these bear never climb. the fore feet of this bear measured nine inches across and the hind feet eleven and $\frac{3}{4}$ in length & exclusive of the tallons and seven inches in width. a bear came within thirty yards of our camp last night and eat up about thirty weight of buffaloe suit which was hanging on a pole. my dog seems to be in a constant state of alarm with these bear and keeps barking all night. soon after the storm this evening the water on this side of the river became of a deep crimson colour which I presume proceeded from some stream above and on this side. there is a kind of soft red stone in the bluffs and bottoms of the gullies in this neighbourhood which forms this colouring matter.— ...

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## Clark

August 17th Saturday 1805

a fair Cold morning wind S. W. the Thermometer at 42 a. 0 at Sunrise, We Set out at 7 oClock and proceeded on to the forks I had not proceeded on one mile before I saw at a distance Several Indians on horsback Comeing towards me, The Intertreper & Squar who were before me at Some distance danced for the joyful Sight, and She made signs to me that they were her nation, as I aproached nearer them discovered one of Capt Lewis party With them dressed in their Dress; the met me with great Signs of joy, as the Canoes were proceeding on nearly opposit me I turned those people & Joined Capt Lewis who had Camped with 16 of those Snake Indians at the forks 2 miles in advance. those Indians Sung all the way to their Camp where the others had provd. a cind of Shade of Willows Stuck up in a Circle the Three Chiefs with Capt. Lewis met me with great cordialliaty embraced and took a Seat on a white robe, the Main Chief imedeately tied to my hair Six Small pieces of Shells resembling *perl* which is highly Valued by those people and is prcured from the nations resideing near the *Sea Coast*. we then Smoked in their fassion without Shoes and without much cerimoney and form.

Capt Lewis informed me he found those people on the *Columbia River* about 40 miles from the forks at that place there was a large camp of them, he had purswaded those with him to Come and See that what he said was the truth, they had been under great apprehension all the way, for fear of their being deceived. The Great Chief of this nation proved to be the brother of the Woman with us and is a man of Influence Sence & easey & reserved manners, appears to possess a great deel of Cincerity...

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Lewis

Saturday August 24th 1805.

...he told me that his nation had also given him another name by which he was signalized as a warrior which was Too-et'-te-con'-e or *black gun*. these people have many names in the course of their lives, particularly if they become distinguished characters. for it seems that every important event by which they happen to distinguish themselves intitles them to claim another name which is generally scelected by themselves and confirmed by the nation. those distinguishing acts are the killing and scalping an enemy, the killing a white bear, leading a party to war who happen to be successfull either in destroying their enemies or robing them of their horses, or individually stealing the horses of an enemy. these are considered acts of equal heroism among them, and that of killing an enemy without scalping him is considered of no importance; in fact the whole honour seems to be founded in the act of scalping, for if a man happens to slay a dozen of his enemies in action and others get the scalps or first lay their hand on the dead person the honor is lost to him who killed them and devolves on those who scalp or first touch them. Among the Shoshones, as well as all the Indians of America, bravery is esteemed the primary virtue; nor can any one become eminent among them who has not at some period of his life given proofs of his possessing this virtue. with them there can be no preferment without some warelike achievement, and so completely interwoven is this principle with the earliest Elements of thought that it will in my opinion prove a serious obstruction to the restoration of a general peace among the nations of the Missouri. while at Fort Mandan I was one day addressing some cheifs of the Minetares wo visited us and pointing out to them the advantages of a state of peace with their neighbours over that of war in which they were engaged. the Chiefs who had already geathered their havest of larals, and having forceably felt in many instances some of those inconveniences attending a state of war which I pointed out, readily agreed with me in opinion. a young fellow under the full impression of the Idea I have just suggested asked me if they were in a state of peace with all their neighbours what the nation would do for Cheifs?, and added that the cheifs were now oald and must shortly die and that the nation could not exist without cheifs. taking as granted that there could be no other mode devised for making Cheifs but that which custom had established through the medium of warlike achievements...

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## Ordway

Thursday 29th August 1805. a clear pleasant morning. about 8 oClock A. M. a number of Indians arived here who had been gone along time from the nation one of them got Sculped [scalped] by some Indians in the prarie or plain he did not know what nation they belonged to. Some of their relations cried when they came in the village...

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Whitehouse

Thursday 29th August 1805. ...these Savages had nothing to give our men but Some of their berries. they got Some Salmon from the natives who Stayed on the River, but Suffered a great deal with hunger. the Natives tells us that we cannot find the ocean by going a west course for Some of them who are old men has been on that a Season or more to find the ocean but could not find it, and that their was troublesome tribes of Indians to pass. that they had no horses but would rob and Steal all they could and eat them as they had nothing as it were to eat. the country verry mountaineous and no game. these natives do not incline to Sell any more horses without guns in return as they say they must have one or the other for defence, as they could jump on their horses & ride off and carry their children &c. we told them they could not Spare any guns if we Should git no more horses So we put up the goods & make ready to Set out tomorrow on our way round the or between the mountains and Strike Columbian River below if possible. our hunters came in had caught 6 fish and killed one Deer.

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## Ordway

Sunday 22nd Sept. 1805. a clear pleasant morning. and white frost. we were detained Some time a hunting our horses. about nine oClock at which time we Set out assended a Mountain and proceeded on came on a Small Smooth prarie or plain, and run came through it. we met Reuben fields who Capt. Clark Sent back to meet us, with a bag of Sammon and excelent root bread which they purchased from a nation of Indians who are Camped on a plain at the foot of the Mount. about 8 or 10 miles distance from this place— we halted about one hour and a half eat hearty of the Sammon and bread, and let our horses feed. then we proceeded on the two men who had been back to look for the lost horse overtook us they had found the horse and portmantaus, but had lost the horse they took with them. we proceeded on over a mountain and descended it down in to a valley which is Smooth and mostly handsome plains. Some groves of handsome tall large pitch pine timber about 3 miles further we came to a large Indian village of the flat head [Salish] nation they appeared very glad to see us ran meeting us with Some root bread which they gave us to eat. we Camped by a branch near the village. the natives gave us dried Sammon and different kinds of their food. Capt Clark joined us this evening and informed us that the[y] had been on a branch of the Columbia River where he expected it is navigable for canoes and only 15 or 20 miles from this place &C— these natives have a large quantity of this root bread which they call Commass. the roots grow in these plains. they have kills [kilns] engeaniously made where they Sweet these roots and make them Sweet and good to the taste—...

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Whitehouse

Wednesday 9th Oct. 1805...After it was dark some of the party began to play on a Violin and the others fell to a dancing, This pleased the Natives very much, & they seemed delighted at our manner of dancing, These Natives continued at our Camp all Night & one of the Women that were among them was taken with a Crazy fit. This Woman began with singing in the Indian language, and then gave all that was round her some roots, & all those who she offer'd them to, had to take them. One of our Men refused taking them from her, at which she grew Angry, and hove them in the fire, and took from her husband who stood near her, a sharp flint stone, and cut her Arms in many places, that the blood gushed out of them, she caught the blood & eat it, She then tore off some beads & pieces of Copper than hung about her neck, & gave all those round her, some of them; she still kept singing, & would at times make a hissing noise. She then ran round the whole of them, & went towards the River. her Relations followed her, & brought her back; when she fell into a fit, & remain'd Stiff & Speechless for some considerable time.— The Natives threw Water on her, & brought her too, & then [Clark] gave her some small Articles at which she seemed much pleased— ...

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## Gass

[Nov. 1805] Monday 4th. A fine morning. We embarked early; passed two large islands, and a beautiful part of the river. The tide raised the water last night 2 feet. We went about 7 miles and came to a large Indian village, where they informed us that in two days we should come to two ships with white people in them. The Indians here have a great deal of new cloth among them, and other articles which they got from these ships. We got some dogs and roots from the natives. The roots are of a superior quality to any I had before seen: they are called whapto; resemble a potatoe when cooked, and are about as big as a hen egg. Game is more plenty here than up the river, and one of the men killed a deer this morning. At this camp of the natives they have 52 canoes, well calculated for riding waves. We proceeded on, and passed some handsome islands, and down a beautiful part of the river. We also passed a number of Indian lodges; and saw a great many swans, geese, ducks, cranes, and gulls. We went 28 miles and encamped on the north side. In the evening we saw Mount Rainy<sup>369</sup> on the same side. It is a handsome point of a mountain, with little or no timber on it, very high, and a considerable distance off this place.

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<sup>369</sup> Journal editors: "Not Mt. Rainier, but the closer Mt. St. Helens in Skamania County, Washington." Mount Rainier is, however, correctly sighted by Clark at 25 Nov. 1805, and 6 April 1806.



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Clark

November 9th Saturday 1805

The tide of last night did not rise Sufficiently high to come into our camp, but the Canoes which was exposed to the mercy of the waves &c. which accompanied the returning tide, they all filled, and with great attention we Saved them untill the tide left them dry— wind Hard from the South and rained hard all the fore part of the day, at 2 oClock P M the flood tide came in accompanied with emence waves and heavy winds, floated the trees and Drift which was on the point on which we Camped and tosed them about in Such a manner as to endanger the Canoes verry much, with every exertion and the Strictest attention by every individual of the party was Scercely Sufficient to Save our Canoes from being crushed by those monsterous trees maney of them nearly 200 feet long and from 4 to 7 feet through. our camp entirely under water dureing the hight of the tide, every man as wet as water could make them all the last night and to day all day as the rain Continued all day, at 4 oClock P M the wind Shifted about to the S. W. and blew with great violence imediately from the Ocian for about two hours, notwithstanding the disagreeable Situation of our party all wet and Cold (and one which they have experienced for Several days past) they are chearfull and anxious to See further into the Ocian, The water of the river being too Salt to use we are obliged to make use of rain water— Some of the party not accustomed to Salt water has made too free a use of it on them it acts as pergitive...

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## Gass

[Nov. 1805] *Sunday 16th.* This was a clear morning and the wind pretty high. We could see the waves, like small mountains, rolling out in the ocean, and pretty bad in the bay.

We are now at the end of our voyage, which has been completely accomplished according to the intention of the expedition, the object of which was to discover a passage by the way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers to the Pacifi oceanc; notwithstanding the difficulties, privations and dangers, which we had to encounter, endure and surmount...

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Whitehouse

Tuesday Novemr. 19th [1805] A cloudy morning. Our hunters went out & killed 3 Deer this day, which they brought to our Camp. A number of Indians came to visit us at our Camp. They wore Robes made out of the Skins of swans, Squirrel skins, & some made out of beaver skins also— Some of these Indians Wore hats which they make out of white Cedar & bear Grass. They sold one of these Hatts to one of our party for an old Razor blade. These Indians are a handsome well looking set of People, and were far the lightest colour'd Natives that we had seen since we have been on our Voyage. Some of these Indians about 15 in number encamped near us, and staid during this night.—

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## Clark

*Christmas Wednesday 25th December 1805*

...we would have Spent this day the nativity of Christ in feasting, had we any thing either to raise our Sperits or even gratify our appetites, our Diner concisted of pore Elk, So much Spoiled that we eate it thro' near necessity, Some Spoiled pounded fish and a few roots.

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Lewis

Fort Clatsop 1806

January 1st Tuesday. [Wednesday]

This morning I was awoke at an early hour by the discharge of a volley of small arms, which were fired by our party in front of our quarters to usher in the new year; this was the only mark of respect which we had it in our power to pay this celebrated day. our repast of this day tho' better than that of Christmass, consisted principally in the anticipation of the 1st day of January 1807, when in the bosom of our friends we hope to participate in the mirth and hilarity of the day, and when the zest given by the recollection of the present, we shall completely, both mentally and corporally, enjoy the repast which the hand of civilization has prepared for us. at present we were content with eating our boiled Elk and wappetoe, and solacing our thirst with our only beverage *pure water*. two of our hunters who set out this morning returned in the evening having killed two bucks elk; they presented Capt. Clark and myself each a marrow-bone and tongue, <each> on which we suped....— our fourtification being now completed we issued an order for the more exact and uniform dicipline and government of the garrison. (see orderly book 1st January 1806).—

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## Lewis

*Tuesday [NB: Monday] January 13th 1806.*

This morning I took all the men who could be spared from the Fort and set out in quest of the flesh of the seven Elk that were killed yesterday, we found it in good order being untouched by the wolves, of which indeed there are but few in this country; at 1 P. M. we returned having gotten all the meat to the fort. this evening we exhausted the last four candles, but fortunately had taken the precaution to bring with us moulds and wick, by means of which and some Elk's tallow in our possession we do not yet consider ourselves destitute of this necessary article; the Elk we have killed have a very small portion of tallow...

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Lewis

Saturday [NB: Friday] January 17th 1806

This morning we were visited by Comowool and 7 of the Clatsops our nearest neighbours, who left us again in the evening. They brought with them some roots and buries for sale, of which however they disposed of but very few as they asked for them such prices as our stock in trade would not license us in giving. the Chief Comowool gave us some roots and buries for which we gave him in return a mockerson awl and some thread; the latter he wished for the purpose of making a skimming net. one of the party was dressed in t[h]ree very elegant Sea Otter skins which we much wanted; for these we offered him many articles but he would not dispose of them for any other consideration but blue beads, of these we had only six fathoms left, which being 4 less than his price for each skin he would not exchange nor would a knife or an equivalent in beads of any other colour answer his purposes, these coarse blue beads are their f[av]orite merchandiz, and are called by them tia *Commáshuck*' or Chiefs beads. the best wampum is not so much esteemed by them as the most inferior beads...

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## Gass

[Jan.] *Friday 24th.* At daylight some snow fell, and there were several snow showers during the day. In the afternoon two of the hunters and some of the natives came to the fort in an Indian canoe with the meat of two deer and an elk they had killed. The Indians were barefooted notwithstanding the snow on the ground; and the evening was so bad we permitted them to stay in the fort all night.

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Lewis

Sunday February 2nd 1806.

Not any occurrence today worthy of notice; but all are pleased, that one month of the time which binds us to Fort Clatsop and which separates us from our friends has now elapsed. one of the games of amusement and wrisk of the Indians of this neighbourhood like that of the Sosones consits in hiding in the hand some small article about the size of a bean; this they throw from one hand to the other with great dexterity accompanying their opperations with a particular song which seems to have been addapted to the game; when the individual who holds the peice has amused himself sufficiently by exchanging it from one hand to the other, he hold out his hands for his compettitors to guess which hand contains the peice; if they hit on the ha[n]d which contains the peice they win the wager otherwise loose. the individual who holds the peice is a kind of banker and plays for the time being against all the others in the room; when he has lost all the property which he has to venture, or thinks proper at any time, he transfers the peice to some other who then also becoms banker. The Sosone and Minnetares &c have a game of a singular kind but those divide themselves in two parties and play for a common wager to which each individual contributes to form the stock of his party. one of them holdes the peice and some one of the opposite party gesses which hand contains if he hits on the ha[n]d which contains it the peice is tranferred to the opposite party and the victor counts one, if he misses the party still retain the peice and score one but the individual transfers the peice to some other of his own party; the game is set to any number they think proper, and like the naives of this quarter they always accompany their operations with a particular song. the natives here have also another game which consists in bowling some small round peices about the size of Bacgammon³⁷⁰ men, between two small upright sticks placed a few inches asunder, but the principals of the game I have not learn not understanding their language sufficiently to obtain an explanation. their boys amuse themselves with their bows and arrows as those do of every Indian nation with which I am acquainted. these people are excessively fond of their games of risk and bet freely every species of property of which they are possessed. They have a smal dog which the[y] make usefull only in hunting the Elk

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## Clark

*Friday February 7<sup>th</sup> 1806*

...The *Small Pox* had distroyed a great number of the nativs in this quarter. it provailed about 4 or 5 yrs Sinc among the Clatsops, and distroy'd Several hundreds of them, four of their Chiefs fell a victym to it's ravages. these Clatsops are Deposited in their Canoes on the bay a fiew miles below us. I think the late ravages of the Small Pox, may well account for the number of remains of villages which I Saw on my rout to the Kil a mox in Several places—.

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Lewis

Sunday February 16th 1806.

...The Indian dog is usually small or much more so than the common cur. they are party coloured; black white brown and brindle are the most usual colours. the head is long and nose pointed eyes small, ears erect and pointed like those of the wolf, hair short and smooth except on the tail where it is as long as that of the curdog and streight. the natives do not eat them nor appear to make any other use of them but in hunting the Elk as has been before observed.—...

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## Lewis

*Thursday March 20<sup>th</sup> 1806.*

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<sup>370</sup> Members of the expedition themselves in spare hours played Backgammon.

It continued to rain and blow so violently today that nothing could be done towards forwarding our departure. we intended to have Dispatched Drewyer and the two Fieldses to hunt near the bay on this side of the Cathlahmahs untill we jounded them from hence, but the rain rendered our departure so uncertain that we declined this measure for the present. nothing remarkable happened during the day. we have yet several days provision on hand, which we hope will be sufficient to subsist us during the time we are compelled by the weather to remain at this place.—

Altho' we have not fared sumptuously this winter and spring at Fort Clatsop, we have lived quite as comfortably as we had any reason to expect we should; and have accomplished every object which induced our remaining at this place except that of meeting with the traders who visit the entrance of this river. our salt will be very sufficient to last us to the Missouri where we have a stock in store.— it would have been very fortunate for us had some of those traders arrived previous to our departure from hence, as we should then have had it our power to obtain an addition to our stock of merchandize which would have made our homeward bound journey much more comfortable. many of our men are still complaining of being unwell; Willard and Bratton remain weak, principally I beleive for the want of proper food. I expect when we get under way we shall be much more healthy. it has always had that effect on us heretofore. The guns of Drewyer and Sergt. Pryor were both out of order. the first was repared with a new lock, the old one having become unfit for uce; the second had the cock screw broken which was replaced by a duplicate which had been prepared for the lock at Harpers ferry where she was manufactured. but for the precaution taken in bringing on those extra locks, and parts of locks, in addition to the ingenuity of John Shields, most of our guns would at this moment been untirely unfit for use; but fortunately for us I have it in my power here to record that they are all in good order.

## ***OUR CELESTIAL HOME:*** **The Ames *Almanack*, of Dedham, Mass., 1726-1775**

When Sun doth rise the Stars do set,  
Yet there's no need of Light,  
God shines a Sun most glorious,  
When Creatures all are Night.

The very Indian Boys can give  
To many Stars their names,  
And know their Course and therein do  
Excel the English tame.

English and Indians none inquire,  
Whose hand these Candles hold,  
Who gives these Stars their Names, himself  
More bright ten thousand-fold.

~ "Of the Heavenly Bodies" (1643)  
by Roger Williams

Publishing in British America began in Massachusetts in 1640 with *The Bay Psalm Book*. During that period, and immediately after, the focus and emphasis of American authors was on religious subject matter. It was only by and about the time of Cotton Mather's death in 1728 that New Englanders, having by then settled in theologically, felt sufficiently freed to direct their literary interests and endeavors into other areas and subjects. Among the very first of American publications not strictly theological was the almanac, or as it was spelled back then "almanack."

We in our own day, no doubt unreflectingly, take for granted and are so used to *instant* news and information. Yet how very different it was living in colonial America in the early to late 18<sup>th</sup> century; when magazines were unknown,<sup>371</sup> and even newspapers were a rarity to most people. In their place and along with the Bible, it was the *annually* issued almanac that brought Americans together on the printed page. The original aim of almanacs was to provide astronomical and astrological information (the two were taken for granted as inseparable) to guide its users, particularly farmers (which most colonial Americans were), through the up coming year. As time went on, this practical and matter of fact application of the almanac was expanded to include bits of news, moral and religious proverbs, snippets of poetry, and later as well jests and humor. In a world where people and great societal events were relatively few and infrequent, God and Nature took center stage, with humanity as their audience. Founded and building on this assumption and cosmological outlook, almanacs provided an unusual emotional and psychological sense of stability and order to people's attitudes toward life, the seasons, and the universe. All was well because God was in charge; with Nature, including the weather, invariably behaving in such a way as to further His divine plan and purpose. The almanac author, for his part, contributed to this positive outlook by injecting his own wise, albeit terse, instruction and characteristically cheerful thoughts and musings. In this way, the almanacs helped to foster and instill the predisposition toward happiness, peace and prosperity that came to be an assumed as inherent and necessary adjuncts to our accustomed way of life. Although almanacs are much too like manuals to ever have been adequately satisfying as literature, yet as repositories of both the morally good, the practically useful, and the amusing they no little helped to shape American character at its root.

Some the greatest scientific advances and discoveries occurred in the span from the 1650s to 1750s, and which later generations, at best, could only equal in significance. And among the key differences between the sensibilities of this earlier time versus the latter modern period is a sense of humility and submission to God; combined with an insistence on gracefulness and elegance in anything done – qualities glaringly absent or at least comparatively lacking in post mid-18<sup>th</sup> century attitudes and sensibilities. Yet with the growth and expansion of populations, settlements, and economies, global exploration, and the continuing advance of industry and the sciences, more selfish interests and ambitions

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<sup>371</sup> The first such came out in 1741. They were, from Boston, Andrew Bradford's *The American Magazine*, and, from Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin's *The General Magazine*. Both folded after a brief run of a few months.

began to take center stage; so that by the time of the American Revolution, the spiritual and cultural world that gave birth to the almanac in America had become already outdated; with, as to be expected, the nation having outgrown its intellectual cradle and nursery.

The initial appearance of an American almanac was at Harvard. This was “An Almanac calculated for New England” (1639) by William Pierce, a mariner and shipwright among the Pilgrim settlers, and which was continued to be issued in annual runs by subsequent editors for several decades. By 1676, Boston came out with its own almanac; Philadelphia in 1677; New York in 1697, and Rhode Island and Virginia theirs in 1728 and 1731 respectively. John Tully of Saybrook, Connecticut, “the astrologer of New England,” put out his from 1687-1702, and that was distinguished for its first bringing comic humor to the genre. In 1728, James Franklin launched *The Rhode-Island Almanack*, and this was followed five years later in Philadelphia by his more famous brother’s *Poor Richard’s Almanack* (1733-1758).<sup>372</sup>

Yet in 1725, three years prior to James Franklin’s volume, there appeared the first installment (i.e., the 1726 issue) of the best of all early American almanacs, namely *Astronomical Diary and Almanack* Nathaniel Ames of Dedham,<sup>373</sup> Massachusetts. Some might be surprised to hear it denoted best; as if we had forgotten or overlooked *Poor Richard’s*. Yet Moses Coit Tyler, one of the most astute and erudite historians of early American literature, wrote: “Indeed, Ames’s Almanac was in most respects, better than Franklin’s, and was probably, the most pleasing representative we have of a form of literature that furnished so much entertainment to our ancestors, and that preserves for us so many characteristic tints of their life and thought.”<sup>374</sup>

Before we begin discussion of the Ames almanac, it is necessary to sort through the different “Nathaniel Ames” in order to avoid any confusion; with the attaching to each of them a Roman numeral is my own device to help aid in their identification.

Nathaniel Ames [II] (1708-1764), physician and tavern keeper, was the first to put out the Ames Almanac, and did so for 39 years, i.e., from 1725 to 1764.<sup>375</sup> He and Benjamin Franklin came to know each other and were a mutual inspiration; the first for his ideas in putting out an almanac, the second for his attainments in the study of electricity and implications of such for the heavens. Following Ames [II]’s death in 1764, his son Nathaniel Ames [III] (1741-1842) issued the almanac for another ten, and when it saw its last issue in 1774. This second Ames, we also hear, helped to dress the wounded at Lexington and Concord. As well, we might remark, Ames [II] also had another son by a second marriage, Fisher Ames (1758-1808); who became a most enthusiastic proponent of the Federal Constitution; was later U.S. Congressman from Mass., including being one of the most prominent of the Hamiltonian Federalists.

Ames [II]’s father, Nathaniel Ames [I] (1677-1736), was a medical doctor, deeply versed in mathematics and astronomy, and it was from him that *16 year old* Ames [II] received the necessary instruction on the stars and the planets for putting out the first edition of the Ames almanac in 1725; indeed, it is understood he in some material measure assisted the son in the undertaking. Thereafter, Ames [II] himself became an expert in matters planetary and celestial in his own right; while the father (up until his death in 1736) continued in the background as a quiet, yet powerful, influence.

The next thing we will want to address is the question of what made the Ames Almanack so special, so as to receive both the emulation of Dr. Franklin and an ardent encomium from Coit Tyler. The difficulty with this is one is at a loss to know quite where to begin. Ames biographer and later editor of a 1891 edition of the almanacs, Samuel Briggs, states: “If variety is, (or was,) the Spice of Life, no one can pick up an Ames Almanack without being convinced that both father and son were thoroughly seasoned with this most agreeable zest. Their works, humble though they be, give assurance of acute observation, a

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<sup>372</sup> Of note, Declaration of Independence, Articles of Confederation, and U.S. Constitution signer Roger Sherman (of Connecticut) published an almanac 1750-1760; as did also, much later, African-American scientist and surveyor Benjamin Banneker, 1792-1797. David Rittenhouse, the “ingenious” Philadelphia astronomer and mathematician, put out several of his own and contributed to other almanacs in the period from 1773 to 1785.

<sup>373</sup> Located eleven miles from Boston.

<sup>374</sup> *A History of American Literature During the Colonial Period, 1607-1765* (1878), pp. 122-123.

<sup>375</sup> Almanacs usually were published just at the end of the year preceding their title date, or else into the first weeks of the title date.

thorough familiarity with the general literature of the clay, and a knowledge of what was for the general good of the greatest number.”<sup>376</sup>

Among the first duties of an Almanac maker of that day was to be fully versed in both astronomy and astrology; it being one the primary purposes of such books to help prognosticate the weather based on a reading of the stars and planets. Although even then such monthly predictions of the weather tended to be taken with a grain of salt, Ames [II] was fervent and adamant in a fundamental belief in astrological principles. While most of us (perhaps) are inclined to view astrology as *no* science, technically there are potentially sound reasons for its possible validity. For astrological predictions are based on accumulated records of events happening at certain junctions, oppositions, and forward and retrograde motions of planets (the latter as they appear in given constellations); so at some level *there is* a certain amount of empirical method to it. The great misconception is the idea that stars or planets themselves necessarily *cause* events or behaviors, and it is only on that level of interpretation astrology risks endangering anyone with insanity.<sup>377</sup> Ames’ own attitude toward astrology varied and changed as the decades went by. At first, astrology was presented as a safe and harmless guess; gradually transforming into a form of playful amusement that conceded the unreliability of such forecasts; so that at last they became, in addition, occasions for mini-sermons for a given month. Thus in the 1729 issue, under February, we are told:

“Boreas’s chilly breath attacks our Nature  
And turns the Presbyterian to a Quaker.”

Which brings us to a second salient aspect of the Ames Almanack, and that is as a vehicle for news, poetry and humor. Perhaps the most striking thing about Ames [II] is his being something of a cross between a New England divine and a New York jolly fellow (such as the Knickerbockers much later became famous for.) Mention are made of “Jack Frost” and “Old Nick;” though in the Ames view of things “Nick” was anything but a saint. With a free and easy juxtaposition, he fills his issues with pious proverbs, classical verse (both his own and sometimes quotes from or references to that of other poets and writers),<sup>378</sup> earthy aphorisms (usually pertaining to moral instruction), didactic dialogues, humor, and occasional pithy nonsense -- all as sustenance and spice designed to enliven and accompany the more dry meteorological matter.

At times, it seems Ames himself would have liked to have become a more regular poet, but that there was no money in it. Nonetheless and as it was, he was an amateur or occasional poet with few or none better. In the early installments he wrote couplets for each month. Then beginning in 1730 these jingles grew into six line stanzas; till at last these twelve stanzas were sometimes constructed into one long poem. Here, from the 1730 issue, are two of the longer stanzas.

#### MARCH.

Cunkeechah Netop? what News you speak to me?  
Muffy good news; what? you no Stommonee?  
By by come Elwipes much as me can wish  
Me Tink nuxt Week den me shan heb it Bish  
Where is Tat prace you speak to me? Me ashk it  
Me tink some Pokes he cann his Lame Namaskitt.<sup>379</sup>

Which is followed in MAY with

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<sup>376</sup> *The Essays, Humor, and Poems of Nathaniel Ames, Father and Son, of Dedham, Massachusetts, from their Almanacks 1726-1775* (1891), pp. 398-399.

<sup>377</sup> Thomas Aquinas, for his part, believed heavenly bodies can accidentally affect human actions, yet insisted that they could not *control* them.

<sup>378</sup> Among these latter are Shakespeare, Milton, Sir Richard Blackmore (evidently Ames [II]’s *most* favorite), Dryden, Pope, Samuel Butler, William Thomson, Addison, and William Shenstone.

<sup>379</sup> Which editor Briggs translates: “The aborigine having saluted Netop (Englishman) with an inquire of surprise, continues: What news you speak to me? mighty good news; what? don’t you understand me? By-and-by Alewives (a sort of fish) will come, as much as I could wish. I think next week then I shall have them sure. Where is the place, you ask me? I answer, I think some folks call its name Namasket (river.)”

Aurora's Winged Choristers Prepare  
To Chant forth Anthems in Harmonious Air  
And Mounting Lark Day's Herald gets on Wing  
And bids each Bird choose out their bough to Sing:  
The Daz'ling Sun sends down Prolific beams,  
And Rarifies the Earth with piercing Gleams.

Last we might note, the Ames' were among the first in America to have appealed to the public to *recycle*; in their case for rags to be brought in to be made into paper for the colony at large.

The following then are sundry selections drawn from Samuel Briggs' most commendable *The Essays, Humor, and Poems of Nathaniel Ames, Father and Son, of Dedham, Massachusetts, from their Almanacks 1726-1775* (1891).<sup>380</sup>

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1726

NOW seventeen hundred & Twenty Six the Sun,
Hs annual course since *CHRIST* his birth hath run.
Strange Revolutions in this time have been,
In divers Lands, Kingdoms and Countries seen.
Some Years were happy, some with Wars perplex,
And *GOD* knows who shall Live unto the next.

~*~

This Eclipse of the Moon happens so near the Great Benevolent *Jupiter*, the Effects 'tis hop'd will not be ill.

JANUARY.
Our Northern Climes in shiv'ring Cold remain
Till Glorious Phoebus shall return again.

More Snow than Lillies.

FEBRUARY.
Cold Weather still on us attends
We feel it at our Finger's ends.
Who out of Fortune's smiles do run,
All men their Company will shun.

MARCH.
Now comes the Spring, Sol by his splendid Rays
Turns gloomy Nights into bright shining Days.

Expectations of Peace.

APRIL.
Nature, that wealthy Dame, now briskly Pours
Upon the Earth her Fresh and Fruitful Shower
Some in Dissembling have such Art,
Are Saints in Show — Devils in Heart.

³⁸⁰ Available in .pdf at: <https://archive.org/details/essayshumorpoems00ames>

MAY.

The wing'd Musicians now do Sing
To entertain the welcome Spring.

JUNE.

Now Sol from Cancer sends his Rays
Which makes with us the longest Days.

JULY.

The Husbandman walks o'er his fertile Fields,
Which many charming Pleasures to him yields.

The Author [Nathaniel Ames II] born 22. July 1708.

AUGUST.

Lend them that want: th' Almighty fav'reth such
And in short time repays them twice as much.
There ne'er was any Age so clear
But in her Face some Faults appear.

SEPTEMBER.

Phoebus with the Celestial Scales doth now
An equal weight to Days and Nights allow.

OCTOBER.

Now some before cold Boreas fly
And many Thousands fall and Die.

Christopher Columbus found out the New World Oct. 11, 1492.

NOVEMBER.

No Art preserves from Age: devouring Time
Makes every thing (nay, the whole World) resign.

DECEMBER.

The Year is past away, our Glass doth run.
And while we speak, the present Minute's gone.

~~*~~

Twice in a Century (Old Indians say,)
Our Land abounds with Bears & Beasts of Prey;
Whereof some do embrace Proud Neptune's Waves
And with the Scaly Tribe swim to their Graves;
Others Retreat towards the Frigid Zone,
And dwell in Desert yet to us unknown;
They'll come, no more from whence they do retire,
Until a Jubilee of Years Expire.

~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~

**1727**

“Swift Winged Time Feather'd with Flying Hours,  
Whose Hungry Jaws all Things on Earth Devours,

And when the space of a few Years and Days  
Shall be expir'd, we all must go our ways  
To our long Home, where all in Silence mourn.  
From whose dark shores no Travellers Return,  
Where Mean and Great on equal Basis stand.  
No Servants there obey, nor Lords Command."

~\*~

That which is got by Fraud and Knavery  
Shall be a Curse unto Posterity.

~~\*\*~~

Ingenious Reader.

Your kind accepting my poor Endeavours, and the general Reception my Almanack found (with you) the Year past, hath Encouraged me to present you with One for the year to come, which I have Endeavour'd to furnish with Matter fit for such a work. I have at the desire of several of my Readers, Inserted the Moon's Rising & Setting in the Sixth Column of this Almanack, which I hope will be kindly Accepted, and I doubt not but you will find my Calculations to Agree with Observation.

As to what I have predicted of the Weather, it is from the Motions & Configurations of the heavenly Bodies, which belongs to Astrology: Long Experience testifies that the Sun, Moon and Stars have their Influence on our Atmosphere, for it hath been observed for Seventy Years past, That the Quartile & Opposition of Saturn & Jupiter produce Wet Seasons; and none will deny but that the Sun affordeth us his benign Rays & kind influence, and by his regular Motion causeth Spring, Summer, Autumn & Winter; and if the Moon can cause the daily Ebbing and Flowing of the Tide, and has the vast Ocean subject to her government, she can certainly change the Air which is Thin, and Tenuous. In fine, The Stars of Heaven give us such a Noble Idea of the Infinite Power, Wisdom & Glory of God, that they Invite our Thoughts to Soar among the heavenly Glories. Thus wishing the Contemplation thereof may afford Praise to the Infinite Creator and Contriver of them all.

I remain A Friend to all Lovers of Urania,<sup>381</sup>

N. AMES.

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1729

OCTOBER.

The Tyrant Mars old Saturn now opposes
Which stirs up Feuds and may make bloody Noses.

NOVEMBER.

Now what remains to Comfort up our Lives
Is cordial Liquor and kind loving Wives.

DECEMBER.

The Chrystal streams congeal'd to Icy Glass
Become fit Roads for Travellers to pass.

Christmas is nigh — The bare Name of it
to Rich or Poor will be no Profit.

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<sup>381</sup> Muse-goddess of astronomy.

## 1731

From hence you carping *Momus* hence be gone,  
To your deserved center *Acheron*  
Keep court with *Pluto*, in the Stygian Lake,  
Whose sordid Tongues do black Aspersions make  
Your lot & portion black *Tartarum* yields;  
You have no right unto th' Elysian fields.  
Whose viperous Tongues abuse the Sons of Art,  
When knowledge they to th' blear-eyed World impart.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

1732

Ingenious Reader.

The method of this *Almanack* is not alter'd therefore it needs no Explanation: only the Verses over each Monthly Page do not properly appertain to the Months, and some perhaps may say, not to the *Almanack* neither: But I hope they will acknowledge that the consideration of the Distances, Places, Motions, Center, and Magnetism of the Heavenly Bodies, and how inviolably they obey the Laws of some Omniscient Contriver, in their exact Revolutions, according to their several Periods, is sufficient to lead my Thoughts this way to admire the Omniscient Mind: whose All-disposing Providence not only guides the Rolling Worlds, as they Plough the Liquid Aether, but also the light Dust of the Ballance, and the Thousands of Atoms that wander up and down in a Sun-Beam, which are all under his Cognizance.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

## 1733

JANUARY.

What feeble Accents falter on my Tongue?  
When I but think how ancient Poets Sung;  
Who lavish'd Art, to magnify the Fame  
Of silly gods which their own hands did Frame  
My Muse inspir'd with Nobler Themes defies  
Such Old, forsaken, Threadbare, Grecian Lies.

The Winter's milder than last year.  
Your Hay will last, what need you fear?

~\*~

MARCH.

To see how Thousands of New Worlds were made,  
And how the Basis of this World was laid,  
How Chaos yielded to the powerful Word,  
And moving Spirit of the MIGHTY GOD,  
Who Silenc'd Discord, and establis[h]'d Peace;  
The Elements Eternal jangle cease.

Art thou back-bited?  
Rejoice, if guiltless,  
If guilty, amend.

~\*~

JULY.

The Eye delighted with a Wondrous Scene,  
Of Colors, and among the rest the Green  
That's painted on the Grass, for niter Blew,  
And Yellow Sulphur, casts that Pleasant Hue,  
The Fertile Vales with Crystal Streams supply'd.  
Which Cool the Air, and quench the Thirst beside.

Love is a frantick Frenzy,  
That so infects the minds of men  
that under this taste of Nectar  
they are poisoned with the Water of Styx.

AUGUST.

Of Man and Beast: whose pearly Drops supply,  
The wing'd Musicians that inhabit nigh.  
The spacious Seas in Equilibrio Stand,  
Or in a due proportion to the Land,  
For lo they serve for many uses more  
Than to Convey the Ships from Shoar to Shoar.

SEPTEMBER.

And from the Dark and Gloomy Vaults below  
The Surface of the Earth, great Riches flow.  
The Subterraneous Streams concrete to Mines  
Which serve in deep Medicinal designs.  
His Voice the Air with Harmony inspires  
From the sweet warbling of the winged Choirs.

OCTOBER.

The Scaley Tribe amidst the Liquid Seas  
Nor Stormes, nor driftings fear, they Sail with ease  
O'er all His Works that Sublinary be.  
He cast a Saphire Glittering Canopy,  
Thunder and Lightning, Rain and painted Bow  
The spangling Stars, nay glaring Comets too  
Adorn the Ample Theater below.

~~\*\*~~

That this Earth and the other Worlds that dance their destin'd Ring about the Sun, (the Center of our System) shall not always continue in a State of Order & Regularity, as at present, is evident not only from the Word of God, but also from all the Phoenomena of Nature; which as with one Voice declare the great Catastrophe of our System; The quantity of Light and Heat in the Sun is daily diminishing by reason of its perpetually emitting Millions of Rays that never return to it any more. This Earth on which we live by reason of its Eccentricity, as it moves Periodically round the Sun, approaches nearer the Sun every Year, and according to such a Motion, the Earth in Time would be joined to the very Body of that stupendous Luminary. Should Time continue, universal Nature would gradually degenerate into its ancient State of Chaos, and the whole material World would be blended into one promiscuous Mass. But these things could not be accomplished till an inconceivable number of Years were finished. We cant in reason think that this World will continue till it is thus worn out with Time; for it is easy to conceive how this Earth and all things in it, may be burnt up by the near approach of a vast Comet, as it comes red hot from the Sun. There are Twenty one in number of these Comets, and as they pass thro' the Planetary Regions they may most certainly approach to the Planets themselves, both in their Ascent to & Descent from the Sun, and so cause

Shocks, Deluges & Conflagrations in these Worlds. And as the Planets (of which this Earth is one) pass through their Atmospheres they lend them benign or noxious Vapour according to the Designs of Providence. The most eminent and remarkable Comet that ever appeared to the World, is that which appeared to us Anno 1680, whose return is expected Anno 2255. It is supposed by the most learned Astronomers that this very Comet in its Aphelion past through so much Cold & Darkness, that its Atmosphere derived a vast Trail of Vapours, and meeting with this Earth at the beginning of Noah's Flood was the Cause of the same. And with good Reason it is supposed that this Comet being heat so Hot in its Pherihelion, that in its Ascent from the Sun meeting with this Earth 'twill cause the great Conflagration. Dr. C[otton]. Mather speaks of Sir Is. Newton's computation of the Heat of this Comet 1680, thus "Its Heat in its Pherihelion was near 2,000 times greater than that of red hot Iron. A Globe of red hot iron of the Dimensions of our Earth (by his computation) would scarce be cool in 50,000 Years. If then this Comet cooled a 100 times as fast as red hot Iron, yet since his heat was 2,000 times greater than that of this Earth he will not be cool in a Million of Years." The Nodes of this Comet being so nigh the Annual Orb of this Earth that it may approach even to the Earth itself. What Horror & Consternation will this wicked World then be in, when they shall behold this vast Comet like a baneful torch, blaze & roll along the unmeasurable Aether, bending its course directly to this Earth with a Commission from Heaven to burn it up!

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

1734

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Now if the Swamps should catch on fire
They'd burn the Snow and all the mire.

FEBRUARY.

Let men Obey the Laws and Women their Husbands,
Rulers are men before GOD and Gods before men.

JUNE.

The Flea Catchers are in great hast.

JULY.

Rich men without Wisdom and learning are called
Sheep with Golden Fleeces.

AUGUST.

Old Saturn is got so sullen, he will go no further forwards.
Where Silly Quacks are most respected,
There honest Doctors are neglected.

SEPTEMBER.

Ignorance has the most confidence.

OCTOBER.

It is better to have a man without money than
money without a man.

NOVEMBER.

Bravery in apparel is nothing worth if the
mind be miserable.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

The Heighth & Depth, the Length & Breadth  
 Of the Corporeal Frame,  
 What Thought can Reach, or who can teach,  
 By Numbers that have Name.  
 When we survey these Azure Fields above,  
 We find a Space Eternally to Rove.

~\*~

## JANUARY.

Tis Cold my Friends: The dull and tedious Nights  
 Old Batchellors and Widowers invites  
 To Marry, now in hast — Women be  
 Fram'd with the same Parts of the Mind as we.  
 They are the best of Goods or worst of Evils,  
 Resembling bright Seraphims or —

## FEBRUARY.

As youthful Lovers wish those Hours away,  
 That are between their Mistresses and they,  
 So many wish for the Auspicious Spring,  
 Whose smiling Birth shall many Blessings bring,  
 When Nature's Face by Sol shall be renewed  
 And Boreas's frigid blast shall be subdued.

## MARCH.

The Winged Travellers,<sup>382</sup> that soar elate  
 With Pleasure gliding through the liquid Air;  
 Guided by Instinct or some secret Fate  
 Unto their Northern Rendezvous Repair.  
 Their Captain (foremost) leads the feather'd throng,  
 And knows what Ports to light at all along.

## APRIL.

Now Auster's Breath dissolves the Winters Snow  
 Which on the barren Hills so long has lain,  
 Which makes the Silver murmuring Rivulets flow.  
 And Fertilizes every Sunny Plain.  
 The Plants sprought forth, the Grass again is green  
 The Fields will quickly yield a pleasant scene.

## JUNE.

Arcadian Muses now inspire the Swains,  
 With Songs of Love while on the grassy Plains,  
 Their Sheep and Goats do graze, and wanton Lambs  
 And Kids, run Frisking round their bleating Dams.  
 The Fields (like the Elyzian Fields above)  
 Are fill'd with Harmony, with Mirth and Love.

~\*~

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<sup>382</sup> [Footnote in original.] Wild-geese.

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

Kind Reader, now perhaps you may  
Have Weather fit to Spend your Hay.

FEBRUARY.

The falling Snow lights on the Ground  
Which makes the Earth look White all round

MARCH.

— Just wak'd from Sleep  
The minute Frogs begin to peep.

At this Time of the Year *Namasket River* is a Market Place.

~\*~

MAY.

Three Things breed Jealousy.  
A mighty State, a rich Treasure  
and a fair Wife.

JUNE.

He that is an Enemy to Beauty, is Foe to Nature.

JULY.

Lyons are known by their Claws,  
Cocks by their Combs, and Envious Men  
by their manners.

~\*~

SEPTEMBER.

Hatred is blind as well as Love.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

1738

Had Adam stood in Innocence till Now,
And his blest Sons had deign'd to hold the Plough
No Labour had fatigu'd, nor Time had spoil'd
His Youth: but Spring had ever blooming smil'd,
No Lust for Pelf, nor Heart distressing Pain
Had seiz'd the Miser, nor the rural Swain:
Nor Vice as now with Vertue ne'er had vi'd
And Heaven's Omnipotence is self defy'd.
Nor *Lawyers*, *Priests* nor *Doctors* ne'er had been
If Man had stood against th' Assaults of Sin.
But oh. He fell! and so accurs'd we be
The World is now oblig'd to use all Three.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

Kind Reader,

By what follows I would not have you think that I am a Superstitious Bigot to Judicial Astrology. But so far as Astrology is built on the Effects and Influences of the heavenly Bodies on our earthly Bodies, which Effects and influences, being observed by us, so far (I think) Astrology has a rational and philosophical Foundation. This Earth is one of the Planets in the Solar System, and doubtless they all have a mutual Dependence upon, and Co-operation with one another.

The different Degrees of Heat and Cold, surprizing Resurrection of the Plants in the Spring, the Beauties of Summer, Fruitfulness of Autumn, and Barrenness of Winter, is the Consequence of the different Directions, Quantities and Impulses of the Sun's Rays, which fall under a mathematical Calculation. The Full Moon faces the World with so grand and serious a Look, that even Shepherds, and Plowmen, old Women, &c., are not ignorant of its Effects. For the other five Planets, as they are in Respect of us, of less Lustre and Glory, so their Vertues and Influences are not so commonly known, though very great and admirable. No doubt but their Radiations act upon us according to the strictest Laws of Nature though we are ignorant thereof. How their Influence is communicated is uncertain: if by an Effluvia emitted, then the Force of their Percussion (like all other Impulses) is as the Sine of the Angle of Incidence. But we must note the Effect and from thence search for the Cause, and argue not from Reason, but from Sense and sensible Experiments: hence when the Moon is Perige the Tides are increased, but still they will be further increased, if at the same time she be in Conjunction with *Saturn* or *Venus* (as well as the Sun). Hence *Saturn* or *Venus* in Conjunction with the Moon is not only a Sign, but a Cause of the observed proportionable Augmentation of the Tide.

Astrology was at first gathered by the Ancients collecting from Histories of the several Nations of the World the most Eminent and notable Changes that hapned therein in Respect of Sects, Empires, Kingdoms, Wars, Famine, Deluges, etc., together with the Changes of Air in Respect of Heat, Cold, Moisture, &c., with the exact Time of such Changes, and the true Postures of the Constellation and Planets: as also the Eclipses and Comets preceding the same. Now to pursue such a method I would observe two things:

I. And First, the Winter past was with us, even to *South Carolina*, as cold and severe as any in the memory of this Age: and by the *Weekly News Letter* we were inform'd of a remarkable Destruction of Fish and Water-Fowl in many Places: Which say *Ptolemy*, *Coley*, *Lilley*, &c. are the Effects of Eclipses in the Watery Triplicity, in the which *Trigon* the two last (and indeed very remarkable) Eclipses were celebrated. One who published an Almanack last Year for *Rhode Island*, by what he pick'd out of these (or some such like) authors ventured to tell the Destruction of Fish and Fowl, which, as I mentioned before, came to pass.

II. Secondly. There appeared a small Comet last *February* (and I think there was but small notice taken of it) it had a direct and swift motion and presently disappeared. It was first seen in the last Face of the Sign *Pisces*, which is of a watry nature: what Floods and Inundations followed is fresh in the memory of every one. So much for what is past.

There will be a remarkable Eclipse of the Sun for the Year to come. *Mercury* is Lord of the Ascendant in the Time of the Eclipse, which portends much pilfering and stealing, if not robbing on the High-way. But I had no need to have recourse to Astrology, for such a prediction is Easily drawn from other Phaenomena. I would not have those who are troubled with the Itch of Stealing, think to excuse themselves by laying the Fault upon *Mercury*, for a worse than he tempts them to such villanies. The following lines I recommend to them as a monitor to prevent the use of the Halter.

You that Defraud or Steal do of the Devil borrow.  
 And ere you Pay the Debt, 'will cost you Grief & Sorrow;  
 He's Surety for his Loan, your Souls they stand as Bail,  
 And if of true Repentance you should chance to fail,  
 He'll for no formal writ of *Scire Facias*<sup>383</sup> wait.  
 When Death the Summons brings the Surety he will take;  
 And you must pay the Cost in Everlasting Pain,  
 And have the Principal eternally remain  
 Uncancell'd and unpaid: after a Million Year

<sup>383</sup> [Edit. "You should make to know."]



The Debt will be as big as when you first came there:  
You may weep Floods of Tears, and Cheat and Steal no more;  
You never can Repent unless you do restore:  
For where Men can and won't, Repentance is a Sham,  
One Six-Pence so retain 'd most certainly will damn.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

1741

FEBRUARY.

— Nobility of Blood
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good;
The Noble Man is he whose noble Mind
Is fill'd with inbred Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
The King of Heaven was in a Manger laid
And took his Earth but from an humble Maid:
Then what can Birth on mortal Man bestow.
Since Floods no higher than their Fountains Flow?
We who for Name and empty Honour strive,
Our true Nobility from him derive.

MARCH.

Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,
And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty'd
Did not your Honour, but their own advance;
For Vertue comes not by Inheritance:
If you tralin'ate [sic] from your Fathers Mind
What are you else but of a Bastard kind?
Do as your great Progenetors have done
And by your Virtues prove your self their Son.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

## 1744

### APRIL

To be Good is to be Happy; Angels  
Are happier than Men, because they're better.  
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,  
Th' avenging Fiend, that follows us behind  
With Whips and Stings; the Bless'd know none of this,  
But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,  
And find the height of all their Heav'n in Goodness.

~\*~

### JUNE.

All are not right who think themselves are true;  
If an Opinion of one's Self would do,  
Then *Turks* are right in Faith and Practice too.  
Tho' Conscience be a Judge, he's oft unjust,  
Brib'd by ten thousand secret springs of Lust,  
Then farewell all rash Sentences of Man,

For GOD's eternal Word alone shall stand.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

1753

JANUARY.

Now all amidst the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat
A rural sheltered solitary Scene;
Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join,
To cheer the Gloom.

FEBRUARY.

Dread Winter spreads his latest Grooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His melancholy Empire. Here fond Man!
Behold thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the Scene.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

## 1754

---Those Stars that twinkling Lustre send  
Are Suns, and rolling Worlds those Suns attend,  
-----For Heaven's eternal King,  
Who bid this Universe from Nothing spring,  
Did at his *Word* bid num'rous Worlds appear.  
And rising Worlds the all-powerful *Word* did hear.  
The Stars shall drop, the Sun shall lose his Flame,  
But Thou, O, God, forever shine the same.

~~~\*~~~

APRIL.

The breath of Spring dissolves the Mountain's Snow,
Which trickling down, with murm'ring Music flow.
Th' approaching Sun darts forth his chearful Rays,
And vocal Woods resound with warbling Lays.
The sportive Lambs skip o'er the verdant Plain
And joyful Birds their tuneful Voices strain.

MAY.

All Nature laughs, the Groves are fresh and fair.
The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air,
Whilst southern Climes his sable Absence mourn
We feel with Joy the youthful Spring's Return.
The blooming Trees their grateful Fragrance yield.

And od'rous Flow'rs paint the smiling Field.

~*~

SEPTEMBER.

The Apples now on loaded Branches shine.
Whose grateful Juice vie's with the generous Wine.
Leave Rum for Sots; and with a modest Sneer,
Let Farmers boast the Virtues of their Beer;
Their Barley hous'd, the Year's with Plenty crowned
The falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
And lavish Nature laughs & strows her stores around.

OCTOBER.

The Sun grows low, the Summer Heats decay,
And all her Pride and Beauty fades away:
The cold Boreal chilling Rain returns,
Stript of her fading Pride all Nature mourns;
The Trees no more their wonted Verdure boast,
But weep in dewy Tears, their Beauty lost.

NOVEMBER.

Some few by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow
To distant Fate by easy Journeys go
Gently they lay them down ; as ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleece's softly sleep
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd decay.
And steal themselves from Life, and melt away.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

**1755**

Whether the tall Inhabitants of *Jove*,  
And kindred Worlds that round one Center move,  
With as are in a fallen State, or no?  
Or sin and pray, as we poor Mortals do,  
Are Mysteries too great for us, (as yet) to know,  
Doubtless these Strangers altogether join  
To laud one Author, infinite, divine.

~~\*~~

DECEMBER.

Who 'ere presum'd, till Franklin led the Way,  
To climb the amazing Highth of Heaven,  
And rob the Sky of it's tremendous Thunder;  
And leave the Clouds, with Winds and Tempests fraught,  
But Breath enough to shake the trembling Trees,  
And rock the Birds that perch upon their Boughs.

~\*~

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY.

How easy they are who are freest of care.

FEBRUARY.

The Times are bad because Men's Minds are so.

MARCH.

Innocence is not always a Security from Punishment.

Happy would be the Times, if all would strive to mend their Lives.

APRIL.

Many complain of bad Times, but take no care to become better  
Themselves.

A good Day to some, but ill for others.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

1761

Great Alexander, who the World had won.
Sat down and wept when all his Work was done.
AMHERST with Glory triumphs o'er his Foes,
And rests for want of Countries to oppose.
CANADA conquer'd! Can the News be true!
Inspir'd by Heav'n what cannot *Britons* do.
The News with Haste to listning Nations tell.
How *Canada*, like ancient *Carthage*, fell.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

**1763**

JUNE.

Friend! ask not Bodies doom'd to die.

To what Abode they go?

Since Knowledge is but Sorrows Spy,

'Tis better not to know;

To live uprightly then is sure the best

To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

~~~\*~~~

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

MAY

...The Man is dead to the World who is separated from Money.

~*~

SEPTEMBER.

Virtue is praised more than followed.

To some Men their Country is their shame; and some are the Shame
of their Country.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

## 1764

Old *Nick's* a Fool, and so bewitch'd to Sin,  
That he has overshot himself again:  
To set the Devil-driven Savages on us,<sup>384</sup>  
They'll work our Weal, tho' he but aim'd to curse.  
They'll make a Train of nodding Virtues rise:  
And be a School to keep a People wise;  
And noble Heroes form and exercise.  
AMERICA! thy Int'rest understood,  
There are blest Omens of thy future Good:  
What though the Lancit the vital Fluid spills.  
It keeps the Body free from greater Ills.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

1765

[In this issue, Nathaniel Ames Jr., III, with trepidation, takes charge of the almanac following his father's death in July 1764.]

FEBRUARY.

O Grant me Pow'r, by thy instructive Rays,
To Thee and Virtue, tune some worthy Lays;
Exalt my Youth with true Poetic Fire.
To grace the Works of my departed Sire!
With Tho'ts like *Milton*; *Pope's* smooth moral Song;
The *Dean's* [Swift] deep Wit; or Lord of Satyr, [Edward] *Young*;
The soft Distress of [William] *Shenstone's* rural Theme;
Cervante's [sic] Mirth; or [James] *Hammond's* tender Scene.

~*~

NOVEMBER.

How Happy's He! whose guiltless Mind,
Is to his native Fields confin'd;
Bless'd with his State, and craves no more
Than Heav'n allow'd his Sires before;
No Care by Day disturbs his Breast,
At Night he steeps his Brows in Rest.

DECEMBER.

If Life you want, undash'd with Woe,
Serene enjoy the instant Now;
If Fortune smiles, enjoy the Ray,
And smile her very Gloom away;
Let Tempests sweep and Billows roar,
The Storm of Life shall soon be o'er.

~~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~~

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<sup>384</sup> [Edit. Evidently a reference to the uprising of Pontiac of 1763-1766.]

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

...

It is better to wear a homespun Coat, than lose our Liberty.

...

It's time to think of raising Hemp & Flax, if we've a Mind to save a Tax.

News from afar, of distant War, Many Schemes prove abortive.

Any Winds that come now you may denominate March Winds.

Some literary Performances usher'd into Light and soon disappear.

New England Luxury cannot be supported unless more of her Commodities [sic] are exported.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

1766

JANUARY.

Columbian Genius hear our prayer:

O! let us all with lustre rise

Beneath thy tutelary care:

Retain our dear bought liberties;

Let not the voice of Native freedom sound

Alone in realms which Albion's shores surround.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

**1767**

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

...

A wise man's soul couches at the root of his tongue, but a fool's is ever dancing on the tip.

Vice rules where gold reigns.

Far from court, far from care.

Good deeds live, all things else die.

Almanack says spring, but Jack Frost says winter.

Mercury has been very busy among the planets and will produce some thing very astonishing among old women and politicians.

March 18. STAMP ACT repealed.

Let's drink to Pitt, the English pearl;

May he shine yet, tho' made an Earl.

Ill will speaks good of no one.

Cool words scald not the tongue.

To prove a friend, experiences teaches.

One deed is worth a thousand speeches.

Every bean has its black.

....

Truth may be blam'd but will ne'er be sham'd.

A lye stands upon one leg, truth upon two.

Pride will have a fall.

Where virtue fails, a bribe prevails.

Let not your tongue cut your throat.

Thunder and lightning purge the air, as a fever does the human body.

The world loves to be imposed on by extravagancies, and always will as long as three-quarters of it are fools.

None is truly great that is not truly good.  
Haughty words breed strife.  
He that now neglects his hoe, must in winter suck his paw.

Poverty is to be laughed at when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's calling; for it fills our streets with robbers, money-makers, quacks, and pettifoggers.

A bean with freedom is better than a sugar plumb in prison.  
The gods of war and eloquence, combine to fill the gaps of sense.  
Virtue is the beauty of the soul.  
A fine growing season — for horns.  
Wilful waste makes woful want.  
Let your tongue avoid rash speaking: they that speak without care suffer without pity.

To defend the christian religion is one thing, and to knock a man on the head for being of a different religion is another.

Content is a jewel of the highest esteem, not to be bought with money, but gained by virtue.  
Silence is the safest course for a man to take that mistrusts his own judgment.  
He is not good who does not wish to mend.

A plodding old knave gains publick esteem but soon is unmasked.  
Better suffer a great evil than do a small one.  
Trade and Commerce make any place happy and rich.  
If you can't bite, never show your teeth.

Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.  
Possession is riches; trade and commerce enable us to possess any thing.  
That place is richest and most happy where there are fewest useless men.  
Give to them that want.  
Immodest words admit of no defence.

~\*~

To be genteel is not to be reserved or haughty, but to make your company as easy and agreeable as possible — 'tis the overflowing of universal love: an affected speech or behaviour may be politeness.  
Conversation is the chief blessing in this life — with friends.  
With Christmas cheer let's banish care.  
Our bad lives mend quite to the end.

~~~~\*\*\*\*\*~~~~

1769

JANUARY.
When our Forefathers firm maintain'd the cause
Of true Religion, Liberty and Laws,
Disdaining down the golden Stream to glide,
But bravely stem'd Corruptions rapid Tide,
Shall we, by Indolence, supinely doom
To Sweat and Toil the Nations yet to come?

FEBRUARY.

What! shall a Tyrant trample on the Laws,
And stop the Source whence all his Pow'rs he draws!
His Country's Rights to foreign Foes betray.
Lavish her Wealth, yet stipulate for Pay!
To shameful Falsehoods venal Slaves subborn [sic],
And dare to laugh the virtuous Man to scorn!
Deride Religion, Justice, Honour, Fame,
And hardly know of Honesty the Name!

MARCH.

Lives there a Wretch whose base degen'rate Soul,
Can crouch beneath a Tyrant's stern Controul?
Cringe to his Nod, ignobly kiss the Hand,
In galling Chains that binds his native Land?
Purchas'd by Gold or aw'd by slavish Fear,
Abandon all his Ancestors held dear!

APRIL.

Tamely behold that Fruit of glorious Toil,
The People's Charter made the Ruffians Spoil?
In Luxury's Lap, lie screen 'd from Cares and Pains,
And only toil to forge the subjects Chains?
Hear, unconcern'd, his injur'd Country groan,
Nor stretch an Arm to hurl them from the Town?

MAY.

In Peace, shall War, her horrid Front up rear,
And martial Vices draw the virtuous Tear,
Shall stern Oppression stalk along the Land,
Nor royal Pity our just Cry command?
Can we to Reason make a just Pretence,
No pow'rful Aid invok'd for our Defence?

JUNE.

Hear then, just Heav'n, our most fervent Prayer,
New-England's Weal be thy peculiar Care!
Defend her Laws, her Worship chaste and pure!
And guard her Rights while Heav'n and Earth endure
O! let not ever, fell tyrannic Sway,
His blood-stain'd Standard on her Shores display.

JULY.

When scepter'd Tyrants mount the trophi[e]d Car,
And scatter Havock from the Wheels of War;
Curst by Mankind, they lance the Lightning's Flame,
And sink in Virtue, as they rise in Fame.
Far nobler he, who sheaths the murd'rous Blade,
And clothes his Mountains with the Olive's Shade.

AUGUST.

Whose patriot Wisdom civil Life refines.
Whose Radiance warms and blesses as it shines,
Such Britain's Prince, whose placid Beam displays
The milder Glories of unsullied Praise:
'Tis his to break Oppression's galling Chain,

And fix o'er India Freedom's gentler Reign.

SEPTEMBER.

See! Where on Canada's untutor'd Youth
Already beam the Rays of Heav'n born Truth!
See! plume crown'd Chiefs each social Blessing taste,
And rising Towers adorn th' illumin'd Waste;
See! cultur'd Meads their golden Fruits display,
Where rang'd the hunter Savage as his Prey!

OCTOBER.

No more the Sachem views Kiwasa's Form,
Frown in the Cloud, or mutter in the Storm,
Religion's beams the darksome Mists dispel,
Where Ign'rance broods in Superstition's Cell,
Ev'n there shall Science spread her hallow'd Store,
And Art's fair Empire grace Ontario's Shore.

NOVEMBER.

Some future Locke with Reason's keenest Ray,
Pierce the rich Font of intellectu'l Day,
The subtil Ties of Complex Thought unbind,
And fix each Movement of the varying Mind.
Some second Newton trace Creation's Laws,
Through each Dependence to the sov'reign Cause.

DECEMBER.

Some Milton plan his bold impassion'd Theme,
Stretch'd in the Banks of Oxallana's Stream,
Another Shakespear shall Ohio claim,
And boast its Floods allied to Avon's Fame.
There too shall Sculpture warm the featur'd Stone,
And Canvas glow with Beauties not its own.

~*~

INTERLINED WISDOM AND HUMOUR.

...

True Religion is true Reason.
A chearful mind and thankful Heart is the most grateful offering to Heaven.
Unity is a better Guard than military.

...

Who would sell his Birth Right for a Mess of Soup, or risque his Constitution for a Sip of Tea.
Let us keep Master of our own Consciences and Purses, and no Matter what Prince we are under.

~~~~~\*\*\*~~~~~

**1775**

AUGUST.

Stand forth the Champions of your Country's cause,  
Nor fear the traitors aided by their laws,  
Exalt the shady buckler to the war.  
Aided by heav'n, no human prowess fear,  
For those who, in the front of battle, dare  
Fight hand to hand, and bear the brunt of war.

SEPTEMBER.

But rarely fall — Though dastards skulk behind,  
The fate they shun still haunts the cow'rdly kind.  
What mind can well conceive, or tongue relate,  
The ills unnam'd that on the truant wait?  
To shun his fate when from the field he flies,  
Pierc'd from behind th' inglorious coward dies,  
When prone he lies, and gasping on the ground,  
What shame to see behind the gaping Wound!

Who can serve five hundred masters faithfully when they are three thousand miles off...

OCTOBER.

But firm to Earth let ev'ry warrior grow,  
Strain his large limbs, and low'ring eye the foe,  
To mighty deeds let each his arms extend,  
Nor dread the balls that breast-high muskets send  
Our practis'd huntsmen, sure of flying game.  
Ne'er fight in phalanx when they've surer aim.

NOVEMBER.

No dazzling arms our steady marksmen hold.  
No heavy panoply, or casque of gold  
But sure as death, the trusty piece he bears,  
And fears no wild, or powder'd son of Mars.  
Make ready then — and fierce begin the fray!  
But pause awhile — and hear what sages say,  
Deep read in history, who know mankind,  
The arts and stratagems sly courtiers find.

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*A List of Subjects Taken Up for Consideration in Various Issues of the Ames Almanack.*

- \* Physics, gravitation, Sir Isaac Newton (1740)
- \* The possibility of extra terrestrial life (1748, 1749)<sup>385</sup>
- \* The age of the universe (1739)
- \* Astrology (1738, 1764)
- \* Poetical essay on the microscope (1741)
- \* Comets (1743)
- \* The aurora borealis (1731)
- \* Geology, bodies of water (1745)
- \* The solar system and the Copernican-heliocentric method (1733, 1734, 1750, 1751, 1759)
- \* Stars and galaxies (1735, 1751)
- \* "An Essay on Conjuraton and Witchcraft" (1747)
- \* Unbridled Religious enthusiasm versus reason (1744)
- \* The Julian (old-style) and Gregorian calendars (1753)
- \* "A Thought upon the past, present, and future state of North America" (1758)
- \* Regimens for good health, diet, exercise, hygiene, including "Of Air" (1740, 1752, 1754, 1755, 1759, 1764)
- \* On tobacco (1764)

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<sup>385</sup> And where it is deduced that the denizens of Jupiter are giants.

- \* “An account of the several Provinces in North America” (1756)
- \* “Of different Coins” (1761)
- \* “Of the Small Pox” (1761)
- \* “A Page for the Ladies” (1762)
- \* “Of Raising Flax” (1763)
- \* The accession of Canada by the British; contemplated as an extension of New England (1763)
- \* “An Introduction to Agriculture” (1764)
- \* On fruit punch (1764)

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And various writings on the French and Indian/Seven Years War during those years that conflict was transpiring.

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*Articles from the editorship of Nathaniel Ames [III]*

- \* Eclipses (1766)
- \* “Save Your Money, and you save your Country!” (1768) an exhortation to spend on local and domestic manufacturers
- \* “An Indian Story” (1769)
- \* “An Essay on Physick” (1770)
- \* A quite lengthy poem “Porsenna in Pursuit of the Kingdom of Felicity” (1771)
- \* Regarding a dwarf (1772)
- \* “How a Nation may be ruined and reform’d” (1773)
- \* Small pox (1775)
- \* Ames’ farewell, his last almanack (1775)

**“LOVEWELL’S FIGHT,” 1725**

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast  
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,  
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,  
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still, and the savage's yell  
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;  
The din of the battle, the tumult, is o'er,  
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country, and bled,  
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;  
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,  
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,  
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;  
They are dead; but they live in each Patriot's breast,  
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, first printed in the *Portland Gazette*, November 17, 1820.

In historical terms, North America becomes brightly illuminated about the time of the French and Indian war and, of course, afterward. While prior to that pivotal epoch and outside the work of specialists, our general view and grasped of the preceding decades leading up it tends, by comparison, to be draped in shadows; perhaps occasionally highlighted with the knowledge of a few scattered individuals, some odd events of note (widely spaced apart chronologically), and overall trends (cultural, economic, political, religious) in colonial development. While this state of things creates a fine opportunity for folk-tales and legends, on the down side our better understanding of the factors and elements in place that made possible the American Revolution, in its various facets, is materially lessened and rendered lamentably foggy. For one thing (among others that might be mentioned), did you know that not counting sundry urban riots, political rebellions, and slave insurrections, there were at least 25 wars -- not even including all the numerous other inter-tribal conflicts among the Native Americans themselves -- in colonial British, French, Dutch, Swedish, and Spanish North America prior to the French and Indian War? And it was in and through such occasions of provincial strife that the *disunited* British American colonies first learned, following the lead of Massachusetts, to act cooperatively and evolve militarily.

It is then among Francis Parkman's lasting contributions to have preserved with admirable clarity and professional care major portions of this pre-1755 (and later) history and legacy, in his laboriously researched and artfully composed "France and England in North America" series of books: a sweeping epic of burgeoning empires colliding in a savage wilderness. The titles in roughly their *historical* (as opposed to written) order are:

*The Pioneers of France in the New World* (1865)  
*Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV* (1877)  
*La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West* (1869)  
*A Half Century of Conflict* (1892)  
*Montcalm and Wolfe* (1884)

*The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century* (1867) provides a broad overview and survey of its subject, circa 1634 to 1670; while *The Old Régime in Canada* (1874) has for its framework the period spanning 1658 to 1763.<sup>386</sup>

Although not formally a part of the series, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* (1851) picks up where *Montcalm and Wolfe* left off.

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<sup>386</sup> There is, in addition to these "France and England in North America" titles, the in effect supplementary volume *Historic Handbook of the Northern Tour* (1885).

Some have objected to Parkman's treatment of the Native Americans and his characterizing them as brutal and blood thirsty; in contrast to Europeans who are usually better behaved. Although there is some truth to this criticism, it is to some extent over-stated; since two things stand out intensely in Parkman's portrayal of the Indians; that is, first, it is clear that most of them preferred peace when it could be had with honor, and secondly how very emotional, indeed effusively sentimental, they were or could be; such as when it came to mourning their own or in their affection for their children. While the tales of atrocities by Indians are indeed numerous, Parkman nevertheless has occasions to relate how at times they showed pity on captives. At the same time, it is made plain that, by and large, the worst and most infamous attacks made against the English settlers by the Indians were planned and instigated by agents of the Bourbons. This in turn has caused Parkman to be accused by some of unfairness toward the French. Yet once more, the criticism is for the most part and at best less than just; since the copious facts and documentation Parkman puts forth adequately serve as its refutation. Without question and for all his efforts at objectivity, on the other hand, we know well where Parkman's bias lies. Yet, as we have noted elsewhere, it is among the absurd myths of positivists and similar moderns that history can ever be entirely impartial and objective. For when was a sentence ever written than did not in some measure serve a value oriented, and hence subjective, end? To then particularly fault Parkman for his latent New England patriotism is to ignore a similar and seeming foible in almost every great modern historian when the subject of his home country arises.

French and English national rivalry spilling onto the North American continent one could have assumed was inevitable. As long as the two could not get along in Europe, what hope was there of their respective colonists living peaceably side by side elsewhere? And yet the question may still be asked, which of the two sides in a given decade within North America (i.e., as opposed to wars begun in Europe) was the greater, or less excusable, aggressor? If we are to judge on the basis of who *most* frequently went on the attack, the answer would have to be the French. Part of the reason for this was that Catholicism, the state religion of the Bourbons, was *far* better at converting Indians than Protestantism. In light of which and after they generally -- the confederacy of the Iroquois excepted -- were taught and indoctrinated to side with the French, the Indians became an active tool and ready weapon to be used against the English.

A necessary distinction that needs to be made, nonetheless, is that it wasn't Catholicism itself that was to blame. Parkman himself is at pains to give many of the French Jesuits, particularly the earlier Catholic missionaries, great credit for their efforts in being friendly to and making themselves acceptable to the Indians; while in the process acting as a humane and powerful moralizing influence upon the latter. What happened rather is that once the Indians were subdued and or persuaded by the priests, it was then a simple enough matter for the French to attempt to enlist and employ them militarily. This was made all the more easy by leading the Indians to think that the English, as Protestants, were heretics and hence the obdurate and inexcusable *enemies of God*, and it was partly for this reason that the Native Americans could be got to be so exceptionally cruel and merciless towards the English settlers. But here, you see, it was not religion per se that was at fault, but its misuse and usurpation by worldly and, in this instance, monarchical and economic interests. Granted, some of those guilty in this regard were those among the priests themselves; crusading, as they saw it, on behalf of the true faith. Yet in such cases, as Parkman observes, they acted much more as agents of the Bourbons than the Vatican,<sup>387</sup> and it was in this leaning to the former that they, it could be said, sinned. Of course, such priests would have strongly disagreed with this conclusion, and there is no reason to think that they were not in their own mind sincere and honest in their intentions. Even so and in retrospect, most now, Catholics included, will doubtless feel that at best the priests who incited the Indians to take up musket, bow and arrow, fire brand, hatchet and war club (supposedly) in the cause of Christ were *misguided* and in error. The sad fact remains that historically no

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<sup>387</sup> In *De Bella Gallico*, Book VI, Caesar delineates the high and important status their domestic Druidic priests held among the Gauls; so that a nationally based priesthood that possessed royal sway and power amidst those peoples was not by no means a later development. "For they determine respecting almost all controversies, public and private; and if any crime has been perpetrated, if murder has been committed, if there be any dispute about an inheritance, if any about boundaries, these same persons decide it; they decree rewards and punishments if any one, either in a private or public capacity, has not submitted to their decision, they interdict him from the sacrifices. This among them is the most heavy punishment. Those who have been thus interdicted are esteemed in the number of the impious and the criminal: all shun them, and avoid their society and conversation, lest they receive some evil from their contact; nor is justice administered to them when seeking it, nor is any dignity bestowed on them. Over all these Druids one presides, who possesses supreme authority among them." *Translated by W. A. MacDevitt.*

institution, government, religion, or nation -- regardless of race, creed, or ideology -- was ever or always above being deceived and having its powers commandeered by those of bad or misguided intention, all the less so as that institution or group, etc. possessed great wealth, power, and influence.

The French, moreover, could and did argue that the English settlers, insofar as they were trespassers on French territorial claims were the overt aggressors. John Cabot and sons it is true initially discovered (mere) New Foundland on behalf of England. Yet was it not Verrazzano on behalf of France who first found and laid claim to that eastern seaboard that became the basis of England's thirteen colonies? So that from the French view it was the English who were moving in where they did not rightly belong. Further, as Parkman has himself in effect observed in his work on La Salle, we must also bear in mind, large numbers of Indians had been expelled by New Englanders to begin with, and who had necessarily migrated over to the French side of the line. France, therefore, by actively endeavoring to force back English settlements was merely safeguarding and insuring the protection of what they saw as lawfully theirs. And as far as the issue of the Indians went, did not the greater preponderance of them, and by their own vote as it were, prefer the French to the English?

Of Parkman's books, his *A Half Century of Conflict* (1892) many will find among the most satisfying when it comes to sheer drama and story telling. It was for this reason that I want to include extract from it. But from what chapter? As the book has several that might be selected for that purpose. Few pre-1750 colonial American events was more memorable than New England Provincials and Royal Navy capturing the vast citadel of Louisburg in 1745.<sup>388</sup> And Parkman's chapters on this subject, full of colorful characters and incidents as they are, are surely worthy of reproducing. Likewise his account of the Battle for Detroit (originally the French Fort Pontchartrain) in 1712 between the fierce Outagamies (Fox tribe) and the Indians allied to the French is both thrilling and in parts even touching. Then there is the D'Anville expedition to attempt to retake Louisburg in 1746; which certainly must rank as one of the strangest and most mysterious military disasters in all 18<sup>th</sup> century history.

Though these three options weighed considerably on my mind, I decided at the last to choose the story of "Lovewell's Fight" that took place on May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1725 in modern day Maine (then a part of Massachusetts, or New France, depending on who you talked to.) Among other reasons, it provides an occasion to demonstrate that woodsmen *rangers* were indeed proficient and active prior to the French and Indian war. As well, it gives the opportunity to show the Indians in a pitched drawn out battle with the whites, and to that extent serves to present the Natives, despite their ultimate defeat, fighting at some of their most courageous and military best. Most early American soldiers first learned combat from the Indians and Frenchmen operating like Indians: a school that later made possible the likes and marvelous escapades of Robert Rogers, Francis Marion, and George Rogers Clark, not to mention the numerous other North American partisans and guerillas that came after them.

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CHAPTER XI.

The death of [Father] Rale [Jesuit pastor, Indian agitator, and de facto soldier of France] and the destruction of Norridgewock did not at once end the war. Vaudreuil turned all the savages of the Canadian missions against the borders, not only of Maine, but of western Massachusetts, whose peaceful settlers had given no offence. Soon after the Norridgewock expedition, Dummer wrote to the French governor, who had lately proclaimed the Abenakis his allies: "As they are subjects of his Britannic Majesty, they cannot be your allies, except through me, his representative. You have instigated them to fall on our people in the most outrageous manner. I have seen your commission to Sebastien Rale. But for your protection and incitements they would have made peace long ago."³⁸⁹

In reply, Vaudreuil admitted that he had given a safe-conduct and a commission to Rale, which he could not deny, as the Jesuit's papers were in the hands of the English governor. "You will have to answer to your king for his murder," he tells Dummer. "It would have been strange if I had abandoned our Indians

³⁸⁸ Which, incidentally, took place as part of the War of Austrian Succession.

³⁸⁹ [Footnote in original] *Dummer to Vaudreuil, 15 September, 1724.*

to please you. I cannot help taking the part of our allies. You have brought your troubles upon yourself. I advise you to pull down all the forts you have built on the Abenaki lands since the Peace of Utrecht. If you do so, I will be your mediator with the Norridgewocks. As to the murder of Rale, I leave that to be settled between the two Crowns.”³⁹⁰

Apparently the French court thought it wise to let the question rest, and make no complaint. Dummer, however, gave his views on the subject to Vaudreuil. “Instead of preaching peace, love, and friendship, agreeably to the Christian religion, Rale was an incendiary, as appears by many letters I have by me. He has once and again appeared at the head of a great many Indians, threatening and insulting us. If such a disturber of the peace has been killed in the heat of action, nobody is to blame but himself. I have much more cause to complain that Mr. Willard, minister of Rutland, who is innocent of all that is charged against Rale, and always confined himself to preaching the Gospel, was slain and scalped by your Indians, and his scalp carried in triumph to Quebec.”

Dummer then denies that France has any claim to the Abenakis, and declares that the war between them and the English is due to the instigations of Rale and the encouragements given them by Vaudreuil. But he adds that in his wish to promote peace he sends two prominent gentlemen, Colonel Samuel Thaxter and Colonel William Dudley, as bearers of his letter.³⁹¹

...The Norridgewocks, with whom the quarrel began, were completely broken. Some of the survivors joined their kindred in Canada, and others were merged in the Abenaki bands of the Penobscot, Saco, or Androscoggin. Peace reigned at last along the borders of New England; but it had cost her dear. In the year after the death of Rale, there was an incident of the conflict too noted in its day, and too strongly rooted in popular tradition, to be passed unnoticed.

Out of the heart of the White Mountains springs the river Saco, fed by the bright cascades that leap from the crags of Mount Webster, brawling among rocks and boulders down the great defile of the Crawford Notch, winding through the forests and intervalles of Conway, then circling northward by the village of Fryeburg in devious wanderings by meadows, woods, and mountains, and at last turning eastward and southward to join the sea.

On the banks of this erratic stream lived an Abenaki tribe called the Sokokis. When the first white man visited the country, these Indians lived at the Falls, a few miles from the mouth of the river. They retired before the English settlers, and either joined their kindred in Maine, or migrated to St. Francis and other Abenaki settlements in Canada; but a Sokoki band called Pigwackets, or Pequawkets, still kept its place far in the interior, on the upper waters of the Saco, near Pine Hill, in the present town of Fryeburg. Except a small band of their near kindred on Lake Ossipee, they were the only human tenants of a wilderness many thousand square miles in extent. In their wild and remote abode they were difficult of access, and the forest and the river were well stocked with moose, deer, bear, beaver, otter, lynx, fisher, mink, and marten. In this, their happy hunting-ground, the Pequawkets thought themselves safe; and they would have been so for some time longer if they had not taken up the quarrel of the Norridgewocks and made bloody raids against the English border, under their war-chief, Paugus.

Not far from where their wigwams stood clustered in a bend of the Saco was the small lake now called Lovewell's Pond, named for John Lovewell of Dunstable, a Massachusetts town on the New Hampshire line. Lovewell's father, a person of consideration in the village, where he owned a “garrison house,” had served in Philip's War, and taken part in the famous Narragansett Swamp Fight. The younger Lovewell, now about thirty-three years of age, lived with his wife, Hannah, and two or three children on a farm of two hundred acres. The inventory of his effects, made after his death, includes five or six cattle, one mare, two steel traps with chains, a gun, two or three books, a feather-bed, and “under-bed,” or mattress, along with sundry tools, pots, barrels, chests, tubs, and the like,—the equipment, in short, of a decent

³⁹⁰] [Footnote in original] Vaudreuil à Dummer, 29 Octobre, 1724.

³⁹¹ [Footnote in original] Dummer to Vaudreuil, 19 January, 1725. This, with many other papers relating to these matters, is in the Massachusetts Archives.

frontier yeoman of the time.³⁹² But being, like the tough veteran, his father, of a bold and adventurous disposition, he seems to have been less given to farming than to hunting and bush-fighting.

Dunstable was attacked by Indians in the autumn of 1724, and two men were carried off. Ten others went in pursuit, but fell into an ambush, and nearly all were killed, Josiah Farwell, Lovewell's brother-in-law, being, by some accounts, the only one who escaped.³⁹³ Soon after this, a petition, styled a "Humble Memorial," was laid before the House of Representatives at Boston. It declares that in order "to kill and destroy their enemy Indians," the petitioners and forty or fifty others are ready to spend one whole year in hunting them, "provided they can meet with Encouragement suitable." The petition is signed by John Lovewell, Josiah Farwell, and Jonathan Robbins, all of Dunstable, Lovewell's name being well written, and the others after a cramped and unaccustomed fashion. The representatives accepted the proposal and voted to give each adventurer two shillings and sixpence a day,--then equal in Massachusetts currency to about one English shilling,--out of which he was to maintain himself. The men were, in addition, promised large rewards for the scalps of male Indians old enough to fight.

A company of thirty was soon raised. Lovewell was chosen captain, Farwell, lieutenant, and Robbins, ensign. They set out towards the end of November, and reappeared at Dunstable early in January, bringing one prisoner and one scalp. Towards the end of the month Lovewell set out again, this time with eighty-seven men, gathered from the villages of Dunstable, Groton, Lancaster, Haverhill, and Billerica. They ascended the frozen Merrimac, passed Lake Winnepesaukee, pushed nearly to the White Mountains, and encamped on a branch of the upper Saco. Here they killed a moose,--a timely piece of luck, for they were in danger of starvation, and Lovewell had been compelled by want of food to send back a good number of his men. The rest held their way, filing on snow-shoe through the deathlike solitude that gave no sign of life except the light track of some squirrel on the snow, and the brisk note of the hardy little chickadee, or black-capped titmouse, so familiar to the winter woods. Thus far the scouts had seen no human footprint; but on the twentieth of February they found a lately abandoned wigwam, and, following the snow-shoe tracks that led from it, at length saw smoke rising at a distance out of the gray forest. The party lay close till two o'clock in the morning; then cautiously approached, found one or more wigwams, surrounded them, and killed all the inmates, ten in number. They were warriors from Canada on a winter raid against the borders. Lovewell and his men, it will be seen, were much like hunters of wolves, catamounts, or other dangerous beasts, except that the chase of this fierce and wily human game demanded far more hardihood and skill.

They brought home the scalps in triumph, together with the blankets and the new guns furnished to the slain warriors by their Canadian friends; and Lovewell began at once to gather men for another hunt. The busy season of the farmers was at hand, and volunteers came in less freely than before. At the middle of April, however, he had raised a band of forty-six, of whom he was the captain, with Farwell and Robbins as his lieutenants. Though they were all regularly commissioned by the governor, they were leaders rather than commanders, for they and their men were neighbors or acquaintances on terms of entire social equality. Two of the number require mention. One was Seth Wyman, of Woburn, an ensign; and the other was Jonathan Frye, of Andover, the chaplain, a youth of twenty-one, graduated at Harvard College in 1723, and now a student of theology. Chaplain though he was, he carried a gun, knife, and hatchet like the others, and not one of the party was more prompt to use them.

They began their march on April 15. A few days afterwards, one William Cummings, of Dunstable, became so disabled by the effects of a wound received from Indians some time before, that he could not keep on with the rest, and Lovewell sent him back in charge of a kinsman, thus reducing their number to forty-four. When they reached the west shore of Lake Ossipee, Benjamin Kidder, of Nutfield, fell seriously ill. To leave him defenceless in a place so dangerous was not to be thought of; and his comrades built a small fort, or palisaded log-cabin, near the water, where they left the sick man in charge of the surgeon, together with Sergeant Woods and a guard of seven men. The rest, now reduced to thirty-four,

³⁹² [Footnote in original] See the inventory, in Kidder, *The Expeditions of Captain John Lovewell*, 93, 94.

³⁹³ [Footnote in original] Other accounts say that eight of the ten were killed. The headstone of one of the number, Thomas Lund, has these words: "This man, with seven more that lies in this grave, was slew All in A day by the Indians."

continued their march through the forest northeastward towards Pequawket, while the savage heights of the White Mountains, still covered with snow, rose above the dismal, bare forests on their left. They seem to have crossed the Saco just below the site of Fryeburg, and in the night of May 7, as they lay in the woods near the northeast end of Lovewell's Pond, the men on guard heard sounds like Indians prowling about them. At daybreak the next morning, as they stood bareheaded, listening to a prayer from the young chaplain, they heard the report of a gun, and soon after discovered an Indian on the shore of the pond at a considerable distance. Apparently he was shooting ducks; but Lovewell, suspecting a device to lure them into an ambush, asked the men whether they were for pushing forward or falling back, and with one voice they called upon him to lead them on. They were then in a piece of open pine woods traversed by a small brook. He ordered them to lay down their packs and advance with extreme caution. They had moved forward for some time in this manner when they met an Indian coming towards them through the dense trees and bushes. He no sooner saw them than he fired at the leading men. His gun was charged with beaver-shot; but he was so near his mark that the effect was equal to that of a bullet, and he severely wounded Lovewell and one Whiting; on which Seth Wyman shot him dead, and the chaplain and another man scalped him. Lovewell, though believed to be mortally hurt, was still able to walk, and the party fell back to the place where they had left their packs. The packs had disappeared, and suddenly, with frightful yells, the whole body of the Pequawket warriors rushed from their hiding-places, firing as they came on. The survivors say that they were more than twice the number of the whites,--which is probably an exaggeration, though their conduct, so unusual with Indians, in rushing forward instead of firing from their ambush, shows a remarkable confidence in their numerical strength.³⁹⁴ They no doubt expected to strike their enemies with a panic. Lovewell received another mortal wound; but he fired more than once on the Indians as he lay dying. His two lieutenants, Farwell and Robbins, were also badly hurt. Eight others fell; but the rest stood their ground, and pushed the Indians so hard that they drove them back to cover with heavy loss. One man played the coward, Benjamin Hassell, of Dunstable, who ran off, escaped in the confusion, and made with his best speed for the fort at Lake Ossipee.

The situation of the party was desperate, and nothing saved them from destruction but the prompt action of their surviving officers, only one of whom, Ensign Wyman, had escaped unhurt. It was probably under his direction that the men fell back steadily to the shore of the pond, which was only a few rods distant. Here the water protected their rear, so that they could not be surrounded; and now followed one of the most obstinate and deadly bush-fights in the annals of New England. It was about ten o'clock when the fight began, and it lasted till night. The Indians had the greater agility and skill in hiding and sheltering themselves, and the whites the greater steadiness and coolness in using their guns. They fought in the shade; for the forest was dense, and all alike covered themselves as they best could behind trees, bushes, or fallen trunks, where each man crouched with eyes and mind intent, firing whenever he saw, or thought he saw, the head, limbs, or body of an enemy exposed to sight for an instant. The Indians howled like wolves, yelled like enraged cougars, and made the forest ring with their whoops; while the whites replied with shouts and cheers. At one time the Indians ceased firing and drew back among the trees and undergrowth, where, by the noise they made, they seemed to be holding a "pow-wow," or incantation to procure victory; but the keen and fearless Seth Wyman crept up among the bushes, shot the chief conjurer, and broke up the meeting. About the middle of the afternoon young Frye received a mortal wound. Unable to fight longer, he lay in his blood, praying from time to time for his comrades in a faint but audible voice.

Solomon Keyes, of Billerica, received two wounds, but fought on till a third shot struck him. He then crawled up to Wyman in the heat of the fight, and told him that he, Keyes, was a dead man, but that the Indians should not get his scalp if he could help it. Creeping along the sandy edge of the pond, he chanced to find a stranded canoe, pushed it afloat, rolled himself into it, and drifted away before the wind.

Soon after sunset the Indians drew off and left the field to their enemies, living and dead, not even stopping to scalp the fallen,--a remarkable proof of the completeness of their discomfiture. Exhausted with fatigue and hunger,--for, having lost their packs in the morning, they had no food,--the surviving white men explored the scene of the fight. Jacob Farrar lay gasping his last by the edge of the water. Robert Usher and

³⁹⁴ [*Footnote in original*] Penhallow puts their number at seventy, Hutchinson at eighty, Williamson at sixty-three, and Belknap at forty-one. In such cases the smallest number is generally nearest the truth.

Lieutenant Robbins were unable to move. Of the thirty-four men, nine had escaped without serious injury, eleven were badly wounded, and the rest were dead or dying, except the coward who had run off.

About midnight, an hour or more before the setting of the moon, such as had strength to walk left the ground. Robbins, as he lay helpless, asked one of them to load his gun, saying, "The Indians will come in the morning to scalp me, and I'll kill another of 'em if I can." They loaded the gun and left him.

To make one's way even by daylight through the snares and pitfalls of a New England forest is often a difficult task; to do so in the darkness of night and overshadowing boughs, among the fallen trees and the snarl of underbrush, was well nigh impossible. Any but the most skilful woodsmen would have lost their way. The Indians, sick of fighting, did not molest the party. After struggling on for a mile or more, Farwell, Frye, and two other wounded men, Josiah Jones and Eleazer Davis, could go no farther, and, with their consent, the others left them, with a promise to send them help as soon as they should reach the fort. In the morning the men divided into several small bands, the better to elude pursuit. One of these parties was tracked for some time by the Indians, and Elias Barron, becoming separated from his companions, was never again heard of, though the case of his gun was afterwards found by the bank of the river Ossipee.

Eleven of the number at length reached the fort, and to their amazement found nobody there. The runaway, Hassell, had arrived many hours before them, and to excuse his flight told so frightful a story of the fate of his comrades that his hearers were seized with a panic, shamefully abandoned their post, and set out for the settlements, leaving a writing on a piece of birch-bark to the effect that all the rest were killed. They had left a supply of bread and pork, and while the famished eleven rested and refreshed themselves they were joined by Solomon Keyes, the man who, after being thrice wounded, had floated away in a canoe from the place of the fight. After drifting for a considerable distance, the wind blew him ashore, when, spurred by necessity and feeling himself "wonderfully strengthened," he succeeded in gaining the fort.

Meanwhile Frye, Farwell, and their two wounded companions, Davis and Jones, after waiting vainly for the expected help, found strength to struggle forward again, till the chaplain stopped and lay down, begging the others to keep on their way, and saying to Davis, "Tell my father that I expect in a few hours to be in eternity, and am not afraid to die." They left him, and, says the old narrative, "he has not been heard of since." He had kept the journal of the expedition, which was lost with him.

Farwell died of exhaustion. The remaining two lost their way and became separated. After wandering eleven days, Davis reached the fort at Lake Ossipee, and, finding food there, came into Berwick on the twenty-seventh. Jones, after fourteen days in the woods, arrived, half dead, at the village of Biddeford.

Some of the eleven who had first made their way to the fort, together with Keyes, who joined them there, came into Dunstable during the night of the thirteenth, and the rest followed one or two days later. Ensign Wyman, who was now the only commissioned officer left alive, and who had borne himself throughout with the utmost intrepidity, decision, and good sense, reached the same place along with three other men on the fifteenth.

The runaway, Hassell, and the guard at the fort, whom he had infected with his terror, had lost no time in making their way back to Dunstable, which they seem to have reached on the evening of the eleventh. Horsemen were sent in haste to carry the doleful news to Boston, on which the governor gave orders to Colonel Tyng of the militia, who was then at Dunstable, to gather men in the border towns, march with all speed to the place of the fight, succor the wounded if any were still alive, and attack the Indians, if he could find them. Tyng called upon Hassell to go with him as a guide; but he was ill, or pretended to be so, on which one of the men who had been in the fight and had just returned offered to go in his place.

When the party reached the scene of the battle, they saw the trees plentifully scarred with bullets, and presently found and buried the bodies of Lovewell, Robbins, and ten others. The Indians, after their usual custom, had carried off or hidden their own dead; but Tyng's men discovered three of them buried

together, and one of these was recognized as the war-chief Paugus, killed by Wyman, or, according to a more than doubtful tradition, by John Chamberlain.³⁹⁵ Not a living Indian was to be seen.

The Pequawkets were cowed by the rough handling they had met when they plainly expected a victory. Some of them joined their Abenaki kinsmen in Canada and remained there, while others returned after the peace to their old haunts by the Saco; but they never again raised the hatchet against the English.

Lovewell's Pond, with its sandy beach, its two green islands, and its environment of lonely forests, reverted for a while to its original owners,—the wolf, bear, lynx, and moose. In our day all is changed. Farms and dwellings possess those peaceful shores, and hard by, where, at the bend of the Saco, once stood, in picturesque squalor, the wigwams of the vanished Pequawkets, the village of Fryeburg preserves the name of the brave young chaplain, whose memory is still cherished, in spite of his uncanonical turn for scalping.³⁹⁶ He had engaged himself to a young girl of a neighboring village, Susanna Rogers, daughter of John Rogers, minister of Boxford. It has been said that Frye's parents thought her beneath him in education and position; but this is not likely, for her father belonged to what has been called the "Brahmin caste" of New England, and, like others of his family, had had, at Harvard, the best education that the country could supply. The girl herself, though only fourteen years old, could make verses, such as they were; and she wrote an elegy on the death of her lover which, bating some grammatical lapses, deserves the modest praise of being no worse than many New England rhymes of that day.

The courage of Frye and his sturdy comrades contributed greatly to the pacification which in the next year relieved the borders from the scourge of Indian war.³⁹⁷

³⁹⁵ [Footnote in original] The tradition is that Chamberlain and Paugus went down to the small brook, now called Fight Brook, to clean their guns, hot and foul with frequent firing; that they saw each other at the same instant, and that the Indian said to the white man, in his broken English, "Me kill you quick!" at the same time hastily loading his piece; to which Chamberlain coolly replied, "Maybe not." His firelock had a large touch-hole, so that the powder could be shaken out into the pan, and the gun made to prime itself. Thus he was ready for action an instant sooner than his enemy, whom he shot dead just as Paugus pulled trigger, and sent a bullet whistling over his head. The story has no good foundation, while the popular ballad, written at the time, and very faithful to the facts, says that, the other officers being killed, the English made Wyman their captain,—

"Who shot the old chief Paugus, which did the foe defeat,

Then set his men in order and brought off the retreat."

³⁹⁶ [Footnote in original] The town, however, was not named for the chaplain, but for his father's cousin, General Joseph Frye, the original grantee of the land.

³⁹⁷ [Footnote in original] Rev. Thomas Symmes, minister of Bradford, preached a sermon on the fate of Lovewell and his men immediately after the return of the survivors, and printed it, with a much more valuable introduction, giving a careful account of the affair, on the evidence of "the Valorous Captain Wyman and some others of good Credit that were in the Engagement." Wyman had just been made a captain, in recognition of his conduct. The narrative is followed by an attestation of its truth signed by him and two others of Lovewell's band.

A considerable number of letters relating to the expedition are preserved in the Massachusetts Archives, from Benjamin Hassell, Colonel Tyng, Governor Dummer of Massachusetts, and Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire. They give the various reports received from those in the fight, and show the action taken in consequence. The Archives also contain petitions from the survivors and the families of the slain; and the legislative Journals show that the petitioners received large grants of land. Lovewell's debts contracted in raising men for his expeditions were also paid.

The papers mentioned above, with other authentic records concerning the affair, have been printed by Kidder in his *Expeditions of Captain John Lovewell*, a monograph of thorough research. The names of all Lovewell's party, and biographical notices of some Hutchinson, Fox, *History of Dunstable*, and of them, are also given by Mr. Kidder. Compare Penhallow, Bouton, *Lovewell's Great Fight*. For various suggestions touching Lovewell's Expedition, I am indebted to Mr. C. W. Lewis, who has made it the subject of minute and careful study.

A ballad which was written when the event was fresh, and was long popular in New England, deserves mention, if only for its general fidelity to the facts. The following is a sample of its eighteen stanzas:--

" 'T was ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue till the setting of the sun,
Excepting that the Indians, some hours before 't was night,
Drew off into the bushes, and ceased awhile to fight;

"But soon again returnèd in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For, as we are informèd, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

* * * * *

“Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die;
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.”

Frye, as mentioned in the text, had engaged himself to Susanna Rogers, a young girl of the village of Boxford, who, after his death, wrote some untutored verses to commemorate his fate. They are entitled, *“A Mournful Elegy on Mr. Jonathan Frye,”* and begin thus:

“Assist, ye muses, help my quill,
Whilst floods of tears does down distil;
Not from mine eyes alone, but all
That hears the sad and doleful fall
Of that young student, Mr. Frye,
Who in his blooming youth did die.
Fighting for his dear country’s good,
He lost his life and precious blood.
His father’s only son was he;
His mother loved him tenderly;
And all that knew him loved him well;
For in bright parts he did excel
Most of his age; for he was young,--
Just entering on twenty-one;
A comely youth, and pious too;
This I affirm, for him I knew.”

She then describes her lover’s brave deeds, and sad but heroic death, alone in a howling wilderness; condoles with the bereaved parents, exhorts them to resignation, and touches modestly on her own sorrow.

In more recent times the fate of Lovewell and his companions has inspired several poetical attempts, which need not be dwelt upon. Lovewell’s Fight, as Dr. Palfrey observes, was long as famous in New England as Chevy Chase on the Scottish Border.

**An Account of the Discovery of a Hermit,
Who lived about 200 Years in a Cave, at the Foot of a Hill,
73 days journey westward of the great
Alleghany Mountains**

Written by John Buckland and John Fielding,
The Persons who discovered him.

----- “ *A Mossy Cave that faced
The Southern Sea, in whose deep Recess
Boil’d up a chrystal Fountain, was my Home :
Herbs were my food, those blessed Stores of health.* ”

Pittsburg (Virginia) Printed :
Providence : Re-printed and Sold at Printing-
Office in Westminster-Street 1787.

A KNOWLEDGE of human Nature, under every appearance, is not only pleasing, but on many accounts useful and necessary.

The following Relation of a discovery made within the limits of our country, and given by those who were eye-witnesses of the fact, deserves our particular attention.

Two Gentlemen of undoubted veracity, viz. Capt. James Buckland and Mr. John Fielding, both of Walkerton, in the State of Virginia, agreed to travel into the western parts of this vast Continent, to explore the regions westward of the Alleghany Mountains, which belong to the United States, and which are as yet little known to us.

On the 10th of June, 1785, they took their departure, each of them well-armed, with pistols, &c. and attended by two trusty slaves, armed with musquets. Both the Gentlemen well understood the rules of trigonometry, on which are founded the principles of navigation and surveying and, as they carried a compass with them, they were able to keep their course in nearly a right line, and pretty well able to determine the distance they traveled. – The slaves carried as much provision as they could conveniently, with a quantity of salt, for the purpose of curing venison and other food, which they might take on their way.

In twelve days they reached the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, on which they made several important discoveries of gold and silver mines, a particular account of which they mean shortly to publish. After descending these lofty mountains they travelled seventy-three days in a western direction, without feeling the least appearance or even tract of a human being. The country was beautifully diversified with hills and lofty mountains, vallies and delightful rivers – trees of all kinds and sizes grew luxuriantly, many of them upwards of 100 feet in height. In some places, the ground was covered with grass nearly resembling clover, which flowering sent forth a most delightful smell.—This diversity rendered the country beautiful beyond description.

They saw a number of wild animals, of various kinds – many of which they killed – some for food, and some for curiosity, most of them being such as they had never seen before. At length, having travelled the last seven miles on rising ground, they came to the summit of a very high mountain – here they stopped, and the prospect was beautiful beyond conception – on every side, as far as they could possibly see, they beheld the green groves waving with the gentle gales of wind, and every thing around them conspired to fill them with awe and gratitude to Him who rules the earth. Here they spent several hours in refreshing themselves, and viewing the extensive country, which lay open before them. They observed many places where the ground appeared to be trodden, and, as they supposed, frequented by wild beasts.

As they were setting out to go forward, they discovered a small foot-path, which led down the mountain between two high ridges of rocks – they were very much surprized, and doubted whether it could have been trodden by wild beasts – but as there were no marks of feet they were at a loss what to determine. They were at first fearful about entering, although it was direct in their way, least they should fall in with some dens of wild beasts, which might be too strong for them. After some time spent in deliberation they concluded, that a spirit of cowardice did not become adventurers, and reviewing their

arms and ammunition, they proceeded in the path down the mountain. — After they had travelled about half a mile the path appeared much plainer and more trodden, but as the ground was hard and dry no appearance of feet could be discovered. This descent was truly venerable and august — on each side was tremendous ridge of rocks covered with very high trees, which left a valley between of about four rods wide, a variety of small pines and ivies grew out of the crannies of the rocks, which hung bending over the narrow valley in which was the path — the whole entirely shut out the rays of the sun. While going forward the travellers could not but admire the grandeur of the scene in which they were enclosed, but at the same time felt anxieties about where this path would at last lead them, which increased as they went forward. — They however proceeded in a gradual descent about two miles and a half in a western direction (though in many places the beauty of the scene was increased by small windings) when they were surprized with an opening — the ridge of the rocks on the right hand continued, but that on the left did not ---- a large, extensive, level country now opened to their view, and the sun being in the western hemisphere a new day seemed to usher in upon them, which struck them with an agreeable surprise—In this condition they stood gazing for a moment. About four rods from them they observed the path turn to the right hand toward the ridge of rocks, which was almost perpendicular. They then discovered a hole in the rock several feet square, which they supposed was a den of wild beasts, and as they stood viewing it they were surprized with the appearance of a human form coming out—It appeared like a grave old Man, his head very bald, and a beard mil-white covered his breast—he started as he advanced, and seemed surprized to see them—At length, with a grave and solemn voice, he spoke—Friends! Human forms! From whence and who are you! are you angels or are you men? they answered, we are men. He then waved his hand in token of friendship, and pleasure seemed to set on his countenance: With joy (said he) I once more behold human shapes. The travellers for some time stood astonished, and when he moved towards them, they turned for fear, and made off from him.—At which the old man called out, with tears in his eyes, Whither do you flee—leave me not—I am an innocent Hermit, who cannot hurt you—I live in this cave, the mouth of which you see. They then stood still, and he came and shook hands with them, and shewed such emotions of joy as are difficult to describe. The Hermit then conducted them to his cave, into which they were at first somewhat reluctant about entering—but he prevailed upon them to follow him into the cave, the mouth of which was ornamented on the outside with trees and flowering shrubs: In the inside were several nice apartments, curiously carved out of the solid rock, which was a most beautiful marble: The walls on the inside were adorned with many curious figures in sculpture: The upper part of the cave was covered with a sort of light-wood, or fox-fire, which gave a most beautiful appearance to the cave.

The Hermit seemed overjoyed with his new guests, and their curiosity was much excited by him.—He seated them on several smooth stones at the side of the cave, and then presented them with barks, roots, acorns, and several kinds of fruit unknown to them—they partook of his bounty and were much pleased with his simplicity, both of manners and diet.—They also produced a piece of venison, which they had, and desired him to eat of it—But he told them, very mildly, that he chose not to eat flesh—that his diet consisted only of such simple food as he set before them.—After they had eaten, the Hermit said, it was now night, and hoped they would not leave him till morning.—They consented to tarry all night with him.

Having now become a little acquainted—they begged him to inform them of his place of nativity, and how he came to that place[.]—the Hermit very freely began—and related as follows:—My story is very short—but as you are the first human persons I have seen since my dwelling here—you have a right to hear it:—

My father was a mechanic in the city of London; and I was born in that city two hundred and twenty-seven years ago this month (as I have been very exact in keeping my age): My father placed his affections greatly upon me:— He put me under the care of a private gentleman to be educated:—About the age of nineteen years I fell in love with a nobleman's daughter, and she returned my regard by the purest affection—By some accident her father discovered her father discovered the connexion, and cruelty confined her, and would not let us see each other—The lady was soon taken sick, and died—at the remembrance of which I can scarcely refrain from tears—I soon became careless of myself, and leaving the house of my patron roved about the kingdom until I was in my twenty-seventh year, when I embarked on board a vessel bound to the East-Indies—The thirty-eighth day after we set sail a violent storm came on, which wrecked the vessel, carried everything off the decks; the captain and sixteen hands were washed overboard, and lost—we that were left let the vessel drive whether she would—in twelve days all that were left on board died with hunger and fatigue, except two besides myself—at last the vessel drove ashore, but where we new not, the country being uninhabited, which suited me better, as solitude was what I sought. I left my companions, and betook myself to the wilderness—with a gun and some ammunition which I

brought on shore, from the vessel—After travelling twenty-three heaven brought me to this place, being when I arrived here twenty-seven years and two months old.—Here I have lived ever since alone in contemplation of the world of nature, and adoring Him who preserves me.—The reason of my long life and good condition, I cannot account for, except it be my living on such simple food as I have set before you.—Oft I ascend this winding vale through which you came to the summit of the mountain, and in silent adoration pay homage to my Benefactor—The beasts of the forest all play before me, without doing me any violence, and none of them enter my cave.—Thus the Hermit ended.

After which Captain Buckland informed him of the present state of the nation—That numbers of his countrymen had left their native country and settled on the part of the globe, where he then was, which was called America—and that it was probable in a few years the place where he then lived would be inhabited by descendents of his country-men—At which account he seemed very much surprized.

The evening being spent, the Hermit could not retire to rest, without paying divine service to his Creator and Preserver; he gave thanks in a very particular manner, that he had once more an interview with human beings—asked for protection and blessing, &c. when they all retired to rest.

The next morning they did not depart as they proposed, but being much pleased with the Hermit, they tarried several days with him.—At their departure they used every means in their power to persuade him to go with them—but he refused, and said—He was exceeding happy in their company, and wished to entertain them longer.—As to leaving his cave he could not—he thought heaven had provided that place for his dwelling, and there he determined to reside while he lived in this world.

Notwithstanding his reluctance to leave his cave, he was exceedingly affected when they were about leaving him—he wept like a child, and taking them by the hand, he embraced them, and wished them every prosperity.

After which they departed from him, and in five months and seven days, they arrived at their homes in Virginia; where Captain Buckland desires any person, who is doubtful of the truth of this relation, to call and see him, or Mr. John Fielding, his companion.

THE END.



Engraving of Anderson from the title page of his 1857 Narrative.

“THE HALF WILL NEVER BE TOLD...”

Former slave William J. Anderson

*Recounts the Contributions of Black Soldiers
in the Revolutionary War.*

It was owing to both the Christian religion and to the military that the emancipation of the Black slaves in America was ultimately possible. Without these time honored and most essential institutions, freeing the African slaves in this country, at best, would have been long deferred, if not voided entirely.

Among the reasons for this being the case is that religion and the military are the basis of virtually all civil governments, and when it comes to a society based on law, no person holds a higher rank therein than a priest or a soldier. Pick whatever civil society or culture, whether ancient or modern, you like, and without exception the founders of nations are men in uniform and or men of the cloth; though granted the nature of that “cloth” may widely differ, and even the most secular society must have its *high priests* of one sort or another. In turn, and where interests inevitably jar or violently conflict, it is religion and the military that are the basis of practical trust and the authority that empowers and makes possible working and effective laws.

Moreover, in a racially and culturally diverse country like the United States, Christianity, teaching as it did that all men were equal before God, was easily among the most puissant and persuasive forces driving and rendering successful the abolitionist movement. This is borne out time and time again both in the actual history and in the literature of that movement in the periods leading up to the Civil War. It was God, as creator, declaring men equal that made them so, not the mere fiat of any man or men or the common law. The slave was prisoner or victim appealing to a higher authority that would release him from bondage, and yet what mere man, as authority, could succor him in a society where hundreds of thousands and then millions were in need redress for their grievances? Meantime, Christianity as such made it possible for a man to become a priest or minister, and assuming him able and qualified, could catapult a slave or former slave from the lowest level of society to one of its highest and most respected callings.

A further reason why religion and the military were absolutely necessary ingredients in freeing the slaves in that they both furnished a means by which a person of a different race or color could prove their worth, equality, or superiority with others who, invoking stereotypes and conventional prejudice, might claim to be their betters. True, wealth and education are also and can be measures of a citizen. Yet outside of isolated and individual cases, these latter are seldom possible to be realized unless the man (understanding that in those earlier times manhood was the starting point of suffrage) can first establish his rights in society with the approval of religion and, as well, by way of the testing ground of military discipline and valor. The number of people at large who sufficiently esteem the value of higher education are relatively few, and where the measure of status is mere money, equitable law itself and before long will

cease to exist; for the simple reason that under such a system rights and immunity from persecution and enslavement can simply be purchased away; regardless of any moral merit or integrity of character the holder of the most money possesses.

If religion made viable and gave the abolitionist cause practical credibility, second to it was the opportunity of fighting in the armed forces of the United States on behalf of the cause of *liberty*. While it was often remarked then and since how incongruous it was for supposedly freedom loving Americans to own slaves, yet the truth was it was due to the American Revolutionary War officers that Blacks were given the chance to prove their worth on a widespread basis in a society that would otherwise not allow it. Early America historian Thomas Fleming, in his *A Disease in the Public Mind: A New Understanding of Why We Fought the Civil War* (2013), points out that one out of seven soldiers in the Continental Army were men of color, and several very prominent and higher ranking officers in the Continental army were on the list of those who espoused the idea recruiting blacks; at a time and in a society where such a notion could hardly be considered extensively popular. These included no less than Washington (though granted early in the war and for diplomatic reasons he tended to be hesitant), Greene, Lafayette, James Varnum, Alexander Hamilton, John Laurens and Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Whether consciously or no, an unstated bargain was made by such (for their time) audacious officers and the Blacks. Serve our cause and we will help form the grounds for your ultimate emancipation. For when society sees that you can and will serve your country honorably and courageously then they will necessarily be compelled to think twice about keeping you down always as a slave. Many Blacks and white sympathizers well understood this implication and when into the 19th century the abolitionist movement gained momentum and came to a head, they were quick to avail themselves of this incontrovertible argument.

One of these was William J. Anderson, a former slave originally from Virginia and later Mississippi, who in 1857 published, in Chicago, his *Life and Narrative of William J. Anderson, Twenty-four Years a Slave; Sold Eight Times! In Jail Sixty Times!! Whipped Three Hundred Times!!! or The Dark Deeds of American Slavery Revealed. Containing Scriptural Views of the Origin of the Black and of the White Man. Also, a Simple and Easy Plan to Abolish Slavery in the United States. Together with an Account of the Services of Colored Men in the Revolutionary War--Day and Date, and Interesting Facts.*³⁹⁸ Although his *Narrative* is of special worth in presenting the autobiography of a one-time slave in the United States, chronicling the extreme sufferings and brutal hardships he and fellows, male and female, like him endured, of particular interest to us is his piecing together one of the earliest histories of the record of the Black soldier in the Revolutionary War. Not least compelling and engaging is that we have a Black man voicing this record, rather than the more usual white spokesman doing so on behalf of an oppressed race. This of itself gives Anderson's presentation a lasting charm, and that furnishes him an occasion to express both his endearment of his own forefathers and warm pride in their having in no small part helped to found this nation.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### SERVICES OF COLORED MEN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

A great many of the whites say that colored people never done anything in the wars of this country; therefore they wish us away. Some say let them go to Liberia, while others say let them go to the Rocky Mountains. This is our native country; here we were born; here we have lived, and are acclimated; and now I will show that we performed no unimportant part in the Revolutionary struggle.

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

On the fifth of March, 1851, a petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, asking an appropriation of \$1,500 for erecting a monument to the memory of Crispus Attucks, the first martyr in the Boston Massacre of March 5th, 1770. The matter was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, who granted a hearing of the petitioners, in whose behalf appeared Wendell Phillips, Esq., and Wm. C. Nell, but

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<sup>398</sup> See <https://archive.org/details/lifeandnarrativ00andegoog> for the full text in .pdf.

finally submitted an adverse report on the ground that a boy, Christopher Snyder, was previously killed. Admitting this fact, (which was the result of a very different scene from that in which Attucks fell,) does not offset the claims of Attacks, and those who made the 5th of March famous in our annals—the day which history selects as the dawn of the American Revolution.

#### RHODE ISLAND.

The Hon. Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, in a speech in Congress, first month, 1828, said: “At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Rhode Island had a number of slaves. A regiment of them were enlisted into the Continental service, and no braver men met the enemy in battle; but not one of them was permitted to be a soldier until he had first been made a free man.”

“In Rhode Island,” says Governor Eustis, in his able speech against Slavery in Missouri, 12th of twelfth month, 1820, “the blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor.” In this contest, it will be recollected, four hundred men met and repulsed, after a terrible and sanguinary struggle, fifteen hundred Hessian troops, headed by Count Donop. The glory of the defence of Red Bank, which has been pronounced one of the most heroic actions of the War, belongs in reality to black men; yet who now hears them spoken of in connection with it? Among the traits which distinguished the black regiment, was devotion to their officers. In the attack made upon the American lines, near Croton river, on the 13th of fifth month, 1781, Colonel Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded; but the sabres of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered over him to protect him; *every one of whom was killed.*

#### CONNECTICUT.

Hon. Calvin Goddard, of Connecticut, states that in the little circle of his residence, he was instrumental in securing, under the act of 1818, the pensions of nineteen colored soldiers. “I cannot,” he says, “refrain from mentioning one aged black man, Primus Babcock, who proudly presented to me an honorable discharge from service during the war, dated at the close of it, wholly in the handwriting of George Washington. Nor can I forget the expression of his feelings when informed, after his discharge had been sent to the War Department, that it could not be returned. At his request it was written for, as he seemed inclined to spurn the pension and reclaim the discharge.”

During the Revolutionary War, and after the sufferings of a protracted contest had rendered it difficult to procure recruits for the army, the Colony of Connecticut adopted the expedient of forming a corps of colored soldiers. A battalion of blacks was soon enlisted, and throughout the war conducted themselves with fidelity and efficiency. The late General Humphreys, then a captain, commanded a company of this corps. It is said that some objections were made, on the part of officers, to accepting the command of the colored troops. In this exigency, Captain Humphreys, who was attached to the family of General Washington, volunteered his services.

The following extract, furnished by Charles Lenox Remond, from the pay rolls of the second company, fourth regiment of the Connecticut line of the revolutionary army, may rescue many gallant names from oblivion:

*Captain, David Humphreys.*

*Privates.*

Jack Arabus,  
John Cleveland,  
Phineas Strong,  
Ned Fields,  
Isaac Higgins,  
Lewis Martin,  
Caesar Chapman,

Jo Otis,  
James Dinah,  
Peter Mix,  
Philo Freeman,  
Hector Williams,  
Juba Freeman,  
Cato Robinson,

Prince Johnson,  
Alexander Judd,  
Pomp Liberty,  
Cuff Liberty,  
Pomp Cyrus,  
Harry Williams,  
Sharp Rogers,

Brister Baker,  
Caesar Bagdon,  
Gameliel Terry,  
Lent Munson,  
Heman Rogers,  
Job Caesar,  
John Rogers,  
John Ball,  
John McLean,  
Jesse Vose,  
Daniel Bradley,  
Sharp Camp,

Prince George,  
Prince Crosbee,  
Shubael Johnson,  
Tim Caesar,  
Jack Little,  
Bill Sowers,  
Dick Violet,  
Ned Freedom,  
Ezekiel Tupham,  
Tom Freeman,  
Congo Zado,  
Peter Gibbs,

Solomon Sowtice,  
Peter Freeman,  
Cato Wilbrow,  
Cuff Freeman,  
Juba Dyer,  
Andrew Jack,  
Peter Morando,  
Peter Lion,  
Sampson Cuff,  
Dick Freedom,  
Pomp McCuff.

The names of the two brave men of color who fell, with [William] Ledyard, at the storming of Fort Griswold, were Sambo Latham and Jordan Freeman.

Ebenezer Hills died at Vienna, N. Y., August, 1849, aged 110. He was born a slave in Stonington, Conn., and became free when twenty-eight years of age. He served through the Revolutionary War, and was at the battles of Saratoga and Stillwater, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne.

The colored inhabitants of Connecticut assembled in Convention in 1849, to devise means for their elective franchise, which is yet denied to seven thousand of their number. A gentleman present reports the following extract:—"A young man, Mr. West, of Bridgeport, spoke with a great deal of energy, and with a clear and pleasant tone of voice, which many a lawyer, statesman or clergyman might covet, nobly vindicating the rights of the brethren. He said that the bones of the colored man had bleached on every battle-field where American valor had contended for national independence. Side by side with the white man, the black man stood and struggled to the last for the inheritance which the white men now enjoy but deny to us. His father was a soldier-slave, and his master said to him, when the liberty of the country was achieved, 'Stephen, we will do something for you.' But what have they ever done for Stephen, or for Stephen's posterity?"

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Rev. Dr. Harris, of Portsmouth, N. H., a revolutionary veteran, stated in a speech at Francestown, N. H., some years ago, that on one occasion the regiment to which he was attached was commanded to defend an important position which the enemy thrice assailed, and from which they were as often repulsed. "There was," said the venerable speaker, "a regiment of blacks in the same situation—a regiment of negroes fighting for our liberty and independence, not a white man among them but the officers—in the same dangerous and responsible position. Had they been unfaithful, or given away before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked with most desperate fury by well-disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops."

#### VERMONT.

August 16th, 1777, the Green Mountain Boys, aided by troops from New Hampshire, and some few from Berkshire county, Massachusetts, under the command of Gen. Starks [sic, John Stark], captured the left wing of the British Army near Bennington. Not having rope enough to tie all the prisoners, Gen. Starks called for more. Mrs. Robinson, wife of Hon. Moses Robinson, told the General that she would take down the last bed-stead in the house and present him with the rope, on condition that he would permit her negro man to harness up an old mare, and hitch the rope to the whiffletree, mount the mare, and conduct the prisoners out of town. The General accepted the proposition, and thus was the left wing of the British army marched out of town.

Gen. Schuyler writes from Saratoga, July 23, 1777, to the President of Massachusetts Bay, "That of the few Continental troops we have had to the Northward, one-third part is composed of men too far

advanced in years for field service, of boys, or rather children, and, mortifying barely to mention, of negroes.”

The General also addressed a similar letter to John Hancock, and again to the Provincial Congress, that the foregoing were facts which were altogether uncontrovertible.

#### NEW YORK.

I am indebted to Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, for the following Historical Sketch of New York Solldiery:

“Not long ago, while the excavations for the vaults of the great retail dry goods store of New York were going on in 1851, a gentleman from Boston noticed a large quantity of human bones thrown up by the workmen. Everybody knows the African countenance: the skulls also bore unmistakable marks of the race they belonged to. They were shoveled up with the earth in which they had rested, carted off and emptied into the sea to fill up a chasm and make the foundation of a warehouse.

“On inquiry, the Bostonian learned that these were the bones of colored American soldiers who fell in the disastrous battles of Long Island, in 1776, and of such as died of the wounds then received. At that day, as at this, spite of the declaration that ‘all men are created equal,’ the prejudice against the colored man was intensely strong. The black and white had fought against the same enemy, under the same banner, contending for the same ‘inalienable right’ to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The same shot, with promiscuous slaughter, had mowed down Africans and Americans. But in the grave they must be divided. On the battle field the blacks and whites had mixed their bravery and their blood, but their ashes must not mingle in the bosom of their common mother. The white Saxon, exclusive and haughty even in his burial, must have his place of rest proudly apart from the grave of the African he had once enslaved.”

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

The late James Forten, of Philadelphia, well known as a colored man of wealth, intelligence and philanthropy, relates il that he remembered well when Lord Cornwallis was overrunning the South, when thick gloom clouded the prospect. Then Washington hastily gathered what forces he was able, and hurried to oppose him. And I remember,” said he, “for I saw them, when the regiments from Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts marched through Philadelphia, that one or two companies of colored men were attached to each. The vessels of war of that period were all, to a greater or less extent, manned with colored men. On board the ‘Royal Louis’ of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Stephen Decatur, senior [i.e., father of the captain of Tripoli and 1812 fame], there were twenty colored seamen. I had myself enlisted in this vessel, and on the second cruise was taken prisoner, and shortly after was confined on board the old Jersey Prison Ship, where I remained a prisoner for seven months. The Alliance, of thirty-six guns, commanded by Commodore Barry; the Trumbull, of thirty-two guns, commanded by Captain [James] Nicholson; and the ships South Carolina, Confederacy, and Randolph, each were manned in part by colored men.”

#### SOUTH CAROLINA.

Even in the Slaveholding States did colored people magnanimously “brave the battle field,” developing a heroism indeed as though their own liberty was to be a recompense. But we found no proof that the boasted chivalry of the “Palmetto State extended the boon demanded by simple justice.

The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and in defiance of the Slave representation of the South, made the following admission:

“They (the colored people) were, in numerous instances, the pioneers, and, in all, the laborers of our armies. To their hands were owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period of the inexperience and untried, valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms.”

## VIRGINIA.

The Last or Braddock's Defeat.—The Lancaster (O.) Gazette, February, 1849, announces the death, at that place, of Samuel Jenkins, a colored man, aged 115 years. He was a slave of Captain Breadwater, in Fairfax county, Virginia, in 1771, and participated in the memorable campaign of Gen. Braddock.

Testimony of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.—From his speech in Congress, on the Imprisonment of Colored Seamen, September, 1850:

"I have an impression, however, that not indeed in these piping times of peace, but in the time of war, when quite a boy, I have seen black soldiers enlisted, who did faithful and excellent service. But however it may have been in the Northern States, I can tell the Senator what happened in the Southern States at this period. I believe that I shall be borne out in saying that no regiments which were organized under the direction of General Jackson himself, after a most glorious appeal to the patriotism and honor of the people of color of that region, and which, after they came out of the war, received the thanks of Gen. Jackson, in a proclamation which has been thought worthy of being inscribed on the pages of history."

## LOUISIANA.

In 1814, when New Orleans was in danger, and the proud and criminal distinctions of caste were again demolished by one of those emergencies in which nature puts to silence for the moment the base partialities of art, the free colored people were called into the field in common with the whites, and the importance of their services was thus acknowledged by General Jackson:

"Head Quarters, Seventh Military District,  
Mobile, September 21, 1814.

*"To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana:*

"Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights, in which *our* country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

"As Sons of Freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings. As *Americans*, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children, for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

"Your country, although calling for your assistance, does not wish you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations—your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. With the sincerity of a soldier, and in the language of truth, I address you.

"To every noble hearted free man of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands now received by the white soldiers of the United States, namely: one hundred and twenty dollars in money and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to the same monthly pay, daily rations and clothes furnished to any American soldier.

"On enrolling yourselves in companies the Major General commanding will select officers, for your government, from your white fellow citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

“Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

“To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrollments, and will give you every information on the subject of this address.

“Andrew Jackson,  
Major General Commanding.”

Joseph Davis, A Colored Soldier.—There lives an old man in Madison, Ind., who was in the battle of New Orleans. He says a colored man told Jackson how to place the cotton bales for protection, and says there were 3,000 colored soldiers in the battle, and they fought like heroes. When the armies met, it was like heaven and earth had come together. I jumped over the fort, and took up a rifle and a gold watch, and jumped back again, while the balls were flying like hailstones. He was divested of all his apparel, nearly, but no blood was drawn by this operation, and he still lives to tell the tale that the colored men have labored for this country.

Theodore Parker says the first cannon the United States ever had, a colored man stole from the British lines.

After the wars of '76, John Randolph presented a flag with his inscription on it to a company of colored men called the “Bucks of America.”

Capt. Ford, of Madison, Ind., says three of the best men he had in his company in Mexico were colored men, who were obedient and did good service.

The half will never be told of what the colored men have done, and how they have bled and died for this country; on nearly every battle field, on sea and land, and on the ice, has the black man spilt his blood freely. But, now the battle is over and the victory is won, what do we receive in return? Here is what we get: knocked down, shot down, branded, burned, run down by hounds, starved, and worked without compensation, sold from our wives and children for gold. O, when I dwell or speak on these subjects in my lectures, some think I am crazy or filled with wine; so they said of the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost. When I talk about what I have been through, it makes me tremble and quake like the jailor did before Peter.

If it was not for Slavery, what a great and good country we should have in the South. Oh! if the Christians all would act against Slavery, it could not stand; but in the South the preacher sells the preacher from his family and friends for gold; the sister beats the sister over the head with a stick or anything she gets her hands on; but I hope the time will come when all the Christian Church, North and South, will pray and act against Slavery, till liberty and freedom shall cover over our land, as the waters do the great deep, and the master and slave shall worship God together...

## FASHIONING THE FUTURE

Did Maurice de Saxe (1696-1750 -- Saxon born Field-Marshal of Louis XV and one of the great captain-chiefs of 18th century warfare) guide the future or merely predict it? Of course, such a question is not so easy to answer, but we do know that Frederick the Great, Bonaparte, and our own irreplaceable Von Steuben read and clearly profited from his *Reveries on the Art of War* (1732, though not formally published till 1757.)

Granted, as Christopher Duffy notes in the Preface to his *The Military Experience in the Age of Reason* (1987): “The *Rêveries* of Maurice de Saxe were dashed off in the course of thirteen sleepless nights in 1732, in other words long before the marshal’s fulminating campaigns in the Netherlands in the 1740s, and they no more represent a considered military testament than do the *Principes Généraux* (1748) of Frederick the Great, which were composed well before the Seven Years War.” True, Saxe did not get it right on every point. For one, he underestimated the effectiveness of firepower. And yet and if one itemizes *some* of the notions Saxe forecast (more or less) correctly in his informal treatise, the list is fairly impressive.

Among the ideas Saxe was one of the very first in modern times to propose or advocate are:

- \* Uniformity of maneuvers and formations, perhaps even before Frederick. And it was not only America, but all of Europe that, within a single country, suffered from disparate military regulations, maneuvers, and formations.
- \* Mobile reserves; both for defense and to follow up successful attacks.
- \* Breech loaded weapons, both for muskets and artillery.
- \* Mass conscription regardless of rank; though as Duffy remarks (again in his Preface) “When countries like Prussia and Russia resorted to military conscription, it was not to summon up the resources of a nation, as in the Napoleonic period, but to limit and control demands which the army made on the useful and hardworking civilian population.”
- \* Light and swift moving artillery; though in Saxe’s case, he suggested wheeled amusettes as a substitute for cannon.
- \* Light infantry and used as skirmishers to head an attack.
- \* Helmets in place of hats, and as well more practical and serviceable uniforms.
- \* The use of vinegar to better a soldier’s health; a regimen Francis Marion for one heartily espoused.
- \* Anticipating the Age of Napoleon, in 1746 and 1747 Saxe was fielding an army of 120,000: that is, more than 2 to 3 times the average army size lead by Frederick the Great. In his book, however, he recommends 46,000 as the preferred standard for an army.

Finally, here are some extracts.<sup>399</sup>

### PECULIARITIES OF BRAVERY AND COWARDICE

“[H]e [Chevalier Folard] advances an opinion, which he pronounces infallible, without reflecting, that the success of it must depend upon an infinite number of circumstances, which human prudence cannot possibly foresee. He supposes men to be the same at all times, and always brave; without considering that the bravery of troops is a variable and uncertain quality of mind; and that the chief excellence of a general

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<sup>399</sup> For the full text of *Reveries on the Art of War* (1732) in its English translation of 1759, see: <https://archive.org/details/reveriesormemoir00saxe>

consists in his address to establish it in his troops, by an artful choice of dispositions and situations; and by those peculiar strokes of genius, adapted to occasion, which characterizes the great captains...The same troops may be most certainly defeated, even in intrenchments, which, if they were to begin the attack, would be victorious. This is an instance which few have accounted for in any reasonable manner; and it can only be ascribed to the weakness and imperfections incident to human nature; there alone it is seated.” pp. ix-x.

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#### *ALL IN THE LEGS*

“[A]ll discipline depends upon the legs, and not the arms. The personal abilities which are required in the performance of all manoeuvres, and likewise in engagements, are totally confined to them; and whoever is of a different opinion, is a dupe to ignorance, and a novice in the profession of arms.” p. 20.

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#### *MUSIC AND CADENCE NECESSARY FOR SYNCHRONIZED MILITARY MOVEMENT*

“[S]ounds have a secret power over us, disposing our organs to bodily exercises, and, at the same time, deluding, as it were, the toil of them. If any one, thinking to ridicule what I have advanced, asks me what particular air I would recommend to make men march; I will readily answer, without being moved by his raillery, that all airs, in common or triple time, will produce such an effect; but only in a greater or less degree, according to the taste in which they are severally set; that nothing more is required, than to try them upon the drum, accompanied by the fife, and to choose such as are best adapted to the nature and compass of those instruments. ---- Perhaps it may be objected, that there are many men whose ears are not to be affected by founds. But this is a falsity; for the movement is so natural, that it can hardly be even avoided. I have frequently taken notice, that, in beating to arms, the soldiers have fallen into their ranks in cadence, without being sensible of it, as it were; nature and instinct carrying them involuntarily; and without it, it is impossible to perform any evolution in close order...” pp. 23-24.

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#### *THE IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEMATIZED DRILLS, FORMATIONS AND MANEUVERS*

“[I]t is inconceivable how prejudicial are all alterations of that kind, insomuch that after a long peace, I have seen troops belonging to the same government, when assembled together, differ to such a degree in their manner of performing, that one would have naturally taken them for a collection made from several distinct nations. It is necessary therefore to establish one certain principle of action, and never to depart from it; a principle which ought to be rendered familiar to every military person, as being the foundation of his profession: but it is impossible to retain it, unless you always preserve the same number of officers, and non-commissioned officers; because, without it, your manoeuvres will naturally be subject to perpetual variation.” pp. 36-37.

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#### *SKIRMISHERS*

“In the disposition for charging, the light-armed foot are to be dispersed along the front, at the distance of an hundred, or from one to two hundred paces, from the legion, and to begin firing when the enemy is about three hundred paces off; which they are to continue, without any word of command, till the enemy approaches within about fifty paces; at which distance, every commanding officer is to order retreat, taking care to retire softly towards his respective regiment, and in such manner as to be able to fall into the intervals of the battalions by tens; keeping up his fire likewise till he has joined them: by this time the legion must be advancing in charging order, having doubled its ranks, and formed eight deep, while the light-armed foot were skirmishing in front.” pp. 49-50.



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#### *HORSE OF THE CAVALRY*

“The cavalry ought to be well appointed; to be mounted on horses inured to fatigue; to be incumbered with as little baggage as possible; and above all, that leading mistake of making the horses fat should be avoided. The oftener likewise they see an enemy, the better; as it renders them familiar with danger, and capable of attempting anything; but that immoderate love which we are apt to have for the horses, leaves us ignorant of their real power and importance.” pp. 58-59.

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#### *ROMAN DISCIPLINE*

“The Romans conquered the world by the force of their discipline; and in proportion as that declined, their power decreased. When the Emperor Gratian had suffered the legions to lay aside their cuirasses and helmets, because the soldiers, enervated by idleness, complained that they were too heavy, their success forsook them; and those very barbarians whom they had formerly defeated in such numbers, and who had worn their chains during so many ages, became conquerors in their turn.” p. 66.

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#### *THE CAVALRY CHARGE*

“When the horse are to charge the enemy, they must be strictly enjoined to keep their ranks and files close, and not to disperse on any pretence: their standards are to be sacred to them; and whatsoever may be the event of the Engagement, their duty is always to rally to them. When cavalry are so well versed in these principles, as to be governed by them in practice, they will be invincible.

“In charging, they are first to move off at a gentle trot to the distance of about an hundred Paces; from thence to increase their speed in proportion as they advance, till they fall at last into a gallop: but they must not close to the croup [i.e., rear of the horse ahead of them], till they come within about twenty or thirty paces of the enemy; and even then, they are to receive the following word of command, as a signal for it, from an officer. *Follow me!* -- As this manoeuvre is to be performed with the utmost celerity, they must therefore be familiarized to it by constant exercise; but it is above all things necessary, that they should practise galloping large distances.” pp. 76-77.

## THE AMERICAN JEST BOOKS (1788, 1795)

“Why should you be resolved to be hipp’d or in the dumps? Why should you proclaim war against yourself and tear your wig or gouge out your eyes in a fit of desperation, least you should freeze or starve to death in this world? If you are in such a mopish habit you will here find a most powerful antidote to chase away the fumes of melancholy. Then, if you are sad do not suffer misfortune to thrust her pitchforks of despair into you, for, as the song says, as light heart and a thin pair of breeches will carry us through the world, brave boys.” ~ from the preface to *Feast of Merriment. The American Jester* (1795)

Scholars tell us that there are jokes dating back to ancient Sumer, Egypt, and Greece. The Bible speaks of laughing to scorn and having in derision the rulers of this world (Psalm 2), yet the Old Testament is curiously devoid of overt humor. But not entirely. Some of Abraham’s reactions to God at times come across as somewhat comical; such as when the Lord calls on him, Abraham responds with “Here Lord!” (as if God needed to be told this.) In the New Testament, some of the Apostles’ misinterpretation of Jesus’ messages on at least a couple occasions border on the farcical; as for example when Jesus states in Matthew 16: 6-7:

“‘Look out, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees.’ They concluded among themselves, saying, ‘It is because we have brought no bread.’”

Or Luke 22: 35-38:

“He said to them, ‘When I sent you forth without a money bag or a sack or sandals, were you in need of anything?’ ‘No, nothing,’ they replied. He said to them, ‘But now one who has a money bag should take it, and likewise a sack, and one who does not have a sword should sell his cloak and buy one. For I tell you that this scripture must be fulfilled in me, namely, ‘He was counted among the wicked’; and indeed what is written about me is coming to fulfillment.’ Then they said, ‘Lord, look, there are two swords here.’ But he replied, ‘It is enough!’”<sup>400</sup>

But for the context, these passages might have been worthy of inclusion in John Mottley’s (1692-1750) *Joe Miller’s Jest, or the Wits Vade-Mecum* (1739).

Of other ancient and post ancient antecedents we might further name, there are the Bon Mots of old Cato; the *Saturnalia* (first book) of Macrobius, from the early 5th century A.D, and the Greek joke book *Philogelos* from 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> century.

Yet despite its well-earned fame, *Joe Miller* was by no means the first collection of English humor. Literary historian and researcher Adam Smyth in an essay entitled “‘Divines into dry Vines’: Forms of Jesting in Renaissance England” lists the following as precursors to Mottley’s compendium:

- \* *XII mery Jests, of the wyddow Edyth* (1573)
- \* *Merie Tales newly imprinted & made by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat* (1567)
- \* *Foole upon foole* (1600)
- \* *Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele* (1607)
- \* *Tarlton’s Jests, and News Out of Purgatory* (1613)
- \* *Robin Goodfellow, His Mad Pranks and Merry Jests* (1628)
- \* *A Banquet of Jests, Or a Change of cheare* (1639)
- \* *Wits Interpreter* (1655)
- \* *The Complaisant Companion* (1674)
- \* *Coffee-House Jests* (1677)
- \* *London Jests* (1684)

So that there are “Joe Millers” even older than Joe Miller himself.

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<sup>400</sup> See also John 4:31-33.

All of which it is necessary to mention in advance of our topic because there is probably no joke book that is *entirely* original or that does not reproduce jokes contained in some earlier volume.

Certainly (1) *THE AMERICAN JEST-BOOK, Containing a Curious Variety of Jests, Anecdotes, Bon-Mots, Stories, etc. Part I*, and (2) *THE MERRY FELLOW'S COMPANION, Being the Second Part of the American Jest-Book: Containing a Choice Selection of Anecdotes, Bon-Mots, Jests, Reparties [sic], Stories, &c.* are no exceptions to this rule. Printed in 1788 in Philadelphia, for Mathew Carey, as companion volumes (purchasable together or singly), the author-compiler of these two *American* literary firsts is anonymous. However, the texts suggest he was either a transplanted Englishman or at least an Anglophile-leaning American. In any event, his debt to old English joke books is unapologetically pronounced.

So also is that of the (also anonymous) author of *FEAST OF MERRIMENT. A New American Jester. BEING A MOST CURIOUS COLLECTION OF Witty Jests—Merry Stories—Smart Repartees—Droll Adventures—Funny Jokes—Wise Sayings—Anecdotes—Wagger[i]es—Whims—Puns—Bon Mots—and Laughable Tricks, Many of which were never before published[,]* TO WHICH ARE ADDED A CLEVER COLLECTION OF CURIOUS EPITAPHS, HUMOROUS EPIGRAMS—AMOROUS AND FACETIOUS SONGS—CONUNDRUMS—TOASTS—SENTIMENTS, &c. &c. *Compiled principally for the Amusement of long Winter Evenings—to expel Care—drown Grief—create Mirth—and give the Reader a light Heart and cheerful Countenance. By Well-Fed Domine Double-Chin, Esq.,* and which came out in 1795, also in Philadelphia. Possibly he was the same individual who brought forth *The American Jest Books* of 1788, but this is not clear.

Despite the titles of “American Jest Book” and “American Jester,” there are more references to foreign personages and settings than American ones, and included among the mirth imbued throng are Oliver Cromwell, Henry the fourth of France, Isaac Newton, La Fontaine, Queen Anne, Henry VIII, Charles II, Milton, prince of Condé, Louis XIV, William III, and Pope Clement XIV – to name some. Nonetheless, Americans do make a substantial appearance, and indeed not a few of the better jokes contained in these collections are genuinely theirs.

Notwithstanding the reputation of “Joe Miller” style jokes not aging very well, the truth of the matter is many of them still are actually quite funny. Yet no less remarkable is the almost revolutionary tone such books have; acting as they do as levelers that bring together all strata of society into a common bond, and brother and sisterhood, of wit and humor; and in a mode of egalitarianism only the most radical revolutionaries could ever dream was even possible. Of value also are these books as history; since the vast majority of the anecdotes would appear to be based on real occurrences; through which we gain vivid and priceless mini-portraits and portrayals of what life and living circumstances were like in past centuries and eras.

Ostensibly, the key to what makes for a good jest, or what makes a joke work best, is when a mistaken belief or interpretation is expressed in a way that the person making it can be little faulted for his or her error. The same humor can be further enhanced or bolstered when the play on meanings creates a message that preaches a lesson, conveys a merited criticism, or laughably reveals someone’s hitherto hidden motive or intent. So that in this way, jokes (or at least *good* jokes) serve the no little useful purpose of making it possible not only for all that is hidden to be revealed, but to reveal such truths (even sad ones that need or cry to be known) in such a way that brings us joy or, to use that strangely old-fashioned and un-modern word, *merriment*.

The following are excerpts. But for the full and complete versions of *The American Jest-Book* (1788, vols. 1 and 2) and *The Feast of Merriment. A New American Jester* (1795), see the Evans Early American Imprint Collection, from the University of Michigan, at: <http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/>

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From *THE AMERICAN JEST-BOOK* (1788), part 1:

[1.] A BLACKSMITH in a country town, while shoeing a horse, was gazed at by a number of negroes as they were passing by; being a little piqued at being the object of the blacks' attention, and attempting to cast a slur upon them, he said, "*I believe hell's broke loose.*"—"Yes, massa," says one, "*I see de devil got hold de horse's foot.*"

2. A tradesman, whose love of money made him prescribe, as beneficial to his servants' health, and his own profit, *the practice of early rising*, one morning gave a poor *black man* a severe scolding for suffering the sun to shine on him while in bed—concluding his lectures with a severe threat, if he should ever after find him not up at sun rise. "At sunrise, massa?" asked the honest African, in the native simplicity of his soul—it was worth a casket of diamonds to him—"At sun-rise, massa? But suppose, massa, the sun rise before day-light—what shall I do den, sir?" The master made no reply, and *Sambo* was dismissed.

3. A very pious gentleman, but rather worldly, who lives not many miles from Boston, made it his constant practice to call up his family before day, in order that they might attend prayers, and be ready for their labour in good season: one morning having mustered his family rather earlier than common, he commenced family duties by prayer, during which, he returned thanks to the Lord, that they were brought to see the light of another day: an old negro standing by, cried out, "Top, top, vate a bit, no day yet, massa, sartin, no day yet."

5. When the French sleet, during the late war, entered the British channel, the English fleet under sir Charles Hardy, stood away, as if bearing for port; a jack tar, on board the *Royal George*, seeing this proceeding, went below, and bringing up his hammock, went to the head of the ship, which had the figure of George II. for its ornament—"Let me, old boy," said he, "*muffle you, for damn me but it would hurt you too much to see us running away.*"

6. Mr. Mackenzie, who has sometimes been called the Scots *Addison*, is by profession an attorney. He was lately in company with sir William Howe, in the Highlands of Scotland. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn upon poison; the various effects of different species were mentioned, and among others, those of ratsbane and laurel water. "We say in England," said the general to mr. Mackenzie, "that *ratsbane* will not kill a lawyer."—"And we say in Scotland," replied the wit, "that some generals are in no danger from *laurel.*"

7. A certain young gentleman, well known among the *choice spirits* of Charleston, South Carolina, for singing a good song, being lately recovered from an indisposition, which made him look rather down in the mouth, was accosted by an old acquaintance, with, "how are you, my buck? don't you feel very ugly at present?" "very ugly, indeed," replied the valetudinarian—"that's not to be wondered at neither," replies the other, "for ever since I first saw you, I always look'd upon you to be a *d—d ugly fellow.*"

8. Some years since, one *Tom Hide*, an Indian, famous for his cunning, went into a tavern at Brookfield, in Massachusetts, and after a little talk, told the landlord, he had been hunting, had killed a fine fat deer, and that if he would give him a quart of rum, he would tell him where it was.—The landlord did not wish to let slip so good an opportunity to obtain the venison, and immediately measured the Indian his rum—"Well," says Tom, "do you know where the great meadow is?" "Yes"—"Well, do you know, where the great marked maple tree that stands in it, is?"—"Yes"—"Well there lies the deer." A way posted the taverner with his team, in quest of his purchase: he found the meadow and the tree, it is true; but his searchings after the deer were in vain; and he returned no heavier, but in chagrin, than he went. Some days after, he met the Indian, and violently accused him of the deception. Tom heard him out, and with the coolness of a philosopher replied, "did you not find the meadow, as I said?"—"Yes," "and the tree?"—"Yes"—"and the deer?"—"No."—"Very good," continues he—"you found two truths to one lie, which was very well for an Indian."

18. Some years ago, immediately after the shock of a tremendous earthquake had alarmed the inhabitants of Grenada, the conversation turned at the governor's table, upon the latent occasion of the above phaenomenon; after every one of the company had assigned it to a different cause, an old negro woman was

asked, what was her opinion on the subject; she replied, "*she thought the Great God was passing by, and the earth had made him a curtsy.*"

19. Several runaway negroes being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life, on condition of being the executioner. He refused it: he would sooner die. The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Stay," said this last, "'till I prepare myself." He instantly retired to his hut, and cut off his wrist with an axe. Returning to his master, "now," said he, "compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades."

20. In the year 1785, a farmer of Bucks' county, assisted by his people, working in harvest, killed a rattle-snake; and soon after having occasion to go home, took up by mistake his son's jacket, and put it on; the son was a stripling, and both their jackets were made of the same kind of cloth. The old man being warm, did not button the jacket until he got to the house, then found it much too little for him; he instantly conceived the idea, that he had been imperceptibly bitten by the rattle-snake, and swelled from the effects of the poison; he grew suddenly very ill, and was put to bed. The people about him were very much alarmed, and sent for two or three physicians; one of whom poured down his throat a pint of melted lard—another gave him a dose of wild plantain—and the third made him drink hoar hound tea, made very strong. Notwithstanding all, he grew worse and was to appearance on the verge of dissolution, when his son came home, with the old gentleman's jacket hanging like a bag about him. The whole mystery was at once unravelled, and the poor farmer, notwithstanding his drenches of hogs'-fat, plantain and hoarhound, was well in an instant.

21. While doctor *Franklin* was at Paris last war, he happened to mention at his table, that he had but little Madeira wine; upon which an American guest sent him three dozen. A few days afterwards, this gentleman was thrown into the Bastile, and confined there several weeks without the least intimation of what he was accused of; only on his earnest enquiry, one of the officers told him he was afraid it would go hard with him, and asked him whether he was a catholic, and would be attended by a priest, which he, being a protestant, refused. After some time a bottle of wine was brought, and he was asked whether he knew what wine it was, and was ordered to drink it: he complied, and answered that he believed it was some of his own Madeira. At length he was released, and then he discovered that doctor Franklin had been taken ill, soon after he received his present, and it was imagined that he had been hired by the *English court to poison the doctor.*

23. During the late war, an elderly gentleman from New-York, who was at bottom a staunch loyalist, but so fond of argument, that he would occasionally take up the subject of the war and argue upon it either *pro* or *con*—being once at a coffee house in London, when that topic was in agitation, and then defending the cause of the Americans, one of the company, more sanguine than the rest, roundly asserted, there could be no doubt of conquering the Americans, notwithstanding the superiority of their numbers; for that one Englishman could drive *an hundred* of them.—Pray, do you think sir, said the Yankee, you could achieve so noble an exploit? Perhaps not, replied the hero, upon so great a number—Could you drive *fifty*?—No—Could you drive *twenty*?—No—Could you drive *one*?—O yes. by G—d, I could do that easily at any time.—Then, sir, said the old gentleman, as you are an *Englishman*, and I am an *American*, if you please, drive *me*. The political braggadocio, drew in his horns, and sneaked off.

24. During the late war, an old citizen of Charleston happened to fall into the hands of a party of British troops, in one of their excursions to Dorchester. On the party's returning towards town, they stopped to refresh themselves at a plantation on Goose creek; and the soldiers began to jeer their prisoner for rebelling against the king. He not wishing to offend them (as his life had been threatened, and they were then preparing a halter for a prisoner) answered, that he had enjoyed many happy days under the reign of George the second, and some agreeable *moments* since the present *gentleman* came to the crown. The commanding officer, a Caledonian, who was supposed to be asleep, imagining the prisoner intended to degrade the royalty of his king, jumped up in a violent rage, and asked how he had the audacious assurance of presuming to call the king a *gentleman*, and told him that if such another word escaped his lips, he would instantly cut him to atoms. The prisoner being terrified at the menaces of this Highland butcher, replied, that he had no intention of casting any reflection on his majesty, as he had *always supposed him to be a gentleman.*

25. Colonel Cockburn rose from a private soldier to the rank which he enjoyed when St. Eustatius was retaken.—Of this circumstance he was continually boasting, and upon occasions where it proved more pride than humility.—One day in the island of St. Eustatius, he was reviewing his troops, and took notice of a man in the ranks who was excessively dirty. —Going up to him, he said, “how dare you, you rascal, appear on the parade with that dirty shirt? it is as black as ink.—Did you ever see me so nasty, with such a dirty shirt, when I was a private man?”—“*No, your honour, to be sure I never did,*” answered the man—“*But then your honour will be pleased to recollect, that your honour’s mother was a washerwoman.*”

26. A person of the name of Palmer, who was a lieutenant in the tory new levies, was detected in the camp at Peek’s-kiln. Governor Tryon, who commanded the new levies, reclaimed him as a British subject, represented the heinous crime of condemning a man commissioned by his majesty, and threatened vengeance in case he should be executed. General Putnam wrote him the following pithy reply:

Sir,

Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king’s service, was taken in my camp as a *spy*—he was tried as a *spy*—he was condemned as a *spy*—and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a *spy*. I have the honour to be, &c.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S. Afternoon—He is hanged.

27. A lady in Charleston, South Carolina, said, before one of her little girls, that mrs. T—(a rosy widow, whom they visited in the next street) was a very good sort of a woman, and a very entertaining companion, *when she had not a drop in her eye.*

A few days after, mrs. T—came to the house, and little Charlotte took more notice of her than she usually did. She stared in her face, indeed, in so pointed a manner, that the lady could not help being desirous of knowing, “what she saw in her countenance, to occasion so critical an examination.”

“*I am looking,*” replied the child, with a pretty innocent voice, “*to see if there is a drop in your eye.*”

28. A gentleman riding out one morning early in a place where he happened not to be acquainted; coming up by the side of a young woman who was carrying a pig in her arms, and hearing it scream violently, addressed her thus: “why, my dear, your child cries amazingly!” The young woman, turning round, and looking him in the face, said, with a smile upon her countenance. “I know it, sir, *it always does so, when it sees its daddy.*”

30. The Peruvians had a custom, on the death of any distinguished person, to inter along with him to keep him company, the servant that had been attached to him in his life. A young man who had lost his master, and who had also lost an eye, was selected to have the honour of accompanying him to the other world: but not being ambitious of the preference, he exclaimed—“do you know what you are doing? are you not wanting in respect to my master, thus to choose a person *who has but one eye to serve him in the other world?*” The Peruvians consulted, and the young man saved his life.

34. The following example of laudable pride in a soldier, was mentioned in a letter from an officer of the American army, written soon after the battle of Monmouth.—A soldier in that memorable action, fell into the hands of the English cavalry, when one of them knocked him down, and attempted to pierce him through the back with his sword,—‘*Strike me in the heart,*’ said he, turning briskly about, ‘*that my friends may not blush for me after my death.*’

36. Two chimney-sweeps having a bridge to pass, where the toll for one of them amounted to all the money they could raise between them, one of the fellows got into the foot-bag, which the other taking on his back, marched up to the gate, paid the single fare, and passed off with his load unsuspected.

37. The day on which the federal convention agreed to the new constitution, presented to the public, the great dr. Franklin asked a gentleman who sat next to him, whether he had taken notice of the picture of the sun in the recess at the back of the president’s chair? He replied that he had, but not with a particular

attention. The doctor then observed that painters had been puzzled to paint a single sun in such manner that the spectator could determine whether it was a rising or a setting sun; he added, that he had viewed the picture before mentioned as often as he had been in the hall, and never had been able to come to a determination, but now he was sure it was a *rising sun*.

42. An Indian chief of the Creek nation, being once appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the people of South Carolina, was desired by the governor and council to speak his mind freely, and not to be afraid, for he was among friends. "*I will speak freely, I will not be afraid,*" said he, "*for why should I be afraid among my friends, who never am afraid among my enemies?*"

43. The Elizabeth, an English man of war, would infallibly have been lost in the shoals on the coast of Florida, in 1746, had not captain Edwards ventured into the Havannah. It was in time of war, and the port belonged to an enemy. "I come," said the captain to the governor, "to deliver up my ship, my sailors, my soldiers, and myself, into your hands: I only ask the lives of my men." "No," said the Spanish commander, "I will not be guilty of so dishonourable an action. Had we taken you in fight, in open sea, or upon our coasts, your ship would have been ours, and you would be our prisoners. But, as you are driven in by stress of weather, and are come hither for fear of being cast away, I ought, and do forget that my nation is at war with yours. You are men, and so are we; you are in distress, and have a right to our pity. You are at liberty to unload and refit your vessel; and, if you want it, you may trade in this port to pay your charges: you may then go away, and you will have a pass to carry you safe beyond the Bermudas. If, after this, you are taken, you will be a lawful prize; but, at this moment, *I see in Englishmen, only strangers, for whose humanity claims our assistance.*"

49. On the thirtieth of January, (the martyrdom of king Charles the first) Quin used to say, *every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck.*

55. While a sailor's sentence was pronouncing, who committed a robbery on the highway, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, and held it between his teeth. When the sentence was finished, he bit off a piece of the tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern.—"Sirrah! (said the judge, piqued at his indifference) do you know that you are to be hanged in a very short time?" "So I hear," said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth at the same time.—"Do you know (rejoined the judge) where you shall go when you die?"—"I cannot tell, indeed, an't please your honour," said the sailor.—"Why then (replied the judge, with a tremendous voice) I will tell you, you will go to hell."—"If I should, (replied the sailor, with perfect tranquility) I hope, please your honour, I shall be able to bear it."

57. The noted Tom Bell, while on Long-Island, passed part of the time by the name of Brandt Schuyler, an alderman of New-York,—a custom of passing by other men's names being very common to him. Some time after his passing by the said Schuyler's name, he was taken up for some crime he had committed, and brought to the jail at New-York.—Curiosity was such with men in general, to see so noted a person, that many visited him while in confinement: among the rest was Brandt Schuyler, who, after a variety of questions, asked him, whether what he heard was true, namely, that you, mr. Bell, have passed in Long-Island by my name? upon which Bell answered, "Yes, I passed by your name, *but as I never was able to get even a drink of butter-milk by it, I soon left it off, and am determined to make use of it no more.*"—This so confounded the alderman that he made no reply, but walked off immediately—after which he was called the *butter milk alderman*.

67. Charles Fox, when a boy, delighted in arch tricks. In his walks, one Easter Monday, meeting a *blind* woman, who was crying puddings and pies, he took her by the arm and said, "Come along with me, dame, I am going to Moorfields, where, this holiday-time you may chance to meet with good custom." "Thank'ee kindly, sir," says she. Whereupon he conducted her to a church, and placed her in the middle aisle. Now, says he, you are in Moorfields; which she believing to be true, immediately cried out, "Hot puddings and pies! hot puddings and pies!—Come they are all hot," &c. which caused the congregation to burst into a loud fit of laughter: and the clerk came and told her, she was in church; "You are a lying son of a whore," says she; which so enraged the clerk, that he dragged her out of the church; she cursing and damning him all the while; nor could she believe, him 'till she heard the organs play.

73. At the last coronation, a gentleman paid six guineas for a feat in Westminster Abbey: the instant the king entered, he turned to a gentleman beside him, and protested he was the greatest fool in Britain; "Indeed?" said the gentleman: "how so, sir?" Why, sir, I have paid six guineas for a seat here; when his majesty, who can much better afford it, comes in for a *crown!*

74. When the late dauphin of France said to the facetious duke of Roquelaure, "Stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you smell very strong;" the duke replied, ["I ask your pardon, sir, 'tis *you that smell, not I.*"]

93. As a certain clergyman, who shall be nameless, was performing divine service in his parish church, on the coast of Essex, where is a variety of shipwrecks, and where the people are well known to be very fond of plunder; it so happened that the alarm was given of A WRECK! A WRECK! with which the congregation were much more *moved* than with the parson's sermon; he perceiving it, opened the pulpit door, walked down stairs, and begged they would stay to hear five words more, which he had to say; the people consenting, the parson said, *Let us all start fair.*

100. When general Lee commanded a body of the army at an action in the Jerseys, he observed one of his aid-de-camps to be rather fearful of the danger he was in, from executing the general's orders. By way of encouragement, he told his aid-de-camp, that in one action the king of Prussia had twenty aid-de-camps slain, and therefore begged he would be courageous. O, replied the latter, I was not at all alarmed for myself, but was rather apprehensive, that the Congress could not spare so many.

115. An ignorant person being told that an acquaintance of his had died *insolvent*—"That must be a falsity," said he; "Jack did not die *in Solvent*, for, to my certain knowledge, he died in Flanders."

121. During the march of a detachment of the American army, through New-Jersey, in the late war, a *silver spoon* was missed in a house where a party of the troops had been billeted.

Suspicion pitched on a soldier, who was seen to have entered the apartment where the spoon was kept—and he was accused of the theft:

"*May I never meet salvation*"—exclaimed the soldier—"May I be sunk into the endless regions of perdition, if I have seen—heard of—or taken your spoon."

"But no one else could have taken it," replied the host.

The soldier again went through the "manual" of his attestations of innocence—and imprecations against himself if he was guilty.

The landlord looked astonished—and being an honest man, was obliged to believe the soldier—but just on the point to leave the examination—he, taking hold of the button of the soldier's coat, and looking him in the face—said—"Now say upon your honour, that you have not got my spoon—and I shall be satisfied." "Upon my honour," said the soldier to himself, after thinking for a few minutes—"Upon my honour"—Poh! Blast you, he cried—pulling the spoon from his pocket, and giving it to its owner—"Blast your spoon—take your spoon and be d—d."

The host stared with surprise—and while lamenting that the great principles of religion and morality, should have less weight in the mind of an intelligent being, than the principles of what he conceived to be a mere sound—the soldier swung his knapsack, and joining the corps, marched off.

123. A soldier in the late war having stolen a shirt from a farmer, to whom he would not make restitution—"Well, (said the farmer) if you keep it, you will pay for it in this world or in the next.—"Faith, (replied the soldier) if you will trust so long, I will take another."

125. A clergyman in New Jersey, owned a negro by the name of *Quash*, who was by no means fond of working, and one day told his master he conceived it a hardship, "dat he poor negar man mus worke so hard, and massa do noting." You are mistaken *Quash*, my labour is more fatiguing than your's; I do head work, and your's is merely bodily exercise. This hint was sufficient for *Quash*. The next day he was ordered into the woods to procure fuel—but *Quash* staying longer than usual, the parson repaired to the woods to see what detained him—when behold! the first object that presented itself to his view was *Quash* astride on a large maple log in a pensive attitude. When he enquired the cause, *Quash* starting up and rubbing his *midnight brow*, oh! massa me—me have been doing head work.—Well let me hear what your

head has done.—Suppose massa, dere be five pigeons on dis tree, and you take a gun and soot two of dem, how many dere be left? Why three, you old sinner.—No massa, dem toder tree fly away.

170. Two young soldiers had deserted from the American army and returned to their father's house. Their father incensed at this action, loaded them with irons, and conducted them himself to their general, Lord Stirling. He did what every officer would have done in his place; he pardoned them. The father, as patriotic, but less austere than a Roman, was happy to preserve his children; nevertheless he seemed astonished, and approaching the general—"My lord, (says he, with tears in his eyes) *it is more than I hoped for.*"

180. A governor of Virginia being saluted by a negro in the streets of Williamsburg, and immediately returning the salute, "how," said a gentleman, "do you demean yourself so far as to salute a slave?"—"Undoubtedly," answered the governor, "I should be very sorry if a slave were to surpass me in civility."

183. A German bishop went to Rome in hopes of obtaining from the Pope the honour of a cardinal's hat. Being disappointed, he returned to his diocese, where complaining one day of a head-ach, which he had contracted on the road, No wonder, said a bye-stander, that his grace is so ill, since he travelled from Rome to Germany without a hat.

189. A Jew had a servant, who, having a relation lately dead, as usual neglected shaving—"Ephraim, why do you not shave?" was the master's interrogation; "my relation is dead, sir, and you know Moses commanded"—"*Moses commanded!*" do not tell me about Moses. I say if Moses commanded any such thing, *he was a very slovenly fellow.*"

212. The late general Elbert of Georgia, having burst a blood vessel, thought it necessary to employ another physician, to consult with the gentle|man who usually attended him. After they had considered his situation, "Well, gentlemen, (said he) what do you think of me?" "We are sorry to inform you, that if you continue to bleed as you have done for some time past; you cannot hold out above six hours longer." This answer would have had an awful effect on most men, but to one whose life had always been spent in acts of charity, and hospitality, it only produced this reply, "If I am so soon to die, 'tis no small alleviation to your intelligence, *that I shall die like a soldier.*" He died in about five hours after.

232. As a pretty large number of culprits were one day going to take their last degree at Tyburn, the wife of one of them pressed through the crowd, and told the sheriff she had come to see her poor husband executed, and begged "that he might be hanged first in the morning, as she had a great way to go home."

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From *THE AMERICAN JEST-BOOK* (1788), part 2:

1. THE brave, but eccentric general Lee had so little regard to the rules of politeness and civility, that he always spoke his opinions unreservedly, without regarding the offence or pain they might excite. Being one night at Albany, drinking with an old Scotch officer, when he began to mellow with the wine, he told his companion that he had one fault, which he begged him to overlook, which was to abuse the Scotch when he was in liquor. In troth, replied the officer, I shall readily forgive your fault, if you will overlook mine; it is, when I hear any person impertinently abusing Scotland or Scotchmen, when I am drunk or sober, I cannot refrain from laying my cane soundly over his shoulders. Now I will readily pardon your fault, if you will pardon mine. This seasonable hint made the general very polite the remainder of the night.

2. During the late war, there lived in New-Jersey, a remarkable dwarf. Though upwards of twenty years old. he was not more than three feet high, and every way small in proportion. This curiosity drew great crowds of people to see him, and amongst the rest, general Washington. The hero conversed some time with Tommy Thumb; asked several questions; and generally received pertinent answers. The general wished to know his political sentiments, and asked whether he was whig or tory?

I cannot say, sir,  
said this man of might:  
I have not yet taken an *active part*.

3. Soon after the Massachusetts insurgents retreated from their attack on general Shepard, at Ordnance-hill, and when it was hourly expected they would renew it, Shays sent a flag to general Shepard, requesting to have delivered to him the bodies of the killed, amounting to five. The officer, who had been sent by general Shepard, to receive the flag, on the request being made for five slain, with the utmost *sang froid* imaginable replied, Present general Shepard's compliments to captain Shays: and inform him, that he cannot furnish him with *five* dead, he having no more than *four*: but that if captain Shays will please to attack him again, he will then furnish him with another, and as many more as he shall desire.

10. Some officers of the army who had served during the American war, walking in Hyde-Park, dressed in their regimentals, met a man deformed by a haunch on his back, when one of them jocularly clapping his hand thereon, exclaimed, "What have you got here, my friend!" To which the other, with a countenance expressive of the insult, replied, "Bunkers hill—damn your red coat."

12. One Indian happened to kill another. The brother of the deceased called upon the murderer, and seeing a woman and children in his hut, asked whose they were? The murderer declared them to be his family. The other then said, though his brother's blood called for revenge, yet as the children were young, and not able to provide for their mother and themselves, he would remain, deaf to these calls for a while; and so left them. Belonging to the same tribe, they continued to live sociably together until the eldest son of the murderer killed a deer in hunting. So soon as the brother of the deceased was informed of this, he again called on the murderer, and told him, that his brother's blood called so loud, that it must be obeyed, especially as his son, having killed a deer, could support the family. The murderer said he was ready to die, and thanked the other for so long a delay: on which the wife and children broke into tears. The murderer reproved them for their weakness, and particularly his son—saying to him, did you shed tears when you killed the deer? and if you saw him die with dry eyes, why do you weep for me, who am willing to suffer what the custom of our nation renders necessary? With an undaunted countenance he then called on the brother of the deceased, to strike; and died without a groan!

14. About four years before the Shawano Indians were forced to remove from the late Savannah town, they took a Muskohge warrior known by the name of old Scrary—They bastinadoed him in the usual manner, and condemned him to the fiery torture. He underwent a great deal, without shewing any concern: his countenance and behaviour were as if he suffered not the least pain, and was formed beyond the common laws of nature. He told them, with a bold voice, that he was a very noted warrior, and gained most of his martial preferment at the expence of their nation, and was desirous of shewing them in the act of dying, that he was still as much superior to them as when he headed his gallant countrymen against them. That although he had fallen into their power, in forfeiting the protection of the divine being, by some impurity or other, when carrying the holy ark of war against his devoted enemies; yet he had still so much remaining virtue, as would enable him to punish himself more exquisitely than all their despicable ignorant crowd could do, if they gave him liberty by untying him, and would hand to him one of the red hot gun barrels out of the fire. The proposal, and his method of address, appeared so exceedingly bold and uncommon, that his request was granted. Then he suddenly seized one of the red hot barrels, and brandishing it from side to side, he forced his way through the armed and surprised multitude, and leaped down a prodigious steep and high bank into a branch of the river, dived through it, ran over a small island, and passed another branch, amidst a shower of bullets, from the commanding ground where fort More, or New Windsor garrison, stood, and though numbers of his eager enemies were in close pursuit of him, he got to a brambly swamp, and in his naked, mangled condition, reached his own country. He proved a sharp thorn in their side afterwards till the day of his death.

15. In the western expedition of 1758, general Forbes, who commanded it, was, by his infirmities, reduced so low as to be taken up in a litter.—The Indians, who saw him, were astonished that a warrior could not walk:—this so disgusted them at their commander, that they remonstrated against him. Their old friend, colonel Weiser, to appease them, made this sagacious reply: "This man is so terrible in war, that we are obliged to confine him, and let him write his orders; for if he was let loose on the world, he would deluge it with blood."

17. A negro servant being asked what colour he believed the devil was? Why, replied the African, the white men paint him *black*, we say he is *white*; but from his great age, and being called *Old Nick*, I should suppose him *grey*.

18. A negro had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the very sight of him. After exercising a variety of tyrannical acts among his slaves, the tyrant at last died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some time after his death a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his master behaved; I suppose, says he, *he is a chip of the old block*. No, no, says the negro, *Massa be all block himself*.

19. When the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German-Town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods, and lost their way, were met by an Irishman, who was a private in general Washington's army: he immediately presented his piece, and desired them to surrender; they supposing that he was supported by a party, did as he directed, and threw down their arms. He then marched them before him to the American lines, and brought them to head quarters, general Washington wondered at the spirit and achievement of the fellow, and asked him, how he, a single man, could capture five? Why, says the Irishman, *please your excellency, by Jasus I surrounded them!*—The General laughed heartily, gave him a sum of money, and promoted him to a halbert.<sup>401</sup>

24. An extravagant young fellow, being accused by one of his friends, of mismanaging his estate, who said I am sorry to see you carry yourself so; for I see, you have all the properties of a prodigal: Nay, says the other, pr'ythee don't say so, for I never yet fed with swine: true, said he, but the reason was, because *nobody would trust you with their swine*.

26. A traveller, relating some of his adventures, told the company, that he and his servant made fifty wild *Arabians* run; which startling them, he observed, that there was no such great matter in it; for, says he, we ran, and they ran after us.

38. One said he was very fond of *women in general*; but that an *African girl* with whom he got acquainted upon the Gold Coast, pleased him better than all the rest of the fair sex put together.

39. A person in company said to another, you are a d—d scoundrel. The other replied, Gentlemen, you must not regard what that man says, *he is only talking to himself*.

40. In admiral Hawke's last engagement with the French, a sailor on board one of the ships had a leg shot off, whereupon one of his mess-mates took him down to the surgeon. He took his leg off the deck and put it under his arm; he was no sooner brought down, but another of his mess-mates shook his head, and told him he was very sorry he had lost his leg. That is an arrant lie, you son-of-a-bitch, replied he, for I have got it under my arm.

85. Soon after Sir William Johnson had been appointed superintendant of Indian affairs in America, he wrote to England for some suits of clothes, richly laced. When they arrived, HENDRICK, king of the Mohawk nation, was present, and particularly admired them. In a few succeeding days, Hendrick called on Sir William, and acquainted him that he had had a dream. On Sir William's enquiring what it was, he told him that he had dreamed that he had given him one of those fine suits he had lately received. Sir William took the hint, and immediately presented him with one of the richest suits. The Indian chief, highly pleased with the generosity of Sir William, retired. Some time after this, Sir William, happening to be in company with Hendrick, told him, that he had also had a dream. Hendrick being very solicitous to know what it was, Sir William informed him, that he had dreamed that he (Hendrick) had made him a present of a particular tract of land (the most valuable on the Mohawk river) of about 5000 acres. Hendrick presented him with the land immediately, but not without making this shrewd remark: "Now, Sir William, I will never dream with you again, you dream too hard for me."

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<sup>401</sup> [Edit. Note. This is, of course, is essentially the same joke -- indeed a much earlier printed version -- as that found in "A Revolutionary Joe Miller" (see *Continental Army Series*, vol. I), and which we had drawn from *King's Mountain and Its Heroes* (1881) by Lyman Draper, pp. 126-128.]

90. Two gentlemen having a dispute about religion, one said to the other, I wonder, sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you ten guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*. Done, said the other. The money was deposited, and the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly through the creed: Well, said the other, *I own I have lost; I did not think he could have done it*.

286. A lawyer and a physician having a dispute about precedence, referred it to Diogenes, who gave it in favour of the lawyer, in these terms: *Let the thief go before, and the executioner follow*.

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From *FEAST OF MERRIMENT. A New American Jester* (1795):

As a New-England sea-captain and an englishman were conversing together, the latter says to the former, Do you know what we Englishmen call you yankies? He was answered in the negative. Why, continued he, we call you pumpkins. Do you, says the yankee, and do you know what we call you englishman? No, truly. Why we call you squashes. Squashes, squashes, what are they? Pumpkins bastards, replied the yankee. [p. 12]

The celebrated Dr. Franklin sent word, one christmas morning to some of his literary friends that he intended to kill a turkey for their entertainment by a discharge of one of his electrical batteries, and that the process of cooking might be carried on equally as philosophical, he intended to have it roasted by a fire kindled with the electrical fluid. He began the business of charging his bottles, but before he had quite completed the process, by some casualty the whole battery was discharged through his own body. He was so violently stunned by this misfortune that he lay, a considerable length of time, in stare of insensibility. Shortly after the Doctor had recovered his senses, some of his friends coming into the room enquired what was the matter! Ah, gentlemen, replied he, I informed you of my intention to kill a turkey by electricity, but, alas, my design miscaried and I had like to have killed a *goose*. [p. 12]

A wild young nobleman being in company with Shakespear, desired leave to toast the d—I: with all my heart replies our wag, I have no objection to any of your lordship's *friends*. [p.13]

During the late war, when draughts were made from the militia, to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men, who were draughted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the captain, and made his bow. "What is your objection?" said the captain. "I ca a-an't go, answers the man, because I st-st-stutter." "Statter! says the captain; you don't go there to talk but to fight." "Aye, but they'll p-p-put me upon g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say, Wh-wh-who goes there?"—"Oh, that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-ken, and run through the g-g guts, before I can cry qu-qu-quarter." This last plea prevailed, and the captain out of humanity, (laughing heartily) dismissed him. [pp. 101-102]

Two sailors, who were travelling one fall to Philadelphia, stopped on the road at the inn of an historical old gentleman, a distant relation of Baron Munchausen, and called for a dinner. In the interim our host broached his magazine of miracles, and informed our roving tars, that had they arrived sooner he could have shewn them the greatest wonder in the known world. "I was blessed this year, said he, with such a miraculous and luxuriant crop of Indian corn, that in ploughing it I was obliged to have a candle carried before me at noon day, in order to light me along the furrows, for such was the darkness occasioned by the monstrous leaves of corn. When husking time came on, the corn had grown to such an amazing height, that I was under the necessity of having ladders erected against the stalks before I could have it gathered." "By St. Christopher, replied one of the tars, who was not inclined to be out done, that is not half so great a wonder as we have seen, for before our late arrival on the American coast, we were overtaken by such a hard gale of wind, that it took ten men to hold one man's hair upon his head." [p. 104]

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS

A Head to earn, and a heart to spend.
All fortune's daughters but the eldest.
Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.
Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.
May the men leave roving, and the women deceit.
Great men honest, and honest men great.
Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.
Health, joy, and mutual love.
Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.
To every one that you and I know.
Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.
May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd be happy.
May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.
May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.
May temptation never conquer virtue.
May we never know sorrow but by name.
May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
More friends and less need of them.
Peace and plenty.
May the miser grow poor, and the benevolent rich.
May our passions be slaves to us, not we to our passions.
Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of America.
[p. 117]

EXCERPTS FROM “THE DEATH OF MONTGOMERY” (1777) by Hugh Henry Brackenridge

Not counting the victims of the Boston Massacre (who in the 1770s were annually eulogized in orations), Joseph Warren, Richard Montgomery, Nathan Hale and John André were the most renowned and celebrated martyrs of the Revolutionary War. Although others might justly have been or were to a lesser extent included, these were the ones hands down most mourned and extolled by poets, balladeers and playwrights then and subsequently.

Hugh Henry Brackenridge, not long graduated from Princeton and as a young chaplain in the Continental Army,⁴⁰² as it happened composed staged plays with respect to two of these four, namely Warren and Montgomery; the works to which we refer being, respectively, “The Battle of Bunker Hill. A Dramatic Piece of Five Acts in Heroic Measure” written in 1776; followed in 1777 with “The Death of Montgomery at the Siege of Quebec. A Tragedy.” As Brackenridge explained in the preface to his Montgomery play:

“It is my request that the following Dramatic Composition may be considered only as a school piece. For though it is written according to the prescribed rules of the Drama, with the strictest attention to the unities of time, place, and action, yet it differs materially from the greater part of those modern performances which have obtained the name of Tragedy. It is intended for the private entertainment of Gentlemen of taste, and martial enterprize, but by no means for the exhibition of the stage. The subject is not love but valour. I meddle not with any of the effeminating passions, but consecrate my muse to the great themes of patriotic virtue, bravery and heroism.”

In other words, these dramas, as least formally and technically, were composed for the army and to bolster army morale; with a somewhat apology for their not being as finished a product as he else would have wished them to be. For one thing, and outside British occupied Boston and New York city, stage plays were effectively banned in the first years of the Revolutionary War; such exhibitions being deemed generally as both contributing to lax morals and or inappropriate in wartime. Where plays *were* performed, it was at military encampments, and then only or primarily for purposes of extolling the cause while simultaneously calumniating, or better yet damning, the foe. When the British and loyalists put on war related plays, these almost invariably took the form of satires that ridiculed the rebels; as was the case with “The Battle of Brooklyn, A Farce of Two Acts” (1776) and “The Blockade of Boston Blockade” (1776, believed to have been written by Burgoyne). The American response, specifically in the case of Brackenridge, was to take up the more serious and heroic approach; with, even before its staging at Valley Forge in 1777, Addison’s “Cato” as the model and inspiration.

We get the clear extend of his intent in this prologue to “Bunker Hill” (to be read by a “Lieutenant Colonel in the Continental Army.”)

“THIS mighty AEra big with dread alarms,
Aloud calls each AMERICAN to arms.
Let ev’ry Breast with martial ardor glow,
Nor dread to meet the proud usurping foe.
Still the free soul, unblemish’d and serene
Enjoys a mental LIBERTY,—a charm,
Beyond the power of fate itself to harm.
Should vict’ry crown us in the doubtful strife.—
Eternal honours mark the hero’s life.
Should Wounds and slaughter be our hapless doom—
Unfading laurels deck the Martyr’s Tomb:
A sure reward awaits his soul on high,
On earth his memory shall never die,

⁴⁰² And later, as you may recall, Pennsylvania jurist, but best known as a writer, including being the author of *Modern Chivalry*.

For when we read the fatal story o'er,
 One tear shall drop for him who is—no more.
 Who nobly struggled to support our laws,
 And bravely fell in freedom's sacred cause

"Let virtue fire us to the martial deed;
 We fight to conquer and we dare to bleed:
 Witness ye fathers! whose protracted time,
 Fruitful of story, chronicles the clime.
 These howling deserts, hospitably tame,
 Erst snatch'd you martyrs, from the hungry flame;
 'Twas Heav'n's own cause, beneath whose shelt'ring power,
 Ye grew the wonder of this present hour—
 The task—be ours with unremitted toil,
 To guard the rights of this dear-purchas'd soil,
 From Royal plund'ers, greedy of our spoil,
 Who come resolv'd to murder and enslave,
 To shackle FREEMEN and to rob the brave.
 The loud mouth'd cannon threaten from afar,
 Be this our comfort in the storm of war—
 Who fights, to take our liberty away,
 Dead-hearted fights, and falls an easy prey.
 Then, on my brethren to the embattl'd plain,
 Who shrinks with fear, anticipates a chain."

The allusion to martyrs helped to bring in religious based support; New England divines having for decades vociferously invoked the same in a Christian context. At the same time, a sly and adroit hint was being given to officers and soldiers that if they did their duty and performed well that they would or might be praised and memorialized by bards and historians. Did not Cicero himself in defense of the poet Archias after all state?:

"...wherever our vigour and our arms have penetrated, our glory and our fame should likewise extend. Because, as this is always an ample reward for those people whose achievements are the subject of writings, so especially is it the greatest inducement to encounter labours and dangers to all men who fight for themselves for the sake of glory. How many historians of his exploits is Alexander the Great said to have had with him; and he, when standing on Cape Sigeum at the grave of Achilles, said—'O happy youth, to find Homer as the panegyrist of your glory!' And he said the truth; for, if the Iliad had not existed, the same tomb which covered his body would have also buried his renown."⁴⁰³

Such design on Brackenridge's part may seem somewhat amusing in retrospect. Yet it must be remembered that the British army in those early years was an utter terror to many Americans; especially when the British were summarily rejecting peace offers like the Olive Branch petition.⁴⁰⁴ So that appeals to fame and glory accompanied by dire warnings against literal slavery, it was thought, were just the thing to help rally and embolden the troops.

"Bunker Hill" and "Montgomery," though some may find stiff and archaic as literary pieces, are actually replete with some nice verse and moving romantic touches. Admittedly, the wholes are like a dream: in parts risibly absurd and delightfully naïve in their way. Yet the passion is real and youthful. In this we get a most invigorating sense of what the American Revolution then *felt* like. As with the younger generation of later times, such as Brackenridge, David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, and Philip Freneau were

⁴⁰³ Sections 23-24, C. D. Yonge, translator.

⁴⁰⁴ Former American Congressman and subsequently active Loyalist Joseph Galloway: "It is true that his majesty and the two houses of parliament have treated petitions from the colonies with neglect; but what were those petitions? Did they rest on a denial of the essential rights of parliament, or did they ask for the rights of the subject in America?...They disowned the power of the supreme legislature, to which as subjects they owe obedience." *A Candid Examination of the Mutual Claims of Great Britain and the Colonies: With a Plan of Accommodation on Constitutional Principles* (1775).

in effect saying “we were young (then), and wanted to change the world.” That young Americans viewed their cause so idealistically demonstrates and shows perhaps more strongly and persuasively than anything else the fatal impolicy of Britain sending over armies to resolve the dispute.

For modern readers or audience (if you are so fortunate and it is well produced and directed), we are given the added bonus of our play starring in its cast not only General Montgomery, but also Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, John Lamb, Return Meigs, Daniel Morgan, Sir Guy Carleton – and the ghost of General Wolfe! That the British as portrayed in these plays should be so vilified will strike some now as being fairly ridiculous. But it must be borne in mind the aforementioned fear of the British and what, at that time, Brackenridge could not possibly have known would come to be the case.

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#### ACT I, SCENE I.

##### CAMP BEFORE QUEBEC.

*Enter MONTGOMERY and ARNOLD.*

##### MONTGOMERY.

THE third hour turning from the midnight watch,  
By no ray visited of moon or star,  
Marks to our enterprize, its proper date.  
Now from above, on every hill and copse,  
The airy element, descends in snow,  
And with the dark winds, from the howling north,  
Commix'd and driven on the bounded sight,  
Gives tumult privacy, and shrouds the march;  
So that our troops, in reg'ment or brigade,  
May undistinguish'd, to the very walls,  
Move up secure, and scale the battlements:  
May force the barr'd gates, of this lofty town,  
On all sides, bound, with artificial rock,  
Of cloud-cap'd eminence, impregnable.  
Impregnable, so long, and fully proof,  
To all our batt'ry, and sharp cannonade;  
But yet assail'd with vigour, and full force,  
This morn, I trust, we enter it, in storm,  
And, from its bosom long defiled, pluck,  
This scorpion progeny, this mixed brood,  
Of wild-wood Savages, and Englishmen,  
Who 'gainst their brethren, in unrighteous cause,  
With cruel perfidy, have waged war...

##### ARNOLD.

...All things, are favouring to our enterprize;  
The scaling-ladders, for the assault, prepar'd,  
And Heaven, the signal, which we waited for,  
In this snow-driven storm, presents to us:  
Nor is there one man, in that well tryed band,  
Which many a region, hath travers'd with me,  
But will exult, to hear the orders given.

##### MONTGOMERY.

I know it Arnold, and revere their worth,  
Who swiftly roused, at their country's call,  
And nobly resolute, have brav'd all pain,



In such long march, of fifteen hundred miles,  
Far from the south-west of Virginia's bounds,  
To Massachusetts-Bay. Thence, after toil,  
Sustain'd, in combat, with tyrannic foes,  
O'er many a region, dolorous and drear,  
Have pierc'd the wilds, to Canada's cold clime.  
O gallant souls! a sacrifice more rich,  
If such should fall, was never offer'd up,  
On hill or mountain, to the sacred cause  
Of Liberty; not even when Cato died  
At Utica, or many a Roman brave,  
With noble Brutus, on Pharsalia's plain.

ARNOLD.

Nor less eulogium, have those merited,  
Who, from New-England's happy streams, more north,  
With me experienced, and saw the fate  
Of war's sore tragedy, on Bunker's-Hill.  
And since, in common, with th' embodied force,  
Have borne sharp famine, and severest toil,  
While up the rapid Kennebec, they stem'd,  
Th' impetuous torrent, or at carrying place,  
O'er broad morass, deep swamp, and craggy wild,  
Urg'd their rough way. Thence over hill,  
And dreary mountain top, to where Chaudiere  
Doth mix his wave, with the Saint Lawrence tide.  
And now encamp'd on the Abraham heights,  
Await your orders to attack the town;  
This proud-wall'd town, whose haughtiness hath mock'd,  
The incessant batt'ry, and sharp cannonade,  
T' effect a breach; but soon possess'd by us,  
Shall amply recompense the watching, cold,  
Famine, and labour, which we have sustain'd;  
And yet sustain, while with the wintry year,  
We now contend, digging the ice-bound soil,  
In deep entrenchment, and laboriously  
Erecting batt'ries of hard frost congeal'd,  
'Midst arrowy sleet, and face-corroding storm.

MONTGOMERY.

Then gallant officer, be this our plan.  
First Livingston, with the Canadian troops,  
March to the Palace gate, and with a feint,  
Of swift annoyance, to the Upper town,  
Keep them attentive, and their guns aloof;  
While with the main force, by the river bank,  
We storm the Lower town. I on this side,  
Along the precipice, and that sad stream,  
Which washes their redoubts; with equal force,  
You, at the conflux, of the kindred tides,  
St. Charles, and St. Lawrence, force your way.  
Thus, under God, we haply may succeed,  
And see, with joy of victory, to day,  
Our standards planted, on Quebecs high walls.

ARNOLD.

The disposition, for the bold attack,  
With all alacrity, shall be obeyed.  
No shape of danger, shall deter my steps,  
Swift moving, in this gallant enterprize,  
I shun no combat, and I know no fear,  
But count the honour a full recompense,  
For ev'ry peril in this furious war,  
If men in after times, shall say of me,  
"Here Arnold lies, who with Montgomery fought,  
"Stemming the torrent of tyrannic sway."

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ACT III, SCENE III.

MONTGOMERY *and* CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL.

We hold ourselves, in readiness, what time,  
We have your orders to parade in arms.

MONTGOMERY.

In some few moments, when the early day,  
Shall mix its breaking with departing shades,  
And give a dubious light. This interval,  
In conversation, we may here, exhaust.  
Far other thought, O Campbell, fill'd my mind,  
When first, a soldier, on the Abraham's heights,  
I stood in arms. Then, in Britannia's cause,  
I drew my sword, and charg'd the rival Gaul.  
I felt for her a patriot's generous heat;  
And step'd exultingly, when fair Quebec,  
Saw British standards on her rocky walls.  
Full, in my memory, I retain the view;  
Each circumstance, as if but yesterday.  
Here Monckton stood; there Townshend rang'd himself;  
And here, great Wolfe, in noble strength of soul,  
Array'd the battle, and the men in arms.  
O mighty Wolfe, if yet, thy warlike shade,  
Revisitest these heights, and rocky streams,  
Be witness here, in this unnatural strife,  
Where a mad mother doth her children stab.  
You, when you fought, did not unsheath your sword  
against your countrymen, and younger sons;  
Did not excite, with cruel artifice,  
The wild-wood Savage of the gloomy hill,  
To drink Bostonian blood. No mighty shade;  
Britannia then was free herself; her King,  
Call'd not for butchers, to secure his sway  
Tyrannical, and to be held with blood.  
Unhappy reign of an inhuman George!  
I saw it early, and withdrew myself,  
To sweet retirement, on the Hudson's banks,  
And am persuaded, that had mighty Wolfe,  
Surviv'd his victory, his native isle,

O'er-run with parasites, that drink the looks  
 Of flatter'd Majesty, and base-born Lords,  
 Would have disgusted him. This western land,  
 With shades, and solitudes, and wood-crown'd hills  
 Had better pleas'd. He could have lov'd her glades,  
 O'er-hung with poplars, and the bending beech,  
 Fan'd by the Zephyr's gale. He could have lov'd,  
 The budding orchard, and the oak-tree grove,  
 And thought, no more, of luxuries enjoy'd  
 With prostitution of the free-born mind.  
 If Wolfe had liv'd, would he have drawn his sword,  
 In Britain's cause—in her unrighteous cause,  
 To chain the American, and bind him down?  
 O no, his soul, by Nature elegant,  
 With liberal sentiment and knowledge, stor'd,  
 Would not have suffered it; I rather think,  
 Nay, I well know it, that himself had led,  
 Perhaps, once more, an army to Quebec,  
 To drive these tyrants out. He had obey'd,  
 Rather, the dictates of an upright soul,  
 Than the commandment of a tyrant King.  
 But now the time, that we draw forth in arms,  
 Revolves to us. Then, through the standing tents,  
 Let us return, and with high thought of war,  
 Fire every bosom, with a martial glow.

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#### ACT IV, SCENE II.

MONTGOMERY.

...Come on brave soldiery, and linger not—  
 I could talk much with you, of penitence,  
 High faith, and love—Move on brave countrymen—  
 A swift approach, may save us much hard toil—  
 Yet unalarm'd the town lies fast in sleep—  
 But here a messenger—see what he brings.

MESSENGER.

Alas! the intention of our arms is known.  
 I saw a scout just turning from the walls,  
 And have out ran him, who inform'd me thus,  
 That a deserter, from our camp, this night,  
 Gave swift intelligence, and now the foe,  
 Ly on their arms, and wait our first attack:  
 Each barrier full; the engineers prepar'd,  
 With matches lighted, and directed guns.

MONTGOMERY.

Unhappy circumstance! but God our aid,  
 We may atchieve, and carry the assault,  
 E'en in the face of their collected force.  
 Come, give the wide-stream'd standard to the gale,  
 And march, brave souls. Say guide is this the way?  
 Say, must we march along that precipice?

GUIDE.

Along the precipice, by these redoubts.

MONTGOMERY.

My God! the task is amply perilous;  
But why, alas, why halts my infantry?  
Come then, brave officers, march on with me;  
They sure, will follow, where their General leads—  
March on with me, and storm this first redoubt.  
One fire, brave souls, and push with bayonet.  
The battery's ours. These slave-born renegades,  
Dare not confront us. Slavery, slavery dire,  
Cowards the spirit, and unmans the soul.  
Now to the next, my gallant officers;  
Mean time, young Burr, wait and conduct the troop.

BURR, *Aid-de-Camp*.

Why, Gentlemen, with such slow tardy steps,  
Moves up the van? See where your General leads,  
With few attendants; yet the first redoubt,  
So well defended and secur'd, is ours.  
Move up brave soldiers, and preserve your fame.

MONTGOMERY.

The post is ours; the second barrier storm'd;  
But in our troops, why such a tardiness?  
I must fall back, and with deep-piercing words,  
Prevent their ignominy. Gentlemen,  
What means this phlegm, this cold and mildew damp,  
Which turns the current of the life-warm blood  
To winter's ice, and freezes up the tide,  
Of noble, bold, and manly resolution?  
Why, Gentlemen, so slow and heavily,  
Moves up the van-guard, to attack that foe  
Which oft we vanquish'd? Ticonderogue  
Could not defend them, nor strong-barr'd Crown-point.  
Driven o'er the lakes, we beat them, at St. John's;  
At Montreal; and now it were a stain,  
Of ignominy, not to be retriev'd,  
If sickly cowardice, phrenetic power  
Of some sad circumstance, prevent, this day,  
To storm this capital, this last retreat,  
Where they have shut themselves. O this,  
This is the juncture critical, the point  
Of time elapsing, which may not return,  
Which makes it ours to crush the tyranny,  
By vengeful Britain, here established.  
The poor Canadians, whose effects and lives,  
Hang on the fortune of our enterprize,  
Shall imprecate dire curses on our steps,  
If falling back, from such fair promises,  
We now desert them, fenceless and unarm'd,  
A certain prey, because they gave us aid,  
To savages, and haughty Englishmen.  
Come on my soldiers, let me pray your haste,

By all that lives in man, of noble fortitude.  
By this your country, and those natal ties,  
Which binds the memory to the place of birth;  
By your spoil'd liberty, and injur'd rights;  
By the religion, which you owe to God;  
By your own safety, and the love of life.  
Come on my gallant countrymen, come on;  
Or if you come not on, at least do this;  
Advance to me, and in this deep-pain'd breast,  
Pour one sure shot, and ease my amazed soul,  
My bleeding soul, of what I feel for you.  
Move on, my countrymen, move on;  
I first, myself, will in the charge advance.

CHEESMAN.

Nay, rather, Sir, do not expose yourself;  
For much artillery, that strong pass defends,  
Which soon must rake us; and should you the head,  
And source of action, be cut off from us,  
The trembling limbs must loose their energy,  
And the fair enterprize, abortive prove:  
Let me advance, with this small chosen band,  
And bear the first fire of the cannonade.

MONTGOMERY.

Your warm benevolence, heroic youth,  
Demands my gratitude; I honour you,  
And this small band, that bears me company;  
But such, the backwardness, of these my troops,  
That of necessity, I risk my self.  
Can I survive their infamy, their shame?  
Nay death, swift death is rather my sad choice;  
And God hath sent it—But alas, for you,  
My sons, my brothers, who are join'd with me,  
In equal fate, on this unhappy day.

BURR, *Aid-de-Camp*.

Let Heav'n be clouded, and her face wrapt up,  
In equal gloom with this deep tragedy.  
Montgomery slain, and all my fairest hopes,  
In this sad hour, cropt off and withered!  
O father, father, groaning, fainting, dead!  
Let me embrace thee to my grief-sick heart,  
And pour my warm soul in thy bleeding veins,\*  
Wet with the crimson of thy noble blood,  
Unchang'd, I'll wear these sprinkled garments home,  
And shew my countrymen each ruddy drop,  
Each ruddy drop, and with my words wake up,  
In every breast, susceptible of rage,  
The sullen anger of an injured soul.  
O, I could follow from the impoverish'd world,  
With thy great spirit mingle mighty man,  
And visit scenes invisible, and new  
To the released soul. O bleeding corpse,  
Let me not leave you to the insulting foe,  
Who will exult and trample on thy tomb,

Or tear thy body uninhum'd, expos'd  
 To the wild Savages, or birds of Heav'n.  
 O, no, the vultures shall not have thy corpse,  
 If I can bear it from the blood-stain'd field,  
 On these poor shoulders. Sight deplorable!  
 What youth is this pierc'd thro' with streaming wounds?  
 It is Macpherson, who is likewise fall'n:  
 Fall'n alas, and with him every charm  
 Of conversation, and behaviours grace,  
 With comely beauty, ravishing the heart.  
 Sweet youth, most lovely in thy shape and mein,  
 Gay, pleasant, cheerful, courteous and soft  
 To thy companion, as the summers gale  
 Loose scattering roses. See, alas! the change;  
 The mournful ruins, which grim death has made.  
 Eclips'd and dim the Heav'n-sparkling eye;  
 The fair skin pallid, and the lithsome joints  
 Cold, stiff, and motionless. But who is this?  
 Ah! hapless Cheesman, art thou likewise slain?  
 Belov'd companion, of my jocund years;  
 Tall, graceful, manly in thy stately step;  
 The bloom of nineteen, withers on thy cheek—  
 The red lip quivers, and is red no more—  
 Deep sleep sits heavy on thy midnight brow—  
 O shades illustrious, join'd in equal fate,  
 Here will I stay and wake your funeral,  
 Covering your bodies from the snow-cold wind,  
 And bidding stars, in the nocturnal sky,  
 Come down and weep with me—

#### CHAPLAIN.

Not so, fond stripling, but retire with me.  
 The dead themselves, insensible of pain,  
 Or ignominy, to their bodies shewn,  
 Fear not the tyrant. Haste and save thyself;  
 For in swift sally from the western gates,  
 The crafty foe aims to encompass us.  
 Away, sweet youth, accelerate thy speed,  
 And save thy valour for a better hour.

#### BURR, *Aid-de-Camp*.

Nay, see that form, in obscure march this way,  
 With shadowy sword, stuck in the incircling zone:  
 His wrist bound up, and bleeding wound before,  
 Just where the jasper faint emboss'd in gold,  
 Sits on his warrior breast. My heart is sad.  
 O awful, sober shade, if thou art come  
 From ghostly kingdoms dreary and unknown,  
 To walk the earth and choose a solemn scene  
 Congenial with thyself, detain with me.  
 There lies our General, brave Montgomery slain;  
 And here sweet Cheesman, gentle, placid youth.  
 This was Macpherson, whom in life I knew;  
 And O pale form, if you can weep one tear,  
 Be it for him in soft compassion shed.  
 He was the flower and hyacinth of youths,

So fair, so lovely, that he ravished  
Each heart that knew him—ravished the love,  
The heart-warm love of every soul that gaz'd  
On his soft beauty, and first rising years.

*The GHOST of General WOLFE.*

From realms celestial and sweet fields of light,  
I come once more to visit this sad spot,  
New-ting'd and red'ning with a hero's blood;  
With thy rich blood, Montgomery, and these youths,  
On this same ground, so immaturely doom'd  
To taste mortality, in their first years,  
Amidst the hopes and bright-ey'd promises,  
Of early life, relentlessly cut off;  
Not in contention with the rival Gaul,  
But Britain's self, Medea-like, dispos'd  
To tear her children, merciless of heart.  
False-council'd King and venal Parliament!  
Have I then fought, and was my life-blood shed,  
To raise your power to this ambitious height,  
Disdainful height, of framing laws to bind,  
In cases whatsoever, free-born men,  
Of the same lineage, name, and quality?  
Have I then fought, and was my life-blood shed,  
To lay foundation for such dire event,  
That you, my friends, should bleed, alas! to day,  
In opposition to the unrighteous aim  
Of British power, by my achievements, rais'd?  
Yet must it be, for such the will of God,  
Who wraps the dark night in a sable shade,  
That thence clear light may spring, and a new morn,  
Rise with fresh lustre on the hill and dale.  
For from your death, shall spring the mighty thought  
Of separation, from the step-dame rule  
Of moon-struck Britain. Rage shall fire the breast  
Of each American, and fathers hence,  
Shall like Hamilcar at the altar, swear,  
Their Sons and Hannibals of future days,  
To hold no more, conjunction, with the name  
Of hard and cruel-hearted Englishmen.  
But hence remain, as nations of the world,  
In war their enemies, in peace their friends.  
Yes, from your death shall amply vegetate,  
The grand idea of an empire new,  
Clear independance and self-ballanc'd power,  
In these fair provinces, United States,  
Each independent, yet rein'd in and brac'd,  
By one great council, buckling them to strength,  
And lasting firmness of immortal date.  
O happy empire, 'stablished in truth,  
Of high-wrought structure, from first principles;  
In golden commerce, and in literature,  
Of many a bard, and wisdom-writing sage,  
High flourishing, and filling length of time,  
With peerless glory and immortal acts.  
In this sweet hope, soft-mourning, gentle youth,

That look'st so sadly on this scene of woe,  
Be amply cheer'd. Full recompence  
In retribution, of dire loss in war,  
Awaits these murderers, yet hence compel'd  
To reembark, ingloriously struck down  
From every hope to win the Continent.

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ACT V, SCENE I.

ARNOLD, *with his Division*.

ARNOLD.

Hard by the conflux of these sister tides,  
It is determin'd, that we storm the wall.  
This is the place, as same reports to us,  
By Montmorenci, where the Frenchmen lay,  
T' oppose the British arms, what time great Wolfe  
Rode on the bosom of that winding stream,  
And meditated a debarkment here.  
A shot—come on my veteran soldiery—  
The salutation of their cannonade  
Return with equal compliment. Wheel round  
And circle this redoubt. Some rifle-men  
Advance before, in silent ambuscade,  
And pick them from that eminence. Long us'd  
To strew the swift deer on the mountain top,  
You need no council to direct your fire,  
Save this, brave souls, take down their officers.  
O, if this day, we stumble not, Quebec  
With all her stores and magazines is ours;  
And thro' America the sound shall ring,  
Of unstain'd victory; thro' all her groves,  
The bold atchievment shall be mentioned,  
And every hill shall echo with our fame.  
A shot—A full platoon—Sad accident.  
My ankle splinterd with a musket ball.  
I'm like Achilles, wounded in the heel,  
And lose much blood. Be not discouraged,  
My brave companions, but advance to fame,  
I lose much blood, but yet will stay with you,  
While one drop circles in the life-warm vein.

OSWALD.

Nay Sir not so, the wound is dangerous.  
Let these men bear you from the ensanguin'd field—  
He faints with loss of blood. Support him hence  
My gallant soldiers—let the wound be drest.

MORGAN.

Come gallant souls, and patriots eminent,  
Next in command on me devolves the task  
Of Generalship; then may I pray from you  
Obedience prompt, in this fair enterprize?  
Say, shall I draw you off ingloriously,  
With speediest step? or shall we yet advance,



And pour revenge on the indignant foe?  
Think, Gentlemen, it will be base to leave  
The brave Montgomery, who the other wall  
By this time storming, will expect our aid,  
And rendezvous in the besieged town.

SOLDIERY.

Lead on—lead on—we follow your command.

MORGAN.

Come then brave Hendricks, in the charge advance,  
With these sure rifle-men, and from the mound  
Of the first barrier pick the officers.

OSWALD.

The barrier's ours, and the rude enemy  
Lie in vast numbers wounded and cut off.

*Captain* LAMB.

Let some skill'd surgeon dress the wounded men;  
For even an enemy, soft pity and love  
Should have from us, if low and vanquished  
They ask for mercy, and implore our aid.

SURGEON.

I dress them, Sir, with my best skill and speed,  
For many lie deep wounded on the plain.  
Some with their legs shot off, and some their arms  
With grape-shot shatter'd. Some a musket-ball  
Hath deeply pierc'd—

*Captain* HENDRICKS.

Bring up the ladders, plant them speedily.  
One hundred Dollars Continental Bills,  
Or gold of equal value to the man,  
Distinguished with honour and fair fame,  
Who first ascends the thirty-feet high wall.  
Nor needs he doubt of firm and full support,  
With the full corps of infantry, sustain'd.  
Ye Pennsylvanian's, make the honour yours,  
And shew the world, that Sasquehanna's banks  
Bred one adorn'd with this bright heraldry,  
This standing monument of peerless praise,  
That of this army, he the first assail'd  
The ramparts of Quebec, swift-planting there,  
The wide-stream'd standard, representative  
With Thirteen streaks of ivory and blue,  
The extended provinces. A fatal shot—

OSWALD.

Fell tyranny, these are thy vestiges  
In crimson battle and vindictive war,  
Unpitying wag'd. The hero immature,  
Full in the vigour and fresh bloom of life,  
With eye star-beaming, and high-beating heart,  
By thee cut down. The rose ate glow of health

Fades on his cheek, and the sweet breath no more  
Heaves in his bosom, yet soul-cheering thought!  
Not unlamented, nor unwept he lies,  
For many a tear, O Hendricks, shall bedew,  
By Sasquehanna's flood, the annual flowers,  
When the sad story of thy mournful fate,  
Is hence resounded to her rocky stream.

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ACT V, SCENE II.

*Col. MACLEAN returning from his success against the division under General MONTGOMERY.*

Thus far success, and noble victory  
Breathes on our fortitude. The great arch-chief  
Of this rebellion, that so rudely pierc'd  
Redoubts and barriers hedging in his way,  
Is now cut off. The great arch-chief and head  
Of this their daring enterprize, struck down  
From his rebellious hope of victory,  
Lies haply prostrate on the snow-clad earth,  
Discolouring with his blood its virgin tint.  
Nought then remains, but that we swiftly charge  
This other band, which the fam'd Arnold leads.  
This still holds out, and would bespeak sore toil,  
In opposition to our arms this day.

ACT V, SCENE III.

*Major MEGGS [Return Meigs].*

We are surrounded by the enemy.  
See where Maclean collecting their whole force,  
Hems in our regiment, and cuts off retreat.  
I did not dream of numbers in Quebec  
To face at once our thus divided troops  
With such superior force. Sure they have not  
Repell'd Montgomery, from the assaulted wall,  
And brought their whole force, to resist our arms?

LAMB.

Come engineers, bring that field piece to bear,  
Ye gallant veterans, from the mountain stream  
Of Hudsons river visiting New-York,  
Shrink not from danger; 'tis the hero's joy  
To live in thunder and the noise of war.  
Light up with flame, the air's wide element,  
And rock the deep ground with your cannonade.

ACT V, SCENE IV.

*CARLETON, from the wall of the Upper Town, exposing the body of MONTGOMERY.*

Say rebel brood, why stubbornly maintain  
That ground, encircled by superior force?  
Why so reluctantly give up the field,  
When now my squadrons from each fort and gate,  
All opposition broke, collect themselves,

Pouring their whole fire on your shatter'd ranks?  
Front, flank, and rear, nay, overhead the storm  
Or battle rages; but if so much trust,  
And hope of conquest plays upon your minds,  
Behold the body of your General slain.  
The great Montgomery bleeds upon the wall.

LAMB *to his Countrymen.*

The hapless fortune of the day is sunk!  
Montgomery slain, and wither'd every hope!  
Mysterious Providence, thy ways are just,  
And we submit in deep humility.  
But O let fire or pestilence from heaven,  
Avenge the butchery; let Englishmen,  
The cause and agents in this horrid war,  
In tenfold amplitude, meet gloomy death.  
What do I say? can hecatombs of slaves  
And villains sacrific'd, repay one drop  
Of this pure vital scarlet-streaming blood?  
No, not ten thousand of life-gushing veins,  
From perjur'd Kings, and venal parasites,  
Can rise in value, to one heart-warm drop,  
Of that pure patriot; yet this alone we can,  
That in revenge, the battle be renew'd,  
And indignation be the word to day.

CARLETON.

Once more I offer you the terms of peace,  
Ye stubborn combatants. If I'm oblig'd  
To hold the battle up, and lose more men  
Slain by your obstinacy; rest assur'd,  
The gate of mercy shall be shut. No hope  
Of quarter shall remain, but the red flag  
Of blood hung out, shall amply testify  
The irreversible consign of death.  
Nor in sepulture of a grassy grave,  
Shall you meet burial; but your carcasses  
Shall feed the fowls and vultures of the heaven,  
Left long expos'd, and rotting on the earth;  
But on submission you shall be receiv'd,  
With arms of love and pity honouring  
Your noble valor eminent and great,  
Who these three hours such odds have combated,  
And struggled hard with us for victory.

OSWALD.

Methinks no man, my hapless countrymen,  
Can throw suspicion of base cowardice,  
On my behaviour, or my words this day;  
For I have fought and ventured with you,  
Where the hot battle did most fiercely rage.  
But in my judgment, we contend in vain,  
And risk our persons, without equal chance,  
Against this enemy. Fair terms and words,  
By them are offer'd, better then submit  
And take their mercy, than see butchered,

So many brave men, in such circumstance,  
That nought avails their courage and bright flame  
Of true heroic excellence approv'd.

MORGAN.

True, gallant Oswald, we attempt in vain,  
To urge the war with such unequal strength,  
And disadvantage of encompass'd ground,  
On our side, visible. Lay down your arms,  
Then hapless countrymen, and put yourselves  
On that fair law and custom 'stablished  
'Mong christian nations, that the life be spar'd,  
And with humanity and gentleness,  
The victor foe shall treat his prisoners.

ACT V, SCENE V.

CARLETON *to the Prisoners.*

Now in my power disarmed and reduc'd,  
I will give scope, and scorn you with my tongue,  
You vile rebellious progeny of wrath,  
Fierce and malignant in Don Quixotism  
Of moon-mad liberty. You Bedlam-brood,  
You viper-lip'd, and serpent-hearted race,  
Bred on the poison of soul fraud and hate,  
Scum and off scouring of humanity,  
Whom laws of goverment to the sure cord  
Have ever destined; and were it not,  
That the black vengeance of your countrymen  
Might dare retaliate, and gibbet up  
Some British prisoner, each soul should hang,  
And die, this day, in execrable form,  
The death of traitors. Yet, whatever shape  
Of suffering horrible, can be devis'd,  
In dreary dungeon, and in obscure jail,  
Cold, dark, and comfortless, and lacking bread,  
Shall be your lot, snake-venom'd paricides.  
And first, three victims from your shattered band,  
Must, to the Savages be given up.  
Some three Bostonians, sacrific'd and slain,  
To glut the appetite of Indian chiefs,  
Who at our cantico, at Montreal,  
Drank of the ox-blood, roasting his large limbs,  
Symbolical of rebels burnt with fire.  
Take these three men, ye Indian warriors,  
And use them wantonly, with every pain,  
Which flame's, fierce element can exercise.  
And with the sound of each loud instrument,  
The drum, the horn, in wildest symphony  
With your own howlings, shall the scene be grac'd,  
Save, that in terror, oftentimes, a while  
The noise shall cease, and their own cries be heard.

*The CAPTIVES.*

O gentle Sir, where are the promises  
Of life untouched and fair acts of love?

Where is the memory of that faith and word,  
That sacred honour, which a soldier wears?  
Is there no mercy in the soul of man?  
But O whatever we are doom'd to feel,  
Of death, or torment, let it not be fire.  
The flame is terrible, and none can bear,  
On the soft eye, the scorching element;  
The sinewy nerve bent up and withered;  
The body rolling, crisping in the flames.  
Let us be sentenced to some dark pit,  
Or subterranean cavity, where light  
Of sun, or star shall never cast a ray.  
In some lone island destitute of food,  
Let us be bound, and slowly waste ourselves,  
With painful hunger, and life-pinching want.  
O could we but obtain immediate death,  
By some sharp bayonet, or musket-ball,  
Even should our bodies, afterwards be burnt,  
And bones reduc'd to ashes in the flame.

CARLETON.

Hah, I could laugh, to see your skeletons,  
Unflesh'd, and whit'ning in the light-wood blaze. (*Aside to Maclean.*)  
But yet, Maclean, we dare not execute,  
Stern justice due; for still the rebel foe,  
That part of them which with Montgomery fought,  
Recruit their forces and block up the gates;  
And should we urge extremity of wrath,  
It may be ours to taste an equal fate.  
The chance of war is various and unfix'd.  
Go then Maclean, and countermand the word  
Of pain and burning to the Savages.  
Restrain their wild rage with the certain hope  
Of mirth, and cantico, and the war song,  
To be indulg'd, with many a captive burnt,  
If we prevail, and drive them from the walls. (*To the Captives.*)  
Yes, I could laugh, to see the flame involve,  
With spiral wavings, your black carcasses.  
For so enhanc'd and aggravate your guilt;  
That well it merits every horrid woe  
Denounc'd to murder, sacrilege, and sin  
Through all its shapes; but yet the gentleness,  
And meek-ey'd majesty of Britain's King,  
Will not admit all stretch of punishment.  
For Heaven's long suffering imitating, still  
He waits your penitence, and better mind.  
But this receive, in certainty of faith,  
That if your countrymen persist t' oppose,  
The peace and order of our government,  
Our long endurance shall turn into rage  
Of tenfold enmity; yes, perjured brood,  
If soon they crush not each rebellious thought,  
Keen torture shall excruciate their joints;  
And, if I conquer, Hell lend every plague,  
To give them torment, in all shapes of death.  
How then, vile scorpions, will you bear your fate;

The deep-struck tomhawk, in the trembling heart;  
The curv'd-knife, ready to unroof the skull;  
And body roasted in slow-scorching fires.

MORGAN.

Sad thought of cruelty, and outrage dire!  
Not to be parallel'd, 'mongst human kind,  
Save in the tales of flesh-devouring men,  
The one ey'd Cyclops, and fierce Cannibal.  
For what we hear of Saracen or Turk,  
Mogul, or Tartar of Siberia,  
Is far behind the deed of infamy,  
And horror mixt, which Britons meditate.  
Nature, herself, degenerate from the fall,  
In the curs'd earth, can scarcely furnish out,  
So much black poison, from the beasts and herbs,  
As swells the dark hearts of these Royalists.  
The toads soul mouth, the snake's invenom'd bite,  
Black spider, asp, or froth of rabid dog,  
Is not so deadly as these murderers.  
When men far off, in civilized states,  
Shall know the perfidy and breach of faith,  
The thought remorseless, and dire act of these,  
In every language, they shall execrate,  
The earth-disgracing name of Englishmen.  
And at the Last Day, when the Pit receives  
Her gloomy brood, and seen among the rest,  
Some Spirit distinguished by ampler swell  
Of malice, envy, and soul-gripping hate,  
Pointing to him, the soul and ugly Ghosts  
Of Hell, shall say, "*That was an Englishman.*"

THE END.

## **SHIPWRECK!:** **“Narrative of the Life** **and Extreme Sufferings** **of Barnabas Downs, Jun.” (1786)**

The subject of shipwrecks has been a mainstay of literature, tracing at least as far back as the Middle Kingdom in ancient Egypt. Jonah nearly became the cause of one. They play no small part in the epics of Homer and Virgil. One actual and historical occurrence of an abandoned ship figures prominently in the story of St. Paul. They are availed of by Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Shakespeare; while (as all know) Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver owe their fame to foundering vessels that left them castaways.

The first most conspicuous accounts of a shipwreck in (North) American literature were Jaspar Dean's "A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Nottingham Galley, in Her Voyage from England to Boston, with an account of the Miraculous Escape of the Captain and his Crew on a Rock, called Boone-Island; the Hardships They Endured There, and Their Happy Deliverance" (1711),<sup>405</sup> and Cotton Mather's "Instructions to the Living, from the Condition of the Dead. A Brief Relation of Remarkables in the Shipwreck of Above One Hundred Pirates, who were Cast Away in the Ship *Whido*, on the Coast of New-England, April 26, 1717. And in the Death of Six, who After a Fair Trial at Boston, were Convicted & Condemned, Octob. 2, and Executed Novemb. 15, 1717. With some Account of the Discourse Had with Them on the Way to Their Execution, and a Sermon Preached on Their Occasion" (1717).

A few others appeared subsequently in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, with one of the best of these true life tales of the sea being "A brief and remarkable NARRATIVE of the LIFE And extreme Sufferings of Barnabas Downs, Jun.,<sup>406</sup> who was among the Number of those who escaped Death on board the Privateer Brig Arnold, James Magee, Commander, which was cast away near Plymouth-Harbour, in a most terrible Snow-Storm, December 26, 1778, when more than Sixty Persons were frozen to Death.—Containing also a particular Account of said Shipwreck;" which we reproduce here in full. Doubtless one of the things which renders stories of ships succumbing to wind and waves such an attraction is that someone survived to tell of the frightening calamity; combined with a reader's feeling his or herself safe and secure at home having only to read about it. Downs' narrative is a singularly good instance of such; made no less effectively so thanks to his humble and straightforward yet emotionally charged presentation.

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PREFACE

To the READER, into whose Hands this Narrative may fall; especially my Seafaring Brethren.

FRIENDS,

When any remarkable circumstances take place in a man's life, he feels commonly a disposition to communicate them to the world: If they have been deliverances from great and signal dangers, he will make this communication from a principle of gratitude to the BEING who hath protected and preserved him; He will wish to engage others to be thankful on his behalf; and a knowledge of the kindness of a Heaven to him may lead others to trust in GOD, when they are brought into like distress and danger. By these motives the Subject of the following pages hopes he is influenced in publishing them to the world; which is all the apology that may be expected from the Publick's distressed Friend,

Barn. Downes, Jun.

Barnstable, September 10, 1786

The Author gratefully acknowledges himself indebted to a Reverend Gentleman in Boston for his kindness in correcting the following sheets.

⁴⁰⁵ This appeared in and as part of Cotton Mather's "Compassions Called For. An Essay of Profitable Reflections on Miserable Spectacles, etc." (1711). Owing evidently to its popularity, Dean's narrative was reprinted several times, beginning in 1727.

⁴⁰⁶ Also spelled "Downes."

NARRATIVE, &C.

I was born in *Barnstable* in *New-England*, October 2, 1757, of credible Parents, whom I served as an obedient Son, I hope, until the commencement of the late war called me from my home, and led me to exchange the occupation of a Husbandman, to which I was bred, for the more dangerous employment of a Soldier. In this capacity I served my Country³ campaigns, and know not that my behaviour was censured by my officers.

After having returned for a time to the Farming-Business, I concluded to try my fortune at sea: I entered accordingly on board the schooner *Bunker-Hill*, Captain *Isaac Cobb*, Commander, on a privateering voyage: But we had not been out more than 6 days before we were taken by the brig *Hope*, one *Brown*, Commander, and carried into Halifax. We were committed to jail and kept very short: Then I was taken with the small-pox, thro' which GOD safely carried me when destitute of the necessaries of life, and under great pressure of mind. But after my being recovered so far as to be returned to the jail from the hospital, in consequence of my having nothing but a small allowance of salt provisions, which were next to poison for a sick person, I was taken with a violent fever, which returned me to the gates of the grave. No person who hath not experienced it can imagine how gloomy and distressing it is to be under such circumstances: To be far distant from our dearest Friends; to be among persons who are not only without any concern for us, or interest in our fate, but who are our professed enemies, and not governed even by the common principles of humanity, is a case truly melancholy. In this situation I was attacked with a bleeding of the nose, (to which I had before been subject) which brought me to the very borders of eternity!

After this I was, by the smiles of heaven recovered and restored, by a cartel, with 400 of my Countrymen to our own homes. How welcome they were to us, and how pleasant it was to me to see the faces of my Friends again, any one may imagine more easily than I can describe!

But tho' I had been so unsuccessful in my first attempt at sea, I could resist the inclination I had to try once more what Providence would do for me: I left my native place, went to *Boston*, and entered on board the brig *Arnold*, *James Magee*, Commander. I well remember I felt an unusual dejection when I entered on this undertaking, and tho' I pretend not to say that this foreboded the misfortune I was to meet with in this fatal vessel, yet I have often reflected upon it since with a degree of admiration.

While the brig lay in the harbour, I attempted with some other hands to go on board another vessel in a small boat, but the wind suddenly rising we were in danger of being drowned; the boat run on *Governor's-Island*, and we were obliged to stay there 24 hours before we could get off. Providence preserved my life in this danger, in order that I might live thro' greater, and testify to his loving kindness and mercy.

On December 24, 1778, Capt. *Magee* sailed from *Boston*: We had been at sea but a few hours, when a most terrible gale of a wind arose, so that the water was almost nee deep on the leeward side of the quarter-deck. We continued in the Bay that day and the night following, but on the next day we got into *Plymouth*. The wind was abated, but the cold was severe and intense beyond description. We came to anchor a little below *Beach-Point*, in the Harbour of *Plymouth*.

On Saturday, December 26, about 6 o'clock in the morning, from the violent motion of the sea, the brig struck the bottom as tho' it would drive her keel in. As there was not depth of water enough to work the vessel in the place where we lay, and we saw a heavy storm coming on, our Commander thought it best to cut our cables and let her drive, which was immediately done. The storm increased very fast, so that we were obliged to cut away the main-mast, and we drifted upon an hard flat a little to the westward of *Beach-Point*.

This was early on Saturday morning, and we now laboured hard in throwing over our wood and getting our guns off the decks into the hold, but the vessel began to leak very fast, and with every motion of the sea she struck the bottom as tho' she would split in pieces. We kept 2 pumps going, but could not gain upon the water. The storm now increased to a most prodigious degree: It snowed so thick that we could see but a very little way from the brig, and the cold was extreme; we continued hard at work all day without

eating or drinking anything scarcely, having but little appetite with the prospect of death continually before our eyes.

Until now we had hopes of escape, but just before night we looked into the hold and saw the casks floating about; this drove us to despair, and we forsook the pumps without a ray of hope but from the immediate interposition of divine Providence. Many of the people now began to pray, and I went into the cabbín [sic] and sat upon one of the gun-carriages. I had not been there long before I saw chests floating about, and perceived that the tide was flowing on us very fast; by direction of the Capt. All left the cabbín and came upon the quarter-deck.

It is not possible to describe my sensations at this period; death appeared inevitable, and we waited every moment for it approach! Even now when I recollect my feelings it is difficult to steady my pen! And indeed I had ground enough for my apprehensions, for we had not been long upon the quarter-deck before the water upon the main-deck was even with it. Our fore-mast was still standing, which caused the vessel to roll very much, but when we had cut that away she lay stiller. The brig now lay sunk; the tide was flowing fast and the sea broke very heavy over us. We were all upon the quarter-deck, and the water came in upon us ankle [sic] deep.

There was a sail in the netting upon the windward-quarter, which we contrived to lash over us, but there were so many under it that we should have been stifled for want of breath, if we had not cut places to let in the air. The tide was then about at its height but the storm did not abate. There was nothing to be heard around but screeches, groans and deep lamentations for themselves and their families, and earnest cries to GOD for mercy and relief!

There was such a croud [sic] upon the quarter-deck we could not stand up without treading upon one another. Being in a struggle I was thrown down and trampled upon as if the breath would be crowded out of my body: However I soon recovered my feet and trampled upon others in my turn; for the immediate regard which every man had to his own life prevented him from attending to the distresses of his neighbors!

Struggling in this manner and trying to clear ourselves from those who fell down had pulled off most of our shoes, and the wet and cold soon froze our feet. Nature could not sustain it no longer and the people began to die all around me. Capt. *John Russell of Barnstable* was the first of those with whom I was acquainted that died, but many others soon followed him. Fatigue and distress, added to the extreme cold and despair of relief, put a period to the lives of great numbers. Those who were able to stand were obliged to huddle up close together, and breathe in each other's faces to preserve them from freezing to death, while their comrades were dying around them all night. In the morning a most awful sight presented itself to us; 60 of our Comrades lay dead across each other, and but 2 of my Townsmen were among the living!

On Lord's-Day, Dec. 27, the storm abated and the sun appeared clear, but the severe cold still continued. We saw *Plymouth* and a number of people coming along the shore for our relief: We could discern them push off two boats and make an hard trial to come to us, but the harbour was so full of ice they could not reach us: We saw them return and it gave us an inexpressible shock. The elevation which their appearance gave us tended to sink us lower. Our situation was very gloomy; we had little to support nature except run; no shows on our feet, and very much frozen; the Heavens was our only covering!

I retained my sense about 2 o'clock on Lord's-Day, but was then deprived of them and lay on the quarter-deck until the next day, when a boat got to us in order to carry the living ashore, which amounted only to 3, When they were looking around to collect the survivors, they at first supposed me to be dead, but seeing one of my eye-lids move they took me up and laying me in the boat carried me ashore.

I was carried to Mr. *Bartlet's* tavern; whose kindness to me I would thus publicly acknowledge, and hope I shall always remember with gratitude. My clothes were first cut off of me and I was put into cold water⁴⁰⁷ in order to take out the frost. I was then placed in bed and having my teeth forced open had

⁴⁰⁷ [Edit. Note. Note cold water, rather than warm or hot water. James Fenimore Cooper, in chapter XXIII of his 1849 novel *The Sea Lions*, advocates using cold water to daily wash with or bathe in for purposes of *keeping warm* in arctic temperatures.]

some cordials poured down my throat, but I have no remembrance of any of these transactions, for I lay perfectly senseless until 2 o'clock on Monday, when my senses came to me at once. My eyes were not open, but I heard the voices of persons talking around me, and the first idea which struck me was that I was still on board the brig, but that a boat come to our relief. I soon however opened my eyes and was informed of what had happened and where I was.

I recovered gradually, but was obliged to pass thro' the painful operation of having some of my limbs seperated [sic] from my body: But after all these distresses, I am still among the living to praise GOD! Let my spared life be devoted to his service, and may I ever be mindful of his benefits.

Names of the Deceas'd belonging to Barnstable.

*Capt. John Russell, Barn. Lothrop [or Lathrop], Daniel Hall, Tho. Casley [?], Eben. Bacon, Jasey [?]
Garitt, John Berry, Barnabas Howes, Stephen Bacon, Jon. Lothrop, Boston, a Negro Man.*

The SHIPWRECK: A Hymn of Praise.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: All they waves and they billows are gone over me.—Yet the LORD hath shewn his loving kindness in the day-time. In the night my song shall be with him, and my prayer unto the GOD of my life.—When I remember these things I pour out my soul in me, with the voice of joy and praise. David.

- WHEN mountain billows o'er me roll,
I poured out my trouble soul;
When waves of adverse fortune meet,
Thou prov'd a guide unto my feet.
2. My song shall always be on GOD,
I'm sav'd by his uplifted rod;
My utmost search shall be to know
The LORD who sav'd from frost and snow.
3. LORD may I fear thee all my days,
Thy mercies claim my highest praise;
For in the time of deep despair,
Preserv'd I was by heav'nly care.
4. The LORD is good to those who call
On Him, and do depend for all;
In adverse fate if we depend
On God, he will deliv'rance send.
5. In deep distress and trouble sore,
When surging billows round me roar,
Altho' he slay me, yet I'll trust
On God, my Saviour, who is just.
6. Not only trust but I will call
On HIM, who is the LORD of all;
My day-song shall in thee accord,
And in the night I'll praise the LORD.
7. Thy goodness and thy tender care
Reliev'd me when in deep despair;
Thy gracious and thy friendly Crook
I will record in this my Book.
8. Had it not been for thy controul,
The deep would swallow up my soul;
Tho' frost me of my feet deprive,
Yet will I praise thee I'm alive.
9. Alive to praise thee, O my GOD,
Tho' chast'ned with afflicting rod;
But should my sins been marked well,

My soul would have been sent to Hell.

10. But blessed be his holy Hand,
I am return'd to native land;
Tho' sickness did my spirits waste,
Thy flowing mercy do I taste.

11. My kindred and my Friends so dear,
Trust in the LORD and always fear
Him who can save, if you rely
On ONE who rules above the sky.

12. Lo, SEAMEN, one and all attend,
Look well to what I here have pen'd;
Let me intreat you not to swear,
But live in GOD's most holy fear.

13. He will vouchsafe when danger's nigh,
To help if on HIM you rely;
Tho' storms arise on raging main,
He'll bring thee safe to Friends again.

14. I say to all trust in the LORD,
He will your grottos always guard,
From tempests dire and sickness sore;
Your basket fill, and bless your store.⁴⁰⁸

⁴⁰⁸ [Edit. Note. This piece is followed in the original text by "A HYMN. By another Author," but omitted here.]

SURVIVING HER TIMES: The Writings of Ann Eliza Bleecker

"It is not our intention to recommend this volume by an elaborate display of its particular merits or peculiar excellencies: the best recommendation we can give it, is an attentive perusal: and when this is done, that the reader of taste and elegance will join in asserting, that though it is not faultless, yet that its merits preponderate, and entitle it to the patronage of every true American, is the candid opinion of

The PUBLISHERS.

New-York, September, 1793."

In paging through the Duyckincks' two volume *Encyclopaedia of American Literature* (1854-1875), and in an unhurried and more than merely casual way, it is no little astonishing the large number of unknown or relatively unknown early American authors, whether male or female, the work covers who are or might be due a reconsideration and reappraisal; and, that is, even if we were to restrict our selections to those born prior to 1800. Some will feel, quite understandably and no doubt in many cases rightly so, that many of these writers are eminently forgettable, and that taking the trouble to read through their writings would, for the far greater number of busy people, be time wasted. And yet, and it seems to me, (at least) two things ought to be borne in mind. First, that some of these writers may be of interest as a testimony and reflection of individual psychologies, while seeing such individuals within the context and culture of their times; so that reading or studying the author helps to expand or enhance both our knowledge of human nature and our understanding of a given era (and locale) in history. A second consideration is that the particular author's writings may possess a good deal more insight, imagination, and talent than initially and on the surface we would be inclined to give them credit for; especially if we view them from a renewed perspective or in inspired light. Again, how much it strikes one, perusing entry after entry in Duyckinck, that there might be some real gems or treasures, say in the way of good poetry, short stories, or essays -- even if only as curiosities, that lie hidden away inside the sundry pages of a given writer's output, including some material little (or not even) hinted at in Duyckinck. And yet who has the time and energy to studiously pour through such a multitude of lesser known authors? No doubt few, and perhaps even none. Nonetheless, serious historians and surveyors of early American literature it seems ought to every now and then to contribute and make *some* effort in this; even if only to reassess, bring again to light, and thereby do justice to, *where merited*, one if not a greater number.

My own uncovering of the work of Ann Eliza Bleecker (1752-1783), by way of Charles Evans' *American Bibliography*, was as much a matter of happenstance as anything else. I had not heard of her before and simply decided I would take a chance looking just to see if there was anything there. Not merely was my chance curiosity well rewarded, but indeed the find turned out to be something of a minor gold mine, on a number of levels; certainly and insofar as her writings pertained to my own peculiar historical and literary interests and researches. In what way and how specifically so, I will in due course endeavor to explain and impart. But before doing, let's start by furnishing a brief profile and sketch of her life.

Born in Oct. 1752, Ann Eliza was the youngest daughter of prosperous, New York (city) merchant Brandt Schuyler, member of the famous Dutch clan of that name. Although not the most diligent student at school, from a very early age she evinced a deep infatuation for poetry and literature; with her subsequent writings, directly or indirectly, attesting a familiarity with Homer, Plato, Theocritus, Virgil, Plutarch, Tasso, Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Pope, contemporary novelists such as Samuel Richardson; as well as of course the Bible. As she grew older, the youthful author took up the pen herself, and with enthusiastic aplomb ended up producing a diverse variety of pieces, including poems, chatty letters, humorous sketches, moral reflections, and short fiction. All of which efforts was encouraged and seconded by New Rochelle attorney John J. Bleecker; whom she married in 1769. The couple first lived in Poughkeepsie for about two years; then removed to the quiet, bucolic community of Tomhanick, N.Y., located on the east side of the Hudson; roughly southeast of Saratoga and about an equal distance northeast from Albany. States Rufus Wilmot Griswold in his entry for her in *Female Poets of America* (1848), p. 28: "Mrs. Bleecker's mother, and her half-sister, Miss Ten Eyck, passed much of the time with her, and her husband saw the fruition of his hopes in the success of plans which had drawn him from the more populous parts of the colony. It was in this period that Mrs. Bleecker wrote most of her poems which have been preserved. Before her marriage, her playful or serious verses had amused or charmed the circle in which she moved—one of the most intelligent and accomplished then in America—and she now found a solace for the absence of society in the indulgence of a taste for literature."

This floral and halcyon period, of “perfect tranquillity,” drew to a close at the time of Burgoyne’s invasion of the state in the late Spring and Summer of 1777. No specific date is given as to when Tomhanick and villages in the general region took to alarm in the face of the British-Indian threat. But given the frenzy of activity shown in the civilian evacuation, it seems likely such took place in early August; following upon the murder near Fort Edward of Jane McCrea (allegedly) by some of Burgoyne’s Indians (27 July.) Her husband flying to Albany to arrange in advance a more permanent safe haven for the family, Ann Eliza and her two very young daughters, along with a domestic servant, made their way southward amidst a swarm of frantic and sullen refugees. The experience, as later recalled, sounds in retrospect strangely nightmarish; as Ann Eliza and her children were only able to find a seat on a wagon after going on foot some four or five miles on foot. She came to Stony Arabia expecting be taken by the open arms of friends, but in this was cruelly disappointed; she and her daughters time again being coldly turned away. At last a garret, with a few blankets strewn upon bare boards, were granted her by a wealthy acquaintance. Mr. Bleecker then arrived the next day, took them to Albany and ultimately had them settled at Red Hook; while he, as a member of the New York militia, set off to help fight in the war. To cap her grief and misfortunes, her mother, sister, and eldest daughter, Abella, all died during this same period.

Following the American victory at Saratoga, the family removed back to Tomhanick and things returned somewhat to normal, and Ann Eliza resumed her writing, and which included two short novels, a few poems, and many letters. At one point in 1781, her husband was captured and taken prisoner by a small band of loyalists, Indians and a few British who had been lying in wait in the neighborhood (this sort of thing reportedly being a more or less usual occurrence in the area at the time.) However, much to her relief, the party was in turn taken by some Vermont militia as the former was escaping north, with Mr. Bleecker being subsequently restored to his wife and surviving daughter. To conclude this cursory portrait, we quote from Duyckinck: “In the spring of 1783 she visited New York, but time and the war had caused so many changes among her old associates, that the visit was productive of more pain than pleasure to her sensitive mind. She returned to Tomhanick, where she was soon after taken sick, and, her delicate frame offering feeble obstacles to the progress of disease, died on the twenty-third of November of the same year”⁴⁰⁹ -- at the barely ripe age of thirty one; with her husband passing away in 1795.

None of the compositions of Mrs. Bleecker were published in her lifetime. A number of her poems subsequently made their public appearance in issues of *New York Magazine*. But the main body of her work came out in 1793 in a volume (reissued in 1809) put together by her daughter Margaretta V. Faugères (1771-1801), a gifted poet and essayist in her own right, titled *The Posthumous Works of Ann Eliza Bleecker in Prose and Verse, To which is added a Collection of Essays, Prose and Poetical*.⁴¹⁰

Mrs. Bleecker’s most frequently cited effort, though far from being her best, is her epistolary novella “The History of Maria Kittle” (1779): a story set in one of the French and Indian Wars and based in part on Indian captive narratives; of which by her time there were already quite a number.⁴¹¹ The tone and

⁴⁰⁹ Somewhat ironically, New York city was evacuated by the British on November 25, 1783.

⁴¹⁰ The .pdf text of which is at <https://archive.org/details/posthumousworks00bleerich>

⁴¹¹ The following is a list of Indian captivity narratives leading up to, contemporary with, and some dated shortly after Mrs. Bleecker’s era. While an effort has been made to be thorough, this catalogue by no means should be assumed exhaustive. As well as military accounts like Robert Rogers’ *Journals* or David Humphrey’s *Essay on the Life of Maj.-Gen. Israel Putnam*, excluded (in most instances) are sermons where captivity accounts were spoken of or otherwise recounted: “A Narrative of the Captivity, Sufferings, and Removes of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, [etc.]” (1682); “The Redeemed Captive returning to Zion, A Faithful History of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Captivity and Deliverance of Mr. John Williams” (1707); “A Letter from a Romish Priest in Canada, to One [Mrs. Christina Baker] Who was Taken Captive in Her Infancy and Instructed in the Romish Faith, [etc.]” (1729, author Seguenot); “Memoirs of odd adventures, and strange deliverances, etc., in the captivity of John Gyles, esq., [etc.]” (1736); “A Narrative of the captivity of Nehemiah How, [etc.]” (1748); “The Redeemed captive, being a narrative of the taking and carrying into captivity the Reverend Mr. John Norton, [etc.]” (1748); “God’s mercy surmounting man’s cruelty, exemplified in the captivity and redemption of Elizabeth Hanson...taken captive with her children...by the Indians...in the Year 1724, [etc.]” (1754, author Samuel Bownas); “A Narrative of the sufferings and surprising deliverance of William and Elizabeth Fleming, [etc.]” (1756); “A Faithful narrative, of the many dangers and sufferings, as well as wonderful deliverances of Robert Eastburn, [etc.]” (1758); “A Journal of the captivity of Jean Lowry and her children, [etc.]” (1760); “A Plain Narrative of the uncommon sufferings and remarkable deliverance of Thomas Brown, of Charlestown, in New-England, [etc.]” (1760); “Narrative of the uncommon suffering and surprising deliverance Briton Hammon, a negro man-servant to General Winslow, [etc.]” (1760); “A Brief Narration of the Captivity of Isaac Hollister, Who was taken by the Indians, Anno Domini, 1763. Written by Himself” (1770); “A Narrative of the Capture and Treatment of John Dodge, by the English at Detroit, [etc.]” (1779); “Narrative of the Late Expedition Against the Indians, with an Account of the Barbarous

style are melodramatic and naive, and the narrator is rather *too* preoccupied with herself and her own sufferings. Yet the tale otherwise is largely entertaining and in parts the prose imaginative and affecting. Of particular interest to historians are its authentic details; with many of the anecdotes seemingly based on real life occurrences. As literary historian Warren F. Broderick relates, the name of Kittle itself is drawn from one of the victims of a lurid massacre by French allied Indians that occurred in October 1711 in the Schaghticoke area where Tomhanick is located. Broderick further goes on to observe: “‘Horror is piled upon horror,’ and by using this ‘local color’ to achieve the effects of horror and mystery on the sensibilities of her readers, Ann Eliza Bleecker can truly be said to have been the creator of American Gothic fiction. While her *History* is far from a well-written or deeply probing piece of short fiction, it is somewhat more complex than merely a gory captivity narrative turned novel, as Roy Pearce suggests, and in the history of the American novel, it occupies a far more important niche than critics have indicated.”⁴¹² Though “*Maria Kittle*” anticipates *Edgar Huntly* and *Last of the Mohicans*, telling as it does a tale of surviving in the woods with savage Indians threatening, it is questionable whether she was a direct influence on those two novels as some have suggested.

Bleecker’s second novella is “The Story of Henry and Anne. Found on Fact” (date unclear; though evidently it followed “*Maria Kittle*.”) It is the story of two rural lovers from Baden; who flee travails in Europe in order to find happiness in America. As with “*Kittle*,” while the writing succeeds in parts, overall it comes across as an unfinished work much in need of correction and development.

In fairness, these books were written both with a war going on nearby and not distant from a time when Bleecker herself underwent several domestic tragedies all at once; not to mention her own dying at a relatively young age. And these factors prove a major defect with respect to the body of her writings generally. But despite the too frequent gloom and pronounced anguish that clouds much of what she wrote, there are exceptions. What follows them are a selection of poems and three letters that display and reveal Ann Eliza Bleecker in better form.

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**To Mr. L\*\*\*\*\*.**

THE sun that gilds the western sky  
And makes the orient red,  
Whose gladsome rays delight the eye  
And cheer the lonely shade,

Withdraws his vegetative heat,  
To southern climes retires;  
While absent, we supply his seat  
With gross, material fires.

’Tis new-year’s morn; each rustic swain

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Execution of Col. Crawford and the Wonderful Escape of Dr. [John] Knight and John Slover in 1782” (1783, edited by Hugh Henry Brackenridge); “Narrative of the Capture of Certain Americans, at Westmoreland by Savages, and the Perilous Escape which they Effected by Surprising Specimens of Policy and Heroism, [etc.]” (1783, author Moses Van Campen); “A Narrative of the Captivity and Sufferings of Benjamin Gilbert and His Family...in the Spring 1780” (1784); “A Surprising Account of the Captivity and Escape of Philip M’Donald and Alexander M’Leod of Virginia...from June 1779 to February 1786, [etc.]” (1787); “An Account of a Beautiful Young Lady, who was Taken by the Indians [in 1777] and Lived in the Woods Nine Years, [etc.]” (1787, author Abraham Panther); “A Genuine and Correct Account of the Captivity, Sufferings & Deliverance of Mrs. Jemima Howe...In this Account the Mistakes of Col. Humphreys, Relating to Mrs. Howe, in His ‘Life of General Putnam,’ are Rectified” (1792), “The remarkable adventures of Jackson Johnnet, of Massachusetts;...in the expedition under General Hammar, and the unfortunate General St. Clair...[etc.]” (1793), and “The Life and Travels of Col. James Smith, Lexington Kentucky” (1799). Of note, some of the above titles are included in Archibald Loudon’s *Selections of Some of the Most Interesting Narratives of Outrages Committed by Indians in Their Wars with the White People* (1808).

<sup>412</sup> “Fiction Based on ‘Well-Authenticated Facts’ Documenting the Birth of the American Novel,” *The Hudson Valley Regional Review*, September 1987, Volume 4, Number 2. Broderick further relates how Mrs. Bleecker was an indirect witness to the James Yates family murders on which the central event in Brockden Brown’s *Wieland* is founded, and argues with considerable plausibility that she may actually have been the author of the surviving newspaper account of that sad crime.

Ambrosial cordials take;  
And round the fire the festive train  
A semi-circle make:

While clouds ascend, of sable smoke,  
From pipes of ebon hue,  
With inharmonick song and joke  
They pass the morning through.

You tell me this is solitude,  
This Contemplation's seat;  
Ah no! the most impervious wood  
Affords me no retreat.

But let me recollect: 'tis said,  
When *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre  
The Fauns and Satyrs left the shade,  
Warm'd by celestial fire.

His vocal lays and lyra made  
Inanimated marble weep;  
Swift-footed Time then paus'd, 'tis said,  
And sea-born monsters left the deep:

Impatient trees, to hear his strain  
Rent from the ground their roots:—  
Such is my fate, as his was then,  
Surrounded here—by brutes.

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#### **On the IMMENSITY of CREATION.**

OH! could I borrow some celestial plume,  
This narrow globe should not confine me long  
In its contracted sphere—the vast expanse,  
Beyond where thought can reach, or eye can glance,  
My curious spirit, charm'd should traverse o'er,  
New worlds to find, new systems to explore:  
When these appear'd, again I'd urge my flight  
Till all creation open'd to my sight.  
Ah! unavailing wish, absurd and vain,  
Fancy return and drop thy wing again?  
Could'st thou more swift than light move steady on?  
Thy sight as broad, and piercing as the sun,  
And *Gabriel's* years too added to thy own;  
Nor *Gabriel's* sight, nor thought, nor rapid wing,  
Can pass the immense domains of th' eternal King:  
The greatest seraph in his bright abode  
Can't comprehend the labours of a God.  
Proud reason fails, and is confounded here;  
—Man how contemptible thou dost appear!  
What art thou in this scene?—Alas! no more  
Than a small atom to the sandy shore,  
A drop of water to a boundless sea,  
A single moment to eternity.

**A THOUGHT on DEATH.**

ALAS! my thoughts, how faint they rise,  
 Their pinions clogg'd with dirt;  
 They cannot gain the distant skies,  
 But gravitate to earth.

No angel meets them on the way,  
 To guide them to new spheres;  
 And for to light them, not a ray  
 Of heavenly grace appears.

Return then to thy native ground,  
 And sink into the tombs;  
 There take a dismal journey round  
 The melancholy rooms:

There level'd equal king and swain,  
 The vicious and the just;  
 The turf ignoble limbs contain,  
 One rots beneath a bust.

What heaps of human bones appear  
 Pil'd up along the walls!  
 These are *Death's* trophies—furniture  
 Of his tremendous halls;

The water oozing thro' the stones,  
 Still drops a mould'ring tear;  
 Rots the gilt coffin from the bones,  
 And lays the carcase bare.

This is *Cleora*—come, let's see  
 Once more the blooming fair;  
 Take off the lid—ah! 'tis not she,  
 A vile impostor there.

Is this the charmer poets sung,  
 And vainly deified,  
 The envy of the maiden throng?  
 (How humbling to our pride!)

Unhappy man, of transient breath,  
 Just born to view the day,  
 Drop in the grave—and after death  
 To filth and dust decay.

Methinks the vault, at ev'ry tread,  
 Sounds deeply in my ear,  
 'Thou too shalt join the silent dead,  
 'Thy final scene is here.'

Thy final scene! no, I retract,  
 Not till the clarion's sound  
 Demands the sleeping pris'ners back



From the refunding ground.

Not till that audit shall I hear  
Th' immutable decree,  
Decide the solemn question, where  
I pass eternity.

Death is the conqueror of clay,  
And can but clay detain;  
The soul, superior, springs away,  
And scorns his servile chain.  
The just arise, and shrink no more  
At graves, and shrouds, and worms,  
Conscious they shall (when time is o'er)  
Inhabit angel forms.

~~\*~~

*Written in the Retreat from BURGOYNE.*

WAS it for this, with thee a pleasing load,  
I sadly wander'd thro' the hostile wood;  
When I thought fortune's spite could do no more,  
To see thee perish on a foreign shore?

Oh my lov'd babe! my treasure's left behind,  
Ne'er sunk a cloud of grief upon my mind;  
Rich in my children—on my arms I bore  
My living treasures from the scalper's pow'r:  
When I sat down to rest beneath some shade,  
On the soft grass how innocent she play'd,  
While her sweet sister, from the fragrant wild,  
Collects the flow'rs to please my precious child;  
Unconscious of her danger, laughing roves,  
Nor dreads the painted savage in the groves.

Soon as the spires of *Albany* appear'd,  
With fallacies my rising grief I cheer'd;  
'Resign'd I bear,' said I, 'heaven's just reproof,  
'Content to dwell beneath a stranger's roof;  
'Content my babes should eat dependent bread,  
'Or by the labour of my hands be fed:  
'What tho' my houses, lands, and goods are gone,  
'My babes remain—these I can call my own.'  
But soon my lov'd *Abella* hung her head,  
From her soft cheek the bright carnation fled;  
Her smooth transparent skin too plainly shew'd  
How fierce thro' every vein the fever glow'd.  
—In bitter anguish o'er her limbs I hung,  
I wept and sigh'd, but sorrow chain'd my tongue;  
At length her languid eyes clos'd from the day,  
The idol of my soul was torn away;  
Her spirit fled and left me ghastly clay!

Then—then my soul rejected all relief,  
Comfort I wish'd not for, I lov'd my grief:  
'Hear, my *Abella*!' cried I, 'hear me mourn,  
'For one short moment, oh! my child return;  
'Let my complaint detain thee from the skies,

'Though troops of angels urge thee on to rise.'  
 All night I mourn'd—and when the rising day  
 Gilt her sad chest with his benignest ray,  
 My friends press round me with officious care,  
 Bid me suppress my sighs, nor drop a tear;  
 Of resignation talk'd—passions subdu'd,  
 Of souls serene and christian fortitude;  
 Bade me be calm, nor murmur at my loss,  
 But unrepining bear each heavy cross.  
 'Go!' cried I raging, 'stoick [stoic] bosoms go!  
 'Whose hearts vibrate not to the sound of woe;  
 'Go from the sweet society of men,  
 'Seek some unfeeling tyger's savage den,  
 'There calm—alone—of resignation preach,  
 'My Christ's examples better precepts teach.'  
 Where the cold limbs of gentle *Laz'rus* lay  
 I find him weeping o'er the humid clay;  
 His spirit groan'd, while the beholders said  
 (With gushing eyes) 'see how he lov'd the dead!  
 And when his thoughts on great *Jerus'lem* turn'd,  
 Oh! how pathetic o'er her fall he mourn'd!  
 And sad *Gethsemane's* nocturnal shade  
 The anguish of my weeping Lord survey'd:  
 Yes, 'tis my boast to harbour in my breast  
 The sensibilities by God exprest;  
 Nor shall the mollifying hand of time,  
 Which wipes off common sorrows, cancel mine.

~~\*\*~~

### ANOTHER.

STILL apprehending death and pain,  
 To whom great God shall I complain?  
 To whom pour out my tears  
 But to the pow'r that gave me breath,  
 The arbiter of life and death,  
 The ruler of the spheres?

Soon to the grave's Cimmerian shade  
 I must descend without thine aid,  
 To stop my spirit's flight;  
 Leave my dear partner here behind,  
 And blooming babe, whose op'ning mind  
 Just lets in Reason's light.

When she, solicitous to know  
 Why I indulge my silent woe,  
 Clings fondly round my neck,  
 My passions then know no commands,  
 My heart with swelling grief expands,  
 Its tender fibres break.

Father of the creation wide,  
 Why hast thou not to man deny'd  
 The silken tye of love?

Why food celestial let him taste?  
Then tear him from the rich repast,  
Real miseries to prove?

~~\*\*~~

#### A PROSPECT of DEATH.

DEATH! thou real friend of innocence.  
Tho' dreadful unto shivering sense,  
I feel my nature tottering o'er  
Thy gloomy waves, which loudly roar?  
Immense the scene, yet dark the view,  
Nor *Reason* darts her vision thro'.  
Virtue! supreme of earthly good,  
Oh let thy rays illumine the road;  
And when dash'd from the precipice,  
Keep me from sinking in the seas:  
Thy radiant wings, then wide expand,  
And bear me to celestial land.

~~\*\*~~

#### DESPONDENCY.

COME *Grief*, and sing a solemn dirge  
Beneath this midnight shade;  
From central darkness now emerge,  
And tread the lonely glade.

Attend each mourning pow'r around,  
While tears incessant flow;  
Strike all your strings with doleful sound,  
Till *Grief* melodious grow.

This is the cheerless hour of night,  
For sorrow only made,  
When no intrusive ray of light  
The silent glooms pervade.

Tho' such the darkness of my soul,  
Not such the calmness there,  
But waves of guilt tumultuous roll  
'Midst billows of despair.

Fallacious *Pleasure's* tinsel train  
My soul rejects with scorn;  
If higher joys she can't attain,  
She'd rather chuse to mourn:

For bliss superior she was made,  
Or for extreme despair:  
If pain awaits her past the dead  
Why should she triumph here?

Tho' *Reason* points at good supreme,

Yet Grace must lead us thence;  
Must wake us from this pleasing dream,  
The idle joys of *Sense*.

Surely I wish the blackest night  
Of Nature to remain,  
'Till Christ arise with healing light,  
Then welcome day again.

~~\*\*~~

**HOPE arising from *RETROSPECTION*.**

ALAS! my fond enquiring soul,  
Doom'd in suspense to mourn;  
Now let thy moments calmly roll,  
Now let thy peace return.

Why should'st thou let a doubt disturb  
Thy hopes, which daily rise,  
And urge thee on to trust his word  
Who built and rules the skies?

Look back thro' what intricate ways  
He led thy unfriended feet;  
Oft mourning in the cheerless maze,  
He ne'er forsook thee yet.

When thunder from heav'n's arch did break,  
And cleft the sinking *ship*,  
His mercy snatch'd thee from the wreck,  
And from the rolling deep:

And when *Disease*, with threat'ning mein,  
Aim'd at thy trembling heart,  
Again his mercy interven'd,  
And turn'd aside the dart.

When *Murder* sent her hopeless cries  
More dreadful thro' the gloom,  
And kindling flames did round thee rise,  
Deep harvests to consume;

Who was it led thee thro' the wood  
And o'er th' ensanguin'd plain,  
Unseen by ambush'd sons of blood,  
Who track'd thy steps in vain?

'Twas pitying heav'n that check'd my tears,  
And bade my infants play,  
To give an opiate to my fears,  
And cheer the lonely way.

And in the *doubly dreadful night*  
When my *Abella* died,  
When horror struck—detesting light!

I sunk down by her side:

When wing'd for flight my spirit stood,  
With this fond thought beguil'd,  
To lead my charmer to her God,  
And there to claim my child;

Again his mercy o'er my breast  
Effus'd the breath of peace;  
Subsiding passions sunk to rest,  
He bade the tempest cease.

Oh! let me ever, ever praise  
Such undeserved care;  
Tho' languid may appear my lays,  
At least they are sincere.

I never will distrust thee more,  
Tho' hell should aim her dart;  
Innoxious is infernal pow'r,  
If thou Protector art.

It is my joy that thou art God,  
Eternal, and supreme—  
Rise Nature! hail the power aloud,  
From whom creation came.

~~\*~~

#### A HYMN.

OMNISCIENT and eternal God,  
Who hear'st the faintest pray'r  
Distinct as Hallelujahs loud,  
Which round thee hymned are.

Here, far from all the world retir'd,  
I humbly bow the knee,  
And wish, (as I have long desir'd,)  
An interest in thee.

But my revolting heart recedes  
And rushes to the croud;  
My passions stop their ears and lead,  
Tho' conscience warns aloud.

How deeply sinful is my mind?  
To every ill how prone?  
How stubborn my dead heart I find  
Insensible as stone?

The hardest *marble* yet will break,  
Nor will resist the *steel*;  
But neither *wrath* nor *love* can make  
My flinty bosom feel.

My passions like a torrent roar,  
And tumbling to hell's glooms  
Sweep me away from Reason's shore,  
To "where *Hope* never comes."

By labour turn'd the useless stream  
Thro' fertile vales has play'd;  
But for to change the course of sin?  
Demands immortal aid.

All nature pays the homage due  
To the supremely blest;  
All but the favour'd being who  
Was plac'd above the rest.

He bids the teeming earth to bear,  
The blushing flow'rs arise;  
At his command the sun appears  
And warms the orient skies.

Oh! was I but some plant or star,  
I might obey him too;  
Nor longer with the Being war,  
From whom my breath I drew.

Change me, oh God! with ardent cries  
I'll venture to thy seat;  
And if I perish, *hell* must rise  
And tear me from thy feet.

~~\*~~

***To Miss BRINCKERHOFF, on her quitting New-York.***

ELIZA, when the southern gale  
Expands the broad majestic sail,  
While Friendship breathes the parting sigh,  
And sorrow glitters in each eye,  
The vessel leaves the flying shores,  
Receding spires and less'ning tow'rs;  
And as it cleaves the lucid sea,  
The distant tumult dies away:  
Then pensive as the deck you quit,  
Caressing sable rob'd regret,  
Indulging every rising fear,  
And urging on the pendant tear,  
While Recollection's flatt'ring eye  
Your former pleasures magnify;  
Then shall your guardian spirit smile,  
Rejoic'd that Fate rewards his toil;  
And as he mounts on aerial wing,  
Thus to his kindred angels sing:  
'Hail, happy hour that snatch'd my fair  
'To aether pure, from *city air*,  
'Where *Vice* triumphant lifts her head  
'And hisses *Virtue* to the shade;

'Where *Temperance* vacates each feast;  
 'Where *Piety* is grown a jest;  
 'Where *Flatt'ry*, dress'd in robes of truth,  
 'Inculcates pride in heedless youth;  
 'Where oft with folded wings I spy  
 'The torpid soul inactive lie,  
 'Shut up in sense, forbid to rear  
 'Her plume beyond our atmosphere.  
 'How bless'd my charge, whom gentler fate  
 'Leads early to the *green retreat*,  
 'Where every object thoughts inspire  
 'Exalted to seraphic fire;  
 'And where the speculative mind  
 'Expatriates free and unconfin'd;  
 'There surely I shall find access  
 'To cherish ev'ry budding grace,  
 'Enlarging still each nobler pow'r,  
 'Till active, like myself they soar.  
 'And when my pupil learns her worth,  
 'She'll feel a just contempt for earth,  
 'And fix her elevated sight  
 'Alone on primogenial light:  
 'Nor shall her *charms external* fade,  
 'But bloom and brighten in the shade;  
 'While innate graces still shall rise,  
 'And dart their radiance thro' her eyes.'

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#### TO JULIA AMANDA.

FAIR *Julia Amanda*, now since it is peace,  
 Methinks your hostilities also should cease;  
 The shafts from your eyes, and the snares of your smile,  
 Should cease—or at least be suspended awhile:  
 'Tis cruel to point your artillery of charms  
 Against the poor lads who have laid down their arms.  
 The sons of *Bellona* who *Britain* defies,  
 Altho' bullet proof, must they fall by your eyes?  
 In vain have they bled, they have conquer'd in vain,  
 If returning in triumph, they yield to your chain.  
 For shame! in the olive's salubrious shade  
 Your murders restrain, and let peace be obey'd;  
 Since *Europe* negotiates, alter *your* carriage,  
 While they treat of peace, make a treaty of *marriage*.

~~\*~~

#### PEACE.

ALL hail vernal *Phoebus*! all hail ye soft breezes!  
 Announcing the visit of spring?  
 How green are the meadows! the air how it pleases!  
 How gleefully all the birds sing!

Begone ye rude tempests, nor trouble the aether,

Nor let blushing *Flora* complain,  
While her pencil was tinging the tulip, bad weather  
Had blasted the promising gem.

From its verdant unfoldings, the timid narcissus  
Now shoots out a diffident bud;  
Begone ye rude tempests, for sure as it freezes  
Ye kill this bright child of the wood:

And *Peace* gives new charms to the bright beaming season;  
The groves we now safely explore  
Where murd'ring banditti, the dark sons of treason,  
Were shelter'd and aw'd as before.

The swain with his oxen proceeds to the valley  
Whose seven years sabbath concludes,  
And blesses kind heaven, that *Britain's* black ally  
Is chas'd to *Canada's* deep woods.

And *Echo* no longer is plaintively mourning,  
But laughs and is jocund as we;  
And the turtle ey'd nymphs, to their cots all returning,  
Carve 'WASHINGTON,' on every tree.

I'll wander along by the side of yon fountain,  
And drop in its current the line,  
To capture the glittering fish that there wanton;  
Ah, no! 'tis an evil design.

Sport on little fishes, your lives are a treasure  
Which I can *destroy*, but not *give*;  
Methinks it's at best a malevolent pleasure  
To bid a poor being *not live*.

How lucid the water! its soft undulations  
Are changeably ting'd by the light;  
It reflects the green banks, and by fair imitations  
Presents a new heaven to sight.

The *butterfly* skims o'er its surface, all gilded  
With plumage just dipt in rich dyes;  
But yon infant has seiz'd the poor insect, ah! yield it;  
There, see the freed bird how it flies!

But whither am I and my little dog straying?  
Too far from our cottage we roam;  
The dews are already exhal'd; cease your playing,  
Come, *Daphne*, come let us go home.

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*To Miss S**** T** E****.*

NO, I can admit of no excuse, I have written three letters in folio to my SUSAN, and have received no answer. After various conjectures about the cause of so mortifying an omission, I have come to

this conclusion, that you have commenced a very, very fashionable lady—you see my penetration—and though I am not in possession of JOSEPH's divining cup, I can minutely describe how you passed the day when my last letter was handed you; we will suppose it your own journal.

Saturday Morn, Feb. 12

Ten o'clock. WAS disturbed in a very pleasant dream by aunt V. W. who told me breakfast was ready; fell asleep and dreamed again about Mr. S.

Eleven. Rose from bed; DINAH handed my shoes, washed the cream poultice from my arms, and unbuckled my curls: drank two dishes of hyson; could not eat any thing.

From twelve to two. Withdrew to my closet; perused the title page of the Pilgrim's Progress: — came in, and, with an engaging address, presented me with a small billet-doux from Mr. S. and a monstrous big packet from sister B. Laid the packet aside; mused over the charming note until three o'clock.

Could not read sister's letter, because I must dress, Major ARROGANCE, Colonel BOMBAST, and TOM FUSTIAN being to dine with us; could not suit my colours—fretted—got the vapours: DINE, handing me the salts, let the vial fall and broke it; it was diamond cut crystal, a present from Mr. S. I flew up in a passion—it was enough to vex a saint—and boxed her ears soundly.

Four. Dressed; aunt asked me what sister had wrote. I told her she was well, and had wrote nothing in particular. *Mem.*—I silly broke the seal to give a colour to my assertion.

Between four and five. Dined; TOM FUSTIAN toasted the brightest eyes in company— I reddened like crimson—was surprised to see M—blush, and looking round saw P—blush yet deeper than we. I wonder who he meant. TOM is called a lad of judgment. Mr. S. passed the window on horseback.

Six. Visited at Miss —'s: a very formal company: uneasy in my stays—scalded my fingers, and stained my changeable by spilling a dish of tea; the ladies were excessively sorry for the accident, and Miss V. Z. observed, that just such another mischance had befallen the widow R. three years before the war. Made a party at cards until seven in the evening; lost two pistoles. *Mem.*—had no ready cash, but gave an order on —.

From six till three in the morning. Danced with Mr. S.—thought he looked jealous—to punish him I coquetted with three or four pretty fellows, whispered Colonel TINSEL, who smiled and kissed my hand; in return I gave him a peculant blow on the shoulder. Mr. S. looked like a thunder-gust; then affected to be calm as a stoic; but in spite of philosophy turned as pale as BANQUO's ghost. M— seemed concerned, and asked what ailed him? I don't like M—: I wonder what charm makes every body admire her: sure, if Mr. S. was civil to her, it was enough; he need not be so very affectionate. I flew in a pet to a vacant parlour, and took out sister's letter to read: I laboured through ten lines, contemplated the seal, chewed off three corners, and folding the remains elegantly, put it in my pocket. I suppose it was full of friendship and such like country stuff. However, sister writes out of a good heart to me, and I will answer it. Mr. S. and I were reconciled through the intercession of P—, whose lovely humanity every where commands esteem. We passed the hours very agreeably. On my retiring DINAH attended, and having no paper handy, I gave her sister's letter to put my hair in buckle, while I read these verses, which Colonel TINSEL, with a sigh, gave me:—

Lofty cretur, wen de sun
Wantons o'er yu wid his beme,
Yu smile wid joy—my lakes alone
Obnoxious ar—woud I war him.

I think the Colonel writes as well as HOMER; I believe he knows as much; what signifies Greek and Hebrew! I hate your starched scholars that talk Latin.

Well SUSAN, you see that in the arctic wilds of *America* your secret actions are brought to light, so I hope you will pay more respect to this epistle.

Mr. B— begs me, at this very instant, to present his very humble regards to you, and has made three solemn bows to your ladyship before I could write a sentence. POLLY S— is here, and making sad execution among our beaus. We live here a merry kind of a laughing, indolent life: we suffer no real evils, and are far from regretting the elegant amusements which attend a city life: all that I want, my sister, is your company. This constant repetition you must permit (without repining) in all my letters. I never walk in that angle of my garden where your flowers are planted, but I heave a sigh, as if it were a painted monument to your departed body. Can you never come to us? Were it not for my precarious health, I might even adventure to R—, and kiss cousin B—, as my old dear friend, whom I tenderly love, though she

forgets me: but I am often sick; and happy am I that my JACK is so good a nurse; the tenderness of his nature and cheerfulness of his temper, contribute more to my cure than all the restoratives in the dispensatory.

Tell my sweet cousins I love them all tenderly; recollect me with affection to aunt V** W**, and permit my PEG and HANNAH to salute you.

Ann Eliza Bleecker.

Tomhanick, March 29, 1783.

This day fourteen years ago, SUSAN, I was married; repent, and take a husband.

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To Mr. S\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*.

I Congratulate you, my dear brother, on the peace; in consequence of which I sincerely hope you may see many happy years: as for me, my bright prospects lie beyond the grave; I have little to promise myself on this side of eternity. Affliction has broken my spirit and constitution; I grow daily weaker and more emaciated, and depressed with the reflection of leaving my husband and child—alas! the only treasures I have now on earth.

Let me talk freely to you for the last time, my brother:—You know your poor BETSEY was born a solitary orphan: though enjoying a genteel fortune, yet friendless, and a wanderer, at length I found peace in the company of a tender husband. Ah, how soon interrupted! my lovely babes died away like summer blossoms before the frost: still I had a kind mother to complain to; we wept together: but soon the enemy rushing upon us like a hurricane, we were scattered like a flock of frightened birds: our dear mother fled to *Red-Hook* with SUSAN; I staid awhile at the farm; but a sudden incursion of some savages hastened my retreat; I took my beautiful ABELLA on my arm, and PEGGY by the hand, and wandered solitary through the dark woods, expecting every moment to meet the bloody ally of Britain: however, we arrived safe at [Stony] *Arabia*, where I met my husband, who had been to *Albany*; he procured a chaise, and took us to the city; the alarm increasing, we got a passage in a sloop with sister SWITS and family; twelve miles below Albany my ABELLA died of a dysentery; we went ashore, had one of my mahogany dining-tables cut up to make her coffin, and buried the little angel on the bank. I was seized with the distemper; and when we came to *Red-Hook*, found my dear mamma wasted to a shadow: she mourned over the ruins of her family, and carried me to uncle H—'s, who received us very reluctantly. Soon after my dear mother died, and I returned to Albany, where, in a few days, I saw poor sister CATY\* expire. We retired again to *Tomhanick*, where we lived sometime blest in domestic tranquillity, though under perpetual alarms from the savages: at length, one afternoon, a small party from Canada, who had unperceivedly penetrated the country, carried off Mr. BLEECKER with his two servants. This shock I could not support. My little PEGGY and I went to *Albany*, where we wept incessantly for five days, when God was pleased to restore him to our arms. Soon after I fell into premature labour, and was delivered of a dead child. Since that I have been declining; and though we often fled from the enemy since, been cruelly plundered, and often suffered for very necessities, yet your silence, my brother, hurts me more than these.

Mr. BLEECKER talks of taking me to New-York [city] this spring, but I believe I shall never reach it; my health is so precarious that I dare not, even here, venture an afternoon's visit. I could wish to see you before I died; but I am used to disappointments. I have given you my little history that you may see I die of a broken heart. Farewell, my only brother; may God preserve your family, and continue all your blessings. When you see my poor little PEGGY, and my poor little HANNAH SWITS, think of your friends who have perished before you, and love and pity them for their sakes. Give my kindest love to BETSEY, and accept of your brother's. I am, dear SAMMY, your very affectionate sister,

Ann Eliza Bleecker.

*Tomhanick, May 8, 1783.*

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To Miss S**** T** E***

MY DEAR SUSAN.

INDISPOSITION has of late so dispirited me that I have omitted to write to any of my friends; but within these few days I am sensibly better, and feel this evening in a chatty humour. Let me first of all give you the news—LYDIA S— is married to Mr. JOHN B—, and Miss POLLY S— to Lieutenant G— (son of Ennis G— the taylor;) moreover, NATJE L— (your old enemy) is likewise become somebody's espoused wife. Lord STERLING died last night, and (I am quite a gazette) beau T— is gone to *Canada*. The lads lodge with us, and we have endeavoured to pass the winter as gleefully as plenty and simplicity can make us—E— kisses your hands; JAMES is a profess'd slave to PEGGY S—; and POLLY will join us tomorrow, when Mr. B. and his spouse intend to leave the merry circle at *Tomhanick*, and take a ramble to *New-England*. I have been informed that Mrs. A— has blest the Doctor with a son and daughter; if so, I give you joy. Did you ever see so incoherent an epistle? however, you must confess, did I reduce so much news to order, and tell every thing elegantly, it would swell my paper beyond the common limit; besides, I do not mean to set up for "the complete letter-writer." My PEG is quite disappointed at your silence, and regrets that she ever sent her scrawl to R—: and indeed, SUSAN, (now I think on it) you have corresponded with me rather like a formal acquaintance than a warm friend; with every post you might have sent me some scribble; sometimes a half a quire, sometimes a half a line; the dawnings of friendship, emotions of humanity, sentiments of piety, or impressions of love, ought to have been candidly confided in the bosom of your own ELIZA: they would have brightened my moments of solitude, and have made me forget my oblivious situation. SAMMY too has helped to embitter my cup of life; he has contracted his affection within the orb of his little family, and cannot shoot out a ray of love at this distance, to enlighten and bless a forlorn sister: I love him sincerely; may he and his be forever happy. My sister, I shall grow too dull if I proceed; I had better conclude; but I am fond of talking to you. Let me drop into news again—POLLY P— (Mrs. L.) has a fine son; and I had like to have forgot to mention that *Vermont* intends again to renew the east and western claims. Upon a late resolve of Congress, (handed particularly to them) they have assumed an insulting arrogance of behaviour, threaten Congress, and imprecate *New-York*. In short. I fancy we shall have all our persecutions to go over again.

But what have your black eyes been doing all this while? have you captured no heart worth retaining? I am afraid the gentlemen are so severely attracted by the charms of three fair ones, that (like Mahomet's shrine) they cannot attach themselves to either. Pray be seen separate.

We have here a rustic beauty come into our forest, that would be much admired (I mean for person, not manners) by all the beaus of R—: the symmetry of her form, glitter of her eyes, and lessening shades of vermilion on her cheek, which lose themselves imperceptibly in a complexion of the most delicate whiteness; these, when improved in the *beau monde* by artificial graces, would make her an irresistible toast; she has the romantic name of MELANESSA; but being of a tender constitution, not able to work, has no declared admirer.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY.

Dear girl, you are tired with my impertinence, but I haste to relieve you. Your brother begs you to remember him with tenderness; the children love you; even FAN and MARKEE solicit your remembrance of them; and O, my sister! might you but really feel how much I am your affectionate

Ann Eliza Bleecker.

Tomhanick, Dec. 10, 1783.

EARLY AMERICAN NOVELS YOU (MIGHT HAVE) MISSED

There is something like a reported ninety novels written in America in the span from 1776 to 1820.⁴¹³ Why the relatively sudden surge of the genre in this and other countries during this period is understandably a matter of speculation and conjecture. But among the reasons that have been or might be adduced for the phenomena are:

1. Novels, in supplementing music and poetry, served as an added and convenient form of home entertainment, and at a time when improved and developing economies allowed for greater domestic leisure.

2. Over time, the high quality work of writers such as Cervantes, de Vega, Le Sage, Defoe, Swift, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Voltaire, Rousseau, Goldsmith, Godwin, Sterne, Goethe and others helped to create a demand and insure their popularity.

3. They offered authors a new and “novel” means of expression and creativity beyond what newspapers, essays, and sermons made possible.

4. The rise of sentiment and sensibility at the dawn of the romantic era increased the desire for writings, as well as other works of art, that reflected these attitudes; while serving as a sort of spiritual dress particularly suited to adorn the Age of Revolution.

5. Although women authors had by the late 18th century distinguished themselves in poetry, belles lettres, stage drama and even writings pertaining to the realm of political activism, the work of such nevertheless represented a very small percentage of the published output of such genres; so that to a very large degree, the novel became a medium which made it possible for women to have a voice and form of public participation largely denied them.⁴¹⁴ This in turn brought in a larger and notably enthusiastic audience for published writings.

Using William Hill Brown’s preface to his⁴¹⁵ *The Power of Sympathy* (1789), the “first” written and published American novel, as a cue and where he pointedly defends the moral edification and assistance they have the potential to afford, it has been made to sound as if novels in America were of themselves widely frowned upon in early America. This is misleading; since few by that hour were going to be so if at all offended by the likes of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Roderick Random*, or *The Vicar of Wakefield*. More specifically what many people felt threatened by was novels of the sort written by Samuel Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe; which packed an emotional dynamite that in close and intricate detail touched on some very private and personal concerns, especially such as related to sexual temptation and or illicit love. Yes, we as Americans were decidedly revolutionary, but there was considerable disagreement and debate whether we were or ought to be as extreme as the “enlightened” French or certain English radicals and would-be reformers.

As a result, American authors of the late 18th century sought to establish a clearly defined moral justifications and excuse for novels that touched on psychologically analyzed interpersonal relationships between men and women. For example, one criticism of the novel was that it encouraged unhealthy fantasizing; when what citizens should be concerned with rather was sober reality; that they might be better equipped to deal with and address public affairs and questions. In addition, by dwelling too much on prurient desires, the novel steered readers away from focusing on family and community interests, and that we ought not be confusing (to use Milton’s distinction) noble liberty with cheap license.

⁴¹³ On this point and with respect to the topic of the novel in early America generally, see chapter “The Novel” by Michael T. Gilmore, pp. 620-642; as found in *The Cambridge History of American Literature, Volume One 1590-1820*, General Editor Sacvan Bercovitch (1994).

⁴¹⁴ 1st Corinthians 14:34-35, for instance, states: “Let women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith. But if they would learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home. For it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church;” and yet this viewpoint was hardly or exclusively a Christian one; indeed, Christianity in its earliest days actually improved the social status and dignity of women.

⁴¹⁵ Although Wm. Hill Brown is generally agreed to be the author of *The Power of Sympathy*, the conclusion is one based on persuasive surmise, not irrefragable fact.

In response, the novelists like Hill Brown, Brockden Brown, Susanna Rowson and Hannah Webster Foster were careful to explain or imply that their fictions writings were based on or drawn from real life events and personalities, and that as such they offered a way to better educate people about the dangers that potentially lay in wait for them; which would take hold of and possibly ruin them if they were not informed in advance of their existence. In other words, one of the optimal, indeed perhaps necessary, means of *avoiding captivity* and being taken into slavery by some devil or other was to both begin to understand and be apprised of his existence by way of real life, documented accounts and circumstances. If you want to want to guard someone's loyalty to the family from the potential harm posed by one's won unreflecting infatuation and or love for a dubious and seducing stranger, one needed to better know one's self while obtaining a clearer idea and more educated idea of what such strangers were or might be like. At the same time as it exposed the darker side of human natures to be avoided and shunned, the novel also afforded the opportunity of showing the admirable beauty and salutary benefits of moral virtue and heart-based idealism. The format almost always preferred for such works was the series of letters presentation introduced by Richardson; as it gave the novel an air of day-to-day life realism and immediacy; all the more to bring attention to the serious of the matters and controversies being examined.

And yet, as some would argue, the novel itself and in the wrong hands was notwithstanding and could itself be a kind of masquerading seducer of the unwary; even when it pretended to be an ethical or religious teacher. Is this accusation fair? It all depends on the individual work in question. Doubtless, even with authors we like, it is not inconceivable we encounter points or opinions on which we might dissent from them. Despite this, it seems scarcely sufficient grounds to do away with the novel entirely.

What then about we might best do is advise -- *caveat lector!*

While the novel is one of the most challenging forms of literature to excerpt, prepared here are seven terse samplings; that though naturally these cannot do justice to the given opus overall, at least, and hopefully, they convey some of their character and flavor.

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Amelia: or The Faithless Briton. An Original Novel, Founded Upon Recent Facts (1787), by an anonymous writer, came out in Philadelphia in issues of *The Columbian Magazine*; with the extract presented here courtesy of the labor of scholars Duncan Faherty, Queens College & The CUNY Graduate Center, and Ed White, University of Florida.

It has often been observed that despondency begets boldness and enterprize; and the female heart, which is susceptible of the gentlest sentiment, is, likewise, capable of the noblest fortitude. Amelia perceived all the baseness of the desertion meditated by Doliscus [a wounded British officer she had earlier fallen in love with], she foresaw all its ruinous consequences upon Horatio's peace, her own character, and the fate of the innocent being which she bore, and, wiping the useless tears from her cheek, she resolved publicly to vindicate her honor, and assert her rights. Animated then, with the important purpose, supported by the presumption of her marriage, and hoping yet to find Doliscus in New-York, she immediately repaired to that city—but, alas! he was gone! This disappointment, however, did not defeat, nor could any obstacle retard the prosecution of her design: a ship that sailed the succeeding day wafted her to Britain, friendless and forlorn.

Innumerable difficulties and inconveniences were encountered by the inexperienced traveller, but they vanished before the object of her pursuit; and even her entrance into London, that chaos of clamour and dissipation, produced no other sensations than those which naturally arose from her approach to the dwelling of Doliscus.

Amelia recollected that Doliscus had often described the family residence to be situated to Grosvenor-place, and the stage, in which she journeyed, stopping in the evening, at a public house in Picadilly, she determined, without delay, to pay him her unexpected and unwelcome visit. The embarrassed and anxious manner with which she enquired for his house, exposed her to unjust surmise and senseless ribaldry; but her grief rendered her incapable of observation, and her purity was superior to insult.

Doliscus had arrived about a fortnight earlier than Amelia. The title, influence, and fortune which devolved upon him in consequence of his father's death, had swelled his youthful vanity to excess, and supplied him with a numerous retinue of flatterers and dependants. At the moment that he was listening in extasy to that servile crew, the victim of his arts, the deluded daughter of the man to whom he was indebted for the preservation of his life, stood trembling at his door. A gentle rap, after an awful pause of some minutes, procured her admission. Her memory recognized the features of the servant that opened the door; but it was not the valet who had attended Doliscus at the cottage—she remembered not where or when she had seen him.

After considerable solicitation the porter consented to call Doliscus from his company, and conducted Amelia into an antichamber [sic] to wait his arrival. A roar of laughter succeeded the delivery of her message, and the word *assignation*, which was repeated on all sides, seemed to renovate the wit and hilarity of the table. The gay and gallant host, inflamed with Champagne, was not displeased at the imputation, but observed that as a lady was in the case, it was unnecessary to apologize for a short desertion of his friends and wine.

At the sight of that lady, however, Doliscus started. Amelia's countenance was pale and haggard with fatigue and sorrow, her person was oppressed with the burthen which she now bore in its last stage, and her eye, fixed steadfastly upon him, as he entered the room, bespoke the complicated anguish and indignation of her feelings. Her aspect so changed, and her appearance so unexpected, added to the terrors of a guilty conscience, and, for a moment, Doliscus thought the visitation supernatural. But Amelia's wrongs having inspired her with courage, she boldly reproached him with his baseness and perfidy, and demanded a public and unequivocal acknowledgement of their marriage. In vain he endeavoured to sooth and divert her from her purpose, in vain to persuade her to silence and delay,—his arts had lost their wonted influence, while the restoration of her injured fame and honor absorbed every faculty of her mind.

At length he assumed a different tone, a more authoritative manner. "Madam," exclaimed he, "I am not to be thus duped or controuled. I have a sense of pity, indeed, for your indiscretion, but none for your passion: I would alleviate your afflictions, but I will not submit to your frenzy." "Wretch!" retorted Amelia, "but that I owe something to a father's peace, I should despise to call thee husband."—"Husband" cried Doliscus, with a sneer, "Husband! why truly, I remember a rural masquerade, at which an honest soldier, now my humble porter, played the parson, and you the blushing bride—but, pr'ythee, do not talk of husband."—

This discovery only was wanting for the consummation of Amelia's misery. It was sudden and fatal as the lightning's blast—she sunk beneath the stroke. A deadly stupor seized upon her senses, which was sometimes interrupted with a boisterous laugh, and sometimes with a nervous ejaculation...

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From The Power of Sympathy, attributed to Wm. Hill Brown; first published in Boston in 1789.

LETTER XLII.

The Hon. Mr. HARRINGTON to the Rev. Mr. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

YOU very well know of my amour with *Maria*, and that a daughter [Harriot] was the offspring of that illicit connexion [i.e., with *Maria*].—That sixteen years have elapsed since, by your goodness, she has lived with Mrs. *Francis*, and let me add, daily improving in beauty and every amiable accomplishment—But how shall we be able—how shall we pretend to investigate the great springs by which we are actuated, or account for the operation of SYMPATHY—my son [Harrington, or whom for convenience we might denote "Harrington Jr."], who has been at home about eight weeks, has accidentally seen her, and to complete THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE—has loved her. He is now even upon the point of marrying—shall I proceed!—*of marrying his Sister!*—A circumstance seemingly fortuitous has discovered this

important affair—I fly to prevent incest—Do not upbraid me with being the author of my own misfortunes.—”This comes of your libertinism,” you will say, “this comes of your adultery!” Spare your reflections, my friend—my heart is monitor enough—I am strangely agitated!

Adieu!

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LETTER XLIII.

The Hon. Mr. HARRINGTON to the Rev. Mr. HOLMES.

BOSTON.

MY heart failed me! twenty times have I attempted to break the matter to my son—and twenty times have I returned from the task—I have engaged a friend to acquaint him how nearly connected he already is with the object of his love. This is a new, and to me a sorrowful instance of the force of SYMPATHY —My grief is insupportable—my affliction is greater than I can bear—it will bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Farewel[!]

~*~

LETTER XLIV.

HARRINGTON to WORTHY

BOSTON.

ALL my airy schemes of love and happiness are vanished like a dream. Read this, and pity your unfortunate friend.

To Mr. T. HARRINGTON.

“SIR,

“YOU are about to marry a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments—I beg you to bestow a few serious thoughts on this important business—Let me claim your attention, while I disclose an affair, which materially concerns you—Harriot must not be your wife— You know your father is averse to your early connecting yourself in marriage with any woman—The duty we owe a parent is sacred, but this is not the only barrier to your marriage—the ties of consanguinity prevent it— She is your SISTER Your father, or Miss [Myra] *Harrington*,⁴¹⁶ will inform you more particularly —It is sufficient for me to have hinted it in time. I am, with the most perfect esteem, and sincere wishes for your happiness, your

“UNKNOWN FRIEND, &C.”

(IN CONTINUATION.)

THE gloom of melancholy in the faces of the family but too well corroborated this intelligence—so I asked no questions—they read in my countenance that I had received the letter, and my sister put into my hand *The History of Maria* [Harriot’s mother and seduction victim of Harrington Sr.]—I concealed my emotion while I read the account—“It is a pitiful tale,” said I, as I returned it—and walked out of the room to give vent to the agitation of my heart.

I HAVE not yet seen *Harriot*—*Myra* has run to greet her with the new title of *sister*. Adieu! my friend—little happiness is left for me in this world...

~*~

LETTER XLVI.

HARRINGTON to WORTHY

BOSTON.

I HAVE seen her—I prest her to my heart—I called her my Love—my *Sister*. Tenderness and sorrow were in her eyes—How am I guilty, my friend—How is this transport a crime? My love is the most pure, the most holy —*Harriot* beheld me with tears of the most tender affection—“Why,” said she, “why, my friend, my dear *Harrington*, have I loved! but in what manner have I been culpable? HOW WAS I TO KNOW YOU WERE MY BROTHER? Yes! I might have known it—how else could you have been so kind—so tender—so affectionate!”—Here was all the horror of conflicting passions, expressed by gloomy

⁴¹⁶ [Edit. Note. Myra is the sister of Harrington Jr., and also friend, and as the reader comes to learn step-sister, of Harriot.]

silence— by stifled cries—by convulsions—by sudden floods of tears—The scene was too much for my heart to bear—I bade her adieu—my heart was breaking—I tore myself from her and retired.

WHAT is human happiness? The prize for which all strive, and so few obtain; the more eagerly we pursue it, the farther we stray from the object: Wherefore I have determined within myself that we increase in misery as we increase in age—and if there are any happy they are those of thoughtless childhood.

I THEN viewed the world at a distance in perspective. I thought mankind appeared happy in the midst of pleasures that flowed round them. I now find it a deception, and am tempted sometimes to wish myself a child again. Happy are the dreams of infancy, and happy their harmless pursuits! I saw the *ignis fatuus*, and have been running after it, but now I return from the search. I return and bring back disappointment. As I reflect on these scenes of infantine ignorance, I feel my heart interested, and become sensibly affected—and however futile these feelings may appear as I communicate them to you—they are feelings I venture to assert which every one must have experienced who is possessed of a heart of sensibility.

Adieu!

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LETTER XLVII.
HARRINGTON to WORTHY

BOSTON.

I NO longer receive satisfaction from the enjoyments of the world—society is distasteful to me—my favourite authors I have entirely relinquished—In vain I try to forget myself, or seek for consolation—my repose is interrupted by distressing visions of the night —my thoughts are broken—I cannot even think regularly.

HARRIOT is very weak—there is no hope of her life.

Adieu!

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*From The Hapless Orphan; or, Innocent Victim of Revenge (1793) by “an American Lady.”*

**LETTER XXXVII.**

*Havre-de-Grace.*

WHEN I last addressed you, I flattered myself my next letter would be dated from Philadelphia, as Captain Green had consented to take the charge of Captain Clark’s men. But I am yet detained in this city by an unfortunate accident, in which my friend, the Captain, is particularly concerned.

A few days after his arrival at Havre-de-Grace, as he was standing at the door of the coffee-house, a Mr. Peters went up to him, and said, “Was my brother, who served upon Rhode-Island, arrested for cowardice in that expedition?” Captain Clark, with an air of indifference, replied, “Just as you say, Sir.”

Nothing farther passed between them, until the night previous to our intended departure for Philadelphia; when Mrs. Gardner, alarmed by a knocking at the street door, jumped out of bed, and pushing up the window, requested to know who was there. A person now inquired for Captain Clark, adding, “He must see him immediately. She observed, “The Captain intended setting off very early in the morning for Philadelphia, and she could not think of calling him at so late an hour—pray Sir, please to leave your name, I will not omit to tell him you called.” “Madam,” said he, “be so obliging as to step to his door, and tell him Captain Peters is in waiting and must see him, as an event of the utmost importance has taken place at the coffee-house, and his advice is wanted, to settle an unhappy affair.” Mrs. Gardner appearing to hesitate, he continued, “*I give you my honour, Madam, that no injury is intended him.*” Finding she could not put him off, she delivered the message to Captain Clark, who, ever ready to assist all who were involved in



difficulty, arose, and putting on his clothes, hurried down stairs, and opening the street door, found *Captain Peters and his brother*, who apologized for calling him out of bed, by observing, that a number of gentlemen, engaged in a dispute at the coffee-house, had agreed to leave it with him to settle. And taking him under each arm, they walked on, till they reached the spot, intended for their pusil[l]animous plan, when Captain Peters thus addressed him: "Did you, Sir, assert that I was arrested upon Rhode-Island for cowardice?" "No," he replied, "I did not." "It is a lie, Sir," said Captain Peters, and instantly gave him a severe stroke with his cane, which brought him to the ground; when, like cowards, *they both* beat him until he was senseless, and then left him. In this situation, he remained all night. In the morning he was taken up, and carried into a house in the neighbourhood. A physician was called, who fortunately was the one that attended Mr. Barton; and having washed and dressed the wounds, recollected the countenance of my friend. He accordingly dispatched a person to Mrs. Gardner to acquaint her with the accident. As soon as she received this information, she came into my chamber, to inform me of the cause of our delay, and added, "There was nothing to fear from the wounds, no bones being broken." Distressed by this circumstance, I hastened down stairs, and dispatched a servant to the doctor, requesting to see him. He soon came, and begged me to entertain no fears in behalf of my friend, assuring me he was greatly recovered since the dressing of his wounds, and he flattered himself would, in a few days, be able to pursue his journey. An unavoidable engagement obliges me at present, to subscribe,

CAROLINE.

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English born Susanna Rowson's Charlotte. A tale of truth, published in Philadelphia by Mathew Carey in 1794 (though it saw its first printing in London in 1791 under the title Charlotte Temple), was one of the hugest and most popular American best-sellers of its day and sometime afterward. In addition to being a novelist, the prolific Rowson was (as noted elsewhere) a talented poet, lyricist, and playwright. A professionally employed school-teacher for young ladies (lack of enforceable copyright prevented her from garnering much income from her compositions), she distinctly viewed her role as an educator and less so literary entertainer. Her other prose fictions include The inquisitor; or, Invisible Rambler (1793); Rebecca, or The fille de chambre (1794); Mentoria; or The young lady's friend (1794); Trials of the human heart (1795), and Reuben and Rachel (1798).

CHAPTER XXI.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
That mercy I to other show,
That mercy show to me.
Pope.

WHEN Mrs. Beauchamp was dressed, she began to feel embarrassed at the thought of beginning an acquaintance with Charlotte, and was distressed how to make the first visit. "I cannot go without some introduction," said she, "it will look so like impertinent-curiosity." At length recollecting herself, she stepped into the garden, and gathering a few fine cucumbers, took them in her hand by way of apology for her visit.

A glow of conscious shame vermillioned Charlotte's face as Mrs. Beauchamp entered.

"You will pardon me, Madam," said she, "for not having before paid my respects to so amiable a neighbour; but we English people always keep up that reserve which is the characteristic of our nation wherever we go. I have taken the liberty to bring you a few cucumbers, for I observed you had none in your garden."

Charlotte, though naturally polite and well bred, was so confused she could hardly speak. Her kind visitor endeavoured to relieve her by not noticing her embarrassment. "I am come, Madam," continued she, "to request you will spend the day with me. I shall be alone; and, as we are both strangers in this country,

we may hereafter be extremely happy in each other's friendship." "Your friendship, Madam," said Charlotte blushing, "is an honour to all who are favoured with it. Little as I have seen of this part of the world, I am no stranger to Mrs. Beauchamp's goodness of heart and known humanity: but my friendship—" She paused, glanced her eyes upon her own visible situation, and, spite of her endeavours to suppress them, burst into tears. Mrs. Beauchamp guessed the source from whence those tears flowed.

"You seem unhappy, Madam," said she: shall I be thought worthy your confidence! will you entrust me with the cause of your sorrow, and rest on my assurances to exert my utmost power to serve you." Charlotte returned a look of gratitude, but could not speak, and Mrs. Beauchamp continued—"My heart was interested in your behalf the first moment I saw you, and I only lament I had not made earlier overtures towards an acquaintance; but I flatter myself you will henceforth consider me as your friend."

"Oh Madam!" cried Charlotte, "I have forfeited the good opinion of all my friends; I have forsaken them, and undone myself."

"Come, come, my dear," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "you must not indulge these gloomy thoughts: you are not I hope so miserable as you imagine yourself: endeavour to be composed, and let me be favoured with your company at dinner, when, if you can bring yourself to think me your friend, and repose a confidence in me, I am ready to convince you it shall not be abused." She then arose and bade her good morning.

At the dining hour Charlotte repaired to Mrs. Beauchamp's, and during dinner assumed as composed an aspect as possible; but when the cloth was removed, she summoned all her resolution and determined to make Mrs. Beauchamp acquainted with every circumstance preceding her unfortunate elopement, and the earnest desire she had to quit a way of life so repugnant to her feelings.

With the benignant aspect of an angel of mercy did Mrs. Beauchamp listen to the artless tale: she was shocked to the soul to find how large a share La Rue had in the seduction of this amiable girl, and a tear fell, when she reflected so vile a woman was now the wife of her father.

When Charlotte had finished, she gave her a little time to collect her scattered spirits, and then asked her if she had never written to her friends.

"Oh yes, Madam," said she, "frequently: but I have broke their hearts; they are either dead or have cast me of for ever, for I have never received a single line from them."

"I rather suspect," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "they have never had your letters: but suppose you were to hear from them, and they were willing to receive you, would you then leave this cruel Montraville, and return to them?"

"Would I!" said Charlotte, clasping her hands; "would not the poor sailor, tost on a tempestuous ocean, threatened every moment with death, gladly return to the shore he had left to trust to its deceitful calmness; Oh, my dear Madam, I would return, though to do it I were obliged to walk barefooted over a burning desert, and beg a scanty pittance of each traveller to support my existence. I would endure it all cheerfully, could I but once more see my dear blessed mother, hear her pronounce my pardon, and bless me before I died; but alas! I shall never see her more; she has blotted the ungrateful Charlotte from her remembrance, and I shall sink to the grave loaded with her's and my father's curse."

Mrs. Beauchamp endeavoured to sooth her. "You shall write to them again," said she, "and I will see that the letter is sent by the first packet that sails for England; in the mean time keep up your spirits, and hope every thing, by daring to deserve it.

She then turned the conversation, and Charlotte having taken a cup of tea, wished her benevolent friend a good evening...

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MAN MAY SMILE, AND SMILE, AND BE A VILLAIN.

WHILE Charlotte was enjoying some small degree of comfort in the of Mrs. Beauchamp, Montraville was advancing rapidly in his affection towards Miss Franklin. Julia was an amiable girl; she saw only the fair side of his character; she possessed an independant fortune, and resolved to be happy with the man of her heart, though his rank and fortune were by no means so exalted as she had a right to expect; she saw the passion which Montraville struggled to conceal; she wondered at his timidity, but imagined the distance fortune had placed between them occasioned his backwardness, and made every advance which strict prudence and a becoming modesty would permit. Montraville saw with pleasure he was not indifferent to her, but a spark of honour which animated his bosom would not suffer him to take advantage of her partiality. He was well acquainted with Charlotte's situation, and he thought there would be a double cruelty in forsaking her at such a time: and to marry Miss Franklin, while honour, humanity, every sacred law, obliged him still to protect and support Charlotte, was a baseness which his soul shuddered at.

He communicated his uneasiness to Belcour: it was the very thing this pretended friend had wished. "And do you really," said he, laughing, "hesitate at marrying the lovely Julia, and becoming master of her fortune, because a little foolish, fond girl chose to leave her friends, and run away with you to America. Dear Montraville, act more like a man of sense; this whining, pining Charlotte, who occasions you so much uneasiness, would have eloped with somebody else, if she had not with you."

"Would to heaven," said Montraville, "I had never seen her; my regard for her was but the momentary passion of desire, but I feel I shall love and revere Julia Franklin as long as I live; yet to leave poor Charlotte in her present situation would be cruel beyond description."

"Oh my good sentimental friend," said Belcour, "do you imagine no body has a right to provide for the brat but yourself."

Montraville started. "Sure," said he, "you cannot mean to insinuate that Charlotte is false."

"I don't insinuate it," said Belcour, "I know it."

Montraville turned pale as ashes. "Then there is no faith in woman," said he.

"While I thought you attached to her," said Belcour with an air of indifference, "I never wished to make you uneasy by mentioning her perfidy, but as I know you love and are beloved by Miss Franklin, I was determined not to let these foolish scruples of honour step between you and happiness, or your tenderness for the peace of a perfidious girl prevent your uniting yourself to a woman of honour."

"Good heavens!" said Montraville, "what poignant reflections does a man endure who sees a lovely woman plunged in infamy, and is conscious he was her first seducer; but are you certain of what you say, Belcour?"

"So far," replied he, "that I myself have received advances from her which I would not take advantage of out of regard to you: but hang it, think no more about her. I dined at Franklin's today, and Julia bid me seek and bring you to tea: so come along my lad, make good use of opportunity, and seize the gifts of fortune while they are within your reach."

Montraville was too much agitated to pass a happy evening even in the company of Julia Franklin: he determined to visit Charlotte early the next morning, tax her with her falsehood, and take an everlasting leave of her; but when the morning came, he was commanded on duty, and for six weeks was prevented from putting his design in execution. At length he found an hour to spare, and walked out to spend it with Charlotte: it was near four o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived at her cottage: she was not in the parlour, and without calling the servant he walked up stairs, thinking to find her in her bed room. He

opened the door, and the first object that met his eyes was Charlotte asleep on the bed, and Belcour by her side.

“Death and distraction,” said he, stamping, “this is too much. Rise, villain, and defend yourself.”

Belcour sprang from the bed. The noise awoke Charlotte: terrified at the furious appearance of Montraville, and seeing Belcour with him in the chamber, she caught hold of his arm as he stood by the bed side, and eagerly asked what was the matter.

“Treacherous infamous girl,” said he, “can you ask? How came he here?” pointing to Belcour.

“As heaven is my witness,” replied she weeping. “I do not know. I have not seen him for these three weeks.”

“Then you confess he sometimes visits you?”

“He came sometimes by your desire.”

’Tis false; I never desired him to come, and you know I did not: but mark me, Charlotte, from this instant our connexion is at an end. Let Belcour, or any other of your favoured lovers, take you and provide for you: I have done with you for ever.”

He was then going to leave her: but starting wildly from the bed, she threw herself on her knees before him, protesting her innocence and entreating him not to leave her. “Oh Montraville,” said she, “kill me, for pity’s sake kill me, but do not doubt my fidelity. Do not leave me in this horrid situation; for the sake of your unborn child, oh! spurn not the wretched mother from you.”

“Charlotte,” said he, with a firm voice, “I shall take care that neither you nor your child want any thing in the approaching painful hour; but we meet no more.” He then endeavoured to raise her from the ground: but in vain: she clung about his knees, entreating him to believe her innocent, and conjuring Belcour to clear up the dreadful mystery.

Belcour cast on Montraville a smile of contempt: it irritated him almost to madness; he broke from the feeble arms of the distressed girl; she shrieked and fell prostrate on the floor.

Montraville instantly left the house and returned hastily to the city.

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*From Fidelity Rewarded: or The History of Polly Granville. In a Series of Letters; Giving an account of her sufferings for her stedfast adherence [sic] to her promise; and also of her deliverance from her troubles, and her marriage, in consequence of her father’s commencing a virtuous and religious course of life; Boston 1796, by anonymous.*

**LETTER IX. From Miss POLLY GRANVILLE, to Mr. DANFORD.**

*My Dearest Friend,*

I RECEIVED your letter with as true affection, perhaps, as you wrote it; but language will fail me to describe the gratitude of my heart, for your regard and tenderness to me, after your having experienced such insulting behaviour and outrageous language from my father. But there is no comparison between virtue and vice: for virtue will ever set a man above resentment at the little foibles of those that have no regard to virtue; causing him to act consistently in every occurrence of life; not even aiming to take the advantage of the low minded; but passing on in quiet, through the boisterous tumults of a noisy world, with a mind fully fixed, and firmly rested, on a kind Providence; he is willing to wait the determination of that Providence; and not to rush into fraudulent measures to extricate himself out of difficulty. This is the

characteristic of my dear Mr. Danford, when, at the same time, those, that are not possessed of your noble mind, would try to retaliate and use every kind of fraud, to be revenged on such as they think are their enemies; by which means they often involve themselves in inextricable difficulties, which often end in their utter ruin.

But to return: I think you have pitched upon a noble mode of conduct, which cannot fail of salutary effects. It will, doubtless, be productive of my enlargement. And, in the time of your absence, something, I doubt not, will turn up to our advantage in an honorable way, which will be vastly preferable to the same end gained in a clandestine manner. For, to use your language, I don't think fraud ought to be used in any case whatsoever. If we trust to Providence, I don't think we shall be disappointed.

I fully acquiesce in your proposal of visiting the eastern part of the world. And may your life and health be preserved, and the best of heaven's blessings attend you, until you return, richly experiencing the kind hand of Providence. In the mean time, I experience great trials, and afflictions on your account: for my father, using me with great severity, has confined me to the house; except that I have the privilege of the garden, with my maid to attend me as usual. But his severity has only this effect, to increase my affections to you: causing me to see the vast disparity between a virtuous character, and a man whose aims are wholly confined to this world. But I must tell you that I have gained my mother over on my side, who no doubt will try all in her power to help me.

I still expect to suffer great trials; but am determined to adhere firmly to the promise I made you. And you may rest assured, that I will prove constant to you even to a punctilio. Neither shall any trouble that I may meet with lessen my attachment to you. I have requested of my father to allow me to go to my uncle's at Philadelphia, and was denied. But I shall renew my request when you are gone, and perhaps by the interference of my mother, I may gain his consent. But I hope I shall conduct myself in all these affairs, so as that I may be blameless, and have a conscience void of offence; ever trusting and looking to him for aid, who is able to rescue in the greatest distress.

And so I conclude with my warmest and most unfeigned wishes, and prayers, that you may be returned in safety to your friend and humble servant,

POLLY GRANVILLE.

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Another of the lesser known earliest American novels, the following is taken from Samuel Relf's Infidelity, or The Victims of Sentiment; Philadelphia 1797.

LETTER XXXI. TO MISS HARRIOT HAYWORD.

OH God!—Oh God!—how in me has the Poet's emphatic admonition been verified!

“Seize wisdom e'er it seizes thee; that is,
“Be wise e'er it be torment to be wise.”

Now indeed it is an innate hell to my soul to “*know myself*,” and what a wretch I am!—Ignorance, blindness, and insensibility were highly preferable to this cruel and excruciating wisdom!—Like our first forefather, I have been blind to one blessing in my temporal Eden; on the knowledge of which the flaming sword of the angel of remorse persecutes;—yea, murders me!—Where or *what* am I!—A being endowed with intellects?—A man of human passions;—and do I tremble at the execution of retribution?—Oh, it is guilty self that keeps me from doing vengeance to myself!—The wretch who hurries destruction on himself by plunging into the bosom of a fierce volcano, is not more guilty of his fate, than am I the cause and author of my present agony of soul. Yet hold!—Can the wretch, who has murdered my honour, who has cankered my hopes of peace, plead extenuation of his crime in the proof of my own guiltiness?—Will my offence against one woman, (and oh, confusion to my soul!) against my marriage oath, palliate his more aggravated insult against me, and his outrage on the holy institution of heaven?—Say, my sympathetic

friend, will the acknowledgment on my part, of the want of love and tenderness for her whom I espoused as my wife, be a defence, or a colouring for the adulterous and sacrilegious passion of young Alfred?—Oh that my heart were steeled to these tormenting inquiries!—But they rush like torrents in excruciating conviction on my soul!—They soon must waste their violence, or it very soon fall a victim to their unremitted pungency!—

—RETIRED from worldly objects, I have endeavoured to allay my soul rending suspicions; nay, my sensible convictions of the baseness of my wife, by studying the philosophy of the human heart, and its innate propensities to good and evil. Alas, these philosophic contemplations too generally terminate in a bitter consciousness of self-blame!—

“Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
“And he alone is blest, who ne’er was born.”

REASON, nature, religion, and philosophy, though each opposed to lawless love, are all conjoined to reproach the remiss conduct of my nuptial life, and point to it as the creative cause of my present dilemma, and ever-lasting ignominy!—Burthened with these condemning sensations I dare not, cannot assume the tone of uprightness, to vindicate the honour of my bed—Hah! what do I say!—Alas, let me not die with false conjecture!—Hymeneal chastity is yet, I know, uncontaminated:—sensual debasement is not yet perpetrated:—but that their mental faculties have long engaged in illicit affection;—that their souls even now revel in the voluptuousness of lascivious sentiment, is undemonstrably evident in the amorous language of their love-fraught eyes!

I FIND myself in a condition so mentally distracted, that I must beg you will break down the obstacles of custom, and favour me with a few lines of consolation. Though I lose the melody of thy tongue in the manner of communication, yet will thy words retain their original balsam!—Yes, what one ungenerous, thoughtless woman has destroyed, thy virtues and superior accomplishments shall doubly replenish.

Adieu, The Unhappy FRANKS.

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The Coquette; or, The history of Eliza Wharton (1797, Boston) by Hannah Webster Foster has come to be counted among the most critically lauded and frequently reviewed and analyzed of first American novels. Like Rowson, Foster was a staunch Federalist conservative who advocated the importance of strengthening the part of parents in overseeing and governing their children’s marriages. Here the character of Eliza is torn between the affections and courtship of the dry but pious Reverend Boyer versus that of the wily and worldly Major Sanford.

#### LETTER XLI. [Eliza] TO MRS. LUCY SUMNER.

HARTFORD.

THE retirement of my native home is not so gloomy, since my return from Boston, as I expected, from the contrast between them.

Indeed, the customs and amusements of this place are materially altered, since the residence of Major Sanford among us. The dull, old fashioned sobriety which formerly prevailed, is nearly banished; and cheerfulness, vivacity, and enjoyment are substituted in its stead. Pleasure is now diffused through all ranks of the people, especially the rich; and surely it ought to be cultivated, since the wisest of men informs us, that “a merry heart doth good like a medicine.” As human life has many diseases, which require medicines, are we not right in selecting the most agreeable and palatable? Major Sanford’s example has had great influence upon our society in general; and though some of our old dons think him rather licentious; yet, for ought I can see, he is as strict an observer of decorum, as the best of them. True, he seldom goes to

church; but what of that? The Deity is not confined to temples made with hands. He may worship him as devoutly elsewhere, if he chuses; and who has a right to say he does not?

His return from Boston was but a day or two after mine. He paid me an early visit; and, indeed, has been very attentive ever since. My mamma is somewhat precise in her notions of propriety; and of course, blames me for associating so freely with him. She says, that my engagements to Mr. Boyer ought to render me more sedate; and more indifferent to the gallantry of mere *pleasure-hunters*, to use her phrase. But I think otherwise. If I am to become a recluse, let me, at least, enjoy those amusements, which are suited to my taste, a short time first. Why should I refuse the polite attentions of this gentleman? They smoothe the rugged path of life, and wonderfully accelerate the lagging wheels of time....

*Wednesday Evening.* Last night I closed not my eyes. I rose this morning with the sun, and went into the garden till breakfast. My mamma doubtless saw the disorder of my mind, but kindly avoided any inquiry about it. She was affectionately attentive to me, but said nothing of my particular concerns. I mentioned not my embarrassment to her. She had declared herself in favor of Mr. Boyer; therefore I had no expectation, that she would advise impartially. I retired to my chamber, and remained in a kind of reverie, for more than an hour; when I was roused by the rattling of a carriage at the door. I hastened to the window, and saw Major Sanford just driving away. The idea of his having been to converse with my mamma, gave me new sensations. A thousand perplexities occurred to my mind relative to the part most proper for me to act in this critical situation. All these might have been avoided, had I gone down and inquired into the matter; but this I delayed till dinner. My mamma then informed me, that Major Sanford had been with her, and inquired for me; but that she thought it unnecessary to call me, as she presumed I had no particular business with him. I knew the motives by which she was actuated, was vexed at her evasions. I told her plainly, that she would never carry her point in this way; that I thought myself capable of conducting my own affairs; and wished her not to interfere, except by her advice, which I should always listen to, and comply with when I could possibly make it consistent with my inclination and interest. She wept at my undutiful anger (of which I have severely repented since) and affectionately replied, that my happiness was the object of her wishes and prayers; conformably to which she felt constrained, freely to speak her mind, though it incurred my displeasure. She then went through again with all the comparative circumstances and merits of the two candidates for my favor, which have perpetually rung in my ears for months. I shed tears at the idea of my embarrassment; and in this condition Mr. Boyer found us. He appeared to be affected by my visible disorder; and without inquiring the cause, endeavored to dissipate it. This was kindly done. He conversed upon indifferent subjects; and invited me to ride, and take tea with your mamma, to which I readily consented. We found her at home; and passed the time agreeably, excepting the alloy of our absence. Mr. Boyer touched lightly on the subject of our last evening's debate; but expatiated largely on the pleasing power of love; and hoped that we should one day both realize and exemplify it in perfection. When we returned, he observed that it was late, and took his leave; telling me that he should call to morrow; and begged that I would then relieve his suspense. As I was retiring to bed, the maid gave me a hint that Major Sandford's servant had been here and left a letter. I turned instantly back to my mamma, and telling her my information, demanded the letter. She hesitated, but I insisted on having it; and seeing me resolute, she reluctantly gave it into my hand. It contained the following words:

"Am I forsaken? Am I abandoned? Oh my adorable Eliza, have you sacrificed me to my rival? Have you condemned me to perpetual banishment, without a hearing?

I came this day, to plead my cause at your feet; but was cruelly denied the privilege of seeing you! My mind is all anarchy and confusion! My soul is harrowed up with jealousy! I will be revenged on those who separate us, if that distracting event take place! But it is from your lips only that I can hear my sentence! You must witness its effects! To what lengths my despair may carry me, I know not! You are the arbitress of my fate!

Let me conjure you to meet me in your garden to morrow at any hour you shall appoint. My servant will call for an answer in the morning. Deny me not an interview; but have pity on your faithful –

*Sanford."*

I wrote for answer, that I would meet him to morrow, at five o'clock in the afternoon.

I have now before me another night for consideration; and shall pass it in that employment. I purpose not to see Mr. Boyer, till I have conversed with Major Sanford.

*Thursday Morning.* The morning dawns, and ushers in the day; a day, perhaps big with the fate of your friend! What that fate may be is wrapped in the womb of futurity; that futurity which a kind Providence has wisely concealed from the penetration of mortals!

After mature consideration; after revolving and re-revolving every circumstance on both sides of the question, I have nearly determined, in compliance with the advice of my friends, and the dictates of my own judgment, to give Mr. Boyer the preference, and with him to tread the future round of life.

As to the despair of Major Sanford, it does not much alarm me. Such violent passions are seldom so deeply rooted, as to produce lasting effects. I must, however, keep my word, and meet him according to promise.

Mr. Boyer is below. My mamma has just sent me word that he wished to see me. My reply was that I had lain down, which was a fact.

*One o'clock.* My mamma, alarmed by my indisposition, has visited my apartment. I soon convinced her that it was but trifling, owing principally to the want of sleep; and that an airing in the garden, which I intended towards night, would restore me.

*Ten o'clock, at night.*—The day is past! and such a day it has been, as I hope never move to see!

At the hour appointed, I went tolerably composed and resolute into the garden. I had taken several turns, and retired into the little arbor, where you and I have spent so many happy hours, before Major Sanford entered. When he appeared, a consciousness of the impropriety of this clandestine intercourse suffused my cheek, and gave a coldness to my manners. He immediately penetrated the cause, and observed that my very countenance told him he was no longer a welcome guest to me. I asked him if he ought so to be; since his motives for seeking admission, were unworthy of being communicated to my friends? That he said was not the case, but that prudence in the present instance required a temporary concealment. He then undertook to exculpate himself from blame, assuring me that as soon as I should discountenance the expectations of Mr. Boyer, and discontinue the reception of his address, his intentions should be made known. He was enlarging upon this topic, when we heard a footstep approaching us; and looking up saw Mr. Boyer within a few paces of the arbor.—Confusion seized us both! We rose involuntarily from our seats, but were mute as statues! He spoke not a word, but casting a look of indignant accusation at me, a glance which penetrated my very soul, turned on his heel, and walked hastily back to the house.

I stood a few moments, considering what course to take, though shame and regret had almost taken from me the power of thought.

Major Sanford took my hand. I withdrew it from him. *I must leave you*, said I. Where will you go? said he. I will go and try to retrieve my character. It has suffered greatly by this fatal interview.

He threw himself at my feet and exclaimed, leave me not Eliza, I conjure you not to leave me. Let me go now, I rejoined, or I bid you farewell for ever. I flew precipitately by him, and went into the parlor, where I found Mr. Boyer and my mamma, the one traversing the room in the greatest agitation; the other in flood of tears! Their appearance affected me; and I wept like an infant! when I had a little recovered myself, I begged him to sit down; He answered no. I then told him, that however unjustifiable my conduct might appear, perhaps I might explain it to his satisfaction, if he would hear me; that my motives were innocent, though they doubtless wore the aspect of criminality, in his view. He sternly replied, that no palliation could avail; that my motives were sufficiently notorious! He accused me of treating him ill, of rendering him the dupe of coquetting artifice, of having an intrigue with Major Sanford, and declared his determination to leave me for ever, as unworthy of his regard, and incapable of love, gratitude, or honor!—



There was too much reason in support of his accusations for me to gainsay them, had his impetuosity suffered me to attempt it.

But in truth I had no inclination to self defence. My natural vivacity had forsaken me; and I listened without interrupting him to the fluency of reproachful language, which his resentment inspired. He took a very solemn and affectionate leave of my mamma; thanking her for her politeness, and wishing her much future felicity. He attempted to address me, I suppose somewhat in the same way but his sensibility overcome him; and he only took my hand, and bowing in silence, departed.

The want of rest for two long nights together, the exercise of mind, and conflict of passions, which now tortured my breast, were too much for me to support!

When I saw that he was gone; that he had actually forsaken me, I fainted. My mamma, with the assistance of the maid, soon restored me.

When I opened my eyes, and beheld this amiable and tender parent, watching and attending me with the most anxious concern; without one reproachful word, without one accusing look, my reflections upon the part I had acted, in defeating her benevolent wishes, were exquisitely afflictive! But we mutually forbore to mention the occasion of my illness; and I complied with her advice to take some refreshment, and retire to my chamber. I am so much fatigued by the exertions of the day, that rest is absolutely necessary; and I lay aside my pen to seek it...

As I know you are impatient to hear from me, I will now dispatch this long letter without any other addition, than that I am your sincere friend,

ELIZA WHARTON.

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## **LETTER XLII. TO MR. CHARLES DEIGHTON.**

*HARTFORD.*

WELL, Charles, the show is over, as we yankees say; and the girl is my own. That is, if I will have her. I shall take my own time for that, however. I have carried my point, and am amply revenged on the whole posse of those dear friends of her's. She was entangled by a promise (not to marry this priest without my knowledge,) which her conscience would not let her break. Thank God, I have no conscience. If I had, I believe it would make wretched work with me! I suppose she intended to have one, or the other of us; but preferred me. I have escaped the noose, this time, and I'll be fairly hanged, if I ever get so near it again. For indeed Charles, I was seriously alarmed. I watched all their motions; and the appearances of harmony between them awakened all my activity and zeal. So great was my infatuation, that I verily believe I should have asked her in marriage, and risked the consequences, rather than to have lost her!

I went to the house, while Mr. Boyer was in town, but her mamma refused to call her, or to acquaint her that I was there. I then wrote a despairing letter, and obtained a conference with her in the garden. This was a fortunate event for me. True, Eliza was very haughty, and resolutely insisted on immediate declaration or rejection. And I cannot say what would have been the result, if Mr. Boyer had not surprized us together. He gave us a pretty harsh look and retired without speaking a word.

I endeavored to detain Eliza, but in vain. She left me on my knees, which are always ready to bend on such occasions.

This finished the matter, it seems. I rose, and went into a near neighbor's to observe what happened; and in about half an hour saw Mr. Boyer come out, and go to his lodgings.

This, said I to myself, is a good omen. I went home, and was informed next day, that he had mounted his horse and departed.

I heard nothing more of her till yesterday, when I determined to know how she stood affected towards me. I therefore paid her a visit, her mamma being luckily abroad.

She received me very placidly, and told me, on inquiry, that Mr. Boyer's resentment at her meeting me in the garden was so great, that he had bid her a final adieu. I congratulated myself on having no rival; hoped that her favor would now be unbiased [sic], and that in due time I should reap the reward of my fidelity. She begged me not to mention the subject; said, she had been perplexed by our competition, and wished not to hear any thing further about it at present. I bowed in obedience to her commands and changed the discourse.

I informed her, that I was about taking a tour to the southward; that I should be absent several months, and trusted that on my return her embarrassments would be over.

I left her with regret. After all, Charles, she is the *summum bonum* of my life. I must have her in some way or other. No body else shall, I am resolved.

I am making preparations for my journey; which between you and me, is occasioned by the prospect of making a speculation, by which I hope to mend my affairs. The voyage will at least lessen my expenses, and screen me from the importunity of creditors till I can look about me.

PETER SANFORD.

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Royall Tyler's The Algerine captive; or, The life and adventures of Doctor Updike Underhill (1797) is a picaresque novel reminiscent of and in quality terms worthy of both Smollett and Sterne. Though less known today than his comedy play "The Contrast" (1787), it ostensibly had a far greater influence on other authors; including (one reasonably infers) Brackenridge, Paulding, Irving and Melville (the last, for instance in Israel Potter: His Fifty Years of Exile [1855], adopts Tyler's device of having his central character meet real life, historical personalities.) While some of Tyler's jibes are at times verging on the sophomoric or over done, most of what he writes is usually both well-said and right on the money. The story takes up the career of young Updike Underhill; who after several failed attempts at other avocations, pursues that of a physician. At this point in his journeys, he finds himself acting at ship's doctor.

CHAP. XXXI.

Can thus
The image of God in man created, once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly suffering be debased
Under inhuman pains?
MILTON.

...No sooner was the purchase completed, than these wretched Africans were transported in herds aboard the ship, and immediately precipitated between decks, where a strong chain, attached to a staple in the lower deck, was rivetted to the bar, before described; and then the men were chained in pairs, and also hand cuffed, and two sailors with cutlasses guarded every twenty: while the women and children were tied together in pairs with ropes, and obliged to supply the men with provisions, and the flush bucket; or, if the young women were released, it was only to gratify the brutal lust of the sailors; for though I cannot say I ever was witness to an actual rape, yet the frequent shrieks of these forlorn females in the births of the seamen, left me little charity to doubt of the repeated commission of that degrading crime. The eve after we had received the slaves on board, all hands were piped on deck, and ordered to assist in manufacturing and knotting cat o' nine tails, the application of which, I was informed, was always necessary to bring the slaves to their appetite. The night after they came on board was spent by these wretched people, in sobbings,

groans, tears, and the most heart rending bursts of sorrow and despair. The next morning all was still. Surprised by this unexpected silence, I almost hoped that providence, in pity to these her miserable children, had permitted some kindly suffocation to put a period to their anguish. It was neither novel nor unexpected to the ship's crew. It is only the dumb fit come on, cried every one. We will cure them. After breakfast, the whole ship's crew went between decks, and carried with them the provisions for the slaves, which they one and all refused to eat. A more affecting group of misery was never seen. These injured Africans, preferring death to slavery, or perhaps buoyed above the fear of dissolution, by their religion, which taught them to look with an eye of faith to a country beyond the grave; where they should again meet those friends and relatives, from whose endearments they had been torn; and where no fiend should torment, or christian thirst for gold, had, wanting other means, resolved to starve themselves, and every eye lowered the fixed resolve of this deadly intent. In vain were the men beaten. They refused to taste one mouthful; and, I believe, would have died under the operation, if the ingenious cruelty of the clerk, Randolph, had not suggested the plan of whipping the women and children in sight of the men; assuring the men they should be tormented until all had eaten. What the torments, exercised on the bodies of these brave Africans, failed to produce, the feelings of nature effected. The Negro, who could undauntedly expire under the anguish of the lash, could not view the agonies of his wife, child, or his mother; and, though repeatedly encouraged by these female sufferers, unmoved by their torments, to persevere unto death; yet, though the *man* dared to die, the *father* relented, and in a few hours they all eat their provisions, *mingled with their tears*.

Our slave dealers being unable to fulfil their contract, unless we tarried three weeks longer, our captain concluded to remove to some other market. We accordingly weighed anchor, and steered for Benin, and anchored in the river Formosa, where we took in one hundred and fifteen more slaves. The same process in the purchase was pursued here; and, though I frequently assured the captain, as a physician, that it was impracticable to stow fifty more persons between decks, without endangering health and life, the whole hundred and fifteen were thrust, with the rest, between decks. The stagnant confined air of this infernal hole, rendered more deleterious by the stench of the faeces, and violent perspiration of such a crowd, occasioned putrid diseases; and, even while in the mouth of the Formosa, it was usual to throw one or two Negro corpses over every day. It was in vain I remonstrated to the captain. In vain I enforced the necessity of more commodious births [berths], and a more free influx of air for the slaves. In vain I represented, that these miserable people had been used to the vegetable diet, and pure air of a country life. That at home they were remarkable for cleanliness of person, the very rites of their religion consisting, almost entirely, in frequent ablutions. The captain was, by this time, prejudiced against me. He observed that he did not doubt my skill, and would be bound by my advice, as to the health of those on board his ship, when he found I was actuated by the interest of the owners; but, he feared, that I was now moved by some *yankee nonsense about humanity*.

Randolph, the clerk, blamed me in plain terms. He said he had made seven African voyages, and with as good surgeons as I was; and that it was their common practice, when an infectious disorder prevailed, among the slaves, to make critical search for all those, who had the slightest symptoms of it, or whose habits of body inclined them to it; to tie them up and cast them over the ship side together, and thus, at one dash, to purify the ship. *What signifies, added he, the lives of the black devils; they love to die. You cannot please them better, than by chucking them into the water.*

When we stood out to sea, the rolling of the vessel brought on the sea sickness, which encreased the filth; the weather being rough, we were obliged to close some of the ports, which ventilated the space between decks; and death raged dreadfully among the slaves. Above two thirds were diseased. It was affecting to observe the ghastly smile on the countenance of the dying African, as if rejoicing to escape the cruelty of his oppressors. I noticed one man, who gathered all his strength, and, in one last effort, spoke with great emphasis, and expired. I understood, by the linguist, that, with his dying breath, he invited his wife, and a boy and girl to follow him quickly, and slaken their thirst with him at the cool streams of the fountain of their Great Father, beyond the reach of the wild white beasts. The captain was now alarmed for the success of his voyage; and, upon my urging the necessity of landing the slaves, he ordered the ship about, and we anchored near an uninhabited part of the gold coast. I conjecture not far from Cape St. Paul.

Tents were erected on the shore, and the sick landed. Under my direction, they recovered surprisingly. It was affecting to see the effect gentle usage had upon these hitherto sullen, obstinate people. As I had the sole direction of the hospital, they looked on me as the source of this sudden transition from the filth and rigour of the ship, to the cleanliness and kindness of the shore. Their gratitude was excessive. When they recovered so far as to walk out, happy was he, who could, by picking a few berries, gathering the wild fruits of the country, or doing any menial services, manifest his affection for me. Our linguist has told me, he has often heard them, behind the bushes, praying to their God for my prosperity, and asking him with earnestness, why he put my good *black* soul into a *white* body. In twelve days all the convalescents were returned to the ship, except five, who staid with me on shore, and were to be taken on board the next day.

CHAP. XXXII.

Chains are the portion of revolted man;
Stripes and a dungeon.
COWPER.

...NEAR the close of the fourteenth of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty eight, as the sun was sinking behind the mountains of Fundia, I sat at the door of my tent, and perceived our ship, which lay at one mile's distance, getting under way, apparently in great haste. The jolly boat, about ten minutes before, had made towards the shore; but was recalled by a musket shot from the ship. Alarmed by this unexpected manoeuvre, I ran to the top of a small hill, back of the hospital, and plainly discovered a square rigged vessel in the offing, endeavouring to lock our ship within the land; but a land breeze springing up from the north east, which did not extend to the strange vessel, and our ship putting out all her light sails, being well provided with king sail, scudding sails, water sails, and driver, I could perceive she out sailed her. It was soon so dark that I lost sight of both, and I passed a night of extreme anxiety, which was increased by, what I conjectured to be, the flashes of guns in the *south west*; though at too great distance for me to hear the reports.

The next morning no vessels were to be seen on the coast, and the ensuing day was spent in a state of dreadful suspense. Although I had provisions enough with me for some weeks, and was sheltered by our tents, yet to be separated from my friends and country, perhaps forever, and to fall into the hands of the barbarous people, which infested this coast, was truly alarming. The five Africans, who were with me, could not conceal their joy, at the departure of the ship. By signs they manifested their affection towards me; and, when I signified to them that the vessel was gone not to return, they clapped their hands, and pointing inland, signified a desire to convey me to their native country, where they were sure I should be happy. By their consultation, I could see that they were totally ignorant of the way. On the third day towards evening, to my great joy, I saw a sail approaching the shore, at the prospect of which my African associates, manifested every sign of horror. I immediately concluded that no great blame would arise, from my not detaining five men, in the absence of the ship; and I intimated to them that they might conceal themselves in the brush and escape. Four quitted me; but one, who made me comprehend, that he had a beloved son among the slaves, refused to go, preferring the company of his child, and *slavery* itself, to *freedom* and the land of his nativity. I retired to rest, pleased with the imagination of soon rejoining my friends, and proceeding to my native country. On the morning of the fourth day, as I was sleeping in my tent with the affectionate negro at my feet, I was suddenly awakened, by the blowing of conch shells, and the sound of uncouth voices. I arose to dress myself, when the tent was overset, and I received a blow from the back of a sabre, which levelled me to the earth; and was immediately seized and bound by several men of sallow and fierce demeanour, in strange habits, who spake a language I could not comprehend. With the negro, tents, baggage, and provisions, I was carried to the boat, which, being loaded, was immediately pushed off from the shore, and rowed towards a vessel, which I now, for the first time, noticed, and had no doubt but it was the same, which was in pursuit of the *Sympathy*. She was rigged differently from any I had ever seen, having two masts, a large square main sail, another of equal size, seized by the middle of a main yard to her fore mast, and, what the sailors call, a shoulder of mutton sail abaft; which, with top sails and two banks of oars, impelled her through the water with amazing velocity: though, from the clumsiness of her rigging, an American seaman would never have pronounced her a good sea boat. On her main mast head was a broad black pennant, with a half moon, or rather crescent, and a drawn sabre, in white and red,

emblazoned in the middle. The sides of the vessel were manned as we approached, and a tackle being let down, the hook was attached to the cord, which bound me, and I was hoisted on board in the twinkling of an eye. Then, being unbound, I was carried upon the quarter deck, where a man, who appeared to be the captain, glittering in silks, pearl, and gold, set cross legged upon a velvet cushion [cushion] to receive me. He was nearly encircled by a band of men, with monstrous tufts of hair on their upper lips, dressed in habits of the same mode with their leader's, but of coarser contexture, with drawn scimitars in their hands, and by his side a man of lighter complexion, who, by the captain's command, inquired of me, in good English, if I was an Englishman. I replied I was an American, a citizen of the United States. This was no sooner interpreted to the captain than, at a disdainful nod of his head, I was again seized, hand cuffed, and thrust into a dirty hole in the fore castle, where I lay twenty four hours, without straw to sleep on, or any thing to eat or drink. The treatment we gave the unhappy Africans, on board the *Sympathy*, now came full into my mind; and, what was the more mortifying, I discovered that the negro who was, captured with me, was at liberty, and fared as well as the sailors on board the vessel. I had not however been confined more than one half hour, when the interpreter came to examine me privately respecting the destination of the ship, to which he suspected I belonged; was anxious to know if she had her full cargo of slaves; what was her force; whether she had English papers on board; and if she did not intend to stop at some other African port. From him I learned that I was captured by an Algerine Rover, Hamed Hali Saad captain; and should be carried into slavery at Algiers. After I had lain twenty four hours in this loathsome place, covered with vermin, parched with thirst, and fainting with hunger, I was startled at a light, let through the hatchway, which opened softly, and a hand presented me a cloth, dripping with cold water, in which a small quantity of boiled rice was wrapped. The door closed again softly, and I was left to enjoy my good fortune in the dark. If Abraham had indeed sent Lazarus to the rich man, in torment, it appears to me, he could not have received a greater pleasure, from the cool water on his tongue, than I experienced, in sucking the moisture from this cloth. The next day, the same kindly hand appeared again, with the same refreshment. I begged to see my benefactor. The door opened further, and I saw a countenance in tears. It was the face of the grateful African, who was taken with me. I was oppressed with gratitude. Is this, exclaimed I, one of those men, whom we are taught to vilify as beneath the human species, who brings me sustenance, perhaps at the risk of his life, who shares his morsel with one of those barbarous men, who had recently torn him from all he held dear, and whose base companions are now transporting his darling son to a grievous slavery? Grant me, I ejaculated, once more to taste the freedom of my native country, and every moment of my life shall be dedicated to preaching against this detestable commerce. I will fly to our fellow citizens in the southern states; I will, on my knees, conjure them, in the name of humanity, to abolish a traff[f]ic, which causes it to bleed in every pore. If they are deaf to the pleadings of nature, I will conjure them, for the sake of consistency, to cease to deprive their fellow creatures of freedom, which their writers, their orators, representatives, senators, and even their constitutions of government, have declared to be the unalienable birth right of man. My sable friend had no occasion to visit me a third time; for I was taken from my confinement, and, after being stripped of the few clothes, and the little property I chanced to have about me, a log was fastened to my leg by a chain, and I was permitted to walk the fore castle of the vessel, with the African and several Spanish and Portuguese prisoners. The treatment of the slaves, who plied the oars, the management of the vessel, the order which was observed among this ferocious race, and some notices of our voyage, might afford observations, which would be highly gratifying to my readers, if the limits of this work would permit. I will just observe however that the regularity and frequency of their devotion was astonishing to me, who had been taught to consider this people as the most blasphemous infidels. In ten days after I was captured, the Rover passed up the straits of Gibralter [Gibraltar], and I heard the garrison evening gun fired from that formidable rock; and the next morning hove in sight of the city of Algiers.

COLUMBIA'S ORATORS

"It has been said, by the Baron de Sainte Croix, that from the commencement of the thirteenth century to that of the third before Christ, Athens did not produce more than fifty-four distinguished orators and rhetoricians. We have had many more than that number within half a century."

~ Samuel L. Knapp, *Lectures on American Literature* (1829), Lecture XII.

The founding of the Roman Empire under Augustus Caesar effectively signaled the demise of the civil oratory that had earlier distinguished the careers of such as Pericles, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Cato the Censor and Cicero. It was only later that it found renewed life by way of the Jewish synagogue and later the Christian pulpit; where religion, by restoring humanity to a place of dignity in the cosmos, made it possible private men (women naturally would have to wait) to have a voice and speak openly about what was going on in society. So much of early American literature itself overflows with church sermons (written and spoken) that, aside from government documents, there is barely ought else in the way of published writings till about the first quarter of the 18th century. Indeed, even by the 1800s, Americans at large were more likely to receive inspiration and information from and start engaging in public discourse by way of sermons and public orations than from printed matter; so scarce, outside of major urban centers, were newspapers and periodicals, let alone pamphlets or books, the latter being prohibitively expensive for most.

Legislative oratory of the sort of Patrick Henry was comparatively rare; few of whose speeches are extant in written form. In the opening years of the Republic, foreign travelers would sometimes attend the various government assemblies hoping to catch a statesman in effusions of eloquence, only to usually come away sorely disappointed. Rather, the place to hear the great orations was in churches or public gatherings, the last usually in the form of holiday events, memorials, or celebrations of some recent occasion, like, for instance, the end of the war or the ratification of the Constitution. In wartime itself, such might at times also be heard in the camp.

It was at one such civic gathering that Henry Lee in a eulogium conferred on General Washington that since famous title "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Other especially memorable orations include James Otis on the Writs of Assistance (Feb. 1761), Samuel Adams on American Independence (1 Aug. 1776), Washington's Inaugural and Farewell addresses, Alexander Hamilton on the Federal Constitution (4 June 1788), and John Adams' (only) and Jefferson's (first) Inaugural addresses. Yet aside from Native American speeches (and which we covered previously in "Eloquence of Chiefs;" see *Continental Army Series*, volume one), our list might go on to add some of those of John Hancock, Josiah Quincy, James Wilson, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Rush, John Jay, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, William Pinckney, Gouverneur Morris, John Marshall, James Madison, and Fisher Ames (sometimes spoken of as being on par in vocal expressiveness with Patrick Henry.)

And yet these represent only a tiny handful of the actual number of public speakers one might hear during the Revolution and later throughout the United States, and quite numerous are the orations of other speakers that survive from these eras.

Historian Louie Regina Heller aptly remarked "There is no doubt that, in periods of great national uprising, when the emotions of men play as strong a part in the affairs of state as does their calmer reason, men listen to the impassioned speech of the orator with an attention they would scarcely ever devote to cold print; for there is, in the constitution of the human mind, a chord that vibrates in sympathy with the persuasive voice, and answers in response to the magnetic glance of a penetrating and compelling eye. What would, in print, seem exuberant fancy, appears none too highly colored when spoken; and what would seem cold and unimpressive when read, often gains warmth and life from a well-modulated voice and an engaging personality."⁴¹⁷ It was then the voices of preachers and then civil orators that urged Americans to action both in war and in taking on momentous and nation shaping challenges. Without such, the causes of freedom and democracy in America were hardly even imaginable, let alone realizable. And those who those who tend to look only for the making of this country and the establishment of its political institutions in the writings and documents of great statesmen do well not ignoring this. For it was largely

⁴¹⁷ *Early American Orations, 1760-1824* (1902), pp. ix-x.

orators that convinced and persuaded the people to grab hold of their destiny, and thereby give them hope of transforming and liberating both their nation and the world.

Most of the ensuing mix is taken from some of the many lesser known orators; with however one from Joseph Warren and another from Thomas McKean.

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*From "An oration; delivered March sixth, 1775. At the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston; to commemorate the bloody tragedy of the fifth of March, 1770" by Joseph Warren.*

...OUR fathers, having nobly resolved never to wear the yoke of despotism, and seeing the European world, at that time, thro' indolence and cowardice, falling a prey to tyranny; bravely threw themselves upon the bosom of the ocean; determined to find a place in which they might enjoy their freedom, or perish in the glorious attempt. Approving Heaven beheld the favourite ark dancing upon the waves, and graciously reserved it until the chosen families were brought in safety to these western regions. They found the land swarming with savages, who threatened death with every kind of torture. But savages, and death with torture, were far less terrible than slavery:—Nothing was so much the object of their abhorrence as a tyrant's power:—They knew that it was more safe to dwell with man in his most unpolished state than in a country where arbitrary power prevails. Even *anarchy itself*, that bugbear held up by the tools of power (though truly to be deprecated) is infinitely less dangerous to mankind than *arbitrary government*. *Anarchy* can be but of short duration; for when men are at liberty to pursue that course which is most conducive to their own happiness, they will soon come into it, and from the rudest state of nature, order and good government must soon arise. But *tyranny*, when once established, entails its curse on a nation to the latest period of time; unless some daring genius, inspired by Heaven, shall unappalled by danger, bravely form and execute the arduous design of restoring liberty and life to his enslaved, murdered country.

THE tools of power in every age have racked their inventions to justify the FEW in sporting with the happiness of the MANY; and, having found their sophistry too weak to hold mankind in bondage, have impiously dared to force *religion*, the daughter of the king of *Heaven*, to become a prostitute in the service of *Hell*. They taught that princes, honoured with the name of christian, might bid defiance to the founder of their faith, might pillage pagan countries and deluge them with blood, only because they boasted themselves to be the disciples of that teacher who strictly charged his followers to *do to others as they would that others should do unto them*.

THIS country, having been discovered by an English subject in the year 1620, was (according to the system which the blind superstition of those times supported) deemed the property of the crown of England. Our ancestors, when they resolved to quit their native soil, obtained from King James a grant of certain lands in North-America. This they probably did to silence the cavils of their enemies, for it cannot be doubted, but they despised the pretended right which he claimed thereto. Certain it is that he might, with equal propriety and justice, have made them a grant of the planet Jupiter. And their subsequent conduct plainly shews that they were too well acquainted with humanity and the principles of natural equity to suppose that the grant gave them any right to take possession; they therefore entered into a treaty with the natives and bought from them the lands: Nor have I yet obtained any information that our ancestors ever *pleaded*, or that the natives ever *regarded* the grant from the English crown: The business was transacted by the parties in the same independant [sic] manner that it would have been, had neither of them ever known or heard of the island of Great Britain.

HAVING become the honest proprietors of the soil, they immediately applied themselves to the cultivation of it; and they soon beheld the virgin earth teeming with richest fruits, a grateful recompence for their unwearied toil. The fields began to wave with ripening harvests, and the late barren wilderness was seen to blossom like the rose. The savage natives saw with wonder the delightful change, and quickly formed a scheme to obtain *that* by fraud or force, *which* nature meant as the reward of industry alone. But the illustrious emigrants soon convinced the rude invaders that they were not less ready to take the field for battle than for labor; and the insidious foe was driven from their borders as often as he ventured to disturb

them. The crown of England looked with indifference on the contest; our ancestors were left alone to combat with the natives.— Nor is there any reason to believe, that it ever was intended by the one party, or expected by the other, that the *grantor* should defend and maintain the *grantees* in the peaceable possession of the lands named in the patents. And it appears plainly from the history of those times that neither the Prince nor the people of England thought themselves much interested in the matter. They had not then any idea of a thousandth part of those advantages which they since *have* and we are most heartily willing they should *still continue* to reap from us.

...By an intercourse of friendly offices, the two countries became so united in affection, that they thought not of any distinct or separate interests, they found both countries flourishing and happy. Britain saw her commerce extended and her wealth increased; her lands raised to an immense value, her fleets riding triumphant on the ocean, the terror of her arms spreading to every quarter of the globe. The colonist found himself free, and thought himself secure: He dwelt *under his own vine and under his own figtree and had none to make him afraid*: He knew indeed that by purchasing the manufactures of Great Britain he contributed to its greatness: He knew that all the wealth that his labour produced centered in Great Britain: But *that* far from exciting his envy filled him with the highest pleasure; *that thought* supported him in all his toils. When the business of the day was past, he solaced himself with the *contemplation* or perhaps entertained his listening family with the *recital* of some great, some glorious transaction which shines conspicuous in the history of Britain: Or perhaps his elevated fancy led him to foretell, with a kind of enthusiastic confidence, the glory, power and duration of an empire which should extend from one end of the earth to the other: He saw, or thought he saw, the British nation risen to a pitch of grandeur which cast a veil over the Roman glory, and, ravished with the *praeview*, boasted a race of British Kings, whose names should eccho through those realms where Cyrus, Alexander, and the Caesars were unknown; *Princes* for whom millions of grateful subjects redeemed from slavery and pagan ignorance, should with thankful tongues offer up their prayers and praises to that transcendantly great and beneficent being *by whom Kings reign and Princes decree justice*.

THESE pleasing connections might have continued; these delightful prospects might have been every day extended; and even the reveries of the most warm imagination might have been realized; but unhappily for us, unhappily for Britain, the madness of an avaricious minister of state has drawn a sable curtain over the charming scene, and in its stead has brought upon the stage, discord, envy, hatred and revenge, with civil war close in their rear.

SOME demon in an evil hour suggested to a short sighted financier the hateful project of transferring the whole property of the King's subjects in America to his subjects in Britain. The claim of the British parliament to tax the colonies can never be supported but by such a TRANSFER; for the right of the house of commons of Great Britain to originate any tax or to grant money is altogether derived from their being elected by the people of Great Britain to act for them, and the people of Great Britain cannot confer on their *representatives* a right to give or grant any thing which *they themselves* have not a right to give or grant *personally*. Therefore it follows that if the members chosen by the people of Great Britain to represent them in parliament have by virtue of their being so chosen, any right to give or grant American property, or to lay any tax upon the lands or persons of the colonists, it is because the lands and people in the colonies are *bona fide*, owned by, and justly belong to the people of Great Britain. But (as has been before observed) every man has a natural right to personal freedom, consequently a right to enjoy what is acquired by his own labor. And as it is evident that the property in this country has been acquired by our own labor, it is the duty of the people of Great Britain to produce some compact in which we have explicitly given up to them a right to dispose of our *persons* or *property*. Until this is done every attempt of their's, or of those whom they have deputed to act for them to give or grant any part of our property is directly repugnant to every principle of reason and natural justice. But I may boldly say that such a compact never existed, no, not even in imagination. Nevertheless the representatives of a nation, long famed for justice and the exercise of every noble virtue, have been prevailed on to adopt the fatal scheme; and although the dreadful consequences of this wicked policy have already shaken the empire to its center; yet still it is persisted in. Regardless of the voice of reason—deaf to the prayers and supplications—and unaffected with the flowing tears of suffering millions, the British ministry still hug the darling idol; and every rolling year affords fresh instances of the absurd devotion with which they worship it. Alas! how has the folly, the distraction of the British counsels blasted our swelling hopes and spread a gloom over this



western hemisphere. The hearts of Britons and Americans, which lately felt the generous glow of mutual confidence and love, now burn with jealousy and rage. Though but of yesterday I recollect (deeply affected at the ill boding change) the happy hours that past whilst Britain and America rejoiced in the prosperity and greatness of each other, (Heaven grant those halcyon days may soon return.) But now the Briton too often looks on the American with an envious eye, taught to consider his just plea for the enjoyment of his earnings as the effect of pride and stubborn opposition to the parent country. Whilst the American beholds the Briton as the ruffian, ready *first* to take away his property, and *next*, what is dearer to every virtuous man, the liberty of his country...

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From "An oration, in memory of General Montgomery, and of the officers and soldiers, who fell with him, December 31, 1775, before Quebec; drawn up (and delivered February 19th, 1776,) at the desire of the Honorable Continental Congress," Episcopal minister William Smith (1727-1803), also first president of the University of Pennsylvania.

...The Canada expedition is one of those measures, which the enemies of American peace having first rendered necessary, will now strive to misconstrue into hostility and offence. But when authentic roofs were obtained that a people professing a religion, and subjected to laws, different from ours, together with numerous tribes of savages were instigated and preparing to deluge our frontiers in blood, let God and the world judge whether it was an act of offence; or rather, whether it was not mercy to them, to ourselves, to the whole British empire, to use the means in our power for frustrating the barbarous attempt.

Indeed there was benevolence in the whole plan of his expedition. It was to be executed not so much by force as by persuasion; and appearing in the country with such a respectable strength, as might protect the inhabitants from the insults and vengeance of those, who were striving to make them lift up their reluctant arm to the shedding fraternal blood. It was further wished to kindle up the expiring lamp of liberty among them; to open their eyes to its divine effulgence; and enable them to raise their drooping head, and claim its blessing as their own.

This was a work, in all its parts, suited to the genius of a Montgomery. He had a head and heart which equally pointed him out as a fit guide in such an undertaking. He understood and could well explain the blessings of a free government. Persuasion dwelt upon his tongue. He had a soul, great, disinterested, affectionate, delighting to alleviate distress, and to diffuse happiness. He had an industry not to be wearied out; a vigilance not to be imposed upon; and a courage, when necessary, equal to his other abilities.

But still, with a few new raised men, of different colonies, and perhaps different tempers; ill supplied with arms and ammunition; worse disciplined; unaccustomed to look cannon in the face; to make or to mount a breach—in such circumstances, I say, and in the short space of an autumnal and winter campaign, in rigorous northern climes, to achieve a work which cost Great-Britain and the colonies the labor of several campaigns, and what was a sacrifice of infinitely more value—the life of the immortal WOLFE—this certainly required a degree of magnanimity beyond the ordinary reach, and the exertion of the highest abilities of every kind.

The command and conduct of an army, were but small parts of this undertaking. The Indians were to be treated with, restrained and kept in temper. The Canadians were likewise to be managed, protected and supported: And even his own army in some degree to be formed, disciplined, animated, accustomed to marches, incampments, dangers, fatigues and the frequent want of necessities. Camps, of all worldly scenes, often exhibit the greatest pictures of distress. The sick and the wounded—the dying and the dead—as well as the wants and sufferings of the living—all these call forth the most tender feelings, and require of a General that, to the courage of a soldier, he should unite the utmost benevolence of a man!

Our General possessed these united qualities in their highest lustre; of which there are numerous testimonies not only from his own army, but from the prisoners, English as well as Canadians, now amongst us...

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*From “An oration delivered at Brookfield, Nov. 14, 1781. In celebration of the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his whole army at York-Town and Gloucester, in Virginia, by the combined army under the command of His Excellency General Washington, on the 19th of October, 1781,” by Massachusetts Congregationalist minister Nathan Fiske (1733-1799).*

...This glorious event, on the 19th of October 1781, pregnant with such happy consequences (which I must leave to your imaginations further to enumerate, and to Providence to realize and bring forward in their season) revives the joyful remembrance of the similar surrender of General *Burgoyne* and his army, on the 17th of October 1777, when Heaven, in a manner equally propitious and remarkable, smiled upon our northern army, under the command of General GATES.

These exploits will shine with a distinguished brilliancy in the Annals of Fame. What a radiance will this struggle for Liberty, which has produced such exertions of genius and prowess, throw around America! 'Tis enough to make us proud of our country, and to glory in the name of Americans; yea, even to make it criminal to be destitute of this pride.—Many nations have in their turn been celebrated for noble achievements—for battles won—for cities taken, and for countries gradually subdued. But the glory of capturing whole armies together, one after another, with experienced commanders at their head, by superior generalship, and with little loss of time or of blood, is reserved for America.

Happy Country! the scene of such wonders, the nurse of such heroes, the defender of Liberty, and the care of *JEHOVAH*! How natural is it to look forward to distant posterity, and figure to ourselves their increase, their tranquility, their freedom, their prosperity! Soon, we trust, will commence the aera [i.e., era] of our quiet enjoyment of those liberties which our fathers purchased with the toil of their whole lives, with their treasure, with their blood. Safe from the enemy of the wilderness; safe from the griping hand of arbitrary sway, here shall be the late founded seat of peace and of freedom. Here shall arts and sciences, the companions of tranquility, flourish. Here shall dwell uncorrupted faith, the pure worship of God in it's primitive simplicity, unawed, unrestrained, uninterrupted. Here shall religion and liberty extend their benign influences to savage, enslaved and benighted nations.' —How can we forbear rejoicing in such happy prospects, as well as in the events which open such prospects to our view? How can we help testifying the gladness of our hearts in every decent way, in which joy can be expressed, communicated and heightened, and the event which gave rise to this joy be fixed deep in the memories of all, and transmitted to future generations? But our care should be, that 'Religion may preside over the joy of this day, and that gratitude to Heaven may exalt it. There are some civil and military demonstrations of gladness that so great an occasion demands. But the blessing is too divine, the joy is too great, too sacred, to be affronted by profaneness, or polluted and debased by sensuality.'

'May our gracious Benefactor perfect the work of mercy in which we are rejoicing, and grant that neither we, nor those that come after us, may wantonly forfeit these blessings and these hopes! May the cause of Liberty and of pure Religion still advance by the favour of the Almighty, 'till every nation shall be happy under the government of the Prince of Peace; and truth, freedom and righteousness universally prevail!' ...

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From “An oration, in commemoration of the independence of the United States of North-America, delivered July 4, 1787, at the Reformed Calvinist Church in Philadelphia,” delivered by Thomas McKean, signer of the Declaration of Independence and the Articles of Confederation; President (i.e., Governor) of (at separate times) both Delaware and Pennsylvania, and also a Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

...Another advantage derived from our Independence consists in the expansion it has given the human mind, and the new fields it has opened for enquiry, especially on the interesting subjects of government.—While only a third part of legislation was in our hands, it is not a subject of wonder that we were deficient in many of its principles; but since all the powers of government have devolved upon us,

how many proofs of knowledge have been given in this science—witness the wisdom and energy of many of our constitutions, and witness the literary productions of those illustrious civilians, Jefferson and Adams, whose works are not only calculated to instruct their countrymen, but to enlighten Europe and posterity in the great science of social and political happiness;—nor have our studies and enquiries since the Declaration of Independence been confined to government, science has flourished in all its branches—the American historian records the events of our revolution with classical elegance, and her poets celebrate in all the harmony of verse the glorious achievements of her sons.

By a separation from Britain we have encreased our resources for knowledge:—Witness the numerous colleges, academies and literary societies that have been established since the peace throughout the Union.—These institutions, so fruitful of public and private happiness, have arisen entirely from a conviction that knowledge is essential to the preservation of a republican form of government.

Our separation from Great-Britain has extended the empire of humanity—no longer shall the wretched African be torn from his peaceful habitation, to fertilize with his tears the soil of a people professing themselves advocates for universal freedom—the time is not far distant when our sister States, in imitation of our example, shall change their vassals into subjects.

Our national Independence has opened the avenues of commerce with every part of the world, and thereby not only lessened the price of our imports, but added to the value of our products.—Nor is this the only advantage we have derived from the extension of our trade: It was not less the policy than the interest of Britain to instill[I] into our minds national prejudices, and to teach us to regard all mankind, except Englishmen, as our enemies; but happily this prejudice is removed, and we now view the whole human race as members of one great and extensive family, however much they may be distinguished from us by the circumstances of distance, colour, or religion. The Frenchman and the American (till lately considered hereditary enemies) now embrace each other as children of the same father—the European Catholic and the American Protestant review with equal horror the times when their ancestors embued their hands in each others blood, and now join to cancel the remembrance of them in mutual acts of charity and benevolence.—Nor has this intercourse been restricted to Europe, the inhabitants of China, Bengal, and the United States, have met together on the sands of India; and by the influence of commerce have added the ties of interest to the obligations of universal benevolence.

Another, and a principal advantage of our Independence, results from the material change it has wrought on the opinions, conduct and government of the European nations: It was by contemplating our Independence that France has become the land of free enquiry and general toleration; Germany, from the same cause, has shaken off an immense load of religious prejudice and bigotry; Spain has caught our spirit of enterprise and innovation; and even *Britain* herself has been taught, by our successful struggle to relax in her system of general subjugation; hence Ireland enjoys what she had long demanded in vain; an exercise of her natural rights to commerce, liberty and independence. Propitious aera! happy event! Which has softened the rigours of tyranny, and taught *even* Kings to revere the great laws of justice and equity...

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*From “An oration delivered in the Presbyterian Church, at Elizabeth-town [New Jersey], on the Fourth of July, 1794, at the request of the militia officers, it being the eighteenth anniversary of American independence,” by Rev. Isaac Watts Crane (?-1856.)*

...In our late glorious struggle for liberty, every patriotic American felt himself interested in the cause and was willing to sacrifice life or property for the attainment of so desirable an object. It is presumed that those patriotic principles have not yet been obliterated, and that they glow with as much ardor in your breasts, and in the breasts of all free Americans, throughout the United States, on the celebration of this day, as they did the Fourth of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six.

Many of those who fought have the satisfaction to see their children, whom perhaps they were once obliged to leave helpless and exposed, now growing up in the love and spirit of the same noble principles, and as if divinely influenced by the sacred planet of liberty under which they were born,

partaking of the temper and genius of the parent and shewing marks of their parents bravery in every action.

Courage may be called a distinguishing trait in the American character. There is neither age nor sex here but what feels the sacred fire—the names of liberty and independence convey the pleasing and lively ideas to the young, as well as to the aged.—Our fathers have related to us instances of valor and patriotism which they saw—in lively colours have these virtues been impressed upon our minds, and we hope that they will not vanish like a thrice told tale, but be forever preserved pure and uncontaminated.

Should any of you, who are now present in this assembly, be ever called out in the defence and service of your country, remember that you are to support the character of brave Americans; remember that you are the defenders of liberty and of the rights of man; that heaven is therefore on your side; and when you fight resolve to conquer or resolve to die!

But it is unnecessary to recommend courage to you my respected audience—allow me to say, that the appearance of this house to day, affords sufficient proofs of valour and of love for our country—whence else this glow of martial zeal in every countenance, whence else the smile of generous bravery in every face?—The standard of liberty which you have just erected, with its colours floating in the air and presenting the fifteen United States, as so many stars in the moral firmament, bespeaks aloud your unshaken patriotism—Your past conduct is like wise a sufficient proof of your present courage and public spirit—Let yon fields bear witness, with what patriotic ardour, with what undaunted courage, the brave citizens of Elizabeth[town] pursued and harrassed a fierce, a cruel, and a turbulent foe.

Whose heart does not glow with gratitude to our military guardians, to the gallant general as well as to the brave soldier for freedom from the threatened yoke of oppression?—Who will not shed the tear of sympathetic gratitude over our departed heroes? The names of Warren, Mercer and Montgomery, who died fighting the battles of their country, shall never, never be forgotten [sic].

But ye are not dead illustrious captains! Ye are not dead but removed to the armies of heaven! It is there with a complacent and holy submission, ye are waiting to be rejoined by your renowned CHIEF, and with him to mingle among the innumerable hierarchies that surround the throne of God; while your names with his, embalmed by your glorious and shining actions, shall be had in sweet remembrance, by your countrymen to the remotest ages of the world...

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“An oration, pronounced July 4, 1797, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in commemoration of the anniversary of American independence,” by Massachusetts legislator John Callender (1772-1833).

...THE baleful spirit of religious persecution which chased our forefathers from the land of their nativity, compelled them to take refuge in the dens and caverns of a wilderness—greatly preferring the inhospitable wilds of America with freedom of sentiment, to the luxurious abodes of cultivated Europe when shackled by oppression. Here then we discover the source from which arose that delicacy of feelings, that purity of manners, that rigid inflexibility of principles which gave birth to our admirable republic. Degenerate indeed must have been their offspring had they suffer'd the hand of tyranny, to stifle in *their* bosoms, the glowing spirit of such progenitors. It were needless to repeat the various perils which our settlers encountered in their infant establishment; to describe a warfare with the treacherous inhabitant of the woods, novel in its manner, and cruel in its conduct. Suffice it, that under every impression of difficulty and danger, still their settlements flourished; and by progressive improvement, became at the commencement of the present century, the strongest arm of the British empire. The inhabitants of the, then, American colonies, were filled with sentiments of loyalty to their king and veneration for the constitution of Great Britain. Thanks to the foolish policy of her ministers, those sentiments so inimical to our national grandeur were not permitted to remain.

MANY oppressive acts of government had inspired the people of America, with the most dreadful apprehensions. The safety of those darling rights and privileges for which they were ready to sacrifice their lives, appear'd imminently endangered. Still, however, they entertain'd a lively hope that a submissive deportment and a modest representation of their grievances would obtain from the justice and generosity of the parent country, ample reparation for injuries which they had sustained, and security against the infliction of others, in future. But the humble petitions of America were answered with insult, her agents treated with the foulest contempt, and the right of taxing us "in all cases whatever," at length, avowed as a principle equitable in itself, and strictly conformable to the political constitution of Great-Britain. A declaration at once so oppressive and absurd, discover'd to America the precipice on which she stood. The tyrannic measures of a British ministry, and the obsequious devotion of a British parliament, roused in every breast a merited detestation of the government, and a resolute determination to resist...

HOWEVER unprepared for warfare with antagonists so far their superiors in the deadly practice, still they shrunk not from the unequal contest. To the hardy veterans of Europe they opposed the rude untrained levies of the moment, the voluntary exertions of individuals and the sanctified justice of their cause. The only object they contemplated, was their country's freedom, the only efforts they employed, fair and honorable conflict in arms. No murderous proscription, traced the steps of our revolution, in the blood of assassinated brethren. No mockery of justice, made the difference of opinion a signal for execution. The American cause needed not the aid of such auxiliaries. Founded in justice, conducted with firmness and discretion, it ended in the most ample and unbounded success. Search the varied history of nations: analyse [sic] the discordant principles of government, the records of mankind afford not an instance of a revolution so important, effected with so few enormities. To the wise provisions of our venerable forefathers are we indebted for such salutary effects. Their early establishments for the education of youth rendered the attainment of knowledge easy to the poorest member of the community. Hence their rights were clearly understood, the blessings of genuine liberty ardently pursued and the visionary wanderings of its phantom most judiciously avoided.

THAT our revolution [i.e., as opposed to the French Revolution] was so little disgraced by cruelty and injustice much also is due to the exertions of our clergy, and it is with pride I here offer my humble tribute of applause to that devout and learned profession. The holy precepts of our religion which they inculcated, and the bright examples of virtue which they exhibited, gave them a great and merited influence with the people. To their eternal honour be it recorded, *that* influence exerted on the side of liberty and humanity, in a great measure restrained those wild excesses which have too frequently blasted in the execution, a cause designed by the noblest motives of the human mind...

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*From "An oration, prepared, to be delivered in St. Phillip's Church, before the inhabitants of Charleston, South-Carolina, on the Fourth of July, 1798. In commemoration of American independence. : By appointment of the American Revolution Society. Published at the request of that society, and also of the South-Carolina State Society of the Cincinnati," by Henry William De Saussure (1763-1839) of the South-Carolina State Society of Cincinnati.*

...The parent state, after having cherished its American colonies with fond affection in their infancy, became jealous of their growing importance in their riper age. She dreaded a rival, where she should have seen only a friend. Under the unhappy influence of an ill-judged policy, she determined to check the growth of her children, advancing rapidly to maturity. To effect this purpose, she limited their commerce, restricted their manufactures, shackled their spirit of enterprize, obstructed the administration of justice, destroyed their charters, suspended their legislatures, and manifested, by a thousand injurious acts, that spirit of domination, which finally issued in the assertion of an unqualified right in the British parliament, to bind in all cases whatever, unrepresented America. The colonies, filled with affection and kindness towards a nation, which they fondly and truly esteemed their parent, and kindling into anger, slowly and with regret, resorted to every means of conciliation. They supplicated the monarch for a remedy to their evils, and they solicited the parliament for redress of their grievances. Their supplications were treated with scorn, and their solicitations were rejected with contempt. Their patience, under suffering, and their forbearance, under wrongs, were construed into timidity, and the bearers of their petitions were

refused an audience. Great Britain had come out of her last war, which had been conducted by the vast and fervid genius of Chatham, flushed with unparalleled success. Encircled with her victories, and strong in her immense resources, she could not condescend, after she had given law to the most powerful nations in Europe, to treat with indulgence, or respect, a handful of people, whom she called rebellious subjects. In a dark hour, when her evil genius presided, she spurned her suppliant children from her feet, and declaring them out of the protection of her laws, waged cruel war upon them. America receding slowly and reluctantly from her fond attachment, and from her earnest hope of conciliation, was gradually forced to take up arms in self-defence. Unskilled in the art, and unprovided with the munition of war, she suffered every calamity, which superior force, directed by experience, and sharpened by resentment, could inflict. Her provinces were overrun—her towns were pillaged and burnt—her citizens were exiled, or immured in dungeons—her undisciplined armies were dissipated, and a dark cloud hung over her fortunes, and threatened their ruin. But that characteristic temper of Americans, which, in times of peace, is forbearance and gentleness, rose under the pressure of the war into invincible fortitude. Like the founder of the Russian grandeur, they learned to draw victory out of defeat; and they acquired the art of war from their enemy. The gallant defence of Bunker's hill by undisciplined provincials, taught the British troops the vanity of their hopes of a speedy conquest. The vigorous invasion of Canada, by new troops, penetrating through a wilderness, never before trodden by civilized man, displayed a hardihood of enterprise, not equalled by the great Wolf, in his more fortunate attack on Quebec: and was likened, at the time of its execution, to Hannibal's famed passage of the Alps. The skilful retreat through the Jerseys, and the decisive blow at Trenton, displayed combinations of patience, judgment, and active valor; which evinced, that America, though "in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," could not be subdued by foreign invasion. The gallant and unceasing attacks at Bennington, Saratoga, and Stillwater, which compelled the haughty Burgoyne to lay down his arms, were pledges of ultimate success. The glorious defence of Fort Moultrie, the brilliant achievement at Stoney Point, the decisive blow at King's Mountain, the fortune-changing victory at the Cowpens, and the hard fought battles of Guilford and the Eutaws, were the great harbingers of that glorious day, when the surrender of Cornwallis put the seal to the American independence.

The pressure of the times brought out those great minds which exist in every society of man, and which, laying dormant in tranquil seasons, remain in the shade of privacy, till some fit occasion arises, and demands them to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm. The Sidneys, and the Hampdens, who would else have remained mute, inert, and inglorious, came forth at their country's call; and guiding the councils, or conducting the armies of America, led her to victory and independence. Great Warren, skilled in the arts which adorn and dignify life, in the gilded scenes of peace, arose at the harsh notes of war, and gave, in the noble defence of Bunker's-Hill, a great example, in a glorious death, to his grieving countrymen. Montgomery, than whom a nobler spirit never was clothed in human form, offered up his life, a sacrifice, for that cause which he had ardently adopted; carrying with him, into immortality, the affections of his compatriots, and the admiration of his adversaries. By his side, at the gates of Quebec, perished in the moment, when the fate of the embattled legions seemed suspended upon their lives or their deaths, M'Pherson and a host of gallant youths, who scorned to survive their chief. Were I to indulge in the theme, and enumerate the multitudes, who sought honor in the field of glory, and who died a willing sacrifice for their country, I should swell the catalogue to an immeasurable size; and I should awaken too many sad recollections of the losses we have sustained. Yet some recollections press too strongly to be eluded, and force an unwilling, because a painful, remembrance. The gallant Mercer was slain in the vigor of his years, and in the arms of victory. The veteran Wooster fell covered with glory in the defence of his own immediate country. Nash, Scammel, Perry, Campbell, were the victims of their courage, and of their country.

It would be ingratitude to refuse a place in the roll of fame, to the ardent valour of Pulaski, the noble Pole, who, despairing of freedom in his own country, sought to win it in America, and freely gave his blood as the price. Nor less unjust would it be to withhold the eulogium of the great de Kaalb [Kalb], who, covered with wounds in a cause, not his own, spent the last hours of his glorious life, in attesting the courage of the troops he had commanded.

Nor were there found wanting able and gallant men in our southern region, to vindicate their country's quarrel. The veteran Roberts, who first taught our Carolina youth the discipline necessary to

regulate their valour, died gloriously in its defence, pointing out the road of honor to his son. The high spirited Huger, with the gallant Neyle [Andrew Neale?] and Moultrie, who left wealthy ease, for the hardships of camps, fell in the defence of our city.<sup>418</sup> The wise and resolute Hyrne became the victim of an incurable wound, received in the ardent conflict. The brave Shepherd, Wilkins, Hume, and many other patriotic soldiers, freely shed their blood in the varied warfare. Wise, Motte, Rutherford, Joor, Simmons, Donnom, De Saussure, and a thousand other heroic officers, left “the warm precincts of the chearful day” for the cold chambers of death, in the inspiring cause of independence. Laurens, proud name! thy heroic spirit seemed born for other times, when high deeds of chivalry, surpassing human powers, gave a gigantic form to military enterprize. Even thee we were compelled to yield to the scythed tyrant, who sweeps the warlike hero and the peaceful citizen, indiscriminately before him.

High above all, towers the beloved name of Greene; who, yielding to fate, since the accomplishment of the revolution, could scarcely be admitted into this enumeration, if his pre-eminence in merit, as in station, did not dispense with the rule of confining our eulogium to those who died in the revolution. This great officer was in the South, what his illustrious chief was in the North, the saviour of his country. The Romans were proud of possessing chiefs, one of whom merited the title of the shield, and the other, the sword, of his country. Greene was at once the sword and the shield of the southern states; and their gratitude will be as eternal as his fame...

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From “An oration, delivered on the Fourth of July, 1798, before the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, the Democratic Society, the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, the New York Cooper Society, and a numerous concourse of other citizens,” by U.S. Representative for New York George Clinton, Jr., (1771-1809); also son of Maj. Gen. James Clinton, as well as nephew of the Governor of New York and U.S. Vice-President for whom he ostensibly was named.

...FREEDOM of opinion is essential to knowledge and virtue. An unrestrained communication of sentiment and discussion of public measures is the scourge of tyrants and the strongest pillar of democracy. A free press would soon destroy the most gloomy despotisms—kings tremble before the inquisition of the people. There is a distinguishing principle of right and wrong in the most untutored breast, which abhors tyranny and execrates flagitiousness.

Let the mind be enlightened, and the chains of slavery are broken. In this country the freedom of opinion, both in civil and religious concerns, is happily secured by the constitution. May the popular indignation and the *vengeance of heaven* light upon the unprincipled wretch that shall attempt to infringe so invaluable a privilege!—To perpetuate the advantages of the revolution, let us support our constitutions: May they be the rallying point of all true republicans. Because objections were made to the federal constitution when it was first proposed for consideration, let no one be hardy or foolish enough to assert that those who were then opposed to it would now wish to overthrow it by force or by fraud. All parties admitted that it was not a perfect system—that it needed amendments; and the only material question was, whether they should *precede* or *follow* the adoption. Since the ratification several very important amendments have been engrafted into the constitution. This has been the means, we trust, of uniting all parties in its favour. If it be defective, it contains within itself the power of amendment. The same wisdom which pointed out the necessity of a more energetic system of federal government than the articles of confederation, will, it is hoped, produce such alterations in our general constitution as experience shall dictate to be salutary and expedient. Let us preserve our union: *United*, we are powerful and unconquerable—*Divided*, we become the prey of intestine faction and foreign ambition. Let none presume to assert that our territory is too extensive, our manners too dissimilar, or our interests too repugnant for a federal government. If the states maintain authority to manage their internal concerns, the relations of the union are neither too multifarious, too complicated or arduous for a general government. A small territory is the seat of faction. When the spirit of discord is prevalent it pervades every part; infuses its poison into

⁴¹⁸ [Edit. Note. Of the three, only Neale, assuming he means Andrew Neale, was slain and this was at the Battle of Rocky Mount on 30 July 1780. Huger escaped capture at the siege of Charleston, May 1780; though Moultrie it could be said “fell” in being taken prisoner there.]

the bosom of families, and contaminates the whole mass. No portion of the community is sufficiently dispassionate to support the public good, and the government is destroyed by a mob or subverted by a tyrant. A government over an extensive country promises duration, permanence and stability; its views are enlarged as its territory; local interests affect not the mass of the community; and when one part becomes disordered, there is sufficient vigor in the others to restore the health of the political body. Beware of the spirit of party: it may dissolve your union, dismember your empire, and render you the sport of ambition, and the cause of your own destruction. Never may it be recorded in history that the people which combined against despotism, and by their united energies shook off the yoke of British tyranny, have become a divided and dismembered nation. Let this great example of national vigor teach you the advantages of union...

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*“Eulogy of George Washington;” given on 29 Dec. 1799, in Bethel Church of Philadelphia, by Bishop Richard Allen (1760-1831), founder of the African Methodist Church.*

At this time it may not be improper to speak a little on the late mournful event — an event in which we participate in common with the feelings of a grateful people — an event which causes “the land to mourn” in a season of festivity. Our father and friend is taken from us — he whom the nations honoured is “seen of men no more.”

We, my friends, have particular cause to bemoan our loss. To us he has been the sympathising friend and tender father. He has watched over us, and viewed our degraded and afflicted state with compassion and pity — his heart was not insensible to our sufferings. He whose wisdom the nations revered thought we had a right to liberty. Unbiased by the popular opinion of the state in which is the memorable Mount Vernon — he dared to do his duty, and wipe off the only stain with which man could ever reproach him.

And it is now said by an authority on which I rely, that he who ventured his life in battles, whose “head was covered” in that day, and whose shield the “Lord of hosts” was, did not fight for that liberty which he desired to withhold from others — the bread of oppression was not sweet to his taste, and he “let the oppressed go free” — he “undid every burden” — he provided lands and comfortable accommodations for them when he kept this “acceptable fast to the Lord” — that those who had been slaves might rejoice in the day of their deliverance.

If he who broke the yoke of British burdens “from off the neck of the people” of this land, and was hailed his country’s deliverer, by what name shall we call him who secretly and almost unknown emancipated his “bondmen and bondwomen” — became to them a father, and gave them an inheritance!

Deeds like these are not common. He did not let “his right hand know what his left hand did” — but he who “sees in secret will openly reward” such acts of beneficence.

The name of Washington will live when the sculptured marble and statue of bronze shall be crumbled into dust — for it is the decree of the eternal God that “the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance, but the memorial of the wicked shall rot.”

It is not often necessary, and it is seldom that occasion requires recommending the observance of the laws of the land to you, but at this time it becomes a duty; for you cannot honour those who have loved you and been your benefactors more than by taking their council and advice.

And here let me intreat you always to bear in mind the affectionate farewell advice of the great Washington — “to love your country — to obey its laws — to seek its peace — and to keep yourselves from attachment to any foreign nation.”



Your observance of these short and comprehensive expressions will make you good citizens — and greatly promote the cause of the oppressed and shew to the world that you hold dear the name of George Washington.

May a double portion of his spirit rest on all the officers of the government in the United States, and all that say my Father, my Father — the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof, which is the whole of the American people.

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From “A discourse on General Washington; delivered in the Catholic Church of St. Peter, in Baltimore--Feb. 22d 1800,” by John Carroll (1735-1815), first ever Roman Catholic Bishop and Archbishop appointed to the United States, and who also happened to be the cousin of Declaration of Independence signatory Charles Carroll.

...I need not recapitulate the origin of the discontents between G. Britain, and her American dependencies. Suffice it to say, that America viewed the claims of the parent country, as incompatible with her freedom and happiness. The great soul of Washington revolted at the idea of national degradation; but tempering his ardor with deliberate wisdom, he associated with other Sages of his country, to meditate on her new and critical situation.

Here let us pause, fellow citizens, to contemplate this exalted man, revolving in his breast the natural and social rights of human kind; comparing these with actual and impending grievances, and with the obligations of an allegiance due to a long established government. Had lawless ambition reigned in his breast, he would have decided the public voice for immediate hostility. But in this point also, Providence destined him to leave a memorable and salutary example, He was not dazzled by the prospect of being elevated to the chief command of the military force of America. In his opinion, nothing could justify a recurrence to the sword, and a revolt from established authority, but extreme necessity. All reasonable means of redress should be tried, before a good citizen will dissolve the fabric of government, and expose a people to the convulsive shocks of a revolution, the explosions of which no considerate man can promise himself to regulate, or foresee their termination....

A reflection here forces itself upon my mind, which I ought not to withhold from my respectable auditors. Would to God, that the principal authors and leaders of the many revolutions, through which unhappy France has passed in the course of a few years, would to God, that they had been influenced by a morality as pure and enlightened, as that of Washington, and his associates in the first Congress! What scenes of carnage and cruelty! What private woes and public calamity would have been spared to that ill-fated country? and how sacred and venerable would have still remained to it the sanctuary of religion?...

But far other thoughts absorbed his attention. Modest, as he was eminent in valour and wisdom, he contemplated with mingled emotions of self[-]diffidence, and generous resolution, the important stake placed in his hands; the subjection or independence; the vassalage or freedom of an immense territory, destined to be the habitation of countless millions. When therefore, in obedience to the voice of his country, he placed himself at the head of her army, the expressions of his dependence on Providence should never be forgotten. Claiming no personal merit, apprehensive of injuring the public interest through some misconduct; yet trusting to the justice of his cause, and conscious of the purity of his motives, he called upon his fellow citizens to remember, that he depended for success, not on his own military skill, but on the God of battles, to whom he made his solemn appeal...

Washington beheld from his retirement, as the Jewish legislator from the summit of mount Phasga [or Pisgah], the flourishing prosperity of his country. Health sweetened his repose and rural occupations; his body and mind retained their usual vigour. We flattered ourselves with the expectation of his continuing long to retain them: Joy beamed in our hearts, when on every annual revolution, we gratefully hailed this, his auspicious birthday. But, alas! how dark is the cloud, that now overshadows it? The songs of festivity converted into the throbs of mourning! The prayers of thanksgiving for his health and life changed into lamentations for his death! Who feels not for him, as for his dearest friend, his protector, and his Father?

Whilst he lived, we seemed to stand on loftier ground, for breathing the same air, inhabiting the same country, and enjoying the same constitution and laws, as the sublime and magnanimous Washington. He was invested with a glory, that shed a lustre on all around him. For his country's safety, he often had braved death, when clad in her most terrific form: he had familiarised himself with her aspect; at her approaching to cut the thread of his life, he beheld her with constancy and serenity; and with his last breath, as we may believe from knowing the ruling passion of his soul, he called to heaven to save his country, and recommended it to the continual protection of that Providence, which he so reverently adored. May his prayer have been heard! May these United States flourish in pure and undefiled religion, in morality, peace, union, liberty and the enjoyment of their excellent Constitution, as long as respect, honour, and veneration shall gather round the name of Washington; that is, whilst there shall be any surviving record of human events.

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*From "An oration, delivered at Plymouth, in New-Hampshire, on the anniversary of the independence of America, July 4th, 1800," by Robert Fowle (1766-1847), Rector of the Episcopal Church, New-Holderness. Of note, Fowle was a stridently Federalist supporter of John Adams, and at one point in his speech even speaks disparagingly of democracy.*

...BLESSED with a Constitution of Government whose prominent features are wisdom and strength, let us embrace, support, and protect it with an ardency of affection, a glow of zeal and a firmness of virtue—Let us esteem it as a most precious treasure, and transmit it pure to posterity. Our [e]xertions in this cause are not confined to our own persons—The lisping infant, whose tender age we are bound to cherish, looks to us for the preservation of the invaluable blessing—And the dear partners of your bosoms, and the pledges of your mutual love, in the eloquent language of a trickling tear, and in the silent, though impressive rhetoric of tenderness, beseech you to regard your sacred, dearest rights, and not sacrifice your virtue at the altar of Faction.

THE true spirit of an American is figured in the emblem of our Standard. There we behold the Eagle, towering with the boldest flight: In one talon carrying the shafts of death, ready to be hurled with dauntless vigor against the enemies of our Liberty: In the other the olive branch of peace, extended to every nation, stimulated with a desire of friendship on the honorable ground of reciprocal advantage: In her beak supporting the charter of our Freedom, the birth-right of Americans, and the terror of disorganizers. While the spirit there displayed actuates the Nation in general, we have no enemy to fear. The crest-fallen opposer of Government will hang his head, pressed by the weight of hopeless mischief—Abashed by the virtue of its friends, he will seek a refuge in the covert of obscurity, and emaciate with the mania of disappointed ambition...

IT becomes us, as a free, sovereign and independent Nation, to be prepared for every event which political discernment may predict as possible. Though the prospect of peace glimmers with a ray of hope, the blessing may be more distant than our wishes may lead us to expect. But while we cherish and show a disposition for peace, we are free from the charge of delighting in the desolations of war; and shall prove to the world with what reluctance we should appeal to this last and dreadful resource and that we wish "the rights and liberties of nations to be fully restored." Blessed with the means of national happiness, independence, and glory, we desire only the undisturbed enjoyment of what Heaven has been pleased to bestow on our Country. Let us prove to the world, that the violator of these enjoyments will find the roused resentment of Americans will not be easily appeased. While our Navy is chastizing the marauders of the ocean, may the public virtue of our citizens beam like the splendor of the Sun, and like the destructive lightning blast the plots inimical to the peace and happiness of our Country.

THEN may we hope, that till the Conqueror of Time has extended his banners over the world, and Kingdoms, Empires and States, have yielded to his dominion, the prosperity of Columbia will be continued—and that its Freedom and Independence will only end with the last wreck of matter...

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From "An oration, delivered in St. Paul's Church, on the Fourth of July, 1800: being the twenty-fourth anniversary of our independence; before the General Society of Mechanics & Tradesmen, Tammany Society or Columbian Order, and other associations and citizens," by Matthew Livingston Davis (1773-1850), journalist and associate of both Philip Freneau and Aaron Burr, and for whom he acted as a second in the latter's fatal duel with Hamilton.

- ...YES, our beloved country is now free and independent; no longer the submissive vassals of a haughty and imperious power, we have acquired an honourable and elevated rank among nations.—Four and twenty annual seasons of prosperity have passed away, and demand the effusions of gratitude to Heaven, for the many blessings we have enjoyed.

FELICITY uninterrupted, and unalloyed, belongs not to man. Our day of life is marked by a perpetual succession of vicissitudes. By turns it presents the cheerful sunshine of prosperity, and exhibits the gloomy appearances of adversity: Just so with nations.—Empires, as well as individuals, are perpetually exposed to the evils which arise from the errors, imperfections and vices of humanity.

THE hostility and depredations of foreign states, the rivalry [sic] and jealousy of contending parties, and the effects of aspiring ambition, are sure at one period or at another, to present a front of danger which can only be encountered by a happy combination of fortitude and wisdom.

THIS is the Anniversary of our existence as a people.—It constitutes an era calculated to inspire us with sublime and enthusiastic emotions.—It is a day which should ever animate our hearts with gladness, and swell our bosoms with expanded and patriotic feelings. On each annual recurrence of this memorable period, we should call to our remembrance those scenes of peril and of glory which conducted us to freedom: We should recount to our friends and our children, the repeated injuries we suffered, the numerous hardships we endured, and the invincible constancy with which our soldiers conquered in their country's cause: We should tell them how our little band of heroes, unprovided with the conveniences, and scarcely supplied with the necessities of war, braved the summer's scorching heat, and winter's freezing cold, and vanquished armies numerous, organized, and disciplined: We should remind them of the arrogant pretensions of our implacable foe, and the inveterate resentment with which they endeavoured to subjugate America: We should unfold their cruelty, and record how pestilence, fire and famine, were united with the sword, with the intent to accomplish our destruction. And while we kindle in their breasts the pious flame of patriotic sentiment, we should teach them to dwell with fervent rapture upon the virtues of our illustrious generals and statesmen, who in the season of adversity stood foremost in the glorious rank of saviours of their country...

I perceive the momentuous events of this arduous contest passing before me in a rapid, though interesting succession. Gloomy and hopeless at first: Black and menacing was the cloud which overshadowed us. Surcharged with fury, the heavy thunders roared, the forked lightnings flashed. Calm and collected the Guardian Genius of America, viewed the impending tempest.—Though not insensible of her danger, she viewed it undismayed. She knew the resources of her proud invaders, and eyed their preparations for the combat. She saw their numerous armies, their mercenary bands of foreigners, enforced by powerful fleets. Appealing to the protection of an over-ruling Providence, she trusted to the justice of her cause, and to the superior gallantry of her sons. Between *slavery* and *battle* could there be room to hesitate? For submission was worse than death and desolation, it was servility, degradation, and perpetual unlimited subjugation...

WHILE we are jealous of the intrigues of Europeans, let us cultivate harmony, friendship and affection among ourselves. These United States constitute one country, and one republic. Beware of local parties, interests and divisions. Beware of geographical distinctions. The extremities of Georgia, and of New-Hampshire, are equally component parts of our extensive empire. Connected by the most endearing ties, let us cherish a constant intercourse of love, and regarding each other as the faithful members of one happy family, let our union be co-existent with our independence.

UNITE a love of liberty, with a love of social order and representative government. Our civil constitution confers immortal honour upon the discernment of its founders. Cherish and preserve it, for it is truly worthy of our most ardent solicitude and attachment. Cultivate sound political maxims, and blend them with an unconquerable spirit of rational freedom. Liberty can never flourish, unless ascertained and protected by just and equitable laws: Profiting by the lessons of experience, may we never sacrifice our felicity to splendour, or deviate from virtue, in pursuit of the alluring follies of ambition. Let us be true to ourselves, and let affection to our country be the most active emotion of our hearts. So shall that independence which we this day celebrate, continue the blessing of millions yet unborn. The name of America, rising superior to the tarnished fame and fading lustre of Rome or Athens, will stand foremost in the annals of history, and the mild glories of an empire, shining with celestial splendour, shall continue the inheritance of an enlightened and happy people, while the loud sounding cataracts of Niagara are heard to roar, and the mighty waters of the Mississippi and St. Laurence, roll in opposite directions, to encompass the land of the free.⁴¹⁹

⁴¹⁹ This oration was followed by a lengthy “Ode for The Fourth of July, 1800” by poet Samuel Low (1765-?).



From left to right, and down, Ambrose C. Spencer, Philip Spencer's elder brother, both sons of John C. Spencer; A United States midshipman of 1848; Illustration from *The Pirate's Own Book* (1837), and Slidell Mackenzie as presented in the *Duyckincks' Cyclopaedia of American Literature* (1854-1875.)

A Proposed Solution to the *Somers* Mutiny Tragedy

“Simon, Simon, behold, Satan has demanded permission to sift you like wheat...”
~ Luke 22:31.

“It would seem that a panic or mania prevailed on board the *Somers* -- captain, officers, and crew being afflicted with it in one way, seeing mutiny in everything -- and Midshipman Spencer afflicted with it in another shape -- concocting mutiny out of Greek letters and nothing. It is probably the greatest farce, ending in an awful tragedy, that ever was enacted since creation.”
~ *New York Herald*, Jan. 17, 1843.

Preface

There are two things likely to strike one after reflecting on the purported mutiny and subsequent hangings that occurred aboard the U.S. brig *Somers* in late 1842, and that is the event was, in retrospect, both extremely sad *and* perplexingly preposterous. With respect to its tragic aspects, a feeling person, I think, will invariably experience genuine pity for either the executed mutineers and or the correspondingly maligned captain; and, perhaps as well, pity for others who were connected with or involved in what took place. In my case, my own emotions have been at times deeply moved in these wises, and which feelings all the more prompted me to want to get at the bottom and solve the puzzle of what transpired on that ill fated U.S. Navy training ship. Which brings us to the second point, namely, that what happened aboard the *Somers* was extraordinarily absurd. How could persons have been hanged for a mutiny that in point of fact never really occurred; and this owing to the judgment of a naval commander; whom fellow author Edgar Allan Poe (not to mention other famous prose writers and prominent civic leaders of that day) ranked as a something of a gifted luminary, even genius?⁴²⁰

⁴²⁰ See Poe's review of Slidell Mackenzie's (then Lieut. Slidell's) *The American in England*, in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, February 1836.

Here then also was a singular opportunity to explain a seemingly bewildering mystery; where an event and all its witnesses were in an ostensibly closed off and confined space; with apparently little opportunity for outsiders to influence either their actions or subsequent testimonies. And yet despite such ideal circumstances for an investigation, attempts at something like a reasonably firm and fixed solution have ever and hitherto been thwarted.

Those who have gone to no inconsiderable trouble in researching and writing write about the case, having been so baffled, in arriving at their final conclusions could not help but, in some measure, to invoke the supernatural to aid their effort. The cover of Harrison Hayford's *The Somers Mutiny Affair* depicts an eerie looking ship beset by a haunting moon. In the same volume are quoted reminiscences of later *Somers* crew members who claimed to have seen, on the same ship, apparitions of the hanged victims.⁴²¹ At the end of his study, *Sea Dangers*, Philip McFarland finds himself making indirect association between the *Somers* and the Millerites, and other odd religious zealots and fanatics, of the 1840's.⁴²² Buckner Melton, in *A Hanging Offense*, while admitting himself at a loss to account for what happened is reduced to wondering if perhaps something like current day high-schoolers shooting fellow students, combined with the (supposedly) innate cruelty of the sea (with some added lunacy thrown in) were (in the final analysis) what were at fault. In addition to these, there is a historical documentary with the unabashed title "The Curse of the Somers." It is then a bit of a marvel that no one (at least that I am aware) has yet as well tied in the *Somers* business with the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle.

It just so happens that I myself am one who has my own real life run-in with spirits and the other-worldly. Here you may (or perhaps should) understandably pause and wonder as to my sincerity or my sanity in making such a statement. Please rest assured and as far as reading what follows goes, it is not strictly necessary to question or suspect either; though whether you actually believe my personal claims is, of course, entirely up to you. In support and proof of my avowal of having personally encountered spirit people and "ghosts," I have written two works on the subject: *A New Treatise on Hell*; which is a general, howsoever and admittedly imperfect, examination on the subject of (what are termed) "ghosts" and spirit people; and, secondly, my *Narrative* which is an account of my ordeal and experiences dealing directly with the same persons.⁴²³ Beyond directing you to these writings of mine, there is no point to elaborate at length *just here* on and about what I myself personally know of "spirit people" (as I usually refer to them.) Suffice to say, and if you will, *at least for the sake of discussion*, grant what I assert as true, let me save us both time by saying that as I got into reading about the *Somers* case, it as a matter of course occurred to me that spirit people were very possibly involved in bringing about that tragedy. Exactly how and in what manner, I will attempt explanations as I proceed. This said, let me be emphatic in qualifying what follows by making clear that I by no means intend that what I assert cannot in any way be wrong or mistaken. All I do say is that I believe very strongly that what I propose is as good or better an explication of the mystery as any yet offered; while then simply leaving it to others (including of course you the reader) to decide for themselves whether, after hearing me, they do or do not possibly concur.

Certainly it will help most measurably if you *can* find time to read also my *Treatise* and *Narrative* in accompaniment with what follows; to better and more clearly comprehend what I make reference to in this endeavor. But I will otherwise, and as best as I can under the circumstances, try to make your doing so as little necessary as possible; by furnishing you with at least *some* account and explanation in this study of the *Somers* case of what spirit people are and what they are like. First and for one, you may for practical purposes and simplicity's sake think of spirit people as ghosts acting with rational intelligence, calculation,

⁴²¹ See "Some Reminiscences of Philip Spencer and the Brig 'Somers'," *The United Service: A Monthly Review of Military and Naval Affairs*, vol. IV, July 1890, pp. 35-36, by Robert C. Rogers.

⁴²² As part of which treatment he quotes James Gordon Bennett in the *New York Herald*, Jan. 19, 1843: "'Captain Mackenzie and his officers acted at the time under a species of insanity produced by panic, a vivid imagination, and the spirit of the age all working together.' [McFarland now speaking] The mad spirit of that age of Transcendentalism, Fourierism, Millerism, Mormonism, Abolition, jingoism: 'everything is running riot -- perfectly wild.' Young Spencer longs to be a Red Rover; for his part, Mackenzie 'is fired with the idea of being a patriot of the old Roman order, and hence gives about a hundred boys, in a short cruise, two thousand colts, cats, or cowhides, and hangs up three individuals, without trial or evidence, merely to enforce order and preserve discipline. Madness all -- madness all . . .'" MSD p. 238.

⁴²³ You can obtain copies of these at: <http://archive.org/details/ANewTreatiseOnHell> and <http://archive.org/details/WilliamThomasShermanNarrative> or both at my Scribd page at: http://www.scribd.com/wsherman_1

and aforethought. They possess and are composed of a physical substance, albeit of a finer and much lighter sort than we (at least in this like) are materially composed of. Second, we need to point out that in talking about spirit people as they apply to the *Somers* case we mean *criminal* spirit people (particularly such who are seasoned, professional criminals); by which distinction we want it understood that a) there (presumably) are spirit people who are *not* criminals, and that b) if spirit people were among the fomenters of the *Somers* tragedy they were, not surprisingly, of an overtly spiteful and, on occasion, even malevolent sort. A good example of a criminal spirit person of the type I am referring to can be found in the character of Archimago in Edmund Spenser's epic lyric poem *The Fairie Queene* (found in Book I of that work, for instance.) Presented there is a kind of sorcerer ghost who seeks by means of trickery, masquerade, magic, violence, and mayhem to murder or otherwise undo his intended victims. From a more modern perspective we might further see him as a highly skilled master of mind control, crafted illusion, psychological manipulation, behavioral conditioning, and hypnotic suggestion, but who for all that is nonetheless and happens to be a ghost. Typically, he is assisted in some wise by a "regular," i.e., flesh and blood, person (or persons) who acts as his servant and intermediary or medium between other regular persons.⁴²⁴ In proposing my theory on the *Somers* affair then I will be making reference to such a one as either "Archimago" or else the "magician-ghost." Whether or not this kind of preternatural being and personage actually does or can exist one needs to go to my writings on spirit people to see there the case I make for this; as it would simply be too much to attempt the same in this survey of the *Somers* case. In addition, it can be noted, I am fully aware of the difficulty and delicacy of proving empirically the existence of spirit people; hence it would augment the complexity and labor of my task far too much to do so here. This, however, is by no means to suggest that such cannot be proved; only *here* and under the circumstances is not the place for it. In a word then and with all due respect to your intelligence as readers, I humbly entreat you to indulge my central assumption for present brevity's and convenience sake.

Some caveats. It is well to be careful and not to jump too hastily to conclusions as to a ghost's motives and specific degree of involvement, and or to assume when and what "regular" people are or are not acting knowingly in collusion with him. With regard to intent, it is to be expected that when dealing with or considering a *serious* criminal to infer their motives on a given occasion are (and taken of themselves) necessarily wicked and evil. Yet even if they are, it does not follow that *all* of their motives are so, and whether ghost or regular person it is not unknown for someone to do something very wrong, and yet persuade themselves that their reasons for acting as they do are innocent or at least justifiable ones. One might, for instance, murder out of seemingly warranted revenge. Yet another might do so not out of malice but because he is under pressure from another more criminal to commit such a crime; and variations, as you can surmise, can be quite numerous when it comes to motive and what actuates a crime or criminal activities, including, as we know from many a drama (or comedy), mistakes as to fact (Othello, for instance.)

Although we merely touch the surface, it can be said that a general motive of criminal spirit people on the leadership and broader level is to render and encourage regular people to be irrational, immoral, and fearful; to replace and substitute spirit people authority and magic in place of right reason and sound morals, and thereby debilitate humanity so that we will be that much more pliable and easily used and manipulated for purposes of becoming vassals, servants and slaves of such spirit people. A professional "devil" attacks good or bad people as its suits his design. One not insignificant advantage he has is that the world, generally, will not come to his victim's assistance if he patiently takes his time and applies frightening and malicious enough force and practical measures, such as trickery and bribery, enough to attack them with. In the case of bad and semi-rational people, their character makes them more readily answerable and subservient to a professional ghost criminal; such that if they hesitate or refuse him their aid and assistance, he can more easily coerce or whip them like a slave to do his bidding.

One must understand also that there are limits to what a magician-ghost, traditional "devil," or other puissant spirit person can do. Even Homer's gods, as we are reminded in his stories, are frequently

⁴²⁴ Dracula's Renfield is a ready, if not so subdued and subtle, example in literature that comes to mind of such a regular person assistant to a criminal "ghost;" though such "Renfield" may also be a person of prodigious material wealth and affluence; all the better funded, supplied and armed that he might carry out his master's wishes. While a spirit person can make use of money, he himself naturally cannot hold it, make payments, or have a bank account, etc. This then and rather is one of the functions of a "Renfield."

precluded from acting as they like because there are “rules” as to how things are done; and that there are usually other “gods” they must or may have to answer to for what they would do or perpetrate. Moreover, a given person has only so much physical strength, skill, social influence, points of character (such as patience), self-discipline, intelligence, or money to do or not do a given thing, and this applies to spirit just as it does to regular people. So even, for instance, if a spirit person could do something so utterly fantastic as change the weather, it doesn’t follow he (or she) could do it any old time that pleased him.

When spirit people are active and persistently involved with doings of regular people, the rules and standards regular people follow and go by will as likely as not change. This is one of the things that makes dealing with spirit people so acutely virulent and problematical. For what might be wrong or even terribly wrong to do under ordinary circumstances might, for some and as they see it, become pardonable or excusable if spirit people is involved. A good example of this is lying. If a sane and rational person knows a spirit person to have been party to a given event, it is altogether possible they will conceal or lie about what they know for the simple reason that they understandably think others will not believe them. So that per chance spirit people were actively involved in what happened on the *Somers* cruise of 1842, and this was in fact well perhaps known to and by some, including possibly authorities who later made formal inquiries into what happened. But in no wise did the latter deem it wise, feasible, or politic to openly divulge what they knew or else had good grounds to suspect. Similarly, what a regular person believes unthinkable to do under normal circumstances, they might well allow themselves if a spirit person commands or authorizes them to do it.

The ensuing examination of the *Somers* case is by no means a complete account or balanced summary narrative; and does not attempt to cover every relevant fact, event of consequence, or possible point of controversy, but only some of the more prominent ones. It does then presuppose on the part of the reader a familiarity and working knowledge of the case. For that I recommend Harrison Hayford’s *The Somers Mutiny Affair* (1959); Philip McFarland’s *Sea Dangers* (1985); Buckner Melton’s *A Hanging Offense* (2003), and original transcripts of the Court Inquiry, and Alexander Slidell Mackenzie’s Court Martial Proceedings; including James Fenimore Cooper’s brilliant review appended to the latter. There are, naturally, other pertinent and helpful works to which one could be referred, but these, as it turns out, were the ones I chiefly relied on and am much beholden to.⁴²⁵

Ghosts or no, any analysis and assessment of the *Somers* “mutiny” is an exercise in surmise and speculation, and in my case here a rather personal and idiosyncratic one. And there is no way of being certain as to what necessarily happened on board; nor can we be sure that the record we have to go upon is anything like as thorough as it should be or always trustworthy and reliable. This does not mean it is impossible for us to arrive at correct conclusions. Yet if we essay an attempt at such, we must do so with more than usual caution and circumspection; being ever ready to suspend judgment where our path is less sure and the evidence less substantial than is adequate to properly resolve and decide points and questions with due scientific confidence and precision.

What in sum then I will endeavor to show is that both Spencer (not to mention the other accused mutineers) and Mackenzie should, as to the verdict of history, be *largely*, if not entirely, acquitted of blame; based on the defense that both were being manipulated by a presence, a *someone(s)* they either did not know of and or they could not reasonably be expected to fathom or comprehend.

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<sup>425</sup> For convenience, I have assigned codes to these different works in my footnotes, and which are as follows: HSM – Hayford *The Somers Mutiny Affair*; MSD -- McFarland’s *Sea Dangers*; CI – Court of Inquiry Proceedings; CM – Mackenzie Court Martial Proceedings; and CMC – Cooper’s review of the Court Martial Proceedings (and which is contained in the same volume as the latter.) While I don’t cite Melton’s *A Hanging Offense* in the footnotes, his book I sometimes found extremely helpful in bringing attention to points I may otherwise have missed or overlooked. Note, as of Sept. 2017: Further studies of the case and also extremely well done and of exceptional value are *The Cruise of the Somers: Illustrative of the Despotism of the Quarterdeck and of the Unmanly Conduct of Commander Mackenzie* (1844) by Anonymous (and drawn from by Cooper), and *The Somers Mutiny of 1842* by Angus Ephraim Goldberg, “a thesis submitted for the Degree of PhD at the University of St. Andrews,” and available in .pdf at <http://research-repository.st-andrews.ac.uk/>



## 1. Alexander Slidell MacKenzie.

“...Had Cervantes been slain, instead of taken at Lepanto, we had never known the valiant Don Quixote, nor the facetious Sancho.”  
~ Lieut. Alexander Slidell, *The Sea-Service or, Popular Sketches of Ship-Building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare; from the earliest period to the present time* (1834).

In the course of mine own efforts to understand him, my own sentiments toward Alexander Slidell Mackenzie,<sup>426</sup> captain of the *Somers*, have oscillated between extremes of pro and con. At times I'd come to think him a hypocrite and culpable, even mad, incompetent of the *Somers* tale; only to later, quite oppositely, discover a fondness and affection for him, and, moreover, see him as someone who might, under more propitious circumstances, have proved an esteemed hero; in addition to being a laudable contributor to America's early literary heritage. And there is truth to suggest or support both interpretations. As an author, his books remain worthwhile as solid, basic histories, though perhaps overly tending to the patriotically sentimental and not without controversy, and, in the case of his travel books, highly informative and illuminating records of his era. In addition to these, I myself especially value and enjoy his volume of naval essays *The Sea Service*: a most edifying introduction to the ins and outs of vessels (in particular a naval vessel) and working a ship in the age of sail as any you are likely to lay hold of.

When in his review of James Fenimore Cooper's *History of the United States Navy*<sup>427</sup> and later, as well, in his 1840 biography of Oliver Hazard Perry,<sup>428</sup> Mackenzie took issue with Jesse Elliott's character and competence at and after the battle of Lake Erie, he, in company with associates Duer and Burgess, unwittingly stirred up a hornet's nest in the way of Cooper's response; which latter would have for him serious repercussions. Mackenzie was related to the Perrys by way of his sister Jane; who'd married Oliver Hazard Perry's younger brother Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry. Elliott was never a threat to Hazard Perry's fame to begin with; so it was fairly petty and without much purpose to target him for recrimination. Not that Mackenzie's criticisms were without foundation; they certainly weren't; nor was Cooper's scathing and last-word-on-the-subject rebuttal itself in every instance above reproach and impartial. But the occasion did provide an opportunity to verify Cooper's assessment that “he is of such a frame of mind, that when he wishes to see any particular thing, he loses sight of all others”<sup>429</sup> – an observation that proved all too true in Mackenzie's handling of matters on board the *Somers*.

That Mackenzie was a popular and well spoken of author doubtless contributed no little to Cooper's resentment and the need he felt to respond, not unlike a provoked duelist, to Mackenzie's impugning, albeit politely, his honor both as a historian and former U.S. naval officer. Washington Irving, for one, was an ardent enthusiast of Mackenzie the author, and further had the assistance of the latter's nautical acumen in composing his life of Columbus. Moreover, Mackenzie's *A Year in Spain* (1829, 1831) may have indirectly inspired Irving's other Spanish related works, such as *The Alhambra* and *The Conquest of Granada*. Often written in a prose style as colorful, sensitive and full of piquant and gentle feeling as Irving's own, *A Year in Spain* is a rich, masterful and well researched study and account of its kind, and that scarcely ceases to astonish in its rendering of meticulous detail. In addition to its relating his sights and experiences as a traveler, the work is a copious and comprehensive survey of Spain's history, geography, culture, customs, and economy; frequently interspersed with sage observations not a little impressive for a man of Mackenzie's youth. In book 1, chapter 8, he, when still Lieut. Slidell, describes seeing two robbers being hung in Madrid; whereat he concludes by pensively remarking:

“I experienced a return of the same sickly feeling of disgust with mankind and with myself, as forming part of it, with which I had once come from the reading of Rousseau's Confessions. Surely there can be nothing in such a spectacle to promote morality, nothing to make us happier or better--a spectacle which serves but to create despondency and to array man in enmity with his condition!”

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<sup>426</sup> Slidell was his original surname, but in 1837 he added Mackenzie in memory of an uncle (his mother's brother) who'd bequeathed an inheritance to him.

<sup>427</sup> Found in *The North American Review* of October 1839, pp. 432-466.

<sup>428</sup> MacKenzie also wrote biographies of John Paul Jones (1841) and Stephen Decatur (1846).

<sup>429</sup> *The Battle of Lake Erie, or Answers to Messrs. Burges, Duer, and Mackenzie* (1843) p. 88.

How entirely different would be Slidell Mackenzie of later years who constantly reminded all who would listen that his hanging of Spencer, Cromwell, and Small served undeniably to secure discipline and boost ship's morale.

Despite the scholarly ire it later fomented with respect to the Jesse Elliott debate, Mackenzie's review of Cooper's naval history was mostly positive and complimentary. It was in this review also that he wrote at length on the subject of training new sailors and naval officers, including adding his support and ideas for the establishing of a United States naval academy. Inasmuch as these recommendations give us an insight into what he saw as his mission as later captain of the *Somers*, it is worth our reproducing them.

"...The exercises should consist in fencing, and the use of firearms; but chiefly in the manoeuvres of a small ship, of one or two hundred tons, moored near the academy. Rigging and stripping ship, exercising guns, reefing, furling, steering, and heaving the lead; every operation, in short, should be performed by the lads themselves. Each class should have its proper station; the junior class, on deck; the next would know enough to be top-men; and so on, with the stations of petty officers; the senior class would do the duty of officers, and be stationed about, to direct and aid the efforts of the crew; while in rotation one of the number would be invested with the command. One day in each week should be employed in a cruise round the harbour; while, in summer, the ordinary season of vacation might be passed in an extended cruise along the coast. Every thing done, on board of such a vessel, would be done in the best manner; the youths would have before them an epitome of their future profession, and would be constantly engaged in the actual execution of its details. If this system were introduced, it would furnish an invaluable groundwork of professional education to our officers. The first examination for admission would reject many applicants, and the subsequent years of probation would clear off all the stupid, vicious, and insubordinate. Those who should pass the ordeal creditably, and enter the navy as midshipmen, would be of the greatest use by their own services, no less than by stimulating the efforts of their superiors. With such an institution, we might dispense entirely with the schools existing at the several naval stations, and also with the present worthless and utterly abortive system of schools on board ship, where, in many cases, the schoolmaster is the occasion of stimulating little other ingenuity, than that of playing tricks, at his own expense, which tricks, however subversive of discipline, are sometimes encouraged by the contemptuous and disparaging treatment pursued by commanders towards this class of officers...

"In the mean time, and until the apprentice system can be made the means of completely manning the navy, we should be sorry to see our ships continue in port, and our navy prevented from taking that extension, which the protection of commerce requires, by the want of seamen to fill up their complements. Let our ships, now waiting for crews, fill up with any material they can get, so long as the number is complete, and sail. If they have sailors enough, petty officers included, to reef the maintop-sail, they can be taken care of from the first, and, in a few months of skilful training, will be able to perform every evolution creditably. The *Independence*, which spreads nearly as much canvass as the *Pennsylvania*, sailed from Boston, in 1837, with a crew of less than six hundred men, exclusive of officers. They were unusually young and light hands, and most of them entirely raw. Yet, from the moment of bending sails, there was no striking deficiency, and in a very few months the ship could enter into comparison, in the performance of evolutions, with the most practised cruisers. Any of the sloops, now waiting for crews, might perfectly well go to sea with three fourths of their crews composed of boys and landsmen. The difficulty of manning our ships, under the present system, would be much lessened, if the ships, returning from abroad, were to arrive in May and June, and those bound out to sail in July and August. The men would have a pleasant season to spend their hard-earned pay in, and would soon be ready to take service in the departing ships. Our ships, too, would approach and leave our coast in fine weather. The extensive mortality, which always occurs when ships are fitted out in the winter, and the many deaths which take place in the course of the cruise, clearly attributable to the same cause, might thus be avoided."

## **2. The Abduction of William Morgan, the Anti-Freemason movement, and John Canfield Spencer.**

"One rap calls the lodge to order—one calls up the Junior and Senior Deacons—two raps call up call up all the subordinate officers, and three all members of the lodge.

The Master having called the lodge to order, and the officers all seated, the Master says to the Junior Warden, 'Brother Junior, are they all Entered Apprentice Masons in the south?'

Ans. 'They are, Worshipful.'  
 Master to the Senior Warden, 'Brother Senior, are they all Entered Apprentice Masons in the west?'  
 Ans. 'They are, Worshipful.'  
 The Master then says, 'They are, in the east,' at the same time he gives a rap with the common gavel or mallet, which calls up both Deacons.  
 Master to Junior Deacon, 'Brother Junior, the first care of a Mason?'  
 Ans. 'To see the lodge styled, Worshipful.'  
 Master to Junior Deacon, 'Attend to that part of your duty, and inform the Tyler that we are about to open a lodge of Entered Apprentice Masons, and direct him to tyle accordingly.' The Junior Deacon then steps to the door and gives three raps, which are answered by three raps from without; the Junior Deacon then gives one, which is also answered by the Tyler with one; the door is then partly opened and the Junior Deacon delivers his message, and resumes his situation and says, 'The door is tyled, Worshipful.' (at the same time giving the due-guard, which is never omitted when the Master is addressed.)  
 The Master to Junior Deacon, 'Brother, by whom?'  
 Ans. 'By a Master Mason without the door, armed with the proper implement of his office.'  
 Master to Junior Deacon, 'His duty there?'  
 Ans. 'To keep off all cowans and eaves-droppers, see that none pass or repass without permission from the Master.' (Some say without permission from the chair.)..."  
 ~ From William Morgan's *Illustrations of Freemasonry* (1827 edition).

Among the facts and circumstances that initially led me to seriously suspect a connection between criminal spirit people and the *Somers* "mutiny" was not at all the supernatural allusions made it by authors, such as I cited earlier (these, indeed, I encountered only afterward), but rather my becoming acquainted with John C. Spencer, Philip Spencer's father, and the part he performed as Special Prosecutor of the abductors of William Morgan. Morgan was a one-time mason who wrote an exposé on the clandestine rites and rituals of the freemasons. He was not the first or last to do such a thing, but in his case the impact on himself was swift, severe, and, as many believed, deadly. On Sept. 11, 1826, at the instigation of masons from his former lodge, Morgan was arrested in Batavia, N.Y. for debt and other charges, and then taken to Canadaigua, N.Y. to be jailed. Later, during the night of the same day, men claiming to be his friends came to pay his debt and bail. Morgan was released and his seeming rescuers then whisked him away to Fort Niagara and which they arrived at the following day. Thereafter and from that point on, Morgan was ostensibly never seen or heard from again.

The case became a nationwide sensation, and was a catalyst in fomenting the vociferous anti-mason movement; which in turn culminated in the establishment of the Whig political party. The common view was that Morgan had been kidnapped, murdered, and his body done away with by freemasons punishing him for revealing freemasonry secrets. This was seemingly confirmed later by various witnesses and privately taken confessions; though never formally or legally substantiated. Some freemasons, on the other hand, attempted to account for Morgan's disappearance by saying he had been persuaded and bribed by some of their members to leave the country (to Canada or elsewhere); so that he would not embarrass them ever again – which, it is maintained, he willingly agreed to and did.<sup>430</sup>

What are or might be deemed ties or links between criminal spirit people and freemasonry generally will be considered by me as I proceed. This said, the Morgan case itself, and as one delves further into it, strongly suggests a possible connection with criminal spirit people. The vindictive, cunningly plotted, hidden, and (probably) murderous nature of the (reported) crime are or may be very much tell-tale signs of criminal spirit people, and their regular person henchmen, involvement. Criminal spirit people and their followers thrive on secrecy, and, like the mafia and who are in fact their offshoot, it is perfectly in keeping with their character and how they operate for them to resort to extreme measures in retaliating against and making an example of those who inform on or betray their confidence and necessarily concealed activities, and who otherwise are seen as threatening or assailing their interests. Such a one in the latter case may well have been John C. Spencer. In the course of prosecuting Morgan's accused abductors, with their ties to the freemasons, in 1829-1830, Spencer himself (as he claimed) had at least two attempts made on his life; while on another occasion, someone broke into his office and stole papers of his pertaining to the case and had them delivered to the opposing counsel. It is interesting to note as well than

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<sup>430</sup> See William Morgan, or *Political Anti-Masonry, Its Rise Growth and Decadence* (1883) by Robert Morris. The author of this impressively lively, most interesting, and meticulously labored on, if not always persuasive, work makes a point of asserting that Morgan had been a one-time pirate, drunkard, evader of debts, betrayer, and an all around reprobate; who fully deserved the wrath he incurred; only that that wrath did not include his murder.

his son Philip was born and raised in Canandaigua, N. Y.;<sup>431</sup> one the locations figuring in the Morgan abduction. If then Morgan was punished for revealing freemasonry secrets, is it not possible that Spencer, the one who vigorously prosecuted his abductors, might also have been made an object of revenge? And did perhaps this revenge include attacks on his family? And what greater revenge might such ruthless criminal have then in ensnaring and corrupting their opponent's son, and, moreover, attempt to convert him into being one of themselves?<sup>432</sup> Few or no regular persons would dream of something so cruel or sinister, and which, after all, would require utmost patience and certain kinds of psychological expertise to effect. An Archimago or ghost-magician, on the other hand, is and would be an ideal person for both desiring and having the ability to carry out such a wild and malignant scheme.

It is generally inferred or agreed that Philip, one of John C. Spencer's sons, suffered from some signal lapses and deficiencies in character. Among those that can be enumerated, it was a peculiarity of his to adopt and embrace masonic like codes and furtive methods of association; despite his father's pronounced anti-freemason stance. But more on Philip and his odd behaviors as we get on.

In one statement, dated Canandaigua, N. Y., July 16, 1830, he made against the freemasons, in this case at the time of his resigning in disgust as prosecutor due to lack of support and sundry untoward interference and impediments thrown in the path of his office, Spencer wrote:

"...During more than a year of most painful investigation, I did indeed become acquainted with the effects which that institution [freemasonry] had upon its votaries in this quarter. It has changed the character of some of our best citizens -- men who formerly would have been among the first in bringing to justice offenders against the laws, have virtually become the apologists of murderers and kidnappers. So far from aiding in their detection, our best citizens, magistrates and sheriffs, have interposed every obstacle in their power -- witnesses have been concealed and spirited away by them -- the guilty have been assisted in escaping, or if brought to trial, have been succored and sustained by money, by professional aid the best the country could afford, and by the presence and sanction of their brethren -- Masons, called as witnesses, have refused to testify in cases where they could not implicate themselves, and have submitted to fine and imprisonment in order to screen their brethren -- others more hardy have directly perjured themselves on the stand. When sitting as jurors they have utterly disregarded their duty and their oaths, and by obstinate perseverance have produced the acquittal of their brethren, or compelled the courts to discharge them. The very fountain of justice is polluted -- the conservative principle on which all depends, the obligation of a judicial oath, is corrupted. The power of the Fraternity is equal to its need. It reached our present Executive, who had once as a Judge applauded the spirit that was excited by the abduction of William Morgan, and converted him into an indifferent spectator of the means used to bring the offenders to justice. He disclosed my official confidential communications, in consequence of which my efforts were baffled and I was subjected to every species of obloquy. Nor has the Institution upon our Legislative bodies been less effectual..."<sup>433</sup>

Nor was Spencer alone in his consternation and belief that freemasonry was anti-law, anti-democracy, anti-nation, anti-religion, and anti-morals. Richard Rush, William Wirt, William Seward, Thurlow Weed, Thaddeus Stevens were also among the high profile legal and political minds who took up the cause against the masons. So too John Quincy Adams; who, in a letter to journalist and fellow anti-freemason William Leete Stone of 8 Dec. 1832, worth our inserting at length, stated:

"In a note appended to your publication of my first letter, you observe that eight or ten years ago, before you ever heard of Morgan, you proposed a revival of the obligations, and that the barbarous penalties

<sup>431</sup> Canandaigua was founded where the chief village of the Seneca tribe, one of the six Iroquois nations displaced by the Revolutionary War, was situated. John C. Spencer at some point in 1843 was involved in efforts, evidently failed, to start a school for Native Americans. *The Letters of James Kirke Paulding*, edited by Ralph M. Aderman, p. 361. During the fighting before hand and the Sullivan Campaign itself of 1779 in which the Iroquois towns were conquered, there were devilish atrocities by both sides, including burning innocent people alive.

<sup>432</sup> For a historical instance of corrupting a political enemy's son and with which to compare, see the biography of Dion of Syracuse (408-354 B.C.), ch. 4, in Cornelius Nepos.

<sup>433</sup> *A Collection of Letters on Freemasonry* [with correspondence by John Canfield Spencer, Richard Rush, Henry Tatem], T. R. Marvin, Boston, 1849, pp. 3-6.

and language, complained of by me should be expunged. This is another Evidence to me of that rectitude of principles and soundness of judgment, which have preserved your heart and mind, from that almost universal depravation which it is the character of the Masonic Oaths, Obligations and Penalties generally to produce. It is known to be one of the most ordinary phenomena of insanity, that the sufferer is perfectly rational and intelligent upon every subject but one; and wherever that is touched upon, raving distracted. The Masonic History of the last seven years, has abundantly proved, that the Oaths, Obligations and Penalties, of that Institution, produce upon the immense majority of the men to whom they are administered, and by whom they are taken, a similar partial aberration from moral principle. They lose the moral sense in every thing relating to their Masonic Obligations, and retain it entire, or perhaps little impaired with respect to every thing else. This appears to me to account for the fact so portentously proved in the Morgan Murder transactions, that multitudes of men otherwise of fair characters and blameless lives were deeply and awfully implicated in that horrible Calendar of Crimes. It accounts also for the fact of that desperate adherence of so many otherwise honest men to those barbarous, absurd and abominable Oaths, Obligations and Penalties. For it is to them that the high minded men of the fraternity now declare that they will cling to the last gasp of their existence. To this fact I wish to point your special attention. It is against these Oaths, Obligations and Penalties, and against them alone, that the pure and disinterested Spirit of Anti Masonry is arranged. The abolition of them is the great moral reformation which Anti Masonry has undertaken to accomplish, and from which I trust it will not swerve. With the Oaths and Obligations, the Secrets fall of course, and all those being abandoned if the Free Masons wish to continue as a charitable, benevolent and convivial fraternity, no mortal on earth will object to their so doing.

“The Oaths, Obligations and Penalties therefore now constitute the only matter at issue between Masonry and Anti Masonry. And I ask you if an aberration of intellect, as well as of moral feeling more monstrous can be imagined, than the inflexible adherence to the determination that they will continue to swear men upon the penalties of having their throats cut from ear to ear -- of cutting open the left breast and tearing out the heart and vitals, of severing the body in two, and of smiting off the skulls that they will never reveal to any one under the Canopy of Heavens Secrets, which have been divulged and proclaimed on the housetops. And this, in the name of the living God! I have endeavored to show that the administration of these Oaths was vicious, when it was to keep secrets that were secret. But now -- that they are known to every one who will read -- what is it but a blasphemous taking of the name of God in vain?

“In your letter of the 28th ulto. you do emphatically declare it as still your earnest desire to destroy this wretched structure of Free Masonry, and I give you the most unqualified credit for sincerity in this declaration. But will you allow me in friendship and in confidence to say, that some of your strictures in your paper, upon the Anti Masons, since the disappointment of the late Elections [Anti Masonic presidential nominee William Wirt won only 7.8% of the popular vote], has led not me but some of them, to doubt your attachment to their cause. I do earnestly wish them to be sensible as I am that your book is the best Anti Masonic book that ever was published. They differed from you with regard to the Candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency; but now that the Election is over, cannot you pursue with them the common object; which is to prevail upon the Free Masonry to do, that which you urged them to so, even before the fate or the offence of Morgan, had arisen in the series of events.

“Remember that it is in the power of the Masonic Fraternity to demolish the whole system of political Anti Masonry forever. To effect this object the single thing they have to do, is to cease administering the entered Apprentice’s Oath. It would follow of course that they would administer none of the others. Let them do this, and they will never again have an Anti Masonic Candidate to oppose or defeat them.

“To come now to your letter of the 30th ulto. I have not received from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, a copy of the printed minutes of their proceedings in June last. In the great object of prevailing upon the Masons voluntarily to abandon their Idol, I have felt curiosity to ascertain how far it has a prospect of success.

“Having left your Book at my residence at Quincy I am not able from more recollection to refer to the several circumstances mentioned in your narrative whereas I drew the inference that (the conspiracy for the kidnapping and murder of Morgan, originated in the Chapter at Rochester). But I think you say that (it

was there, Morgan had been admitted to the Royal Arch degree) at the proposal of James Ganson. You say it was there also that on the formation of the Chapter the forms of admission had been introduced from the old manuscript of which you gave me a copy. Being the forms which had been used by judge Hosmer, in Connecticut. You intimate also that it was from there that Morgan had copied the obligations as they are published in his book. It occurred to me then that (the Chapter at Rochester was the one that he had specially offended) and that which in Masonic Law was responsible for the suppression of his Book. The Masons at Batavia had discovered that he and Shiller were preparing for the publication of the Book, which it was their great object to suppress. But Morgan was not one of them. They had excluded him from their Chapter, in a most offensive manner, by getting up a second Petition, without his name, and without assigning any reason for his exclusion after having obtained a Charter for a Chapter by a petition in which he had joined. He did not belong therefore to the Chapter at Batavia, nor was it there that he had obtained the means of divulging the Secrets, but at Rochester. It was then the Chapter at Rochester which became responsible for the suppression of the Book and for the punishment of the proposed publisher (It was the obligation administered to him by them that he was about to violate, and it was for them and them along to convict and punish him).

“Hence also I inferred the extraordinary agency of James Ganson in the conspiracy--he having been the Sponsor of Morgan at his admission to the Royal Arch degree. The conspiracy embraced two objects -- the suppress the Book and to punish the author. It is apparent that the transportation of Morgan to Niagara had been previously concerted at the Chapter in Rochester. That by their direction he had been seized at Batavia by a party from Canandaigua, carried there and lodged in prison, to be exactly in such position that he might at the moment of his liberation, be unlawfully seized and transported whither they should direct. For this direction the nightly journey of Loton Lawson from Canandaigua to Rochester, and his return early the next morning was affected. He was followed by men charged with executing the Instruction of the Chapter; and the carriages for his transportation to the fort of Niagara had been all prepared and arranged before hand. The Chapters at Batavia and LeRoy were the informers against Morgan (The Lodge at Canandaigua undertook to arrest, and deliver him up to the Chapter at Rochester, and they were to consummate the Punishment precisely because it was to and by them that his Masonic vows had been made). Mr. Whittlesey informs me of another fact not noticed in your book -- That (after Morgan was lodged in the fort at Niagara; another messenger was sent to Rochester and returned thence before he was put to death. That the messenger bore this Order from the Chapter I cannot doubt)...”<sup>434</sup>

Yet if John C. Spencer was so cruelly targeted and attacked, why were not other of these anti-freemasons as well? For one, I myself don’t know that they weren’t necessarily. The question requires additional research and digging that, at present, I am not in a position to further pursue.<sup>435</sup> But even granted that other anti-freemasons were retaliated against, there may have been, unknown to us, particular reasons for making Spencer a special victim; which is to say his being an anti-freemason may have been only one of a number of reasons he and his family were, as we speculate, made victims of vindictive retaliation.

Is there then (we can and should take this occasion to ask) something inherently corrupting and underhanded, even evil, about freemasonry? Before attempting to explain this, let’s ask a similar and related question. Is there something inherently corrupt and underhanded about conventional religion? While both questions are not altogether identical in their import and ramifications, the answer is otherwise the same; namely, no, and of course, neither, freemasonry or conventional religion are necessarily or intrinsically corrupt and underhanded institutions. And yet it is not difficult to appreciate that either may, under certain circumstances and when certain persons are involved, be used and made corrupt and underhanded; all the more so when the persons in question are criminal spirit people and their acolytes.

Furthermore (and religion aside), freemasonry for its part has the added drawback of mystically invoking religious associations, such as the Divine Architect or the Supreme Being, while pretending to be

<sup>434</sup> This reproduced letter came from the original; at the time of my finding it, in an autograph dealer’s collection/inventory, and is not included in John Quincy Adams *Letters on the Masonic Institution* (1833).

<sup>435</sup> We might however note that one of John Quincy Adams’ own sons, George Washington Adams (1801-1829) came to a mysterious and untimely end, and believed a suicide. William Wirt, strangely enough, could be said to have been made to suffer when sometime in the 1970’s someone broke into his tomb and stole his skull, but which was later recovered. See *Washington Post*, Oct. 20, 2005, “Tale From the Crypt Or, How to Get a Head in Politics Without Really Trying,” by Peter Carlson.

non-denominational as such, and which, for practical purposes, is a potentially and hugely hazardous course to be taking. Although it is usually harmless and all right to speak of “God” or “Divine Providence” in the abstract for purposes of philosophy, rhetoric, or special civic occasions (such, for instance, as a holiday), the question as to quite who and what we mean when we say God or Divine Providence is by no means a trivial or light matter; so that it is in this, combined with a penchant for solemn secrecy, irrevocable oaths of obedience, and pretensions to numinous understanding, that masonic orders engaged in such behaviors are involved in something fraught with extreme danger; not least of which when we factor in the likelihood of dishonest and criminal spirit people being present or involved, on some level or other, in their activities.

And yet were not many famous and admired men in history, including many of the founding fathers, freemasons? Does this not make them reprehensible? This is not an easy question to answer for a number of reasons. On the face of it, we can probably and safely assume that such notables, if they were as reported actually freemasons, sincerely meant well, and if anything blatantly bad or untoward occurred in the lodges and brotherhoods they belonged to, they would not have condoned such. On the other hand, and in spite of their individual good intentions, they *may* have (in a given instance) mixed themselves up in a situation and fraternal gathering which had underlying it and *unknownst to them* someone or something dark and sinister. But there are at least two obvious problems that arise. (1) Was such the case, and if so how would we know it? And (2) was the person(s) in question actually a freemason at all? What evidence proves it? And if they were, what was the extent and nature of their participation? Bear in mind that if, as seems probable, some lodges (if only a small few) in the United States (and elsewhere) *were* infiltrated and tainted with criminal spirit people insinuating and inveigling themselves through certain of the lodge’s members, there would be a matter of fact tendency of some people, both for and against the masonic orders, to infer or assume the order’s contact and association with the supernatural; or, as they saw it in a given instance the “divine” or else “diabolical.” As fraud and hoaxes are part of the stealthy stock and trade of criminal spirit people and their adherents, it may be that some famous people who have been claimed to have been freemasons, but were not in truth so, and proof of their alleged membership is, one might at least in theory discover, based on false claims and or spurious evidence; such as, for example, forged documents. How then, assuming the possibility, are such potential deceptions to be seen through and uncovered? And even if there is no issue as to an individual’s membership, how can we be sure as to what that person did as a freemason or what they knew about the order and the doings of its members (such as doings pertained to the order?) The challenges in answering such questions, and given the often surreptitious practices and proceedings of lodges are, needless to say, no little daunting.

To compound matters, in some circumstances persons may have been encouraged to join a lodge fraternity with the idea of getting them mixed up with or placed under the influence of spirit people; though they themselves had no desire whatsoever of the sort. Alternatively, they may have known or come to learn of the spirit person or persons being part of the group’s hierarchy, but were led to believe they were benevolent.<sup>436</sup> Consequently, some members, again with all good intention, might join a masonic order without or only later realizing some of its members were involved with spirit people -- and to that extent it could be said they were ensnared into participating in something they might else have found repugnant (that is, had they known what was actually going on.) And, as you might gather, there are all kinds of other scenarios and variations to be conceived -- made all the more possible by an order’s penchant for secrecy and arcane codes of conduct. I don’t mean to suggest all or even most masonic orders were or are afflicted with infiltration by spirit persons and their henchmen; yet if only one or a few were it is easy to see what misunderstandings or confusion might have resulted, both at the time and subsequently (including with respect to historical perspective on the given individual *and* the order they are said to have been a member of.)

Notwithstanding the ineluctable and felonious threat some practitioners of freemasonry posed, the anti-freemason movement in early 19<sup>th</sup> century America, for all its vehement and strident stance and declamation, ultimately lost momentum and petered out; because: 1) one cannot found or forge a lasting

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<sup>436</sup> Goethe, be it recollected, was a freemason. But then Goethe wrote *Faust* I and II, and in which, after all, the devil himself is painted with some amount of sympathy and justification. Mozart also was a freemason. But does this mean there is something latently suspicious, even devilish, about *The Magic Flute*? And other actual and putative freemasons similarly, etc.

cause and purpose based merely and predominantly on a negative sentiment, and 2) given our claim, the problem was not necessarily freemasonry per se; rather it was criminal spirit people (and their followers) in *some* instances, perhaps involved in it.

### 3. Philip Spencer and the Spencer Family.

“J. W. Wales [the *Somers*’ Purser’s Steward] recalled...

Q. Was not the conduct of Mr. Spencer generally wayward or eccentric, or otherwise?

A. I don’t know, sir; I noticed sometimes he was rather singular, dull, stupid!<sup>437</sup>

Q. Did, or did not any sense of danger cross your mind, while so many officers were below deck in council?

A. Yes, sir, it did; at dark the Commander ordered them upon deck; he was apprehensive of danger.”

~ *Proceedings of the Naval Court Martial in the Case of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie*, p. 26.

It would doubtless be an immense assistance in understanding Philip Spencer to know and find out more about his immediate family. No one, for example, to my knowledge has looked very closely into how its individual members took his death. And it is with some regret undertaking such as study as this that I do not have available to me family papers, including much of any of John C. Spencer’s public correspondence; which if I had I am inclined to think would help to shed additional light on Philip and what happened to him.

Elizabeth (also Elza) Scott Smith Spencer, Philip’s mother, is said by McFarland to have died within a few years of 1841,<sup>438</sup> yet we can here correct this and have it noted that on the contrary she lived long after, surviving her husband into 1868.

In addition to Philip, she had two other sons. One was John C. Spencer, Jr; who became a purser in the U.S. Navy, and died of fever while on duty aboard the U.S. sloop *Marion* on Dec. 29, 1845. At the time of the news outbreak on the *Somers* hangings, one report accused him of being a forger,<sup>439</sup> and it was rumored by an Ithaca newspaper, wrongly or rightly, that in order to spare him prosecution for this his father got him into the navy. These sorts of charges, however, brought forth from family friends stout disavowals, and who vehemently maintained his honorable character.

Philip’s other and older brother was Ambrose C. Spencer (1814 [or 1817]-1876). To be frank, I would have little opportunity to uncover much about Ambrose were it not for Robert Scott Davis’ fascinating and tremendous *Ghosts and Shadows of Andersonville: Essays on the Secret Social Histories of America’s Deadliest Prison*.<sup>440</sup> In the chapter “What the Witness Never Told,” pp. 163-179, Davis recounts Ambrose’s life, and which included the latter’s acting as a witness at the trial of Henry Wirtz, the commandant of Andersonville prison. Taken in all, Ambrose’s sojourn in this mortal realm sounds so inordinately crazy and at cross-purposes that one wonders if Davis, after all, didn’t get some of his facts wrong. This, however, is less a comment on the author’s integrity as much as it describes one’s bewildered reaction to what he imparts. Davis ascribes to Ambrose, among other points in the chronology we might mention, “alienation of mind;” that Ambrose reportedly fled from prosecution for scores of forgeries; became secretary of a Masonic lodge (like Philip, rebelling against his father’s philosophy); was excluded from his father’s will and who wholly disinherited him; is said to have lied in important matters on several occasions, including on behalf of the prosecution in the Wirtz trial; was guilty of bigamy and which last caused someone to shoot and murder him in 1876. Yet for all this he was also a reputedly astute and hard working lawyer, author, and lecturer.

Philip was born in Canadaigua on January 28, 1823, and though newspapers routinely spoke of him as a young man of 19, he was in truth only 18 at the time of his death. His earliest years, as alluded to

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<sup>437</sup> Midshipman Henry Rodgers, however and possibly in response to Wales’ derogatory assessment quoted here, said he thought Spencer “mature...intelligent and better informed than most young men who had entered the service as lately as he had.” CM p. 129.

<sup>438</sup> MSD p. 245.

<sup>439</sup> HSM p. 3; quoting *N.Y. Express*, Dec 17, 1842, in turn reprinted from the *Chicago Express*, Dec. 29, 1842; though it may be that Ambrose C., not his and Philip’s brother John C., Jr., was the more properly intended object of the forgery accusation.

<sup>440</sup> Like McFarland, Davis at one point remarks on the fanatical nature of the anti-Freemason and *Somers* era: “These movements [referring to the apocalyptic fervor that accompanied the William Morgan kidnapping and disappearance] created among other faiths and ideals, the Spiritualists, the Primitive Baptists, the Women’s movement [sic], and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.” *Ghosts and Shadows of Andersonville*, pp. 167-168.



earlier, found him growing up in surroundings at and very nearby to where the excitement of the William Morgan incident and case had and were taking place.

As we know or is nor difficult to imagine, at times the pride of very well to do children sometimes gives them to think of themselves as persons of authority; feeling as they do that born into high and respectable circumstances the race of life is already in large measure done and attained. They have for nothing what others strive a lifetime for and yet never have or realize. This inborn sense of entitlement and superiority was apparently a factor in Philip's reported reckless and occasionally violent arrogance. Such, at any rate, would perhaps help explain why he allowed himself to be held back three years in his first stint at college; while seeming to have no real sense of calling or ambition. His stays at Geneva (now Hobart) college in 1838, and later Union College (in Schenectady, N.Y. – his father's alma mater) were largely failures and, presumably, an embarrassment to his parents. At Union, evincing an enthusiasm for masonic like codes, handshakes, and initiations, he helped found the Chi Psi fraternity there, and which adopted them. Although some fellow students averred him to be naturally intelligent; for example, he was said to be gifted at picking up Greek and Latin; and, during and after college, he sometimes displayed a good sense of humor;<sup>441</sup> was spoken of as being open handed and generous, he was otherwise and generally seen as an idle and aimless sort of person; with little or no focused sense of life direction. Morose, rebellious, discontented, morbidly sensitive, and in many instances sensitive to slights to the point of being physically violent is how he is frequently described by some of those who knew him. If Mackenzie is to be believed, Philip's mother, in letters to him (which Mackenzie confiscated some time after his arrest), called him a "thief, villain, and liar." He was known to have shown an interest in pirates, and later was attracted by the idea of being on a slaver (a ship carrying slaves from Africa) – even though his father was an abolitionist. Robert C. Rogers, who'd known him as a midshipman, presented this sketch many years later (and published in 1890):

"During Spencer's service on that station I held a certain intimacy with him, close enough to observe those mental and moral characteristics which display themselves without mask or domino among youngsters, especially when these latter meet in a foreign country where all is rare and strange to inexperienced eyes. I have met him on board of his ship, but with more frequency on shore, where there are fewer limitations to spontaneity, fewer curbs on a lymphatic constitution yet in adolescence. As a rule, he appeared to eschew an association with officers of his own grade. Mine was an unaccustomed face, and he found me unprejudiced by the generally unfavorable criticisms I had heard of him. He saw that I preferred to take my own measure of him rather than to accept that of others, which, especially with young people, and young people of a steerage afloat, are neither disinterested nor impartial, warped by professional jealousy and rivalry, independent of the truism that one officer is rarely just and judicious in weighing the character of another, when, too, judge and judged are contemporary and competitive.

"He was a person in his rare normal moods not without congruous and intelligent activity and observation. He had derived advantages from the generous educational opportunities a fond and accomplished father had offered him. He had a fair acquaintance with the humanities, spoke Spanish with fluency, even if it were, in some phrases, marred by grammatical blunders; had retained somewhat of his hold on Latin and Greek, and was a tolerably experienced draughtsman. These attainments, while they made him, when he pleased, a pleasant and plausible companion, infrequently restrained a nature which appeared to be absolutely bereft of all conservative principle. He always impressed me as having an inbred, if not an inborn, inclination, I will not say to crime, but to the vicious at least. It was not by any means an eccentricity in the sense of whimsical, but a vagation so listless, indifferent, as to lead one to plunder a hen-roost or a house. He had had, as he told me, religious example and culture enough during his early years; but it was all a mere matter of memory without any potency to shape, control, and exalt his maturer life. Indeed, it is only true when I say that a more unbalanced, vacillating, and easily-corrupted nature I have never encountered. Besides, he had not that quality of mind which forelooks, which measures responsibilities, and calculates consequences. If I had proposed to him to break into the Imperial Treasury, he would not first have made a careful reconnaissance, computed probabilities, prepared plans, corrupted guardians, but blindly would have butted his head against barred windows, or knocked down the sentinel,

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<sup>441</sup> Spencer was, it was said, "surly" toward fellow *Somers'* officers, and likewise he was treated by them as an outsider. But with the crew, remembered Midshipman Matthew C. Perry Jr., Philip was "continually laughing and joking." CI p. 26.

wholly forgetful of the fact that within were a corporal's guard and heavy imperforable plates of iron and steel inclosing the treasures. It was that irreflexion which shut his eyes to the infeasibleness of the conspiracy which cost him his life.

"He was of that irresolute and arbitrary temperament which frets and rebels under the restraints and limitations society imposes for its own conservation. He would have resolved things to that primitive and barbarous freedom or anarchy which left all individuals free to do as they pleased, with no check beyond that interposed by other persons of a greater strength and prowess. To his licentiousness in that regard there would be joy and fascination in riding roughshod over the ways and methods law and ethics have been at such pains to establish and preserve. He would have infringed an ordinance simply because it was such, and because it interfered with that natural liberty which no human regulation had any right to repress or intermeddle with. These, of course, were very silly notions, and denoted a very wicked or weak mind, in which latter category I am disposed to place him. And yet I observed in him on several occasions acts which led me to carry to his account qualities beyond mere moral infirmities, rather to a thorough lack of conscientiousness, or, as Shakespeare has it, 'a most inherent baseness...'”<sup>442</sup>

But these are reports about someone based on how they were seen *in their youth*; the preponderance of which come from enemies or else people who didn't particularly care for him – including Robert C. Rogers just quoted. And as a scapegoat offered up on behalf and defense of a Navy scandalized (or at least potentially scandalized) by the executions, Spencer's death was justified and cheered by some – irregardless of any real or imagined mutiny! We must therefore be more than a little careful before assuming out of hand, as some did and would have, that Philip Spencer was nothing more than a hopelessly frivolous and worthless sort who could never have amounted to anything good. Even notables like Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant had occasion in later years to make excuses for and rue missteps in their own youth. So that that perhaps, had he lived, Spencer might also have finally come round to becoming a mature adult himself.

As much as anything else that could be said about him, he seemed to have wanted to get away from it all. Was this because he was weary of the demands of self-discipline and conventional standards of success? Felt he others were trying to manipulate him? Did possibly (and it won't hurt to ask) an unknown other plague and or encourage in him these attitudes; while at the same time making his life at home and college unusually strained and uncomfortable than it else would have been? At any rate and despite his privileged upbringing, like Richard Henry Dana, Jr., he attempted to go to sea as an ordinary seaman. An acquaintance of his recalled:

"...The [Nantucket] ship that he was to embark on not being ready, he remained some time on the island. During this time, and previous to the gale of October, 1841, he volunteered to go out on the banks in a small vessel for what the whalemens denominate the Black Fish, and in that gale came near being lost...He smiled at my astonishment at deserting his happy, luxurious and delightful home, and now as I look back, as often as I have since, I think of that smile of Spencer...that smile was not human! The wild rolling of his eyes told plainly enough, to any one at all discerning, that something was wrong working in that heart that could not submit to the dull monotony of this peaceful every day life..."<sup>443</sup>

Following his abortive effort to go to sea on his own, his influential father secured him a coveted midshipman's commission, and he reported to the New York Naval Yard in Nov. 1841. But how willingly or enthusiastically he first received it isn't said. What we do know is that before long he got into trouble for fighting and getting intoxicated, and after a further while expressed a desire to leave the Navy altogether. In this, and in light of what happened later, perhaps it could be said, and given his refractory attitude, he showed good, level headed sense; and despite the litany of contumely spoken of him. He sought to resign and did try also, with Mackenzie's help, to get transferred from the *Somers* to the *Grampus*.<sup>444</sup> Yet in both

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<sup>442</sup> "Some Reminiscences of Philip Spencer and the Brig 'Somers'," *United States*, N.S. IV (July 1890), pp. 25-26, by Robert C. Rogers.

<sup>443</sup> HSM p. 14, from the N.Y. *Weekly Tribune*, Dec. 24, 1842. The person speaking is possibly Midshipman William Craney and with whom Spencer had disputes and a falling out.

<sup>444</sup> We must be careful, nevertheless, not necessarily to make too dramatic about this; as according to Midshipman Tillotson and seaman Charles Sibley's accounts, Philip wanted to be transferred to the *Grampus* merely in order to have additional time to take care

cases forces were at work preventing and hindering him. Were his father, Secretary of the Navy Upshur, or Commodore Perry,<sup>445</sup> as they well might appear, necessarily the ultimate and only obstacles and interference preventing him from escaping duty aboard the already overmanned *Somers*?

It may well be that Spencer's misconduct on board the *Somers* was engaged in with the intent to get himself kicked out of the Navy. In their court testimonies, Sgt. Garty, Purser Heiskell, and Midshipman Tillotson and Apprentice John Cavenagh all recalled Spencer stating, directly or in effect, that he didn't plan to be long in the service.<sup>446</sup> It is conceivable therefore that Spencer saw getting himself into a trouble on the *Somers* as means of making it easier for him to receive his previously refused discharge.

#### 4. The Voyage.

"The *Somers* had a peculiar crew; substantially one of apprentices. Of 120 souls on board, 96 were under age. Boys can not govern boys..."

~ James Fenimore Cooper, *Review of "The Proceedings of the Naval Court Martial of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie,"* p. 332.

Before attempting to apply the idea or theory of a literal ghost (or ghosts) being a direct participant and prime instigator in what took place on board the U.S. brig *Somers* in late Autumn 1842, it is necessary to repeat and state a few things.

When a spirit person communicates directly with a regular (i.e., flesh and blood) person, they usually do so by speaking to them in their thoughts. One could speak at length and in much greater detail on the subject than I am prepared to do here as to exactly how this is effected. But for our purposes a general summary and description, it is my belief, will suffice. When we refer to a spirit person who can communicate to someone, we mean a spirit person of certain high skill, expertise, and power of influence; namely a ghost-magician, such as I mentioned previously. It is or might be possible to speak of angels or "gods" having this sort of ability, yet to avoid needlessly complicating matters, we'll restrict ourselves to the notion of a magician-ghost. When such telepathically intimates with a regular person, it is most usually done in and by way of the recipient's cognitive thoughts in their head, say rather than audibly, or emotionally, or spiritually within; and where (spoken or nuncupative; as opposed to seen or written) words, visuals images or both are used as a medium of telepathic conversation, and by which means a regular person recipient can to some degree speak in response to the ghost. Although it is possible for the regular person to see the ghost with their eyes as the ghost speaks to them, it is by no means requisite that the ghost be visible to be heard from or spoken to; and of course by this we mean to say that a ghost might be present but be invisible to the eye. A person then might be in a kind of discussion with a ghost (including that person speaking vocally/telepathically to the ghost), and yet another person, unaware of what was transpiring, viewing them at a distance might not see or notice anything at all amiss going on. Topics or subject matter can also be conveyed in sleeping dreams as well as conscious or waking thoughts. Furthermore, a magician-ghost can use other people, animals, and external objects to impart a message or one sort or other. A good example of this, familiar to us from ancient history, might be the use of birds; such as the eagle bearing aloft an unwieldy serpent in *The Iliad* bespeaking the doom of the Trojans; implying by this that a magician-ghost can, under certain circumstances, command and use people and animals to act or perform on his behalf, and thus communicate with a given recipient by means of them. Although I don't specifically recognize the use of such intermediaries as being utilized in the *Somers* case (aside, say, from something like using Spencer himself to bribe or purchase favor from crew members), it is nonetheless, worth remarking to give you a more complete idea of the means of communication *certain kinds* of spirit persons (for not all spirit person are so capable) might have at their disposal to prompt, incite, manipulate, or otherwise get their message across.

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of some unfinished business in New York, see CM pp. 169, 172. In the *New York Herald*, Dec. 21, 1842, it was rumored that before leaving on Mackenzie's brig, a young lady had "gilted" him. HSM p. 10. If true, it may have been that unrequited love was one of Philip's woes; rendering him that much more reckless and irascible on board the *Somers*.

<sup>445</sup> Mackenzie, pointing at Spencer suspended from the yard arm, is apparently reported to have declared, and perhaps cryptically: "Commodore Perry had not taken the responsibility of removing that young man from the brig, but he had of hanging him." CM p. 160.

<sup>446</sup> Spencer's remark to Garty to this effect came on Nov. 20<sup>th</sup> -- CM pp. 119, 124. See also CM pp. 33, 158, 167-168, 171, 221.

They can walk, or in exceptional instances fly, or at least have means of making themselves aerial, and hover in the air. How and by what means I frankly could not tell you or account for; other than to suggest there is perhaps a medium like ether that makes it possible for them to float about and be buoyant. Such ether might also conceivably be made or become a conduit and or conducting substance that makes telepathy and thought transference possible.

How might a ghost-magician speak or what might he say? It is to be understood that a ghost-magician as much as anything is a kind of con-artist and confidence trickster, and thus will address someone in a manner best calculated to persuade them. Whether this means being frightening, intimidating, consoling, encouraging, empathizing, reasoning, all depends on who the person is that is being spoken to and what sort of reaction the spirit person would elude from them. How would a regular person interpret the ghost's identity? The ghost might present himself by name, anonymously, and or possibly masquerade as someone (thinking here of perhaps a religious personage of some sort) who the regular person would out of hand respect or would assume was being of divine or divine-like importance; so that to the regular person the ghost might be anything from himself (his real identity, say "Archimago"), to the ghost of Blackbeard, to Apollo, to Jesus,<sup>447</sup> to a messenger of "God," or just about whomever you will that that regular person would deem as someone who could inspire confidence and be trusted.

When a ghost attempts to influence events he might do so imminently, say by direct command to an individual, or else by subtle or subliminal persuasion which leaves the person to decide for themselves to act or not act; it being better, between the two, if the regular person commits an error or crime out of their own relatively free choice than if, somehow, they are otherwise compelled or violently induced to it. For the more guilty a person becomes the less guilty is the ghost-magician and the more easily the former can be controlled by him.

In the case of the *Somers*, the magician-ghost that I hypothecate being involved was an agent provocateur who sought to corrupt both the officers and crew, and by this means lead them to acts of extreme folly and rashness. What would have actuated him? This is not so easy to say. For one thing, a magician-ghost might be driven by lust like a sexual predator or a desire for amusement and excitement; so that his satisfaction is merely of a prurient nature. Alternatively or in addition, he may have sought revenge (say out of jealousy or punishment for conduct he felt deserved his disapproval) and or as a political measure. If then, for instance, the Spencers, Slidell Mackenzie, and the United States Navy (and in turn the United States) were all made to suffer and or look the worse after what happened on the *Somers*, it is not inconceivable that harm to any, some, or all of them might well have been his intention. Or possibly this was not, as such, his own personal motive, but rather he was formally employed and hired by someone else (say another more puissant and higher ranking spirit person) to bring about these destructive ends.

One phenomena that stands out in the events that took place on board the *Somers* was a seemingly intangible force at work dividing the officers from the crew; as if, as Mackenzie evidently interpreted to be the case, there was a muted, yet volatile, contest and referendum transpiring in which the crew was being asked to choose between either Spencer or the captain. Based on what I am proposing here, one might surmise that it was the magician-ghost who was that force. To achieve this, he would encourage in such as Spencer the idea that the captain was a self-righteous "granny," overly proud; while at the same time weak in character and ineffectual at heart. Simultaneously, he would seek to agitate and frighten the captain with the seemingly insidious effect of Spencer (in reality the ghost himself) on the crew's loyalty and discipline. Other players then, the ghost similarly probing and identifying their frailties and points of susceptibility, could and would be influenced and provoked along either of these same core lines. It seems not at all unlikely then that at the magician's careful prompting and meticulous manipulation, Spencer was taunting and tempting Mackenzie, and in the process creating a situation for Mackenzie to face (at least as deceived Mackenzie saw it) not so unlike that of William Golding's castaway juvenile islanders gone crazy in *The Lord of the Flies*. But when Mackenzie called the bluff, it was of course not the magician he found out, but Spencer -- the latter himself a dupe as well as Mackenzie.

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<sup>447</sup> The "Christ" spirit person who, it is reported, appeared and spoke to the Sioux at their Ghost Dances and deceived them prior to events that culminated in the Wounded Knee massacre could be reasonably construed as one instance of such invidious impersonation.

Leaving aside bizarre events that unfolded, the cruise of the *Somers* was singular in itself; being the inauguration of what was intended to be a new and novel program of the Navy's design to educate and train recently enlisted personnel, including young boys in their early teens. Out of a total crew of 120<sup>448</sup> (this number includes officers), some 100 were 18 years or under. Of the 14 officers present only three were commissioned, viz., Mackenzie, Lieut. Guert Gansevoort, Midshipman Matthew Calbraith Perry Jr. (acting as sailing master, and, in effect, third in command), and the rest were petty and warrant officers (including a surgeon still suffering from the effects of a bout of yellow fever), unpassed midshipmen, and a sickly single marine sergeant without any marines to command.

Prior to embarking, several peculiar and perhaps suspicious events were later reported to have occurred. According to Gunner's mate Henry King, Spencer smuggled liquor aboard by means of seaman Elisha Small and chief boatswain's mate Samuel A. Cromwell. Outside of certain officers' use, it was intended that there was to be no drinking on the ship; which naturally only increased boredom and latent tensions which ship's grog was ordinarily served on board a ship to alleviate. While we might think it salutary to discourage drinking, particularly among young men, even so lack of such a traditional and commonly accepted sedative or tranquilizer would usually make a magician-ghost's tasks easier; because the liquor might better numb his subject to suggestion; not to mention stress, tension, and anxiety that the magician-ghost desired to foment or exacerbate. Spencer's bringing in liquor then may arguably have been something he himself wanted to do without need of another's, in this case the magician's, prompting. The act, while disobedient and censurable, did not necessarily imply any other purpose than emotional and physical pleasure and indulgence.

Spencer was also said by Gunner's mate King to have paid out cash to Small and Cromwell, and after a few days out at sea additional money to the latter.<sup>449</sup> The reason for these payments is not known, but it is perhaps to be inferred that this was to reimburse them for the liquor and or as an inducement by Spencer to win Small and Cromwell's confidence, and per chance as well (doubtless, as Mackenzie might conclude) to help purchase their allegiance against the captain. Again, was this merely Spencer at work, or something another suggested he should do? We, of course, have no means of knowing per se.

More alarmingly, King, and also crew members Daniel McKinley and Charles A. Wilson,<sup>450</sup> before the *Somers* departed New York, saw or heard suggestions that there would be a mutiny.<sup>451</sup> McKinley in particular testified that Cromwell had said he thought there would be a mutiny on board the upcoming cruise. Assuming McKinley reported correctly, was Cromwell merely expressing his contempt of the captain, and with whom he has sailed previously? Did he himself have designs of mutiny? In tandem with Spencer? Or did possibly our magician-ghost overtly or, more likely, subliminally (as occurs with *déjà vu*) communicate to Cromwell; in effect, predicting supernaturally that there would be trouble? Once more, we are left to guess, but the foregoing may, or may not, be possible explanations.

But more to the point, was a mutiny intended in advance, say by the magician? As before, we simply don't know. Yet it seems offhand that such an actual and deliberate scheme to bring about mutiny on board a United States Navy warship was doubtful. For one, who would lead it? 18 year old, dreamy, drunken, and jaw singing Philip Spencer? Not very likely. And yet the magician-ghost probably did -- at least -- and using Spencer have plans in advance to create, in the captain's mind, the verisimilitude and appearance of a mutiny. For which purpose, some of those later arrested and put in irons by Mackenzie may have been planted in the crew by the magician (a relatively easy thing to do), and Mackenzie by acting as he did to arrest them may have been right in sensing or detecting something strangely wrong about some, if not strictly all, of them; and despite his having personally hand picked most of the crew before hand; which, if such was the case, can be seen as reflecting (and confirming Poe<sup>452</sup>) Slidell's uncanny knack for noticing small details, in this case of certain crew member's less than sincere personalities. Only what kept

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<sup>448</sup> 30 more crew members than she should have had notes Cooper.

<sup>449</sup> CM p. 138.

<sup>450</sup> McKinley, a former waiter at a hotel, rated as a landsman; while Wilson, who'd been forced into the naval service by a judge's sentence, was a butcher and sailmaker's mate.

<sup>451</sup> CM pp. 141-142, CI pp. 45, 54.

<sup>452</sup> "Autography [part II]," and where he analyzes Slidell's handwriting for signs of his personality, *Southern Literary Messenger*, Aug. 1836, pp. 601-604.

him from detecting the same earlier? If such seaman of dubious sincerity were planted in the crew, what it is they themselves actually knew or what was expected of them, we can but conjecture. Yet, in fairness, it may well have been that they themselves were not even aware that they were planted.

Although the first weeks out after embarking from New York harbor were relatively uneventful, and that the crew's discipline and promptness obeying orders during this period was, all in all, above reproach, Mackenzie rather strangely adopted a ready zeal for flogging; with 43 such taking place in a span of three weeks between New York and Funchal in Madeira. To get a sense of how excessive Mackenzie's proclivity for flogging was during the cruise, we need only compare his record on the *Somers* in late 1842 with that of earlier U.S. naval commanders. The following abstract of *reported* shipboard punishments is taken from Christopher McKee's *A Gentlemanly and Honorable Profession* pp. 480-481 (see also 240-247.)

\* Isaac Chauncey, U.S. *John Adams*, crew of 122 men, 15 floggings between Oct 1804-Feb 1805 – or 119 days.

\* David Porter, U.S. *Enterprize*, crew of 113 men, 22 floggings between Aug. 1805-Nov. 1806 – or 454 days.

\* James Biddle, U.S. *Hornet*, crew of 111 men, 7 floggings between Jan-July 1815 – or 183 days.

According to McFarland, Mackenzie's record on board the *Somers* was -- with a crew of 106 -- 247 floggings<sup>453</sup> between June 3, 1842 to Dec. 10, 1842 – or six months and seven days; with floggings continued even after the *Somers* returned to port in December.<sup>454</sup> Even if the figures we draw from McKee were less than typical, the disparity is still quite alarming, as such as veteran Capt. Francis Gregory, who later inspected the returning second cruise crew, expressed.<sup>455</sup> Was Mackenzie's crew really so bad, or did Mackenzie suffer from lapses in his sanity? Could it be he was even and in some measure "possessed?" Following this line of interpretation, possibly he "imagined," if not *reasonably* discerned, what he felt was "a devil" or else something sinister amidst his crew, and was trying to extirpate, indeed exorcise, the ship of it by flogging. In suggesting such, it is not necessary to assume or infer that Mackenzie believed he was dealing with the literal "supernatural;" merely that that he thought that something *very* and inexplicably wrong was going on and wildly sought to extirpate it at what seemed to be the root.

Time and again at both the Court of Inquiry and the Court Martial it was asserted by officers and crew members that discipline and morale on board the *Somers* was good until leaving Madeira.<sup>456</sup> Indeed, captain of the foretop, Charles Van Velzor (or Velsor also Velzer) stated "I never saw better," (i.e., discipline) and until leaving Madeira. Midshipman/acting sailing master Matthew C. Perry Jr. was particular in noting that discipline was good leaving Madeira until they reached Porto Praya (now spelled Porto Praia), Cape Verde. Midshipman Henry Rodgers was among those who noticed a drop in crew conduct and enthusiasm after Madeira, but added he marked a serious change only after the brig departed Monrovia in Liberia.<sup>457</sup> Where and whatever the decisive turning point, what happened to bring about the radical transformation? This is one of the great mysteries of the *Somers* cruise for which again there is simply no ready and persuasive answer. However, if we posit our ghost magician being on board what *may* have happened is that somewhere in one of these ports of call he picked up *reinforcements* -- of his own criminal spirit person sort; to aid him in his scheme to disrupt the crew; diminutive sprites perhaps or maybe even a spirit person more proficient and experienced at mischief and mayhem than himself.

Spencer both before and during the cruise plainly manifested signs of someone under the influence. His desire to see whale's blood spilt as he told someone (again probably Midshipman Craney); his reputed mania for pirates (and for which we must rely on hearsay); his interest in slavers; getting

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<sup>453</sup> Notwithstanding these were usually floggings with the colt and rarely the cat-o-nine tails on the *Somers*, some compensatory allowance can be made for the relatively young age of the majority of penalty recipients.

<sup>454</sup> Note the number includes floggings on both the *Somers'* preliminary and second cruises. MSD pp. 85-86, 179.

<sup>455</sup> And who also wrote he'd never seen the "crew of an American man-of-war so dirty and dejected in their personal appearances." Goldberg p. 277.

<sup>456</sup> CI p. 25, 31, 61; CM p. 59, 138; CMC pp. 290-291.

<sup>457</sup> CI p. 31.

himself tattooed while on the *Somers*;<sup>458</sup> palm readings and telling fortunes;<sup>459</sup> his sometimes penchant to physically strike and hit others whom he thought had offended him. Some or all of these characteristics might naturally be construed as indications of a somewhat depraved, sullied, or dubious moral character.

Yet was he plotting a mutiny? In my own opinion, at best he seems to maybe have, under the magician's sway, meditated and toyed with the idea; desired to provoke Mackenzie, but at no point had yet seriously resolved to carry it out. While frequent reference is made in the Inquiry and the Court Martial to his cursing and making derisive remarks about the captain, with Cromwell muttering and swearing similarly, and as well Spencer asking suspicious questions (e.g., to Marine Sgt. Garty concerning the feasibility of someone seizing the control of the brig), what is astonishing is that he did this within earshot of so many who ended up testifying against him, *including officers*. In other words, if Spencer and or Cromwell genuinely contemplated mutiny why would they express themselves so openly and recklessly as they did? Was not the idea rather to bait the captain, or others, to suspect and or act against him (Spencer); with that idea not being Spencer's conception, but rather our purported magician's? The same might also be inferred by Spencer's being set up, less so than setting himself up, as a rival to the captain and a competitor for the crew's loyalty and affection -- through and by means of Spencer's unusual friendliness toward them.

That Spencer himself did not *really* intend mutiny is seen in the conflicting versions as to what he planned on doing after he supposedly took the ship. One version is that he would have made the *Somers* a pirate ship, and take her to the Isle of Pines<sup>460</sup> off the southwest coast of Cuba. Another was that the *Somers* would become a slaver. But then didn't this mean going back to Africa? As Cooper notes, maritime piracy had all but faded out by that time; something a veteran seaman like Cromwell would have been well apprised of.<sup>461</sup> In addition, there was the repeated suggestion of making for the Northwest coast;<sup>462</sup> though as to what was supposedly to take place once there, there isn't the foggiest clue. And even if they did away with the captain and officers, *and* had it in them to do such a cold-blooded thing, how long could they reasonably expect their cruise to last before being captured by the U.S. Navy -- as if the Navy would otherwise write it all off merely as one ship lost?<sup>463</sup>

Lieut. Gansevoort at the Court of Inquiry stated:

"When [on 25 Nov.] I got abreast of the Jacob's ladder on the starboard side forward, I observed Mr. Spencer sitting on the ladder. I turned my eye towards him and immediately caught his eye, which he kept staring upon me for more than a minute, *with the most infernal expression I have ever seen upon a human face. It satisfied me at once of the man's guilt.* As soon as the hammocks were stowed, I reported the circumstances to the commander, and told him that I thought something should be done, in order to secure him. He replied that we would keep a sharp look out -- that he did not wish to do anything hastily; and that by evening quarters he would decide what it was best to do."<sup>464</sup>

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<sup>458</sup> The emblem he had put on was evidently, according to Mackenzie, a "love device." Getting tattooed, however, was by no means unique to Spencer. Benjamin F. Green, who with India ink did the tattoos on board the *Somers*, etched a female pirate with American flag on McKinley; a freemason's coat of arms on Wales; an eagle on Garty, Godfrey, Gedney, Van Velzor, and Wetmore; and a ship on Warner, CM p. 219. Midshipman Deslondes also had a tattoo done on his arm for him, but of what isn't recorded. CM p. 176.

<sup>459</sup> In the Court Martial proceedings reference is made to fortune telling being practiced in New York City at the time. CM p. 181.

<sup>460</sup> It is worth noting that "Isle of the Pines" was also the title of one the first fiction publications brought to America, c. 1668 and written by Henry Neville, perhaps even the very first such fiction publication (see *American Bibliography* by Charles Evans, vol. 1, p. 26.) Yet more intriguing, for purposes of our study, is the not very subtle sleaziness, indeed thoroughly rank pornography, of the book, and which, speaking personally, I would be inclined to think was itself a product of a witchcraft person, or at any rate something with which someone like the magician-ghost was acquainted with; if not having had some hand in influencing its writing.

<sup>461</sup> CMC p. 305, 329. See also Spencer's ideas of taking up pirating as he related them to Purser Heiskell, CI pp. 27-28; and which are dreamy and most fanciful to say the least.

<sup>462</sup> Cooper: "No man in his senses would talk of being a pirate on the northwest coast." CMC p. 302.

<sup>463</sup> According to Mackenzie, Spencer, when asked what he would have done had his mutiny prevailed, replied: "I do not know what would have become of me if I had succeeded." CI p. 12.

<sup>464</sup> Mackenzie, likewise, remarks on Spencer's "strange flashing of the eye" and "demoniacal expression," see CI p. 9, CM p. 204. In the New York journal *Brother Jonathan*, of Dec. 31, 1842, it was also later and similarly reported; though we cannot be sure of the writer's source -- and perhaps he was merely embellishing Gansevoort's and Mackenzie's observations: "[Philip Spencer's] manner sometimes occasioned remark, from his extraordinary fits of abstraction. When off duty he would sit motionless for hours together, looking vacantly on the sea of the deck, and at such times his eye and brow were naturally lowering and fierce, has an expression of concentrated determination very unusual in a person of his age. He had that singular power over the minds of his inferiors which is attributed to most master-spirits of evil...He was always remarked for the sinister expression of his eyes..."

What Gansevoort might have witnessed was Spencer in conference with the magician-ghost and while he (Spencer) had a “demon” in him. A demon, as I myself employ the term here, is a servant spirit of such as the magician; who can be got to enter into someone’s body for purposes of polluting and affecting the latter. As suggested earlier, Mackenzie in his being given to excess flogging may have had one sent into him. They are invariably (physically) dirty spirit persons that can vary in size from very tiny (a few inches) to a regular or ordinary sized person; and are typically suffering from all manner of emotional and psychological abnormality; which malady then is imparted in some greater or lesser degree to his recipient or receiver. Once more, if we go back to Edmund Spencer’s Archimago in the *Faerie Queene* that conjurer is described as sending out sprites to carry out criminal errands and schemes of his. So-called demons then can be commanded and employed similarly. A demon might not control his victim’s decisions and behavior, but he will certainly exert internal impact and pressure. One must not assume then that in all instances where a person has a demon in them that they have necessarily lost all control over themselves. It all depends on the intelligence, character and health of the individual being “possessed;” the force and power of the “demon,” and the duration of and the circumstances in which the bodily incursion occurs.

*List of key itinerary dates and some incidents of note in the Somers’ cruise.*<sup>465</sup>

13 Sept. 1842: Left New York

5 Oct.: Arrived at Funchal, Madeira

8 Oct.: Arrived at Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, Canary Islands

21 Oct.: Porta Praya, Cape Verde

10 Nov.: Cape Mesurado, Liberia

[Fri., 25 Nov.: Spencer and Wales on the booms]

[Sat., 26 Nov.: Spencer arrested in the evening]

[Sun., Nov. 27: Church service, Mackenzie sermon/lecture to crew; felling of main top-gallant mast;

“gathering” atop the main mast, Cromwell, et al; arrest of Cromwell and Small; the rush forward]

[Mon., 28 Nov.: Waltham<sup>466</sup> and Lambert flogged; another Mackenzie sermon/lecture to crew; prisoners’ tobacco stopped; another Mackenzie sermon/lecture to crew]

[Tues., 29 Nov.: Arrest of McKee, McKinley, Wilson, Green; Waltham again flogged; boom tackle carried away]

[Wed, 30 Nov.: Council meets and witnesses statements taken]

[Thurs., 1 Dec.: Council makes final decision; Mackenzie talks with Spencer while penning memorandum; farewells; executions]

4 Dec. (left on the 5<sup>th</sup>): St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

14 Dec.: New York [Debarked]

## 5. The “Mutiny.”

“In the evening I gave orders to Mr. Perry, my Clerk, to have all the officers come aft upon the quarter-deck. When they were brought up, I approached Spencer and addressed him thus: ‘I understand, sir, that you aspire to the command of the Somers.’ With a deferential air he replied: ‘Oh, no, sir!’ ‘Did you not,’ said I ‘tell Mr. Wales that you had a mutinous project on foot -- that you intended to kill the Commander and the officers of the Somers, and such of the crew as you could not seduce to your plans, and to enter upon a course of piracy?’ ‘I may have told him something like it,’ he replied, ‘but it was only in joke.’ ‘You admit, then, that you told him of such a plan.’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘This, sir,’ I continued, ‘you must know is joking upon a forbidden subject...’”

~ Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, Official Report to the Secretary of the Navy, Abel P. Upshur, Dec. 19, 1842.<sup>467</sup>

Thus far, we witness both crew and captain being pushed to the limit of their patience, morale, and self-discipline: with excess floggings (perhaps exciting murmuring and ill feeling); for most, no grog or spirits to ease things; bribery on some level(s) influencing the crew; reluctant obedience of orders -- yet never *overt* disobedience of the sort that implied or signaled violent rebellion. In spite of Mackenzie’s and Gansevoort’s peremptory assuming, what the evidence at most overwhelmingly seems to indicate is wide-

<sup>465</sup> CM p. 63.

<sup>466</sup> It is no little passing strange, however you look at it, how Waltham, with apparently no instructions from anyone (or did he have instructions?), supposedly conceived the idea of stealing liquor to give to McKinley for purposes of stirring up the crew to action; with McKinley then turning him in. Note also, Lambert was flogged for having filched the ribbon from the hat of Gagely, the boy who fell off the top-gallant mast when it went down with the brace pull.

<sup>467</sup> HSM pp. 33-34.



spread disaffection rather than willful conspiracy; that is aside from Spencer's (and possibly also Cromwell's) baiting.

Things came to a head when on the night of November 25th, Spencer invited Purser's<sup>468</sup> Steward (i.e., assistant) James W. Wales to join him on the booms (bundles of spare spars stacked in the cutter or ship's boat) for a private conversation. In the course of their one and a half to two hour talk, Spencer attempted to enlist Wales in a plot in which he and an alleged 20 others of the crew would kill the captain and seize the ship. Such at least is what Wales reported, and there is no evidence to suggest he was lying. Even so, what else was discussed in that one in a half hour to two hour span was oddly left out in Wales testimony. Why hadn't Wales sounded out Spencer for more information? An hour and a half is a rather long time after all, and it is extraordinary that the question of what else was spoken was not further probed into at the Inquiry or the Court Martial; as it seems not implausible that it would have shed greater light on Spencer and Wales' state of mind at the time. As it was and when asked, Wales simply said he didn't remember – and that was that.<sup>469</sup> And it remains unexplained what on earth Spencer thought could possibly be Wales' motive for joining him on such a cold blooded and desperate outing. Nor further was it particularly queried if Wales noticed Spencer's being inebriated; though there was some raising of that possibility of Spencer's being so in the Court Martial questioning. If Spencer was only drunk what was it about his manner that apparently so alarmed and frightened Wales?<sup>470</sup>

No less odd is how Spencer is said to have decided to make Wales third in command when there had hitherto been no prior intimation whatsoever to the Purser's Steward of such a life endangering scheme; nor did Wales as far as we know ask who would be the second. Here is one instance where one would be inclined to think that either a) Wales had been in Spencer's confidence much earlier (in which case Wales' credibility becomes suspect); or b) the magician-ghost provided the idea to Spencer of Wales' trustworthiness, and Spencer believed him. Based on what facts we have and given our earlier premise, the latter seems a more plausible explanation. Likewise, Spencer's coded list,<sup>471</sup> containing whom he could or might rely on, may have been, at least in part, furnished by the magician; with perhaps "Andrews" or "Andreus" referring to the magician himself. If such was the case, it makes for a wonderful and amusing sort of joke or fooling someone at which this sort of ghost would relish, particularly given the actual and final result; for Spencer could never know what the magician told him was true or not unless he sounded the particular boys and men, *or* until he was caught by the captain – at which point it would be too late to blame the ghost for misleading him. And even if Spencer did realize he was being hoodwinked without being caught by the captain, the ghost might or could easily calm him and come up with an explanation to soothe his distrust and misapprehension.

Spencer normally shared his mid-watch with Midshipman Henry Rodgers, and part of the prospective mutiny plan he outlined to Wales included arrangements to throw Rodgers overboard at that time;<sup>472</sup> with the next scheduled watch to be occurring on Nov. 28; or two days from hence of their conversation. There was little time left therefore for preparation. Yet in spite of trusting Wales to the extent of promising him the position of third in command, Spencer did not deem it necessary to assign Wales a task in the carrying out of the plot. Reference was also made by Spencer to some unnamed confederate waiting to meet the mutineers at the Isle of the Pines (or else Cape San Antonio); which had it been true would seem to have contradicted Spencer's promise that Wales would remain third in command. The alleged confederate awaiting them may have been something the magician informed Spencer of; indeed, the supposed confederate may have been a reference to the magician himself.

While one would assume the coded list required the utmost secrecy, it is curious but true nonetheless that before his arrest Spencer, on separate occasions, carelessly hinted to Midshipmen Tillotson

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<sup>468</sup> The purser was, in effect, the ship's store keeper and who would sell incidental goods and supplies to the crew.

<sup>469</sup> CM pp. 50, 63

<sup>470</sup> CM pp. 66-67.

<sup>471</sup> When, around the time of its first discovery, the names were read off of those on Spencer's list, Midshipman Oliver H Perry is said to have declared, "those are his [Spencer's] chickens." CM p. 176.

<sup>472</sup> CI p. 20.

and Rodgers about it; even asked the latter if he knew Greek (which he did), and was emphatic in telling them that it was something that no one was to see on any account.<sup>473</sup>

Subsequent to the mysterious chat on the booms and upon his evading Spencer's, Small's, and (as he claimed) Cromwell's vigilance, Wales conveyed what Spencer had uttered to Purser H. M. Heiskell. Heiskell then by way of Lieut. Gansevoort had it disclosed to the captain. Mackenzie's initial response to what was reported as going on was smart and appropriate, both in his initial skepticism and the wording he used to later accost Spencer. Had he resorted more to ridicule, as he did at the very first, instead of outrage, as he came to do, Mackenzie might easily have defused the entire situation. Moreover, as Cooper wisely observes, Mackenzie showed regrettable judgment and aforethought in arresting Spencer on deck, and in front of the crew. He might instead, and employing humor and parental kindness toward a wayward youth; have charged Spencer in the quiet of his cabin, and, as well, confined him there – rather than, as happened, giving fuel to fire the crew's ire and resentment (a number spoke later that they did not like the idea of Spencer and the others being put in irons.)<sup>474</sup> Possibly Mackenzie knew and was aware of the magician by this time, and feared that if he did not act in a hurry the latter would warn Spencer, and the latter would be forced to action.

In any event and despite Spencer's arrest, Mackenzie thereafter seems to have only become more distraught, and as others have expressed it, was indeed seized by panic; even though some of the crew at first inferred Spencer had been ironed because of a scuffle he had got into with Midshipman Thompson. When Cromwell, Green, and McKinley were also arrested it was felt necessary to point cocked pistols at them. The impression of this is one of absurd behavior; at the time unwarranted, and that does not seem could have served any useful purpose. To have the loaded pistols on hand at the time of arrest would, naturally, have been a sensible precaution. But leveling them at the heads of the accused when there was no display whatsoever of resistance?

Again, and aside from Spencer's, there was at this juncture no clear and present indications of actual mutiny; discontent, dilatoriness in obeying orders,<sup>475</sup> and occasional open murmuring perhaps, yes, but mutiny no. The suspicious actions of Small pulling on the brace<sup>476</sup> and the subsequent toppling of the main royal top gallant mast (Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>); and seaman Wilson's hiding a weapon might be deemed signs of such. Yet if these occurred with a design to assist prospective mutiny, they evince a certain childish folly on Small and Wilson's part. And again, as with the names on Spencer's coded list, we might see in these events the magician commanding the two seamen in these actions; while simultaneously and in turn giving the captain and officers further inducement for alarm. The running aft of the crew at Midshipman M.C. Perry's beckoning for hands, interpreted by some of the officers as a lunging attempt to free the prisoners, as well takes on a comical aspect when seen in retrospect.

Yet possibly and in addition to these occurrences, mysterious and ominous happenings, not later reported, were transpiring to send shivers up and down Mackenzie and the officer's spines. Surely if there was a magician ghost, and his own spirit person assistances, on board, it was a splendid opportunity to stir up trouble and, in the process, have some fun at the unprepared captain's expense.<sup>477</sup> Frequent mention is made in the Inquiry and Court Martial testimony to the peril *night* posed. But as Cooper remarked, could not the vessel have been studded with lanterns?<sup>478</sup> For that matter, a bright moonlit night, a pitched black

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<sup>473</sup> CI pp. 34, 40, CM p. 167.

<sup>474</sup> CM pp. 270-280.

<sup>475</sup> Seaman Charles Van Velzor, one of those placed into custody by Mackenzie after the *Somers* landed in New York, stated at the Court of Inquiry he never saw anyone refuse an order, CI p. 39.

<sup>476</sup> A brace is a rope used to change the angle of the yards and their sails. For Cooper's close explanation and analysis of the event concerning the brace on board the *Somers*, see CMC pp. 281-285, 314-315, and 340-342.

<sup>477</sup> This curious exchange occurred during the Court of Inquiry. Mackenzie asks Oliver H. Perry: "Q. Did you hear Mr. Spencer, shortly before his arrest, ask whether he had been talking in his sleep, and say he had been dreaming, and would not have been heard to talk about what he had been dreaming for a great deal? A. No, sir." CI p. 34.

<sup>478</sup> CMC p. 277. With respect to Cooper's own views on the preternatural, there are two quotes we might offhand and in passing cite. The first comes from *James Fenimore Cooper: A Biographical and Critical Study* (1949) by James Grossman, p. 246, where the author states: "His social position was naturally more ambiguous in Cooperstown than in New York. Cooper took some part in the community life of his village. He gave a Gothic oak screen to Christ Church, addressed the local group that was raising money for the relief of Ireland during the famine of 1847; debated the slavery question...; lectured on naval battles and also on hypnotism. (His early interest in 'magnetic trances' was connected with the occult, and some time after attending a seance of the Fox sisters, around 1830 in

night, or a sudden squall where equally seen by Mackenzie as affording a dangerous opportunities to rescue the prisoners.

If there was a mutiny plot, who and how many among the crew even knew of it? At no time during or after the cruise was or did any of the crew, aside from Wales, bring forth testimony of a mutiny having been directly stated or communicated; even when, after reaching New York, they were privately offered amnesty and immunity from prosecution if they provided the same. Spencer's assertion to Wales that there were already 20 conspirators may have been a merely wishful guess, fib, or, alternatively, false or exaggerated misinformation passed on to him by the magician. Yet if the number were true, who were they? The most we have to go upon in trying to answer this is Spencer's list, which included Wales, and Mackenzie's later arrests both on ship and after entering New York. Regarding the latter, and of course not counting those executed, none subsequently had charges brought against them despite the indisputable gravity of the offence; including not even McKinley who Mackenzie surmised was as the one who would eventually commandeer the vessel and do away with Cromwell, after the latter did in Spencer!<sup>479</sup> Either, as has been averred, this was done out of charity to the accused, a desire to quell further drawn out and potentially embarrassing litigation, and or else it was decided there was insufficient evidence to convict anyone. At the Court of Inquiry, crew members when asked what they knew about who was in on the mutiny -- and aside from references to the idle conversations of such as Daniel McKinley when the latter said he might like to become a slaver -- generally expressed or implied ignorance of anyone being so involved other than Spencer, Small, and Cromwell -- and, in most instances, only knew concretely of these three after they had been arrested, and this from statements by Mackenzie and Gansevoort.

Evidently lack of faith was so bad between the officers and crew that no mention was ever made of even a single informer (and there were informers<sup>480</sup>) placed amidst the crew to alert the officers if they saw symptoms of anything afoot. And this last could well have been done merely by their sounding or displaying a prearranged sign or signal to the captain; without it being necessary to give themselves away. And yet at least eleven crewmen and the ship's carpenter (and not counting other warrant officers) acted as informers at the council arraigned by Mackenzie on Nov. 30<sup>th</sup>. Notwithstanding, Mackenzie at the Court of Inquiry, in effect, attested that absolutely *none* of the crew could be trusted, stating:

"Let us suppose the whole crew had been examined, an all had protested their innocence and ignorance. Could we have believed and trusted them? Would the uncertainty have been removed or diminished? On the contrary, must not the universal denial have increased and justified our suspicion of universal guilt? We must still have believed that many were guilty, and could not have known that any were innocent."<sup>481</sup>

That neither Spencer, Small, or Cromwell, insofar as we know, was not interrogated at great length as to their plans and intentions seems more than curious. True, it could be expected that if they had been in earnest that they would not divulge incriminating information. But one would think some clever questioning might succeed in uncovering their motives and states of mind, and hence the extent of their actual guilt and premeditation; while checking for agreements and discrepancies in what they knew.

But Mackenzie was and had been losing control of the ship, so *someone* was to blame; though most strange this should only and suddenly occur to him after Wales' report. Certainly he had in custody the most likely suspects, and that seemed enough to resolve the matter. Yet still there was much he and the officers were still in the dark about. On different occasions at the Court of Inquiry Mackenzie speaks of

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New York, he came to believe in spiritualism.)" While Cooper himself in his very last novel, *Ways of the Hour* (1850), ch. 29, makes the remark: "We pretend not to a knowledge of the arcana of nature, to be able to detect the manner in which the moving principles prompt to good or evil, but we must reject all sacred history, and no small portion of profane, not to believe that agencies exist that are not visible to our ordinary senses; and that our boasted reason, when abandoned to its own support, becomes the victim of those that are malign. We care not by what names these agents are called, imps, demons, evil spirit or evil passions; but this we do know, let him beware who submits to their control. Better, far better, were it that such an one had never been born!"

<sup>479</sup> Mackenzie: "McKinley...he is, in fact, the individual who, if the mutiny had been successful, would have made way with all his competitors and risen to the command." CM p. 201.

<sup>480</sup> CI p. 11.

<sup>481</sup> CI p. 47.

Spencer, then at another Cromwell, as *the* ringleader.<sup>482</sup> Naturally, it could not have been both, and Spencer in that role simply didn't seem very believable to anyone. The true ringleader then must be Cromwell. "The petty officers said he [Cromwell] was the one man from whom real apprehension was entertained..."<sup>483</sup>

To the degree Cromwell was later maligned almost suggests that his many accusers may have been inspired or sped on by demons; since he is made to come across as the most foul, mean, and wretched sort of person. Perhaps there was truth in what they testified about him. On the other hand, those who knew him personally, including officers who served over him, afterward attested to his good character.<sup>484</sup> In early part of cruise, Gansevoort himself had spoken of Cromwell as an invaluable sailor for whom he'd seek promotion.<sup>485</sup> But how much or whichever was the case, Mackenzie needed a ringleader and assigning Spencer that part was little short of laughable. Granted, Spencer was the most qualified to corrupt the crew, but not the most likely candidate to actually lead it. He was, in fact, not much passed being a boy himself, and when it came to sailing the ship there was no way the mutineers could look to him when Cromwell, a veteran able seaman, was standing by. And hadn't Small himself surmised, qualifying with "That's a hard thing for me to say, Sir," that Cromwell was in on the plot? Yes, but then Cromwell had earlier implicated Small.<sup>486</sup>

Everyone, including the ships cooks and stewards, seemed to have frequently seen Spencer and Cromwell, out in the open, conferring with each other; and this was taken by some as evidence of the latter's guilt. So much for secrecy. Cooper persuasively demonstrates that the paper Spencer is reported to have shown Cromwell was not his quasi-Greek list, and adduces several reasons for this. For one, if what Cromwell saw was the coded list, it would have to be assumed that Cromwell could read and translate it. Granted it is not impossible that Cromwell could have had it translated for him, out of sight of others, by Spencer before hand. But if one examines the thing in its original and confusing form and given other distracting circumstances, the likelihood of this seems slight.

In 1911, Marian Gouverneur, wife of Samuel L. Gouverneur, Jr., the first U.S. Consul to Fuzhou, China, and who was in her twenties at the time of the *Somers* affair, published a book of her life reminiscences and recorded therein:

"The proceedings of the Mackenzie trial were eagerly read by an interested public. As I remember the testimony given regarding Spencer's last moments upon earth, Mackenzie announced to the youthful culprit that he had but ten minutes to live. He fell at once upon his knees and exclaimed that he was not fit to die, and the Captain replied that he was aware of the fact, but could not help it. It is recorded that he read his Bible and Prayer-Book, and that the Captain referred him to the 'penitent thief;' but when he pleaded that his fate would kill his mother and injure his father, Mackenzie made the inconsiderate reply that the best and only service he could render his father was to die.

"I recall a conversation bearing upon the *Somers* tragedy which I overheard between my father and his early friend, Thomas Morris, when their indignation was boundless. The latter's son, Lieutenant Charles W. Morris, U.S.N., had made several cruises with the alleged mutineer Cromwell. Meeting Mackenzie he stated this fact, saying at the same time that he found him a well-disposed and capable seaman. Mackenzie quickly responded that 'he had a bad eye,' and then Lieutenant Morris recalled that the unfortunate man had a cast in one eye."<sup>487</sup>

Although Cromwell to the end protested his innocence, Elisha Small, when arrested, made no objection to being confined; did not at that time deny a plot. Even so and regarding Small, Mackenzie, in his original narrative and at the Court Martial Proceedings, had to concede: "I have since been led to believe that the business upon which he had entered was repugnant to his nature, though the love of money

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<sup>482</sup> HSM pp. 51, 68.

<sup>483</sup> CI p. 12.

<sup>484</sup> MSD p. 175.

<sup>485</sup> CM p. 78.

<sup>486</sup> CI p. 10, MSD p. 135.

<sup>487</sup> *As I Remember: Recollections of American Society during the Nineteenth Century* (1911), pp. 91-93.

and of rum had been too strong for his fidelity.”<sup>488</sup> In attempting to ascertain who the would be plotters were, and despite his reported admission of somehow being one of them, it is peculiar the degree to which Small then and since is largely lost in the shuffle of what was going on; so much focus understandably and otherwise being directed at Mackenzie, Spencer, and Cromwell. What after all, was the case against *him*? He said Spencer had spoken to him of a plot, or at least did not deny that Spencer had (CI p. 21). When asked by Gansevoort for a plain answer as to whether or not Cromwell was involved, the best Small could furnish him with was a guess (CI p. 23). At other times he had denied a mutiny and simply, and quite believably, thought Spencer was loony and, in effect, playing around (CM pp. 115, 169.) Although deemed as being fit to die for mutiny, by reporting himself sick to surgeon Leacock just prior to his arrest, Small obviously evinced little stomach for any actual uprising. At his execution, he related that he had said he was prepared to kill someone; probably in answer to a question Spencer posed to him; similar to one such as was put to Wales. And yet did not this seemingly criminal assertion originally transpire as part of the same “foolish conversation” he reportedly had with the latter (CM p. 169)? Taken all together, the ridiculous picture of Small as a serious conspirator seems to blow the case wide open that there was no real plot of mutiny to begin with; at least if we don’t count Spencer’s (and Cromwell’s?) baiting Mackenzie as such. And, for that matter, perhaps it was only such baiting that Spencer was admitting to when, as reported, he resigned himself to his death and said it was just.

Why, moreover, couldn’t Mackenzie or any of the officers get *any* credible or useful information from Small about a plot, and when Small was else so non-resistant and accommodating? We noted earlier that Small’s pulling on the brace and toppling the top-gallant mast, if intentional, may have been commanded him by the magician. If that was the case, it would certainly help explain an impromptu motive and the timing of the deed. When, after being shackled, he told he would be executed, it is said he smiled as if he didn’t think that could or would actually happen. Again, might this have been an instance of the magician falsely reassuring him? And or did he smile because he didn’t think the plot hadn’t been serious, and it and his arrest, were after all only really intended as a joke?

Based on what we later come to learn, including the letter found in his Bible from his poor widowed mother and Mackenzie and his officers’ own professed liking and sympathy for him, Small strikes one as relatively naïve and innocent, if at times volatile, as any on board the *Somers*, and, for which reason and in retrospect, could be said to have become the true and fitting lamb for (someone’s) slaughter, and in turn and also, without question, the clear inspirational model for Melville’s *Billy Budd*.<sup>489</sup>

At the very least, Cromwell jested with Spencer about being his partner as pirate and or slaver. But idle and comical conversations of daring-do and other nonsense were not relegated to these. The following are taken from the Court of Inquiry Proceedings:

\* “William Clark, 1st class apprentice: One day Cromwell...was finding fault [with the boys] when Mr. Spencer said -- ‘Yes, the sooner we get shut of these little devils the better, for they eat bread and are of no use.’ This was on the passage to. St. Thomas...”

\* “James Mitchell, 2nd class apprentice: One day after the execution I was sitting on the main-top with Sullivan, and I asked him if he thought they could take the vessel. He said he thought they could, and then I asked him what they would do if they had taken it, and he said they would kill all the hands and sink the vessel...He said, ‘Dead men tell no tales, kill all and sink the vessel.’”

\* “Samuel Van Norden age 15, 3d class app:

<sup>488</sup> CI p. 9, CM p. 198.

<sup>489</sup> Though another side of him is revealed in reports at the Court of Inquiry where it was said that as well as having been previously on a slaver, Small had boasted of his killing a Negro. CI p. 38. And there is this from Charles Sibley’s testimony:

“Q: Did you ever have any difficulty with Small?

A. Never any particular difficulty; he would be good sometimes, and would some times get in a passion.

Q. Do you remember any incident with him about a knife?

A. Yes, sir; before we sailed, he had a sheath knife, and one night he had a piece of raw pork on his biscuit, eating it; I was sky-larking [teasing, playing around] around him; he was kneeling down; he flew into a rage, and said, ‘I would as soon run that knife into you, as run it into the pork.’” CM p. 171.

A. They were on the forecastle in the dog watch; Mr. Spencer asked Cromwell how he could disguise the brig; he said, 'by shipping the bowsprit aft,' that is all; there was an officer coming forward at the time, I do not recollect who it was; he (Cromwell) seemed as if he tried to turn it off.

...

Q. If the bowsprit of the Somers had been put aft, would she have been disguised so that you would not have known her?

A. No, sir; I don't think I should, or anybody else.

Q. If one of the seamen had told you he could have disguised the Somers by putting the bowsprit aft, so that she could come into New York and not be known, would you not have supposed he was laughing at you?<sup>490</sup>

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you tell this conversation between Cromwell and Mr. Spencer before your arrival?

A. No, sir; I don't think I did.

Q. Did you hear Cromwell declare himself innocent when about to die?

A. No, sir.

Q. Was there not a great deal of talk aboard ship, after the arrest and before your arrival, as to Cromwell's guilt or innocence?

A. Yes, sir; there was some talk about it.

Q. Hearing this talk, how is it you did not tell of this conversation between Cromwell and Mr. Spencer?

A. I was not asked."

\* "Jonas E. S. Humbert, age 16, 3d class apprentice:

Q. [Mackenzie] Have you ever seen Mr. Spencer in conversation with Cromwell? If so, state what passed.

A. One time Mr. Spencer and Cromwell were sitting on the forehatch; Mr. Spencer asked Cromwell what kind of a piratical vessel he thought the brig would make; Cromwell said he thought she would make a very good one -- she was a fast sailer -- but if he had anything to do with her he would throw the launch overboard: I saw them talking another time; they were sitting on the forecastle chest; Mr. Ro[d]gers was officer of the deck at the time: Mr. Ro[d]gers gave the order to haul in the braces and square the afteryards; neither Mr. Spencer nor Cromwell seemed to take any notice of it: it was their watch; Mr. Ro[d]gers came forward and gave the order again; they then got up and had the yards squared; when they were done, they went and sat on the chest again; then Cromwell said to Mr. Spencer, 'I wish the yards, braces, and all, were in hell;' Mr. Spencer told him not to say that, that they would have some fun with the brig yet; then Mr. Spencer asked Cromwell for a chew of tobacco, and then went off.

Q. Have you ever heard Mr. Spencer speak disrespectfully of the commander?

A. Yes, sir; he said, 'God damn him,' that he was 'nothing but a damned old humbug.'

Q. Did you ever hear any conversation between Mr. Spencer and M'Kee? if so, state what passed.

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<sup>490</sup> It was understood, however, that Spencer had originally posed his question in earnest. CM p. 96.

A. M’Kee was sitting on the forescuttle; Mr. Spencer came up to him and asked him if he could cut out clothes and sew them, M’Kee said he could; Mr. Spencer asked him how he would like to go to sea with him; M’Kee said he would like it very well; Mr. Spencer told him he would not have to cut any winter clothes, because he was going to a warm place; then M’Kee asked him for a chew of tobacco, and he gave him a piece as large as my hand.”

\* “Peter Tyson was then called, and being duly sworn by the president of the court, testified as follows :—

Q. What is your name? your age ? your rank? were you on board of the Somers during her last cruise?

A. My name Peter Tyson, my age nineteen.

A. I have seen him frequently talking with Small and Cromwell.

Q. Did you ever overhear any of their conversation?

...A. Immediately after quarters on the night of Mr. Spencer’s arrest, me and Sears went forward, and Cromwell and Small were in conversation together; Sears asked Small what Mr. Spencer was confined for; Cromwell replied for a supposed mutiny; Sears asked him the meaning of mutiny; he said it was a plan to kill the captain and officers and take the vessel; Small said he (Small) thought like the commander did, that Mr. Spencer was half crazy and childish; they parted then, and we went away: I forgot to mention that I asked M’Kinley if he would like to go in a slaver, and he then made the reply that they got \$35 a month and prize-money, and that he would go in one if he got a chance at St. Thomas, and they were regular pirates in a measure...

Q. [Mackenzie] What is your name? your age? your rank? were you on board of the Somers during her last cruise?

A. My name Joseph Sears, my age nearly nineteen; I was on board of the Somers as second-class boy in her last cruise.

Q. Did you notice anything particular in the conduct of Cromwell and Small immediately after the arrest of Mr. Spencer?

A. Yes, sir; after Mr. Spencer was arrested and the retreat beaten, I went forward; Cromwell was leaning against the bitts, Small standing beside him; they were talking together, not to the boys, and one or two boys standing around; I asked Small what Mr. Spencer was arrested for; I think it was Cromwell who answered me, I am not positive: he said it was for a supposed mutiny; I asked Small what ‘supposed mutiny’ was; he said it was to murder one person or more; Small said that he supposed as the captain did, that there was to be no mutiny, that the young man was half crazy, half out of his head; Cromwell was leaning against the bitts, his hat over his eyes, apparently very mad, biting his lips and rolling his eyes about; he would look out from under his hat to see anybody, as if he did not want to let any one see his face...”<sup>491</sup>

It might be reasonably inferred that our posited magician, for purposes of undermining the captain’s authority and dignity, found occasions to make Mackenzie look ridiculous. We see good instances of this in Cromwell’s pointed and outspoken barbs; as when he damned the hardly (until much later in the cruise) functioning lacing used for the jib, the latter of Mackenzie’s invention. Likewise, when a chance vessel sailed into view, Mackenzie apparently wanted to exercise the crew by *pretending* that the ship appearing was a threat, and for this purpose had his men and boys beat to quarters; while in the process making quite a din and stir about it. This then became perfect opportunity for Cromwell to claim he’d never seen so much noise and humbugging – and thus make Mackenzie look silly and laughable in the eyes of an ostensibly *real* pro.

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<sup>491</sup> HSM pp. 108, 130, 132-133, 135-136.

## 6. Verdict and Sentence.

"After the witnesses had all been examined, 'I,' said Lieutenant [Guert] Gansevoort to Midshipman [Hunn] Gansevoort [cousin of the lieutenant], 'went on deck and informed Captain Mackenzie that the testimony was not as strong as had been represented to him, and that I thought from the indications the court did not attach much importance to it. Captain Mackenzie replied that the witnesses had not been thoroughly examined, and directed me to recall them, and put certain interrogations to them, a copy of which he handed to me. I returned and complied with this request, but elicited nothing more specific than the first examination had brought out. Some general conversation after the conclusion of the testimony satisfied me that the court was not prepared to convict the accused. I again repaired to the deck, and expressed my opinion to Captain Mackenzie, who replied that it was evident these young men had wholly misapprehended the nature of the evidence, if they had not also misapprehended the aggravated character of the offense, and that there would be no security for the lives of officers or protection to commerce if an example was not made in a case so flagrant as this. It was my duty, he urged, to impress these views upon the court. I returned and did, by impressing these considerations, obtain a reluctant conviction of the accused.' Passed Midshipman Gansevoort, who gave me this startling narrative, sailed the next day in a United States brig, which, with all on board, was engulfed at sea."

~ Thurlow Weed, *The Autobiography of Thurlow Weed* (1883), p. 516.

In that period of six days from Nov. 26 to Dec. 1, viz., Wales' report to Heiskell till the day of the executions, there was no recorded act of blatant disobedience; unless we include instances where a few boys (McKinley, McKee, and Green) came on late for watch, and this not very likely as Cooper argues. In fact, Peter Tyson noted that after the arrests of Spencer, Small, and Cromwell, there was, as one would imagine there would have been, some *improvement* in ship's discipline -- and yet not enough somehow to have removed the threat of mutiny. Yet as long as Cromwell, Small, and Spencer were in custody, the supposed remaining mutineers could not possibly navigate and sail the brig.<sup>492</sup> All therefore that was needed to end any such attempt was to instantly shoot the three prisoners, and who were watched with armed guards around the clock. To add to their troubles, the mutineers had no one left to lead them otherwise, and even if they had, they risked deadly quarrels among both themselves and that part of the crew that was not mutinous.

On the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the Court of Inquiry proceedings, 19 year old Peter Tyson gave the following statement of what was taking place among the ordinary crew. Tyson's version of what was going deserves quoting in its entirety because it furnishes what seems a reasonably accurate depiction of the state of much of the crew's mind about this juncture in the cruise; i.e., just before and about the time of the first arrests. Although seen by some as strong evidence incriminating Spencer, others may be inclined to take an opposite view; namely, it reveals that, if anything, the supposedly mutinous and blood thirsty crew, though foolish, were largely, if not necessarily entirely, innocuous; and further that so much of the threat, unless perhaps we except Wilson, was in reality only so much puerile banter and gossiping.

"Peter Tyson sworn. -- I am in my 19th year. I was third class apprentice the Somers and this was my first voyage. The first I heard of the mutiny was a conversation the night before Mr. Spencer was put in irons. I was laying all on the spar deed, between the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> guns to the leeward side, about 7 o'clock. In the evening, and Wilson and McKinley came aft. Wilson had his battle axe in his hand and a sharpening stone and no hat on. McKinley said to Wilson he had just told me that we have spies and we had better be careful. Wilson replied no, he need not fear that; he knows me and knows what I am, and that I have been in too many scrapes. McKinley then said to Wilson, 'Would you join them?' He answered, 'He would not mind it.' McKinley then said, I don't know, I think I would rather go on a regular slaving expedition, for there they had \$25 a month and prize money, and when we got to St. Thomas we would be fitted out. It was against the orders to lie on the leeward side of the vessel and they had come up to me and saw who I was before they began this conversation. Had a pea jacket on. I was drowsy, and I think they thought I was asleep. I had gone there to try to sleep, and I laid still till this; and I then asked McKinley what was that he was saying about a slaver? He replied that he was talking about a slaver that left St. Thomas, and had been gone about 3 months, and had taken three or four vessels. He said she was fitted out with about as many guns as the Somers. I said I had heard of a slaver being fitted out there; a id he said it was a free port, and they were often fitted out there. There was nothing said about pirates, only McKinley said, "he would rather go in a regular slaver.' I never noticed that there was any slackness about duty till after we left Teneriffe; and after that Wilson, who was Captain of the after guard, has often said to me, 'D--n them, they have got

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<sup>492</sup> Although it seems to have been allowed that Spencer probably was able to navigate, Oliver Browning, chief boatswain's mate, made it quite plain that he did not believe Spencer understood the working of the ropes and canvas, and hence could not sail the ship. CI p. 36.



plenty of men forward, let them do it themselves.’ The discipline grew a little better after the arrest, but much better after the execution. Sullivan and McKee were particularly slack. I have frequently heard Cromwell d—n parts of the ship; something about the stays, I recollect, and the one that invented it This had been made by the Commander’s orders, and Cromwell had been told so. Have had no conversations with Spencer, Cromwell and Small, but have known them to be very intimate together. I was afraid they would attempt to take the vessel after Spencer, Cromwell and Small were arrested. I recollect Wilson’s saying he would take the boy Weaver’s life, and would pay the Master, Mr. Perry, and the Commander, for having him flogged. Weaver had done something, for which Wilson struck him in the face, when Weaver reported him to the officer of the deck. Master Perry, and the Commander ordered Wilson to be flogged for it. In the conversation between Wilson and McKinley, Wilson said, ‘He knows well enough that I did not come on board this vessel willingly.’ He also said that when they got to St. Thomas he would run away and join a slaver. I do not believe that if the execution had not taken place, the vessel could have been brought safe to any port. Witness was examined before the Council of Officers, and every thing he there stated was true.”<sup>493</sup>

That *something* was afoot we can all readily agree. But did such originate solely with Spencer, and or with someone else?

These then, and night, were the opponents Mackenzie faced.

Given the information we have, and even assuming the presence of a conniving and malevolent ghost(s) on board, it is not possible to know or understand with certainty what brought Mackenzie and his officers to such a panic – *if panic it was*. It furthermore comes as no surprise that in the Inquiry and Court Martial, *no one* reported actual knowledge of there having been any plans of a rescue attempt of the prisoners; moreover, several among the crew later declared their ignorance of their having got wind of any such thing. Certainly, there were others who *believed* there would or might be a rescue attempt. But, as Cooper reminds us, this was only so much speculating and guessing, and remember even if there was real intention of a rescue there was no one apparently left to lead it and would further assume some were prepared to risks both their own lives and that of the prisoners in the process (i.e., the latter being the only “mutineers” who could even sail and navigate the ship to begin with.) And there were also some in the crew who testified that they *did not* believe there would be a rescue attempt. Even as Mackenzie expressed it, there was “reason to fear” an attempt, and yet this without any clear and solid proof of such as would justify hangings. Why therefore did not Mackenzie conclude, along with Commodore Shubrick and Cooper, that “a mutiny detected is a mutiny suppressed?”<sup>494</sup> Further and in light of the later almost universal dismissal of Philip Spencer as a rascal, what real grounds could there have been that Mackenzie in bringing Philip to trial for the grave charge of mutiny would be summarily vexed and embarrassed by Philip’s influential father? Even if as time went on, public sympathy on behalf of the executed tended to grow, by the end of the nineteenth century the majority consensus still tended to side with Mackenzie.

“Q. [Mackenzie] Was there or not, in the mutinous manner of the crew by looks or manner otherwise, an appearance such as could not be described?

A. [Midshipman Thompson] There was.”<sup>495</sup>

In his decision to have the three most prominent hanged -- and it would appear in retrospect that it really was *his*, and possibly Gansevoort’s, decision, and not that of the council he convened to try the three offenders -- was Mackenzie merely using the occasion to both shock the crew into submission and, at the same time, make an example, and blow off some steam of resentment at the disrespect shown him and his command? If so, and this, frankly, seems the more believable explanation, then Mackenzie and his officers essentially lied when they later claimed that they thought the imminent peril of the ship’s being taken by a rescue attempt mandated the hangings. When Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Charles Sumner came to write their eloquent defenses of Mackenzie they both made good sense as long as one assumed the threat of mutiny was real and reasonably suspected. Yet that of course was exactly the question – was the threat real

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<sup>493</sup> CI p. 38.

<sup>494</sup> CMC p. 287.

<sup>495</sup> CI p. 32. See also Mackenzie’s questioning of Midshipman Hays, CI p. 33.

and were the grounds of suspicion reasonable? As Cooper rightly observes, if there were events and circumstances to have excused Mackenzie's ultimate action and remedy, nothing of the sort comes out in his and his partisans' account of what happened. And in Dana and Sumner's defenses one gets the sense that the hangings were, at bottom, warranted as a measure against otherwise rising anarchism, rampant alcoholism among sailors and the lower classes, irreligion, levelers, Jacobins, and what later came to be known as Bolshevism. Mackenzie, in effect, saved not only the *Somers*, but had struck a blow at insidious forces making themselves generally felt in society, not least of which among young people; many of whom were sorely in need of forceful discipline and a cautionary reminder. If this interpretation is true, then it arguably sustains our contention that Mackenzie, consciously or no, felt himself combating an amorphous, and yet highly toxic and lethal, ghost.<sup>496</sup> To help us understand his frame of mind at the time, Mackenzie, in his original narrative presented to the Court of Inquiry, himself explained: "Some mysterious agency had evidently been at work since the departure of the *Somers* from New York..."<sup>497</sup>

But the officers were fatigued and famished guarding the prisoners. Again Cooper, why not have let them sit and, as evidently was the case, have food brought up to them? These are after all military men being asked to wait it out some five days; in order to see that justice and due process, regarding a life or death matter, could be properly effected.<sup>498</sup>

On Nov. 28, as recorded in the log book, a strange sail was sighted to the south and westward.<sup>499</sup> Why not have availed himself of the opportunity to both sound the *Somers'* crew and confer with the other ship's captain, and say, as a last but necessary resort, place the three offenders on board? Surely, this could have been done under innocent pretexts without seeming to suggest hauling down of the colors of the Navy's honor. And yet it was as early as on that date (and two days prior to Mackenzie's appointing a council to try them) that the deaths of Spencer, Small, and Cromwell were being contemplated by Mackenzie and his officers; even though the day before it had initially been decided to take the three back to the states for trial instead.

Likewise was it the case when it came to the alternative of making speedily for port (and debarking the three into custody there.) In its report of the story on Sat., April 29, 1843, *The Illustrated London News* (No. 52, vol. II, pp. 292-293) put forward that instead of hanging the three men,<sup>500</sup> the *Somers*, going 8 knots with a steady southeasterly wind, could have made for and reached Guadeloupe or Antigua by the following day; and rather than have to wait till they attained St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Some of the crew later stated that they believed ship could have made it to St. Thomas without undue risk.<sup>501</sup> All of the officers and most of the crew at the inquiry and Court Martial, on the other hand, maintained that the *Somers* could *not* have arrived at any port safely without having first hanged the accused mutiny ringleaders. This was hedged, however, by statements avowing that it would have been dishonorable and unseemly for a United States Navy ship to seek aid in such a matter from a foreign port or power. And yet it wasn't dishonorable or unseemly to throw away law and minimal due process, in a life or death matter, to the winds in order merely to be and for purposes of putting on a show and teaching a lesson to the recalcitrant juvenile crew *in peacetime*? It was for reasons of this sort that some naval officers, such as Commodore Stockton, (at least in speaking about the question) would have voted to have Mackenzie himself hanged.

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<sup>496</sup> Thurlow Weeds and others' suggestion that Mackenzie may have hung young Spencer as a means of pursuing *personal* political ambition strikes one as unjust and absurd.

<sup>497</sup> CI p. 10. Note he says "since the departure...from New York;" and in none of his testimonies or accounts does Mackenzie, unlike most all the other witnesses, make pointed reference to a falling off of discipline after Madeira. For him, evidently, there was seriously problem more or less from the start.

<sup>498</sup> CMC p. 292.

<sup>499</sup> CM p. 49.

<sup>500</sup> At 17 deg. 34 min. 28 sec. north and 57 deg. 57 min. 45 sec. west; i.e. or more simply, 17.5 north latitude and 58 degrees west longitude. CI p. 43.

<sup>501</sup> HSM p. 100.

## 7. Concluding Remarks.

[Mackenzie to Spencer:] “Your design was to...You must have been aware that you could compass it only by passing over my dead body...You had laid out for yourself, sir, a great deal to do.”<sup>502</sup>

By all accounts, Philip Spencer, in his worser aspect, behaved more like an eccentric youth and a free-wheeling juvenile delinquent than a murderer. Why then didn’t Mackenzie sense this and spare his life? One explanation might be that that because the ghost prompted Spencer in his little mischiefs and “mania” for mutiny, and owing to the ghost himself being a murderer, and in fact of the very worst and most ruthless sort, Mackenzie mistook Spencer for the ghost whose presence and effects he felt, and, not being aware of the ghost, understandably could not distinguish the two. According to this view, Mackenzie did not have Spencer executed for purposes of some ulterior, selfish or jingoistic motive, but because he genuinely thought, albeit mistakenly, that Spencer did indeed have had it in him to carry out the bloody deeds he’d proposed to Wales. The magician-ghost, meanwhile, would more than likely have encouraged such mistaken belief, and in the process destroy both Spencer and Mackenzie (and others) – at any rate, such conceivably was the Archimago’s design. That Mackenzie then as well would utilize the occasion of the hangings to both re-assert his authority and impart, as he saw it, a valuable lesson to his naval students occurred only after he was firmly convinced that Spencer posed a real danger. At the same time, it is not hard to see that Mackenzie probably both sensed (at least as he saw it) a palpable threat and yet was also aware of how problematical it would be to later establish in a courtroom that there was an actual mutiny. Perhaps the executions themselves would serve as loud and undeniable proof that, if nothing else, he and in good conscience sincerely believed what he claimed.

In his defense, Spencer, as we noted previously, did seek to resign from the Navy and later to get transferred out of the *Somers*; in both of which efforts he was impeded by others. That he undertook such reasonable actions, and then seriously resolved upon mutiny as a last resort seems outlandish in the extreme. He, along with Cromwell and Small, was not only denied a fair trial and hearing, but he was not even interrogated by Mackenzie or Gansevoort at any length or by the council at all.<sup>503</sup> During the Inquiry and Court Martial no one spoke up personally in Spencer’s behalf, and yet his accusers were given free reign to say any and every bad thing they could about him. Nor was Spencer’s father, either himself or through attorneys, permitted to participate in the questioning and cross-examinations at the Court Martial; and which was the last and only tribunal for the prosecutors of Mackenzie to get a word in. What we do know about Spencer’s own response to the charges leveled against him comes almost entirely from Mackenzie, and it is possible than the latter even went so far as to prevent Spencer from writing a defense explaining his actions and situations to be sent home. Mackenzie, in effect, asserted that Spencer had nothing to say either to absolve himself or to at least extenuate his guilt. Yet guilt exactly for what? Mutiny? Baiting or playing a dangerous psychological game with the captain’s authority? Frightening him? Clearly, Mackenzie was furious and incensed at the thought of Spencer’s, whether joking or not, suggesting his murder. How credible, after all, then is Mackenzie’s report? If we allow the ghost theory, might it have been possible that Spencer tried in some way to attempt to explain what happened by making reference to the ghost? We of course don’t know, yet is interesting to observe that one of the very last things Mackenzie did before proceeding with the executions was to call Spencer a liar.<sup>504</sup> It is ironic, in retrospect, that intentionally or no, Commander Mackenzie himself ended up playing the pirate chief.

There are more than a few things in the story of the *Somers* “mutiny,” both before *and* after the hangings, that make Mackenzie look very bad; of which here we have only enumerated some. But even if we take James Fenimore Cooper’s view that Mackenzie was a poor and one-sided reasoner; who displayed an appalling dearth of judgment, honesty, and objectivity, if he was contending with a magician-ghost he was combating, blindfolded, a thoroughly sinister figure who would show absolutely no mercy or fairness towards him. Like a general who loses a great battle and is roundly blamed for it afterward, could we ourselves really have done better, or as well, if we were there in his place? On these grounds, Mackenzie,

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<sup>502</sup> CI p. 9.

<sup>503</sup> Crew members called in to testify before the council, incidentally, were: Charles Van Velzor, George Warner, M. A. Gedeny, M. H. Garty, O. B. Browning, Thomas Dickinson, William Collins, Andrew Anderson, Charles Rogers, Henry King, Peter Tyson, James W. Wales, Charles Stewart, Andrew Anderson.

<sup>504</sup> CM pp. 215, 218, 220, 327.

and for all his undeniable faults and errors, deserves compassion. To this writer's mind, there is no question whatsoever that he meant well. Nor is it difficult to envisage that years later and when it was all over with, he, in private, felt acute regret and remorse about how he'd conducted himself. Otherwise, one is inclined to infer he remained in a most pitiful, self-deceiving daze till the end of his life.

At the end, we have then three possible explanations for what transpired on board the U.S. brig *Somers*.

- A. Spencer, with the aid of conspirators, planned and plotted a real mutiny.
- B. There was no actual mutiny, and Mackenzie, largely imagining the whole thing, overreacted.
- C. There was a magician-ghost present who sedulously orchestrated and choreographed the doom of all the principal players.

If one will have come thus far, and grant the possibility of there being such a thing as a magician-ghost, many I think will agree that C. appears a most viable explanation. We suggested earlier on that Mackenzie *may* have been aware that he was dealing with the supernatural. Though I personally am at least hesitant to think such was the case, yet if so, perhaps it was this that most prompted his draconian response to the situation. Possibly even at some point the ghost appeared in some form and was advising him what to do and (falsely) informing him of what was going on; not unlike how he'd advised Spencer. But the ghost, rather than come in whatever guise he appeared to Spencer as, took on a shape Mackenzie would more readily embrace, say "Jesus" or an "angel;" certain spirit people, after all, having the capacity for all manner of impersonation. So that when Mackenzie became determined on seeking Spencer and the others' deaths, it is not inconceivable (conceding the assumption) that he saw himself as having permission, even a mandate, from "God" to do so.<sup>505</sup>

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<sup>505</sup> Perhaps à la or not unsubstantially unlike Brockden Brown's Wieland, or Garfield assassin Charles Guiteau? "The first reference to a church pennant flying above the national emblem is contained in the Proceedings of the Court of Inquiry [see CI p. 14] appointed to Inquire into the Intended Mutiny on board the United States Brig *Somers*...In the course of the inquiry Mackenzie described the events on the Sunday following the execution. According to custom, the crew was assembled and the laws governing the Navy were read. Then Mackenzie spoke briefly on 'the lessons to be drawn from the fate of those who had suffered.' He stated: 'In conclusion, I called on them, as they had given three cheers for their country, now to give three cheers for God — as they would do by singing his praise. The colors were then hoisted, and above the American Ensign was raised the Banner of the Cross -- the only flag that ever floats above it from any vessel under my command. The 100<sup>th</sup> Psalm was sung, after which the crew dispersed.' This testimony suggests not only that the church pennant was raised above the national emblem during Divine Worship but also that it was customary to fly it even when no chaplain was aboard to conduct such a service." Clifford Merrill Drury, *The History of the Chaplain Corps, United States Navy* (1948), p. 69.

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<sup>506</sup> Available as a .pdf at <http://research-repository.st-andrews.ac.uk/>



“Freemasonry, with its private lodges and rituals, its deeply rooted and well-connected ‘Old Boy network,’ seemed quite undemocratic...” Buckner F. Melton, Jr., *A Hanging Offense*, p. 27.



John C. Spencer, New York jurist, President John Tyler’s Secretary of War, and Philip Spencer’s father.



*Alex. Sticell Mackenzie*

Mackenzie as sketched in *American Progress or Great Events of the Greatest Century* (1892), p. 293, by R.M. Devens; very possibly based on a now lost bust by Henry Dexter; and created with the bust's sponsors: "intention of giving a permanent token of their respect for him..." It was for years housed in Boston's Athenæum, but slotted for Faneuil Hall once Mackenzie had passed away (as living person are not permitted to be commemorated there.) States David Dearing, Director of Exhibitions at the Athenæum: "Apparently, the desired transfer never happened. In fact, the bust was still at the Athenæum in May 1901, when one of the librarians 'cleaned it.' In 1937, a base cut with the letters 'Alex. S. Mackenzie' was found in the bookstacks—but no mention of the bust; presumably it had disappeared (at least from the Athenæum) by that point. (The fate of the 'base' after that date is not known.) One of the Athenæum's librarians contacted Faneuil Hall in 1959 about the bust, just in case it had ended up there, but no such object was there, nor did Boston City records have any record of it having been given to the city."



Lieut. Guert Ganservoort, Mackenzie's second in command and a first cousin of Herman Melville. Ganservoort also made the pages of history commanding the brig *Decatur* at the battle in defense of Seattle against local tribes in 1856. *State Library Photograph Collection, 1851-1990, Washington State Archives.*



Another illustration from *The Pirates Own Book* (1837); which book, and before leaving Geneva College, Philip Spencer donated a copy of, signed by him, to the students library. The caption to the picture here reads: "The Pirates riding the Priests about deck."

Lieut. Slidell in *The Sea Service* (1834), p. 73, had written: "What can be more beautiful than the grateful sense of divine interference with which Columbus and his followers hasten to fulfill their vows after their safe return to Palos? Such piety, if it availed not to avert present danger, at least served to inspire confidence to meet it; and, when past, the gratitude which it occasioned must have tended at once to refine the sentiments and ennoble the heart."



The only known contemporary portrait of Philip Spencer, and believed to be essentially correct and authentic in representing his appearance.





*Mutiny on board the United States Brig Somers.*

From *Confessions, Trials, and Biographical Sketches of the Most Cold Blooded Murderers, Who Have Been Executed in This Country, etc.* (1854 ed.) by George N. Thomson, p. 413.



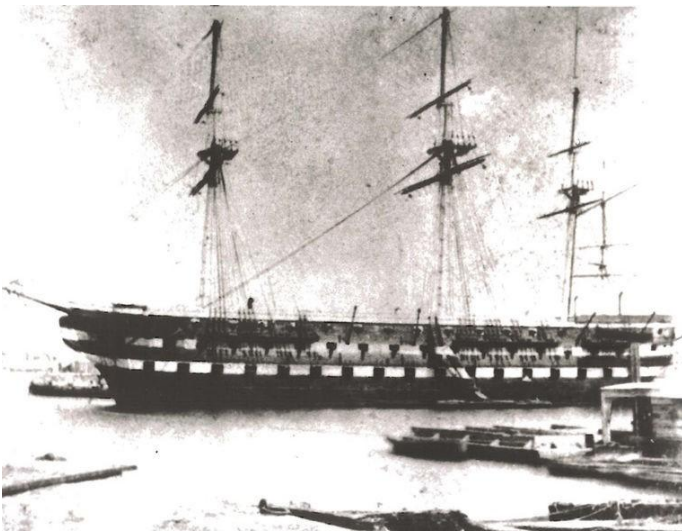
American boy and man sailors, circa late 1840's-1850's.



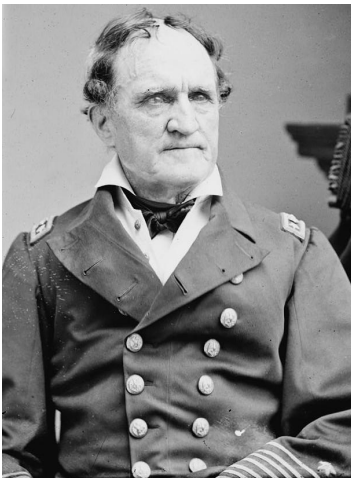
Philip Spencer, reading the other's palm, predicted a speedy and violent death for Midshipman Henry Rodgers; shown years later in this rare daguerreotype; one of the few such of any of the *Somers* participants that survives. Rodgers, as it happens, was lost at sea with all hands in the U.S. sloop *Albany* in Sept. 1854.



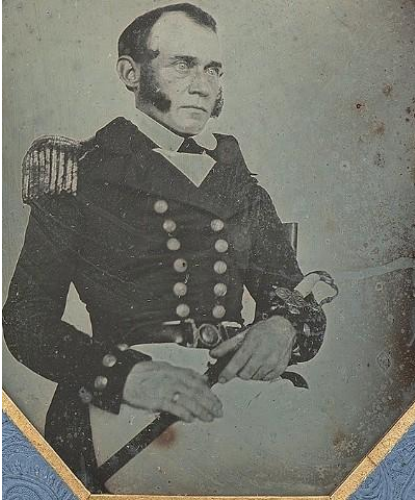
Midshipman Adrian Deslondes, another of the *Somers* officers, and, like Henry Rodgers, one of the familial relations on board of Slidell Mackenzie.



U.S. ship *North Carolina*, in New York Harbor, site of the *Somers* Court of Inquiry and Slidell Mackenzie Court Martial.



Captain Francis Gregory, inspector of the *Somers*' crew after her arrival in New York, and one inclined to be less than sympathetic with Mackenzie's handling of what took place.



A Lieutenant Peter Turner from 1844 in a U.S. naval dress uniform ostensibly very like that worn by Mackenzie at the executions.

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